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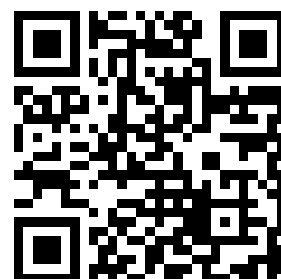


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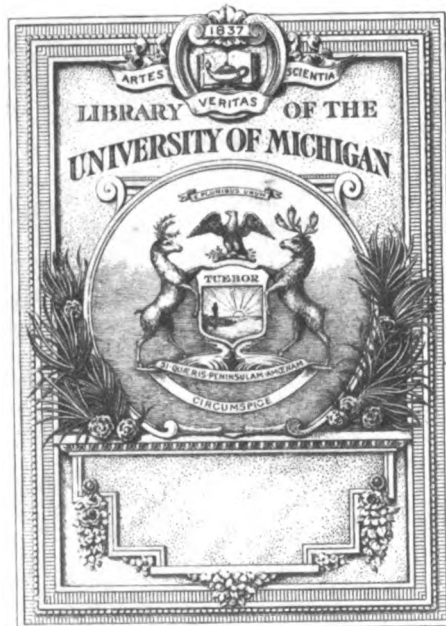
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Beginning THEY CALL ME CARPENTER  
By UPTON SINCLAIR





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MONTAGUE GLASS

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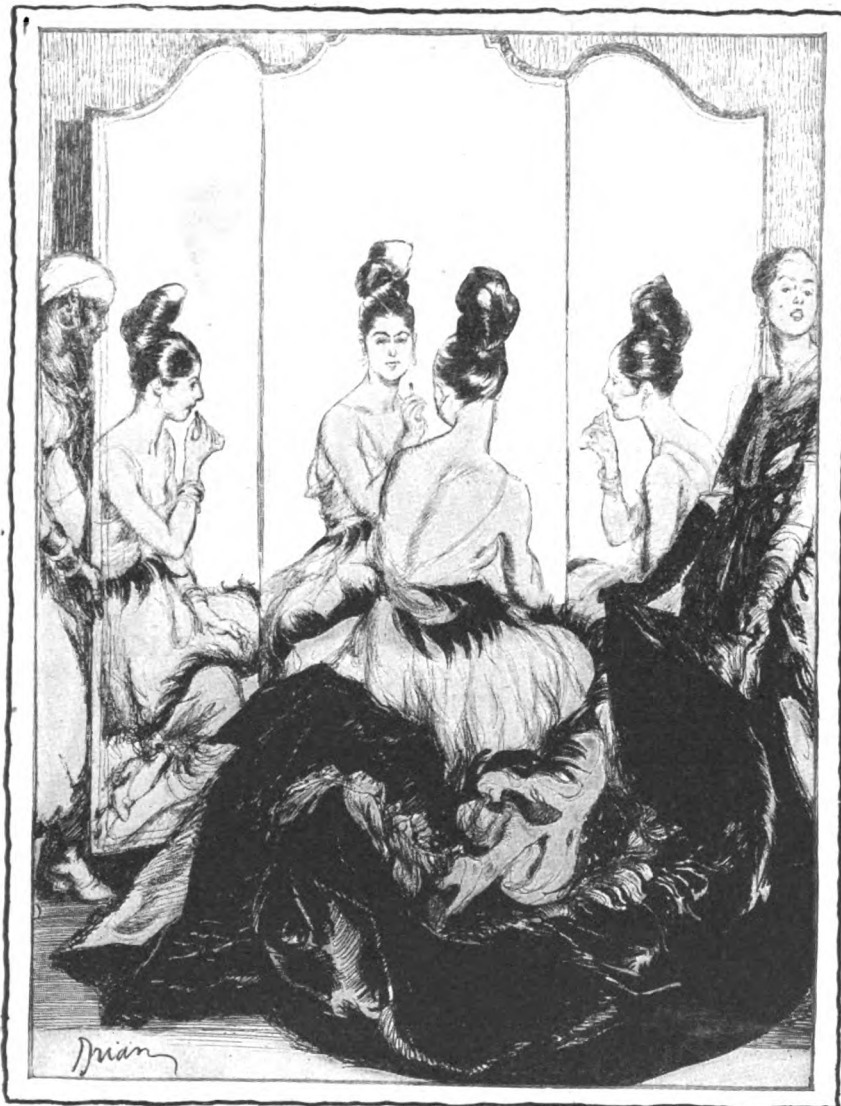
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OUR VICE-PRESIDENT Says—

# You OWN Yourself

By Calvin Coolidge

INDUSTRY is changing from the theory of exclusion to the theory of inclusion. It no longer is content with one small part of the individual; it seeks to enlist all his powers, to recognize all his rights as well as require the performance of all his obligations. In the ideal industry, each individual would become an owner, an operator, and a manager, a master and a servant, a ruler and a servant, a ruler and a subject. Thus there would be established a system of true industrial democracy.

In very many industries, this is already taking place. Employees are encouraged to purchase stock in the corporation and are provided with credit facilities for such purpose. This gives them ownership. They are encouraged to make suggestions for the better conduct of the business. They are requested to apply their inventive ability in the various mechanical operations. Through trade unions and shop committees they have part in the determination of wages and conditions of labor.

There is a principle in our economic life that needs somewhat more emphasis. Long ago James Otis declared that kings were made for the good of the people and not the people for them. It needs also to be remembered that the people are not created for the benefit of industry, but industry is created for the benefit of the people. Those who are employed in it are its chief beneficiaries. Those who have acquired skill in organization provide the management for the workman. The manager secures the raw materials and markets the product. Capital and manage-

ment perform this great service for the benefit of the workman. He performs a corresponding service for them.

Unto each who contributes in accordance with his ability, there is due equal consideration and equal honor. There is no degradation in industry; it is a worthy enterprise, ennobling all who contribute to it. It will be successful in accordance with the opportunity given for the development of all the powers of mankind and of the acceptance of the obligation alike to rule and to obey.

It was not very long ago that the man who owned an industry assumed to be the absolute lord over it. He fixed the hours and the conditions of employment and dictated the amount of wages. He recognized little or no obligation towards his employees and had little regard for his customers.

In large enterprises, the ownership gradually became more and more divided with the advent of the corporation. In that case, oftentimes the management was entrusted to representatives, while the owners corresponded to absentee landlords.

Under this system, as soon as employees could organize and make demands, a condition existed which led to the most violent and bitter of industrial disputes. All hands were eagerly asserting their right to rule, forgetful of their obligation to obey.

Investigation and experience have gradually brought about the recognition of the correct principle. Time and economic development will insure its adoption.



# NORMAN HAPGOOD *on Russia,*

*Shall We Wake Up?* **E**VEN for its day, Mr. Taft's cabinet was conservative. In conversation a little while ago, a member of that cabinet said: "Nicolai Lenin is the only ruler in the world who is trying for the ideal while taking account of the practical. He is the greatest statesman alive."

When you consider that this ex-cabinet officer as recently as 1912 was rated a conservative, you get an idea of how fast thought is moving. It moves under the surface, to be sure, but it does move. Some time, possibly, other statesmen than Lenin will dare to say in public what nearly all of them are now ready to say in private, that if we are to save the world we must help it to be re-made.

*Our State Department* **T**HE cabinet officer just referred to does not share any of the *ideas* of Lenin: far from it. What he sees is that in the *spirit* of Lenin is life, while in the spirit of our timid politicians and bureaucrats is death.

Look at this contrast. The most business-like, industrially cautious and experienced of the Moscow officials is Leonid Krassin. He has been an engineer and a big business man most of his life. Before he would return in 1917 from Germany to Russia, risking his fortunes in a social earthquake, he exacted from Lenin serious retreats from the then-prevailing form of working-men's control.

Krassin desired to come to this country. He desired to place before our State Department and our business men his plans for reconstruction, his plans for compromise and upbuilding, for help from us to Russia, and help from Russia to the world. We preferred to gamble with death and destruction to help another group to power.

Our State Department would not allow this nation to be contaminated by the presence of Leonid Krassin. Time passed, and another Russian sought admission. This was the well-known bandit, Semenov, claiming the throne made vacant by the death of our favorite, Admiral Kolchak. He not only received his passport, but likewise was received by the head of the Russian bureau of our State Department.

The chiefs of the bureaucracy dress admirably. No one of them ever wears a white tie where a black would be more in keeping. Whether the lowest button of a waistcoat should be open or not is decided with security and no hesitation. But the needs of a changing world are something they do not comprehend.

*We Split A Hair*

**W**E have been talking about the cowardice and shallowness of politicians. Let us not confuse shallowness and cowardice with the tacking and reefing needed by every mariner. Watch us now in the soul-stirring feat of being able to

distinguish and divide

A hair 'twixt the north and northwest side.

Next to Lenin, the most notable statesman who survived the issues of the war is David Lloyd-George. The difference between his record on Russia and that of our State Department is exactly the difference between adroitness and woodenness.

Why should we complain if Great Britain, or Great Britain and Holland, get the Russian oil? It is our own fault. Our whole Russian policy is one not of tolerant realism, like England's, but of intolerance and political bigotry. It is perhaps one of the natural results of parochialism. We do not, as a state department, want to know anything about Russia: we only want to sit on our tail and emit dismal howls. If we kept out altogether, from fear begotten of ignorance, that would be comprehensible. But we don't. We try to combine aloofness with interference and preaching. We have acted not as a detached country in a vacuum, but as a docile pupil of "Ambassador" Bakhmetev.

*Select the Real*

**T**HOSE who read these words are scattered from California to Maine, from Dakota to Louisiana. All can have one test in common. If you live in Wisconsin you have in La Follette a burning issue. There are plenty of matters on which La Follette and the writer of these lines do not agree. But La Follette thinks and dares. His unchained mind broods over the railroads, over imperialism, over the products by which we are warmed and fed. He is one of the handful who give reality to a Senate mainly composed of stuffed shirts under the leadership of Lodge.

Let us repeat one safe principle about Senatorships: Make each candidate pledge himself on Newberry. Lorimer kept his seat on one vote and lost it on the next. There is no better way of testing a man on the fundamentals: if he will not pledge himself against Newberry, don't let him into what should be sacred, the walls of that chamber where our rights are supposed to be protected.

A senator can honestly vote to seat Newberry, but he cannot vote to seat Newberry and have the kind of mind that is suitable for leadership at a time when one of our subtlest needs is to purify public life and release it from the power of gold.



# New Germany and Religion

## *The Bottom of It*

NOT always do we agree with the Farm Bloc, but it has that health about which we have been talking: it deals with realities. We must look at the coal mines, the railroads, water-power, taxation, inheritance, control of credit, as freely as if we were landed afresh from Mars. The insane Lear spoke the truth:

Plate sin with gold  
And the strong lance of justice hurtless breaks.  
and in his frenzy the old King went on:  
Get thee glass eyes;  
And, like a scurvy politician, seem  
To see the things thou dost not.

The campaign on which we are about to start will have little to do with realities. It is not likely to give much time to methods for keeping the coal mines open all the year. That might be done by a mere regulation about freight cars put into force by the Interstate Commerce Commission. But how many candidates dare to spend their voices on things so fundamental?

## *Get After This One*

LODGE is the titular leader of the money forces in the Senate. He is the official mainstay of the old, rotting system. Therefore, next to Wisconsin, the election in Massachusetts is, this coming November, the most important. If Lodge is sent back, it means approval of the passing and decayed. If he is defeated, it means hope and at least the attempt to grope our way to the promising and the new.

## *Trend in Germany*

SOME people imagine that party government has taken the form in Germany that it has long held in England. But there is an essential difference. The German government is more like the French—a sort of soviet of party leaders. The leaders have an importance that in England, in normal times, they do not have.

The latest shiftings in Germany have to do with the monarchists. The monarchial party is split into two wings, the Hohenzollerns and the much more numerous anti-Hohenzollerns. Within the last few months the monarchial movement in Bavaria has split in the same way. The powerful People's Party renounced Rupprecht and began, with French intrigue, to try to get behind Prince Alphonse, who favors secession from Germany. The move, dangerous as a part of the French assault on German recovery, has the incidental advantage of making less likely a monarchist coup in Bavaria,

which at one time was probable. The most useful lesson the French could possibly learn would be that a prosperous and United Germany is safer for France than a demoralized and divided one. There is no advantage in inviting another Bismarck. The only safety is in close economic relations between Germany and France.

## *Are We Educated?*

THE world is struggling for religion. All kinds of freak sects are springing up or increasing. The people who plan to see the elect go to heaven in their pajamas or overalls, while the goats remain here, are rapidly increasing. State legislatures, energetically backed by Mr. Bryan, after finishing Charles Darwin, are no doubt sharpening their teeth for Euclid, Newton, and Copernicus. A gardener we knew spoke thus: "I say the sun goes 'round the earth. Against it you have some reasoning you call science. For it I have the evidence of my own eyes and the word of Almighty God." A negro preacher was answering Ingersoll's lecture on the "Mistakes of Moses." "I cast no aspersions," he said, "on the veracity of Mr. Ingersoll. I make no remarks about which character is more likely to tell the truth. I just point out this one fact: Mr. Ingersoll wasn't there, and Moses was."

After all, a civilization is more amazing if it contains the state legislatures and Mr. Bryan. Perhaps not more intelligent, but certainly more amazing.

## *They Call Me Carpenter*

IN BEGINNING a religious novel in this issue, we give an example of our policy. We are surfeited with conventions. Of cowardice, there is too much. This novel is arresting and stirring as a story: as thought, it is a challenge.

Rev. John Haynes Holmes, who has read "They Call Me Carpenter," speaks of it with ardent praise. In his own most recent book, "New Churches for Old," Dr. Holmes treats of what Christianity means in a world of railroads, coal mines, telephones, subways, imperialism, and swift-going steamers. He takes his stand against those who, in the words of Shaw, "are quite determined not to have their property meddled with by Jesus or any other reformer."

"They Call Me Carpenter" will be followed by other novels that strike deep into the problems amid which we live. Nothing, either in fiction or in articles, will be denied a place in this magazine because of its unfashionable candor. Our only tests for admission are importance in content, interest and attractiveness in form.





**I** lifted my eyes and there in the aisle of St. Bartholomew, standing with his hand on my head, was the figure out of the stained-glass window. Where the figure had been was a great hole with the sun shining through.



**C** No novel of our time caused a greater sensation than "The Jungle" by Upton Sinclair. Now he has undertaken to answer the question men and women have asked for 2000 years: **C** What would CHRIST do if he should return to earth today?

# They Call ME CARPENTER

By Upton Sinclair

Illustrated by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

**T**HE BEGINNING of this strange adventure was my going to see a motion picture which had been made in Germany. It was three years after the end of the war, and you'd have thought that the people of Western City would have got over their war-phobias. But apparently they hadn't; anyway, there was a mob to keep anyone from getting into the theater, and all the other mobs started from that.

Before I tell about it, I must introduce Dr. Karl Henner, the well-known literary critic from Berlin, who was traveling in this country, and stopped off in Western City at that time. Dr. Henner was the cause of my going to see the picture, and if you will have a moment's patience, you will see how the ideas which he put into my head served to start me on my extraordinary adventure.

You may not know much about these cultured foreigners. Their manners are like softest velvet, so that when you talk to them you feel as a Persian cat must feel while being stroked. They have read everything in the world; they speak with quiet certainty; and they are so old—old with memories of racial griefs stored up in their souls. I, who knew myself for a member of the best clubs in Western City, and of the best college fraternity in the country—I found myself suddenly indisposed to mention that I had helped to win the battle of the Argonne.

This foreign visitor asked me how I felt about the war, and I told him that it was over, and I bore no hard feelings, but of course I was glad that Prussian militarism was finished. He answered: "A painful operation, and we all hope that the patient may survive it; also we hope that the surgeon has not contracted the disease." Just as quietly as that.

Of course I asked Dr. Henner what he thought about America. His answer was that we had succeeded in producing the material means of civilization by the ton, where other nations had produced them by the pound. "We intellectuals in Europe have always been poor, by your standards over here. We have to make a very little food support a great many ideas. But you have unlimited quantities of food, and—well, we seek for the ideas, and we judge by analogy they must exist——"

"But you don't find them?" I laughed.

"Well," said he, "I have come to seek them."

**T**HIS talk occurred while we were strolling down our Broadway, in Western City, one bright afternoon in the late fall of 1921. We talked about the picture which Dr. Henner had recommended to me, and which we were now going to see. It was called "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari," and was a "futurist" production, a strange freak of the cinema art, the nightmare of a madman.

"Being an American," said Dr. Henner, "you will find yourself asking, 'What good does such a picture do?' You will have the idea that every work of art must serve some moral purpose." After a pause, he added: "This picture could not possibly have

been produced in America. For one thing, nearly all the characters are thin." He said it with the flicker of a smile—"One does not find American screen actors in that condition. Do your people care enough about the life of art to take a risk of starving for it? They are all so well fed."

Now, as a matter of fact, we had at that time several millions of people out of work in America, and many of them starving. There must be some intellectuals among them, I suggested; and the critic replied: "They must have starved for so long that they have got used to it, and can enjoy it—or at any rate can enjoy turning it into art! Is not that the final test of great art, that it has been smelted in the fires of suffering? All the great spiritual movements of humanity began in that way; take primitive Christianity, for example. But you Americans have taken Christ, the carpenter——"

**I** LAUGHED. It happened that at this moment we were passing St. Bartholomew's Church, a great brownstone structure standing at the corner of the park. I waved my hand towards it. "In there," I said, "over the altar, you may see Christ, the carpenter, dressed up in exquisite robes of white and amethyst, set up as a stained-glass window ornament. But if you'll stop and think, you'll realize it wasn't we Americans who began that!"

"No," said the other, returning my laugh; "but I think it was you who finished Him up as a symbol of elegance."

Thus chatting, we turned the corner, and came in sight of our goal, the Excelsior Theater. And there was the mob!

At first, when I saw the mass of people, I thought it was the usual picture crowd. I said, with a smile, "Can it be that the American people are not so dead to art after all?" But then I observed that the crowd seemed to be swaying this way and that; also, there seemed to be a great many men in army uniforms. "Hello!" I exclaimed. "A row?"

There was a clamor of shouting; the army men seemed to be pulling and pushing the civilians. When we got nearer, I asked of a bystander, "What's up?" The answer was, "They don't want 'em to go in to see the picture."

"Why not?"

"It's German. Hun propaganda!"

Now you must understand, I had helped to win a war, and no man gets over such an experience at once. I had a flash of suspicion, and glanced at my companion, the cultured literary critic from Berlin. Could it possibly be that this smooth-spoken gentleman was playing a trick upon me—trying, possibly, to get something into my crude American mind without my realizing what was happening? But I remembered his detailed account of the production, the very essence of "art for art's sake." I decided that the war was three years over, and I was competent to do my own thinking.



Dr. Henner spoke first. "I think," he said, "it might be wiser if I did not try to go in there."

"Absurd!" I cried. "I'm not going to be dictated to by a bunch of imbeciles!"

"No," said the other, "you are an American, and don't have to be. But I am a German, and I must learn."

I noted the flash of bitterness, but did not resent it. "That's a l nonsense, Dr. Henner!" I argued. "You are my gues , and I won't —"

"Listen, my friend," said the other. "You can doubtless get by without trouble; but I would surely rouse their anger, and I have no mind to be beaten for nothing. I have seen the pic ure several times, and can talk about it with you just as well."

"You make me ashamed of myself," I cried, "and of my country!"

"No, no! It is what you should expect. It is what I had in mind when I spoke of the surgeon contracting the disease. We German intellectuals know what war means; we are used to things like this." Suddenly he put out his hand. "Good-by."

"I will go with you!" I exclaimed. But he protested; that would embarrass him greatly. I would please to stay, and see the picture; he would be interested later on to hear my opinion of it. And abruptly he turned, and walked off, leaving me hesitating and angry.

At last, I started towards the entrance of the theater. One of the men in uniform barred my way. "No admittance here!"

"But why not?"

"It's a German show, and we ain't a-goin' to allow it."

"Now see here, buddy," I countered, none too good-naturedly, "I haven't got my uniform on, but I've as good a right to it as you: I was all through the Argonne."

"Well, what do you want to see Hun propaganda for?" he demanded.

"Maybe I want to see what it's like."

"Well, you can't go in; we're here to shut up this show!"

I had stepped to one side as I spoke, and he caught me by the arm. I thought there had been talk enough, and gave a sudden lurch, and tore my arm free. "Hold on there!" he shouted, and tried to stop me again; but I sprang through the crowd and towards the box-office.

There were more than a hundred civilians in or about the lobby, and not more than twenty or thirty uniformed men maintaining the blockade; so a few got by, and I was one of the lucky ones. I bought my ticket, and entered the theater. To the man at the door I said, "Who started this?"

"I don't know, sir. It's just landed on us, and we haven't had time to find out."

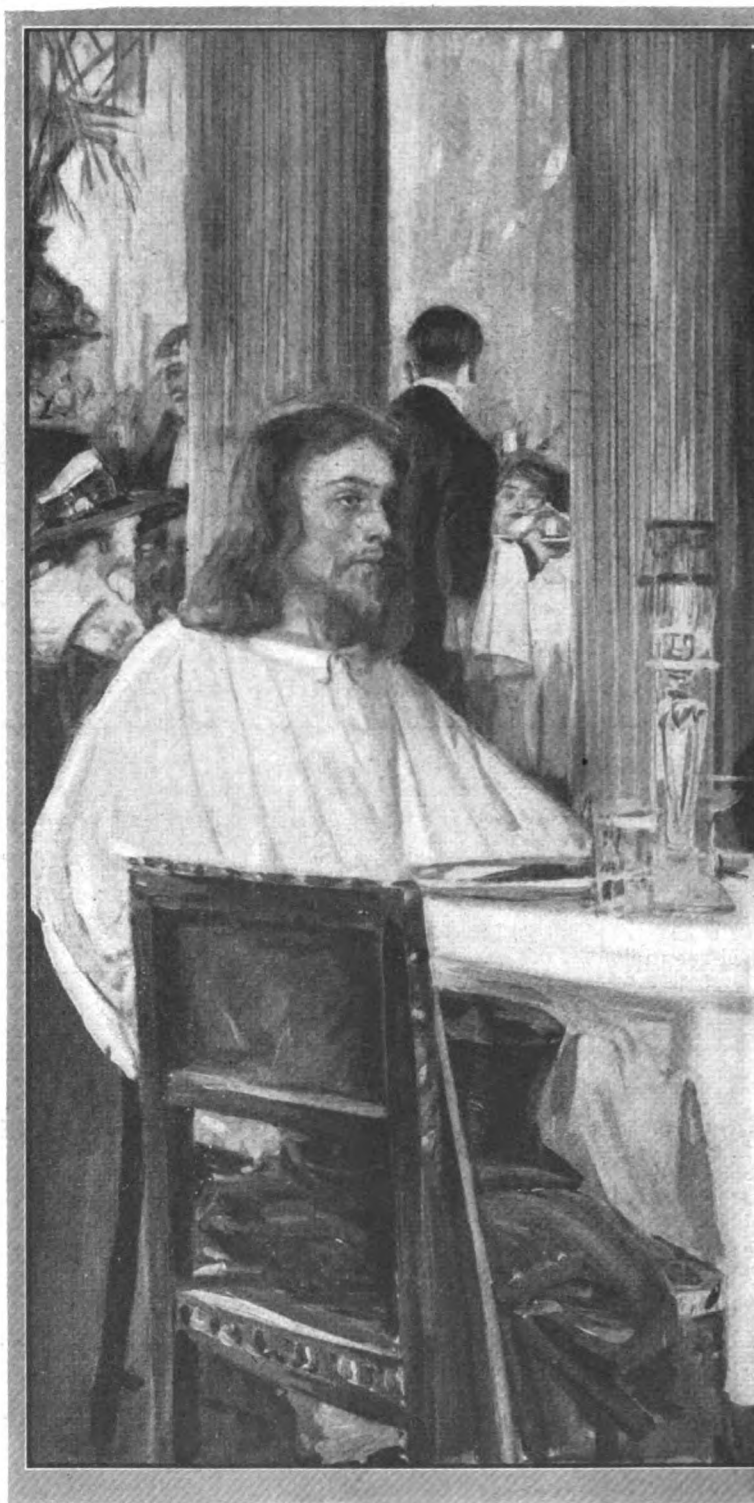
"Is the picture German propaganda?"

"Nothing like that at all, sir. They say they won't let us show German pictures, because they're so much cheaper; they'll put American-made pictures out of business, and it's unfair competition."

"Oh!" I exclaimed, and light began to dawn. I recalled Dr. Henner's remark about producing a great many ideas out of a very little food; assuredly, the American picture industry had cause to fear competition of that sort! I thought of old "T-S," as the screen people call him for short—the king of the movie world, with his roll of fat hanging over his collar, and his two or three extra chins! I thought of Mary Magna, million dollar queen of the pictures, contriving diets and exercises for herself, and weighing with fear and trembling every day as the weight would increase!

It was time for the picture to begin, so I smoothed my coat, and went to a seat, and was one of perhaps two dozen spectators before whom "The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari" received its first public showing in Western City. The story had to do with a series of murders; we saw them traced by a young man, and fastened bit by bit upon an old magician and doctor. As the drama neared its climax, we discovered this doctor to be the head of an asylum for the insane, and the young man to be one of the inmates; so in the end the series of adventures was revealed to us as the imaginings of a madman about his physician and keepers.

As I left the theater, upon my ear broke a clamor that might have come direct from the inside of Dr. Caligari's asylum inhabited by mad people.

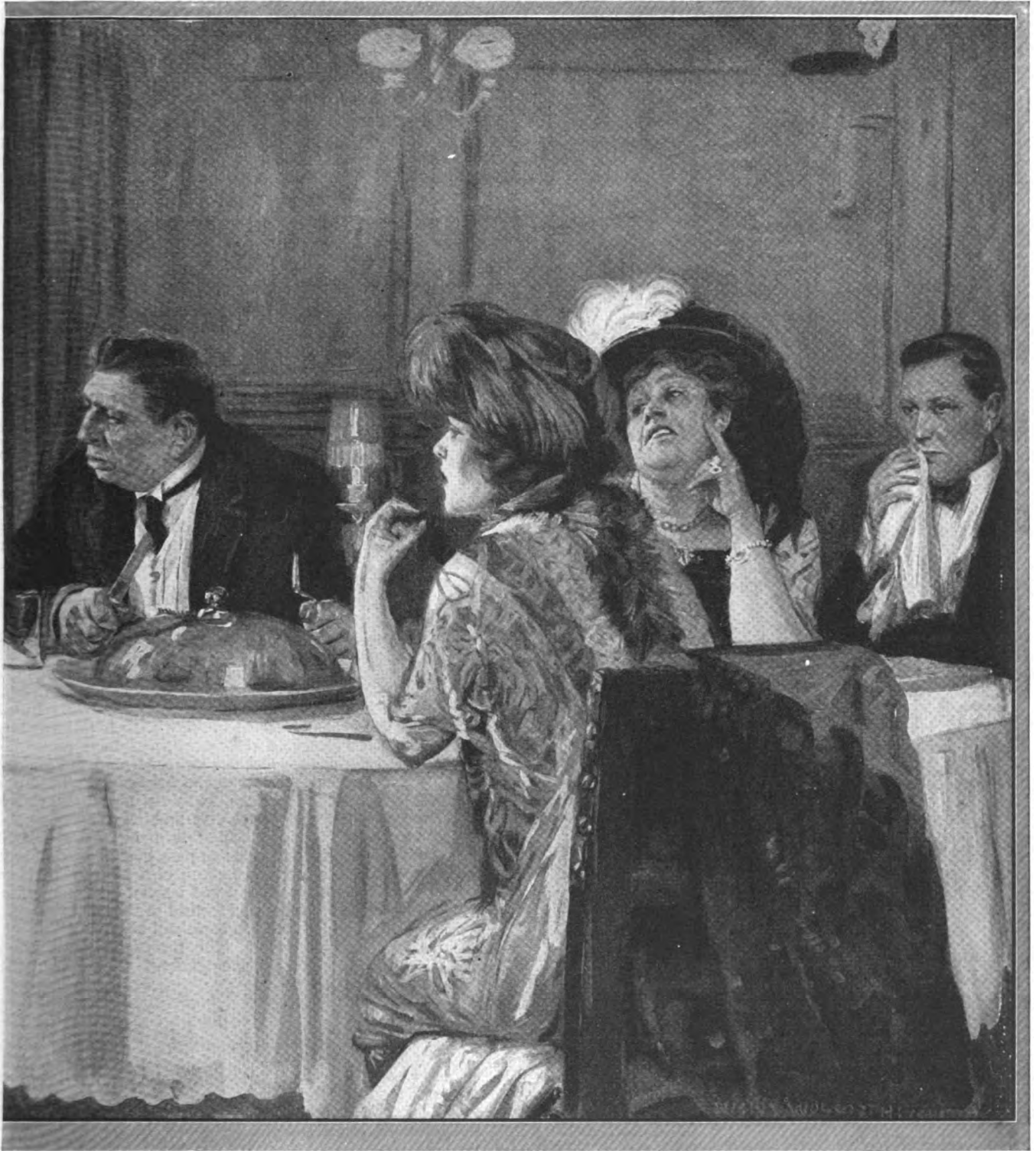


Q, "If you'd only let me take a little food to those men outside!" Carpenter said pleadingly to T-S.

"Ya, ya! Boo, boo! German propaganda! Pay your money to the Huns! For shame on you! Leave your own people to starve, and send your cash to the enemy!"

I stopped still, and whispered to myself, "My God!" During all the time, an hour or more, that I had been away on the wings of imagination, these men had been howling and whooping outside the theater, keeping the crowds away, and incidentally working themselves into a fury! For a moment, I thought I would go out and reason with them; they were mistaken in the idea that there was anything about the war, anything against America in the picture. But I realized that they were beyond reason. There was nothing to do but go my way as quickly as possible and let them rave.

But soon I saw that this was not going to be so easy as I



**C** T-S rapped imperiously on the table with both his knife and fork, and cried commandingly to his guest: "Mr. Carpenter, eat your dinner. You eat it now, I say!"

had fancied. Right in front of the entrance stood the big fellow who had caught my arm; and as I came towards him I saw that he had me marked. He pointed a finger into my face, shouting in a fog-horn voice: "There's a traitor! Says he was in the service, and now he's backing the Huns!"

I never tried harder to avoid trouble; I wanted to get away, but that big fellow stuck his feet between mine, tripped me, lunged and shoved me into the gutter, and so, of course, I made to hit him. But they had me helpless; I had no more than clenched my fist and drawn back my arm, when I received a violent blow on the side of my jaw.

I ask you to believe that I did not run away in the Argonne. I did my job, and got my wound, and my honorable record. But there I had a fighting chance, and here I had none; and

maybe I was dazed, and it was the instinctive reaction of my tormented body—anyhow, I ran. I staggered along, with the blows and kicks to keep me moving. Then I saw half a dozen broad steps, and a big open doorway; I fled that way, and found myself in a dark, cool place, reeling like a drunken man, but no longer beaten, and apparently no longer pursued. I was falling, and there was something nearby, and I caught at it, and sank down upon a sort of wooden bench.

**I** HAD run into St. Bartholomew's Church; and when I came to—I fear I cut a pitiful figure, but I have to tell the truth—I was crying. I don't think the pain of my head and face had anything to do with it, I think it was a rage and humiliation; a sense of

outrage, that I, who had helped to win a war, should have been made to run from a gang of cowardly rowdies. Anyhow, here I was, half-lying in a pew of the church, sobbing as if my heart were broken.

At last I raised my head, and holding on to the pew in front, looked about me. Directly in front of me a gleaming altar, and high over it a stained-glass window. You know, of course, the sort of figures they have in those windows; a man in long robes, white, with purple and gold; with a brown beard, and a gentle, sad face, and a halo of light about the head.

I was staring at the figure, and at the same time choking with rage and pain, but clenching my hands, when suddenly that shining figure stretched out its two arms to me, as if imploring me not to think those vengeful thoughts!

I knew, of course, what it meant; I had just seen a play about delirium, and had got a whack on the head, and now I was delirious myself. I thought I must be badly hurt; I bowed my reeling head in my arms, and began to sob like a kid, out loud, and without shame, until suddenly I felt a quiet hand on my head, and heard a gentle voice saying:

"Don't be afraid. It is I." The tone was soft, persuasive.

I lifted my eyes, and there, in the aisle of the most decorous church of St. Bartholomew, standing with his hand on my head, was the figure out of the stained-glass window! I looked at him twice, and then I looked at the window. Where the figure had been was a great big hole with the sun shining through!

WE KNOW the power of suggestion, and especially when one taps the deeps of the unconscious, where our childhood memories are buried. I had been brought up in a religious family, and so it seemed quite natural to me that while that hand lay on my head, the throbbing and whirling should cease, and likewise the fear. I became perfectly quiet, and content to sit under the friendly spell.

After a bit, he asked, "Can you stand up?"

I tried, and found that I could. I felt the side of my jaw, and it hurt, but somehow the pain seemed apart from myself.

"Are you going out now?" he asked. As I hesitated, he added tactfully, "Perhaps you would let me go with you?"

Here was indeed a startling proposition! His costume, his long hair—there were many things about him not adapted to Broadway at five o'clock in the afternoon! But what could I say? It would be rude to call attention to his peculiarities. All I could manage was to stammer, "I thought you belonged in the church."

"Do I?" he replied, with a puzzled look. "I'm not sure. I have been wondering—am I really needed here? Am I not more needed in the world?"

"Well," said I, "there's one thing certain." I pointed up to the window. "That hole is conspicuous."

"Yes, that is true."

"And if it should rain, the altar would be ruined. The Reverend Dr. Lettuce-Spray would be dreadfully distressed. That altar cloth was left to the church in the will of Mrs. Elvina de Wiggs, and God knows how many thousands of dollars it cost."

"I suppose that wouldn't do," said the stranger. "Let us see if we can't find something to put there."

HE started up the aisle, and through the chancel. I followed, and we came into the vestry-room, and there on the wall I noticed a full length, life-sized portrait of old Algernon de Wiggs, president of the Empire National Bank, and of the Western City Chamber of Commerce. "Let us see if he would fill the place," said the stranger; and to my amazement, he drew up a chair, and took down the huge picture, and carried it, seemingly without effort, into the church.

He stepped upon the altar, and lifted the portrait in front of the window. How he got it to stay there I am not sure—I was too much taken aback by the procedure to notice such details. There the picture was; it seemed to fit the window exactly.

The effect was simply colossal. You'd have to know old de Wiggs to appreciate it—those round, puffy cheeks, with the afternoon sun behind them, making them shine like two enormous Jonathan apples! Our leading banker was clad in decorous black, as always on Sunday mornings, but in one place the sun penetrated his form—at one side of his chest. My curiosity got the better of me; I could not restrain the question, "What is that golden light?"

Said the stranger, "I think that is his heart."

"But that can't be!" I argued. "The light is on his right side;

and it seems to have an oblong shape—exactly as if it were his wallet."

To that the other replied quietly: "Where the treasure is, there will the heart be also."

After that, we passed out through the arched doorway, and Broadway was before us. I had another thrill of distress—a vision of myself walking down this crowded street with this extraordinary looking personage. The crowds would stare at us, the street urchins would swarm about us, until we blocked the traffic and the police ran us in! So I thought, as we descended the steps and started; but my fear passed, for we walked and no one followed us—hardly did anyone even turn his eyes after us. Then I realized this was because Western City is familiar with strange costumes and strange people.

So here I was, strolling along quite as a matter of course with my strange acquaintance. I saw that he was looking about him, and I prepared for questions, and wondered what they would be. I thought that he must naturally be struck by such wonders as automobiles and crowded street cars. I failed to realize that he would be thinking about the souls of the people.

Said he, at last, "This is a large city?"

"About half a million."

"And what quarter are we in?"

"The shopping district."

"Is it a segregated district?"

"Segregated? In what way?"

"Apparently there are only courtesans."

I could not help laughing. "You are misled by the peculiarities of our feminine fashions; details with which you are naturally not familiar."

"Oh, quite the contrary," said he; "I am only too familiar with them. In childhood I learned the words of the prophet: 'Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet; therefore the Lord will smite with a scab the crown of the head of the daughters of Zion, and the Lord will discover their secret parts. In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon, the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands and the tablets, and the earrings, and nose jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping pins, the glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the veils. And it shall come to pass that instead of sweet smell there shall be stink; and instead of a girdle a rent; and instead of well set hair, baldness; and instead of a stomacher a girding of sackcloth; and burning instead of beauty.'"

"Be careful!" I whispered. "People will hear you!"

"But why should they not?" He turned on me a look of surprise. "The people hear me gladly." He added: "The common people."

Here was an aspect of my adventure which had not occurred to me before. "My God!" I thought. "If he takes to preaching on street corners!" I realized in a flash—it was exactly what he would be up to!

I began to speak quickly. "We must get across this street while we have time; the traffic officer has turned the right way now." I began explaining our remarkable system of traffic handling on congested streets.

We had gone less than a block farther when I heard a voice, "Hello, Billy!" I turned. There was Edgerton Rosythe, moving picture critic of the Western City Times. Precisely the most cynical, the most profane, the most boisterous person in a cynical and profane and boisterous business!

"Hello, Billy! Who's your good-looking friend?" Rosythe demanded.

The stranger spoke.

"They call me Carpenter."

"Ah!" said the critic. "Mr. Carpenter, delighted to meet you." He gave the stranger a hearty grip of the hand "Are you on location?"

"Location?" said the other. At this Rosythe shot an arrow of laughter towards me.

I made a pitiful attempt to protect my dignity. "Mr. Carpenter has just arrived," I began—

"Just arrived, hey?" said the critic. "Oviparous, viviparous, or ovoviviparous?" He raised his hand; actually, in the glory of his wit, he was going to clap the stranger on the shoulder!

"See here, Rosythe," I said, "I can't stand on the street.





¶ "Tell me, Mr. Carpenter, are you only a close-up from *The Servant in the House*?" asked Mary, that bold and vivid queen of the movies. "Mary," he said, "eighty generations have lived since Isaiah's day, but women haven't discovered anything new in the way of ornaments."

I'm beginning to feel seedy. I think I'll have a taxi."

"No," said the critic. "Come with me. I'm on the way to pick up the missus. Right around the corner—a fine place to rest." Without further ado, he took me by the arm and led me along. We went into an office building, and entered an elevator. I did not know the building, or the offices we came to. Rosythe pushed open a door, and I saw before me a spacious parlor, with birds of paradise of the female sex lounging in upholstered chairs. I was led to a vast plush sofa, and sank into it with a sigh of relief.

The stranger stood beside me, and put his hand on my head once more. It was truly a miracle, how the whirling and roaring ceased, and peace came back to me.

It was so comfortable there, I did not care what happened. I closed my eyes for a while; then I opened them and gazed lazily about the place. I noted that all the birds of paradise were watching Carpenter. With one accord, their heads had turned

and their eyes were riveted upon him, while he seemed to be listening to a moaning from an inner room.

A stoutish woman, out of a Paris fashion-plate, came trotting across the room, smiling in welcome: "Meester Rosythe!" She had a black earring flapping from each ear, and her face was white, with a streak of scarlet for lips. She took the critic by his two hands, and the critic laughed. Then he turned to us.

"Madame Planchet, permit me to introduce Mr. Carpenter. He is a man of wonder, he heals pain. But from his looks, I judge he thinks you make the ladies suffer too much."

"Ah, but the ladies do not mind the pain? What ees eet? The lady who makes the groans, she can not move, and so she ees unhappy. Also, she likes to have her own way."

"O-o-o-o-o-o-o-o-h!" came from the other room; and Madame Planchet prattled away: "I weel tell you someth'ing. The lady what you hear—that ees Meeses T-S. You know Meester T-S, the magnate of the moving pectures?" [Continued on page 114]

# *The Inside Story of* HENRY FORD'S Jew- Mania

*HERE is the second article in a series that tells the dramatic and comic story of a rich man's phobia and by which we hope to do something to establish the principles of American freedom*

LAST MONTH we told some of the most important facts about Ford's persecution of the Jews. We showed how closely connected it was with the persecution of the Jews carried on in this country by those Russians who are attempting to get a Romanoff back on the throne. We described in a general way how the Ford investigators functioned like a detective agency, they being headed by a brother of Josephus Daniels. The workings of that organization are more fully told in the present article.

SINCE KNOWING I was to tell an inside story of Mr. Ford's doings against the Jews, a number of persons have asked how I got the material.

It is an easy question, and I have no secrets.

The time is late December, 1921. The scene opens in a private dining-room in a New York club. In the room are four persons, eating together.

One is a distinguished American novelist, traveler, and commentator.

One is a Russian, let us call him Mr. M., who occupied one of the highest positions in the Russian government, under Prince Lyov, that followed the overthrow of the Tsar.

The third, whom we may call Mr. A. was at the head of the Constitutional Government at Omsk, until he was overthrown by the militarists and aristocrats who had appointed Kolchak dictator; those who enlisted the support of our government, and other governments, for that would-be dictator.

The fourth is myself, acting as host.

The conversation naturally enough falls on Henry Ford and his latest vagary.

"What is the matter with him?" asks one of the Russians.

I undertake to reply. "He is a great manufacturer," I explain; "probably, the greatest manufacturer who ever lived. But he is not only ignorant of the world and of history, he is proud of this ignorance. He is boastful of it. Having been a great money-maker, he has been flattered and spoiled until he has decided he can understand everything without knowing anything.

"This vanity makes it easy to 'pull his leg,' as we say in choice American. One Jewess-pulled his aforesaid leg for a large sum,

*On  
the  
Trail  
of the  
Sleuths*

By Norman Hapgood

on a moonshine errand, and this feat is supposed to have helped his mind give way on the Jewish issue. It was his first persecution complex. He is, at heart, all right, and if he had had any education he would not have fallen into a persecution-mania that all over Europe is always associated with reaction."

"Always," said Mr. M.

"Always," said Mr. A.

Then one of these Russian statesmen proceeded to tell me a fact. I do not suppose he realized that it was large-scale "news." He has not a newspaper mind. I have. So when I heard this statement, the news centers in my brain began to jump.

"I have seen," said Mr. A, "the documentary proof that Boris Brasol has received money from Henry Ford."

"What!" I exclaimed. "Are you quite sure of that?"

No need for any of us to explain what that short statement meant politically, although I was the only one who fully knew what it meant journalistically.

POLITICALLY it meant that history was repeating itself. As Brasol was chief in this country of the expatriate Russians trying to put the Romanoffs back on the throne, it meant that Ford's persecution had, with the logic of events, joined with that crusade, centuries old, that the despots of Europe stirred up repeatedly, in order to inflame, for their own purposes, the ignorant religious passions of the dark masses.

Journalistically, it meant much. "Well," I said, "if Ford money has found its way to Brasol, I think we shall give Mr. Ford something to think about. Perhaps we shall educate him."

The Russians, of course, did not know what I meant, in terms of journalism, but they understood in terms of human history. Having seen and suffered from the dark methods of the Tsar, they understood.

Well, I started to get that simple document, if I could. I wanted, merely, the receipt for an amount, however small, that once belonged to Henry Ford and came to belong to Boris Brasol. I cared not if it was only a dollar. But I wanted the proof.

I started an investigation in the town where, according to Mr. A, the documentary proof existed. Then there happened what often happens in serious investigations. We go after one thing and we find a nest of other things.

I started after any little piece of writing that would make the connection between Ford's anti-Semitic raging and the Tsarist anti-Semitic raging, and I ran into a whole picture—a tale that was farce in its form, tragic in its deeper meaning.

People who heard that I wanted information on the subject brought me things I had not dreamed of. All I had to do was to distinguish between the genuine and the forgeries, and I had had some experience in handling such material without being fooled.

Such was the way the facts about organization of investigators came into my hands. I knew Ford's paper was lapping up refuse from everywhere, using any tale by any crank, writing letters of invitation to any half-wit who happened to break into the papers with an anti-Jewish speech. But the elaborate organization was undreamed of by me, until the proof was put into my hands.

To the philosophic mind, the whole evil was dramatized when the name of Ford and the name of Brasol were brought together. But for the public, for the untrained mind, the investigators were a godsend. It dramatized the tale.

LAST MONTH we stopped after making you acquainted with Mr. Daniels, head of the group, and brother of Josephus. This month it becomes our duty to introduce the pseudo-detectives, by their code numbers, and show you something of what they thought they were accomplishing.

The affair was operated in New York at 20 Broad Street, presumably in the very citadel of international Jewish bankers, and the chief was Mr. C. C. Daniels, an excellent Southern gentleman, but about Jews quite awry in the head. So much secrecy was considered necessary, that a set of secret numbers existed in Mr. Daniels's office, designating different individuals. Here is the list:

|       |               |       |                  |
|-------|---------------|-------|------------------|
| 120 X | C. C. Daniels | 122 X | W. J. Cameron    |
| 121 X | E. G. Liebold | 123 X | F. Hunter Creech |

|       |                   |        |                           |
|-------|-------------------|--------|---------------------------|
| 124 X | Charles W. Smith  | 102 AB | Operative under Sam Smith |
| 125 X | Wanda Kazanecka   | 103 A  | Dr. Houghton              |
|       |                   | 104 A  | Prof. A. L. Frothingham   |
| 50 D  | Bessie M. Shugrue | 105 A  | Henry A. Wise Wood        |
| 51 D  | Henry J. O'Neill  |        |                           |
| 52 D  | Henry A. Forster  | 25 H   | Albert Bailinof           |
| 53 D  | John S. Wise, Jr. | 26 H   | J. F. Lannigan            |
| 54 D  | C. H. Martin      | 27 H   | Miss Shugrue              |
| 55 D  | P. E. Tuthill     | 28 H   | Miss Murray               |
|       |                   | 29 H   | Miss De Bogory            |
| 101 A | A. M. Jungman     | 30 H   | L. C. Burton              |
| 102 A | Sam Smith         |        |                           |

Presumably a few friends of the Ford Course in general were unwittingly "numbered" by the chief investigators so that they could be referred to with secrecy like real professional detectives. Not every person on this list was a Jew-baiting would-be detective. Indeed the very putting of some of them on the list at all is as farcical as the whole Ford Crusade. For example, Professor Frothingham.

In a letter bearing the stenographer's check mark of F. H. C., presumably Mr. F. H. Creech, who is number 123 X, William J. Cameron, the editor of the Ford weekly, with the "numbered reporters," learns this:

"Confidential. Also received this week a letter from Professor Arthur L. Frothingham of Princeton, New Jersey, of whom you know, in which he said:

"I heard last night a most peculiar thing—that the riot and attack on the Union Club, ostensibly Sinn Fein—was really instigated by Jews who stayed in the background. I was told of the man who has the proof of this even to the main investigation. The person who has the proofs is in a position to know."

Professor Arthur L. Frothingham is a member of the Princeton faculty. I was curious to know whether a Princeton professor really believed that a crowd of people, coming out of a large Roman Catholic Cathedral and attacking a club across the street, perhaps fifty feet away, was led by Jews. So I wrote to him. As to detectives, or semi-detectives, I long ago ceased to be surprised at the beliefs of any of them, from William J. Burns down.

FORM 717

| CLASS OF SERVICE | SYMBOL |
|------------------|--------|
| Day Message      |        |
| Day Letter       | Blue   |
| Night Message    | Wite   |
| Night Letter     | W L    |

If none of these three symbols appears after the check (number of words) this is a day message. Otherwise the character is indicated by the symbol appearing after the check.

# Ford Motor Company

Automobile Manufacturers

## TELEGRAM

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RECEIVED AT MAIN OFFICE

VIA POSTAL TELEGRAPH CO.

WU-11-PCC      New York City  
11:21AM 13th

HENRY FORD  
Dearborn Publishing Co.

*Mr. Daniels:*

*— I am sending this to you, without answering it, to handle as you like. I don't like sending wires around promiscuously giving identification to strangers.*

*W.J.*

Advise if Chas. W Smith is your representative  
Reply collect

J F Jennings

sa/11:42AM  
9/13/21

❶ Dozens of sane men fell for the mysterious nonsense, but J. F. Jennings appealed to Mr. Ford directly to know about Charles W. Smith numbered as an investigator. Mr. Jennings received no reply.

New York City, March 24, 1921

But I had an idea that Princeton professors were not so easy, and I did not believe that Mr. Frothingham was fairly represented when the Ford operators pretended to make him one of their organization. My suspicions were correct. Professor Frothingham answered my request for information as follows:

"I was waiting to answer you on the point you raised as to the source of the attack on the Union Club until I could look through my files. But, having been 'laid up' with a cold for the last few days and my secretary being off on a holiday, I will just say a few words in re. I have no real evidence as to the attack being pulled off by Jews. I can not imagine how anyone could have got the idea that this was my personal opinion, because it is not. I merely read, soon after the attack took place, that the Jews were really back of it. I do not remember *where* I read it. I have something on file about it, and if I come across it I will send it on to you if it amounts to anything.

"As for Henry Ford, I never took much stock in his attack. I know what was at the back of it—injured vanity and personal desire for revenge at being made ridiculous. Neither do I hold any brief for the 'authenticity' of the Protocols, though I have plenty of material relating to various forms of the Jewish 'peril'—if you know what I mean, and believe in open discussion of *real* phases of it. I despise monomanias, hate lying propaganda, am devoted to a pitiless unveiling of important groups of facts that bear on public and international conditions, am against disruption and for reform."

WHILE dozens of apparently sane men fell for the mysterious nonsense, there was also plenty of misgivings and some inquiries, among those who were approached. One J. F. Jennings sat himself down on the thirteenth day of September at the hour of 11:21 A. M., and made up his mind that he wanted to know the truth about Charles W. Smith, operator 124 X. He telegraphed about it: he didn't wire to any Ford factory underlings. He reached out for Mr. Ford himself, in a telegram which said:

"Henry Ford, Dearborn Publishing Company. Advise if Charles W. Smith is your representative. Reply collect. J. F. Jennings."

Mr. Ford never answered this telegram. He has people hired for such purposes. Whether Mr. Jennings ever learned the identity of Mr. Smith is not known. In one corner of the telegram in handwriting is this statement:

"Mr. Daniels. I am sending this to you without answering it, to handle as you like. I don't like sending wires around promiscuously giving identification to strangers." The initials signed to this statement are W. J. C., those of William J. Cameron, editor of Mr. Ford's weekly newspaper.

In other words, Mr. Cameron naturally feared being "double-crossed." Knowing that his employees were prying about everywhere, he feared that hostile detectives, hired by Jews, might be carrying on counter-espionage.

A counter-protocol—forged, of course, like all of them—will appear in this tale immediately.

We reproduce a letter from the most private of Mr. Ford's private secretaries. Mr. E. G. Liebold is writing to Mr. Daniels. The letter is reproduced on page 18, so here we give it as it would have appeared had Mr. Liebold used the numbers, instead of merely every-day names, as the organization did in matters deemed sufficiently important.

Mr. C.C. Daniels  
20 Broad St  
Room 1611  
New York City.

Dear Mr. Daniels

I am herewith enclosing the Protocol of the Conference which was held last Night. You will please excuse my writing as I felt tired after being up almost the whole night. After leaving your office Mr. Liebold and myself discussed the matter again and we thought that the Pogroms should be started late in Fall. Mr. Liebold agreed with me upon this, of course you understand this is for your information only.

I am leaving tonight for Detroit where I will remain for a few days. You are also invited to come there if you can get away, as a definite date for the Pogroms may be set there.

Yours very truly,

*D. Rodionoff*

New York City March 25, 1921.

Received from Mr. E.G. Liebold \$25,000 for material to be delivered to him during the year of 1921, and shall I not be able to deliver him the material which I agreed upon, I am to return to him the above mentioned amount of money..

*D. Rodionoff*

*G. D. Rodionoff, active in the Anti-Jew Mania, was the man whom the author of this particular set of fake Protocols sought to discredit.*

Mr. 120 X,  
20 Broad Street,  
New York City  
Dear Mr. 120 X:

I still have before me the letter of July 10th, relative to 123 X's work at Washington stating that certain information will be forthcoming the following week. Can you advise me if anything definite has transpired as a result of their activities, and oblige?

121 X

ALTHOUGH the course of history had prepared several fake Protocols, it seemed wise to a certain enemy of Ford to prepare some fake Protocols of his own. He had heard, in all probability, being a Russian, of the famous Sergius Nilus Protocols,



File 407.

March 18/21.

## Protocols



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**C. Boris Brasol**, head of the Tsarist movement in this country, promoter of anti-Jew activities.

Protocol of the Conference of saving the United States and the World. All present the following people, Chairman Boris Brasol C.C. Daniels, H. F. Creech, Chas. W. Smith, Dr. Houghton, H. De Bogory, E. Gordinko, Chairman Brasol I will now introduce to you Mr. Radionoff as he has important matters to tell us about.

Mr. Radionoff, I just arrived here from Japan upon the request of Mr. Liebold I reported upon my arrival to Mr. C. W. Smith. Now, I want to tell you a little of the Protocol, as you all know that we had lots of trouble in Russia from 1900 to 1905 with Jews and Masons. We the Russian secret Police thought it advisable that we shall get something written about the Jew and his tactics. We therefore selected our great Friend who has written these Protocols. After we have distributed them in Russia it created a big sensation, especially among the Zionists. Of course you understand that we have not got any such a thing as the Jewish Protocols written by a Jew or in Jewish, but I got a Man at my office in Japan, that Man is a very educated Jew, and he is writing up for me in Hebrew those Protocols which we will be able to send you here a Photograph of those Protocols after he has completed writing them, but you of course understand that you must tell your officials and the other people that those Protocols was stolen by a woman in France from the Zionist Headquarters there. You no doubt also know that the Roman Catholics are in with the Jews in the world greatest Conspiracy to Capture the whole world, and that they plan to do by creating all the trouble they can through Labor Organizations.

C. C. Daniels I want to say that neither the Jew or the Roman Catholics are Americans or Patriots of any other Country. Just as soon as these two elements put their feet on the Soil of a Country they ruin in, and that is for the purpose of Capturing the Country.

**C.** A little American skill and snappiness have added zest to the European art of forging Protocols. This fake document pretends to report a meeting at which pogroms were advocated.

from which Ford printed excerpts, and with which Hearst's International will deal in its next issue.

Americans may not all know that a Protocol is only a secretary's report of a meeting. These counter-fakes have a certain distinction, because they are written about men in the United States. In Russia, the forging of documents, back and forth, has long been a recognized move of political argument. The police forged against the revolutionary elements and the revolutionists forged against the government. It was like any other industry. But with us it is comparatively new. If Sergius Nilus thinks he is a protocolist, let him consider, if he is still

alive, or if he ever existed, whether a little American skill and snappiness do not add zest to the Protocol game. This counter-protocol brings in the most important of the Ford-Daniels operators. It forges along as follows:

MARCH 18-21

## PROTOCOLS

"Protocol of the conference of saving the United States and the world. All present the following people Chairman Boris Brasol, C. C. Daniels, F. H. Creech, Charles W. Smith, Dr. Houghton, H. De Bogory, D. Gordinko. Chairman Brasol: 'I will now introduce to you Mr. Rodionoff, as he has important matters to tell us about.' Mr. Rodionoff: 'I have just arrived here from Japan on the

request of Mr. Liebold. I report upon my arrival to Mr. C. W. Smith. Now I want to tell you a little of the Protocols as you all know we had a little trouble in Russia from 1900 to 1905 with Jews and Masons. We, the Russian Secret Police, thought it advisable that we shall get something written about the Jews and his tactics. We therefore selected our Great Friend who has written these Protocols. After we had distributed them in Russia, it created a big sensation especially among the Zionists. Of course you understand we have not got any such thing as the Jewish Protocols, written by a Jew or in Jewish, but I got a man at my office in Japan, that man is a very educated



The Washington  
Washington D.C.

Friday afternoon  
5/27/21

Dear Mr. Daniels:-

Have been making  
very good progress, and  
am getting hold of  
some good stuff  
today, while I was

#  
out of my room some  
one was good enough  
to come in my room  
and take some copies  
of the second volume  
out of my hand bag.  
But there is nothing  
exciting about it!

Sincerely,

J. Hunter (reel)

Q. The investigators were pursued by villains, like Sherlock Holmes by Professor Moriarty.

man, and he is writing  
up for me in Hebrew  
these Protocols which  
we will be able to send  
you."

This reference to Rodionoff has its purpose. The individual who forged this particular Protocol knew Rodionoff and was annoyed at his association with the Ford-Daniels machine, so he undertook to discredit him as an honest Protocol-producer; and he also undertook to sell his masterpiece to people who were opposed to the Ford campaign. It finally found its way into my hands. Not being quite so credulous as Mr. Ford and his underlings, I sent the copies of the Protocol both to Lieutenant Brasol and Mr. Daniels because I thought it might "get a rise" out of them, to see that not all the Protocols were on one side. However, knowing there is dynamite in this series, I took the precaution of requiring and receiving back from them receipts declaring categorically that I presented the Protocol definitely as a forgery.

Another extract from this Protocol ran as follows: "Mr. Smith

Henry Ford  
Dearborn, Mich.

July  
22nd  
1920

Mr C C Daniels  
20 Broad St  
New York City

Dear Mr Daniels:

I still have before me your letter of  
July 10th relative to Mr Creech's work at Washington  
stating that certain information will be forthcoming the following week.

Can you advise me if anything definite  
has transpired as a result of their activities,  
and oblige?

Very truly yours

E. A. LEBOLD

General Secretary to HENRY FORD

EGL 2

Q. Mr. Ford's secretary keeps the investigators on the job.

(said): "The best way to do with the Jew and the Roman Catholic is to first fight the Jew and use the Roman Catholic to help us fight the Jew, and after we have succeeded in starting a pogrom on the Jews here in New York we will clean them out from here."

Another extract runs: "Dr. Houghton . . . I agree with Mr. Smith and with Mr. Liebold and that we shall start pogroms on the Jews at the earliest possible date. You understand that it is no easy job to uproot the big Jewish bankers here in one day. It will take them some time before they can get them out of our way. But after we do get them out of our way we will have no trouble at all in proceeding with our other work." B. Gordinko: "In Russia I experienced and helped many pogroms on the Jews, and I found it a success for a government or for a big corporation to have the Jew and the Gentile all split up."

To this document is forged the name of "D. Rodionoff, Secretary." The person who tried thus to turn their own  
[Continued on page 106]



**C** If you think that Hate is the strongest force in the world, you will wonder why Henry of Vitongo, the brown-skinned half-caste of the South Seas, waited more than eighteen years to avenge the wrong done him by the father of the girl he loved

# The Pagan

By John Russell

Illustrated by W. T. Benda

**I**T MAY be that some men can hold hatred in their hearts like a secret spring in a rock; that they actually do carry out feud and grievance and retributive vengeance after many years. But the men must be men of sour and bitter strain—very different from Henry of Vitongo. He grew up under the shadow of an unsatisfied wrong without once swearing a vendetta or taking a blood oath.

Henry was half Samoan—the gentlest, most tolerant and peaceable stock in all the jumbled racial chemistry of this world. And Henry himself was the laziest, most hopelessly easy-going and unconsidering youngster that ever drowsed and dreamed and played away the hours on the fringe of a jewelled beach. He had no hatred, only sunshine and laughter in his heart: Henry of Vitongo.

That was not all his name, of course. He had inherited the estate and the lawful designation of his father.

In the garden of the ramshackle, jig-saw homestead—imported piecemeal from Australia—stood a weather-beaten marble tomb—imported bodily from Hawaii. Between the jungle that ran over in tangled green and the lagoon that frothed in cream and blue, there it had stood for eighteen years; and from its ornately carved epitaph the half-caste boy had first learned his letters:

HENRY GORDON SHOESMITH

b. Scotland 1847

d. Vitongo, Sept. 6, 1898

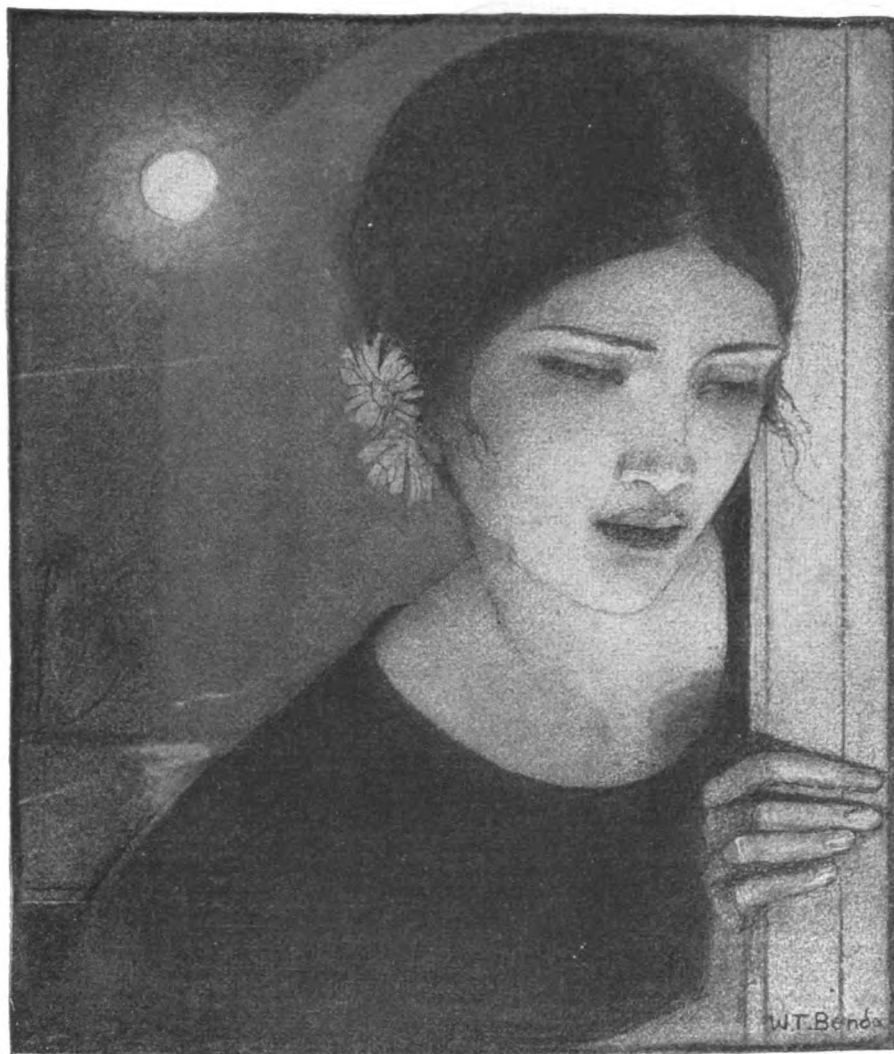
*"Every man's work shall be made manifest."*

I. Cor. III

And underneath lay the original trader of Vitongo—the tough old, far-wandering Scot who had founded home and family and fortune in this restful island nook; who had been brought to his last rest treacherously and terribly—slain by an unknown hand.

"Unknown," be it said at once, in the official sense only;





**C.** *Tito stood in the glow of the moon, gazing at her father and her lover. She had a flawless face, with a beauty that would have matched the Reni Madonna—a soft, rich, almost Latin type.*

for no person had ever been tried for the deed. "Unproven" would be more nearly exact; for in private talk, the murderer had been charged, tried and condemned long since.

SOME hundreds of folk in the Aana district of Upolo could have told how Henry Gordon met his death in the disordered days of Tri-Partite government, when men died without formality and law was weak in the land. Some dozens of old-timers along the coast from Apia town could have stated the case and the quarrel nearly enough. . . . They could have, but they did not; the natives because of native caution; the whites because of white policy. It was really nobody's business unless it was young Henry's business. And—

"Tu'u ia mo paga," said Henry; which means, it is nothing, it is forgotten—it should not count. He climbed ashore and sat shaking the wet from his straight black hair and gleaming in the sun like a bronzed merman. "Eighteen year, tha's awful long time," said Henry of Vitongo.

His cousin Gordon scowled down at him.

"A long time don't change the fact. If you was a man, Henry Shoesmith—the 'alf of a man——!"

"Ah, tha's it," smiled Henry quietly, without malice. "Tha's why—eh? I am only 'alf a man beside you." A neat way of recalling that Gordon's mother had married a white; wherefore Gordon was a quarter-caste, college-taught in New Zealand, and wore celluloid collars and satin ties and altogether comported himself with the dominant race. Wherefore Gordon despised a second cousin who preferred to live Samoan fashion—camping on an open veranda while real carpets and red curtains and pink lace doilies went to rack and ruin inside his neglected house, and never wearing so much as a pair of pants when he could help it.

"Tu'u ia mo paga," repeated Henry.

The other bit his lip. It was his vehement annoyance that this graceless young scamp should have fallen into the best part of the Shoesmith possessions. It was almost equally annoying that the scamp should care so little to augment those holdings, to deploy them with social gestures—or even to protect them, as appeared. "List'n to me," he said, severely. "Everybody knows who killed your father. Everybody knows it was the same h-wicked, h-wicked man who is trying to thief away the rest of your land now!"

Henry pillowed himself on the warm sand and continued to smile indolently out across the smiling bay.

"He will do it, too—unless you fight. He has bought up all the notes of your foolish borrowings in Apia and raised the amount by tricks and false claims. Oh-h, a cunning d-hevil! It was so easy how he robbed and killed your father. 'Ave you forgotten?" Gordon's voice fell a sinister tone. . . . "Your father had loaned him much money. They went together one night to drink at Mulifanua. Afterwards, somebody—somebody—rode a white horse from Mulifanua in the dark and cut your father's throat as he slept, and thieved all those papers of those loans! Eh? And now this same man comes again to r-r-rob you. Only this time he does not need to use a knife . . . Henry Shoesmith!" Gordon called upon him. "Henry Shoesmith; do you remember that knife?"

SOMETHING like a cloud passed over Henry's face; something like a shudder took him, as when a damp wind turns the pandanus leaves. Did he not remember that knife? It was the substance of every evil vision he had had from childhood. He always saw it as it hung over his father's bed—a Malay kris, really, though Henry never knew it as such; one of the relics the shrewd old trader had gathered in his travels before he settled down as an island patriarch; a thing with a wavy blade and a handle set in colored stones that glittered—glittered dreadfully. He always saw it glittering through a red mist since the morning when, as a mere toddler, he had been first to discover the tragedy.

"List'n. I know where that knife is kep! I know three men in Apia who have seen it. The stones are very valuable, and Joranson needs money again, as he did before. . . . He has tried to sell it—Joranson the Dane!"

Still Henry made no response.

"You could find that knife if you searched on board his trading cutter. . . . If you dared!" said Gordon, with a spurt of anger. "Hoh! But you do not dare. Even when Tito is waiting there for you. A beau-tiful girl is Tito—the daughter of Joranson. She fears 'im, and every night he beats her with a bamboo stick. She is only waiting for some strong man to take her away from him. But she will not wait long for you when she knows you are a coward!"

Henry sat up at last. "I am not a coward," he said, stung into full-throated native speech. "I am sprung from the seed of Alipia Nailetai—Alipia Who Died in the Sea". He was a great chief of Samoa, and Samoans are not cowards!"

"Samoans are not cowards, but thou knowest what white folks say of them? They are quit-ter," returned Gordon, bitterly. "They will not fight. They quit! They can not carry through anything, even in their own defense. . . . And so it is with thee, who art no Samoan. What art thou? Only a fish-man and a fool. Only swimming and joking and idling while thy blood-enemy goes unslain and unpunished!"

"It is not for a Samoan to have a blood-enemy. It is not the custom of the country to slay anybody."

"It is the custom to ask justice! As nearest of kin you must ask the court yourself. . . . Come now, Henry, let me take your case," pleaded Gordon. "We can so easy prove that Joranson did it, and we can leave the killing to the English judge."

He will 'ave Joranson 'anged by the neck. And then you can marry Tito—and Joranson's cutter and all that is Joranson's will be yours!" he added eagerly.

HENRY lay back on the beach again with one arm thrown over to shade his brow. But while he regarded the importunate visitor, in the pooled depths of his eyes ran a tiny flickering light which might have recalled—which did recall—the temper of that able Scotch trader, his father.

"Gor-don Shoesmith," he said, slowly, "go away. You are smart-man and lawyer-man. You are thinking if anything 'appens to me you will be next to own Vitongo—eh? And any'ow if you stir up bloody row you make me fight to keep Vitongo for you—eh? List'n. I am maybe fool but I am not dam fool! Go away, Gordon Shoesmith."

So Gordon went, swearing aspirated oaths as he mounted his rattletrap cart, and slashing his flea-bitten pony as he turned back towards his own plantation. Henry watched him go, and Henry laughed. He would have liked to keep on laughing. But after a while the laughter failed. All very well to check a meddlesome schemer; all very well to postpone a troublesome issue in true Samoan style with a handy proverb, saying it was naught—it was forgotten—it did not count. But the trouble which had been making for him pretty much since his birth would not banish so readily on this critical morning of his twenty-third year.

Henry of Vitongo was that curious modern product—seldom noticed—the man midway East and West, whose heritage swings between two pasts as wide apart as the poles. It was a remarkable share in the heritage, and the world's indirect tribute to a noble native race, that as a half-caste of Samoa he need never be ashamed of it.

Pride of race is so rare with mixed bloods; still rarer when granted by white to dark. Only among descendants of certain American Indian tribes, of the Maoris and kindred Polynesian branches through the Islands, will you find such pride held and acknowledged. And this was Henry's.

Not but he knew well enough the ways of a saddle-tinted society—like Gordon and Gordon's womenfolk, who anxiously aped the manners of a money-making middle class. Not but

he saw Shoesmiths and Smollets and Schmidts—offspring of beachcombing adventurers in the last century—established now, and vastly concerned with a quaint parade of high heels and ormolu clocks and afternoon teas. But he also knew in this same society how carefully the old Samoan names were remembered and honored; how closely the old Samoan link still held. Even Gordon, with a sophisticated taste in neckwear and lawsuits—even Gordon himself claimed an ancient chief's title through a famous taupo, his grandam, and never dreamed of denying his island origin or the island speech.

THE difference with Henry was that he had no call to be a Shoesmith at all. To these striving relatives of his many things seemed essential; invitations at Government House, land and profits and the tricks of commerce. To Henry nothing in life seemed important except the living.

It always had been so with him. Since his orphaned boyhood he had been a scandal to his kind. In his school days at the Marist Mission he had offered a sad problem to those earnest saints who shed a pale cast of culture on the riotous tropics. The best swimmer and cricketer, the quickest hand with net and bonito boat, he had never felt a really vital concern in compound percentage, the rule of three and the "Book of Sacred Gems." . . . As sheerly a matter of feeling as when Brother Leo used to catch him playing truant with garlanded madcaps at the jumping-rock—used to shake an angry finger at the elfin face and explode a six-barreled German word which signified, in approximate meaning, a "throw-back."

"That is what you are, Henry Shoesmith. You are a gentleman—no?—with a fine home and a trading store. And you act as a little pagan. Ach, such conduct displeasing to the good God; you should blush for yourself!"

Brother Leo intended no jest. It hardly occurred to him that a skin like sun-gilded fruit does not show a blush in the sight of the good God. But otherwise Brother Leo had hit the truth. Henry of Vitongo was a born pagan.

To ride the breaker, to chase the rainbow fish, to beguile the hours, nourished at nature's ripe breast and sleeping there without doubt or care—no books had taught him this; no books could



Q. "You've got a nerve, hanging around that kid of mine," said Joranson the Dane. "Drop it, do yo' hear? Or I'll skin you alive. She'll fetch a white husband, that girl. I'll have no more tar-brush in my family. Now you clear."

teach him better. The casual villages in each shining bay—the bee-hive houses without walls or doors like the open, simple lives of their in-dwellers—they were home to him, and homelike and kindly were the scents of health and thatch and freshly plucked masoo'i, of cocoanut-shell fires and new cocoanut oil, heavier than any musk that ever scented the Orient.

ALL of which was harmless enough, to be sure—all of which involved nothing worse than the talk and the scandal aforesaid—to the fateful moment when he learned that he loved, and hopelessly loved, pretty Tito Joranson. . . .

"A beautiful girl is Tito, the daughter of Joranson the Dane. Every night he beats her with a bamboo stick. She only waits for a strong man."

Well, whatever anyone might say or think of it, Henry certainly had done his best to qualify.

Had he not enlarged Vitongo store at reckless cost? Had he not plunged with a bold financial gesture on three trading ventures to Savaii? Had he not mortgaged and borrowed right and left in order to gamble disastrously in copra and cocoa—all at Joranson's own cunning suggestion and all for the single purpose of proving himself a strong man and a gentleman by every half-caste standard, and a worthy candidate for a son-in-law?

His effort had failed. It had worse than failed, for Joranson was coming this very night to demand a settlement; and Henry dreaded it. How terribly he dreaded it, only one could have guessed who had ingrained in his make-up the obscure inhibitions of Polynesia—primitive without savagery—wise without wisdom; the people who do not fight: "they can not carry through anything, even in their own behalf." Here and now he was going to have to meet the crisis of his life—to square life and love somehow with the reputed murderer of his father!

Such was the case of Henry Shoesmith on this particular morning of his twenty-third year.

It was not a good case, but it offered no escape by his own lights and limitations. Neither by compound percentage. Nor yet by the "Book of Sacred Gems." And finally it drove him out of his dreams into making some sort of show for himself. . . .

He hurried to the big house. He donned a pair of dove-gray pants. He laid out a shirt with pearl buttons. Better still; from a battered cowhide trunk he unearthed old yellow shoes, a jacket of black alpaca and a venerable silk waistcoat sprigged with forget-me-nots. Once he had scrubbed away the mildew and tucked up the sleeves and nearly strangled himself with a collar button and had set a warped straw hat to top the glory, he felt like an armored knight; very gentlemanly, indeed. Then he marched over to the store where he relieved his Niue-boy clerk and sold three yards of calico for a total profit of ten pence half-penny and felt himself a business man.

THE moral uplift sustained him all day long. Until swift tropic night began to pour in against the land. Until a lantern on Joranson's cutter cocked its baleful and expectant eye at him across Vitongo Bay. Until he crept down cautiously to avoid his dear cousin Gordon—who doubtless would be watching and spying somewhere among the palm-trees—and paddled out in his little outrigger proa on the dappling phosphorescence of the lagoon to achieve his destiny. . . .

Tito was waiting for him. Somehow he had been sure that Tito would be waiting and he was glad, though inwardly quaking. In a way this encounter was worse than the prospect of his ordeal with Joranson, for a half-caste courtship is hedged with infinite ceremony and he never actually had addressed a dozen words to his lady-love. He could see her gown as a lighter patch there on the forward deck. So he put on his shoes—instruments of torture which he had saved to the last moment—and climbed aboard over the cutter's rail.

"A-good even' to you, Miss Joranson."

"A-good even', Mis-ter Shoesmith."

He swept off his hat with a flourish. She made him a courtesy in the grand manner of the saddle-tinted aristocracy. But both of them rather spoiled the effect by turning an anxious glance towards the after cabin, where their common ogre sat alone at his dinner. Their voices were hushed.

"I did not fin' you at the pi'ture theater las' Thursday night," began Henry politely.

"No. Tha' was the same n-ight the dance of the La-dies' Tuina Club," returned Tito primly.

As a matter of fact, Henry had not gone to the picture theater;

neither had Tito gone to the dance. These were company conventions, to which they desperately clung.

"Business 'as been good today," observed Henry, fanning himself. "Copra is up again. I think there will be much money in the villages this season."

"Yes. And much gay time' in Apia," agreed Tito. "Two weddings will be soon—and a christen' party."

As a matter of fact business and parties were equally far from them; but they were saying the proper things.

Out on the broad horizon grew a faint halo, luminous with coming moonlight. It made a background for Tito's fillet-bound head. Higher yet hung two quivering points of radiance. Henry thought they must be fireflies caught in the dusky web of her hair. Then he saw they were stars, and presently, as a wonderful and very dear and very intimate revelation, they showed him her face.

A FLAWLESS face; of a beauty that would have matched a Reni Madonna—the soft, rich, almost Latin beauty of her type. Henry knew its loveliness. But now as he looked down at the tremulous mouth, the glorious great eyes uplifted and dwelling in his by the starlight—now in a dizzy sweep of tenderness he knew something else; her wistful appeal; her trouble that answered his own trouble—the same timid and passionate longing clouded with the same complex of doubts and misgivings and imposed restraints possessed each of them.

She wore a tight frock of some pink stuff. On her arms, smooth and firm as copper cast as flesh, and over her superb shoulders she had tied a woolly shawl. By one ear dangled a bunch of ribbon, and she went mincing in ballroom slippers—velvet with jet trimmings—the kind that knock about all the shelves of the Pacific in job-lot consignments for the Colonial trade. Her whole splendid body, made for sun and freedom and the embrace of cresting seas, had been pinched and frilled and tricked out in a pathetic attempt at fashion.

And with sudden enlightenment Henry recognized the pathos—not, as another might have done, the absurdity, of it; suddenly this girl who had seemed an unattainable mystery seemed a mystery no more. She was so delightfully embarrassed; so exquisitely uncomfortable—it thrilled him. . . . Surely her feet must hurt even worse than his own!

You see, Tito herself was just another product. She, too, had been taken as a child from her native mother and run through a mission. She, too, had submitted to the ideals of some gloomy suburb half a world away—like West Ham, perhaps, or Dulwich, or wherever the good sisters of the Papautu Girls' School hail from; had struggled with the rule of three and tried to find compensation for living in an earthly paradise by the "Book of Sacred Gems." And she had not made much more of it than Henry Shoesmith. He was aware of that at once, by voice and eye and the throb of a woman's breast—things not taught in missions. . . . Surely, some time or other, somebody must have called her a little pagan, too!

"Tito—!" he cried, and would have reached to her. But his collar button nipped him in time. After all, it is hard to discard a gentlemanly training; you see, he had come braced and belted in gentlemanly style. . . .

"Miss Joran-son," he corrected. "You look aroun' this place—eh?" He swept a stiff arm over the bay. "From shore to shore is Vitongo. You know?"

"Yes," she said, innocently. "Yes, Mis-ter Shoesmith. I know. Vitongo."

"You like it?"

"Yes," she said. "Oh, yes Mis-ter Shoesmith. It is very pretty. And very es'pensive."

"IT GIVE me gr-eat pleasure," he stammered, "if you will accept per invoice . . . I mean—if you will do me the 'onor. . . ." With choking eagerness he tried to capture an eligible half-caste formula. "Dear Miss Joran-son; list'n. All this is mine. This plantation, with a fine 'ome and a trading store. I own Vitongo myself—"

"Like hell you do!"

The words fell upon them with the force of a club. They started apart. And there at the hatchway of the little cabin stood their ogre; the white man—the inevitable white man who always has appeared in just that manner to the gentler peoples of the earth, who always does stand at the hatchway—grim and masterful and full of power.

"I heard you, Henry. I been waiting for you. Come inside here and cool off." His voice grated on the humorous note more





**A** Joranson the Dane and Henry Vitongo went reeling through dim immensity. With one arm, Henry hung about his enemy's neck; with the other he fought for the knife. With the knife he could scatter a dozen sharks.



compelling than any threat. Tito he passed over without a glance. At the first turn of his big hand, she vanished aft like a wraith. "Henry," he repeated, with formidable pleasantry, "don't be backward, my boy. Did I not tell you to come in here? . . . You're late."

Joranson was one of those figures that have made the South Sea the last far-flung, picturesque frontier. In the old days they possessed it with the missionary, step for step. The missionary sought the bewildered souls of black and brown men. The pioneer sought their labor and their lands. The one set up a paralyzing system of morality, while the other cashed in. Together, pioneer and missionary farmed the helpless island world—and few had come off better than Joranson. Blackbirder, gin-seller, gun-runner; he had tried most ways of scoundrelism in season. If he had died in that lawless period he might have become almost legendary, like the pirate Bully Hayes, whose disciple he has been. But he survived. And he survived because he was far-sighted as he was ruthless.

JORANSON THE DANE, they called him. The name had lost its original meaning; the man himself had long since moulded to the prevailing trader type, Colonial in speech and Yankee in oath. And this very adaptability was the line of his success. His early rivals were dead—Shoesmiths and Smollets and Schmidts with whom he had played the old frontier game of fraud and violence as it used to be played. They were gone, and—"eighteen years, that's an awful long time." He seldom needed a weapon nowadays; he preferred a court order. He no longer beat the native over the head and sold him into slavery; he gave him credit and sold him into debt. And occasionally, when luck was kind, he caught some shiftless heir of one of his former foes and squeezed the life out of him with a very special satisfaction.

As in the case of Henry Shoesmith.

"You was saying you owned something; and I was saying you did, nix." . . . Powerful—built on a huge, loose scaffolding of bone and muscle—he was still in steel-hard condition. Only his gray hair and his gray face betrayed him. He had a face grid-ironed like a devil's, and slitted eyes with a cold spark in them.

"You'll find it by these papers, Henry," he remarked, as he tossed out a sheaf of documents on the tiny cabin table. "You don't own nothing. Them notes of yours went to protest, d'y' see? All you got to do is sign y'r assets to me . . . All assets," he added amiably.

Henry gasped.

"You mean—Vitongo?"

"The whole outfit."

"Vitongo—!"

"What t' hell else did you expect?"

Henry could hardly have told; but even with Gordon's warning he never had expected this. He never had thought of Vitongo itself as a piece of property—something you buy and sell. Vitongo was the land—his birthplace; the soil to which he belonged. . . . It stunned him.

He wanted to resist. Doubtless the papers had been juggled—perhaps actually falsified, as Gordon had said. But he could not tell how or where. He wanted to charge the other with his treachery; he wanted to deal or dick or to bargain somehow for his heart's desire. These were the things he might have learned in school, if he had been capable of it. But he had not learned.

Uncounted centuries debarred him. He was the man of color, and against him stood the white man, armed with the white man's power and backed by the white man's code. He was the predestined victim. He had no choice but to obey, in a sort of helpless trance. Meanwhile Joranson continued to enjoy himself. It made a rare moment for Joranson, this neat turn—which was also the triumph of his ancient feud. "I don't mind telling you," he said once, with infernal geniality, "I ought a had the place long ago. Your father beat me out of it. But I notice such crooked doings have a way of coming straight. . . . Sign y'r name right there, Henry—on the line."

And again:

"You'll understand there ain't a holy chanst for you, Henry. Not a chanst. I been too blame' careful. There'll be no pickings left over. Not even for that smart blackmailing cousin of yours—Gordon. I got Mr. Gordon stopped—don't you worry!" Which information, oddly enough, gave poor Henry a fleeting touch of comfort in the midst of his misery.

But the worst was at the last. When the business was done, when the name had been signed, Joranson slipped the mask a little. "That'll be all, Henry. Just one thing while you go." He bent a look on the boy like chill lightning. "Just one point.

You got a hell of a nerve hanging around that kid of mine. Oh, I seen y'; and you drop it, d'y' hear?—or I'll skin you alive. She'll fetch a white husband any time, that girl—and by God, I'll have no more tar-brush in my family. . . . Now you clear!"

Henry cleared. With that glance piercing his shoulder blades, with that final insult in his ears, he scuttled up the after companion and stumbled on deck.

And there Tito met him again.

Out to seaward the moon had swung high, the swelling moon of Samoan nights, like a vast, golden breadfruit in the sky. It gave light—light to show off silks and satins and tricked-out finery and mincing steps, perhaps—plenty of light for grand manners. But Henry did not think of them; and neither, somehow, did Tito. She met him at once; her hands fluttering towards his, her lips breathing broken little phrases of pity. He reached to her, and this time—collar button or no collar button—this time he did not draw away.

"Tito, Tito—!" he whispered, wrung with vague shame and suffering.

"I know," she soothed. "I know—I know. I was listening. But do not weep." Unconsciously they had spoken in their liquid native tongue, made for love and the low murmur of love, soft as the call of wild pigeons in the mating season. "Nay, weep not. I can not bear that!"

Again he saw her face, so near to his, and again came to him the glory and the wonder of woman, loved and loving—the amazing revelation of it.

"You heard? Then it is also known to you that I have nothing any more, Tito. No house. No plantation. I am a beggar. I do not remember if I have even any claim on the clan of my dead mother. Perhaps her village would give me a home in charity. . . . But that is all."

"I know," she repeated. "It makes no change. We have ourselves—thou and I." Very different was her speech now; very different its simple message which struck back to the ultimate sources. "No harm is done to us while we live. Only tell me where you will go for shelter and what you mean to do. Be quick—before he stirs!"

HENRY looked down the ladder. The ogre was busied below at something. He looked to sea. The cutter had been anchored just inside the passage of the reef, in deep water; it was quiet outside—only an easy rolling of the ground-swell. Last he looked towards the land; its shore a thin strip of silver a quarter mile off; its shoulders rising in a great silvered sweep from height to height, by crag and jungle and forest to the star-tipped basaltic peaks above. . . . "Would you seek me out, then? Would you follow?" he questioned eagerly.

"Perhaps." She smiled a little, shyly. "But I would be sure you are safe."

With one arm he caught her close to him. They did not kiss; that caress, unknown to the East, is still a curious invention of the West. But he felt the beat of her heart against his, tripping twice as fast as his own—a marvelous fact. "Turn your eyes to Vitongo, yonder," he said. "Do you see the shape of that big candlenut tree on the hill? . . . No. Not beside my house. Away to the right. Do you see the cloud of its many blossoms—pale and clustering?"

"Yes," she answered, near his cheek.

"Up past that tree runs a ravine. It is wild and rocky and overgrown. Few have ever climbed it. But I know the path, and up beyond the palms—beyond the taro and the banana groves—is a flat place in the mountain-side. There as a child I once built me a little fale for a play-house; a hut—hidden among the vines. There one is always safe."

"Yes."

"Nobody comes so far. Nobody can ever find us. We can live on the sweet mountain fruits and water in the brook, taking nothing that belongs to anyone—staying all to ourselves—thou and I." Very different was this courtship; very different the offer he made. "Tito—let us go there!"

"Now . . . ?"

He nodded.

"But my father would kill us! He would see us going." She gestured forward where Henry's proa was tied, past the forward cabin hatch. "He will stop us!"

"I do not mean that way."

"How then?"

He pointed across the bay. She drew a quick breath as she understood. "There may be sharks!"

"What do we care for sharks—we two?" he demanded.

An instant they clung—while the splendor of the thought gained and glowed in them—while they waited, palpitant, on the urge of it. Came a warning sound from the cabin. Henry gripped the neckband of his expensive shirt. Tito's arm slid free with a start of ripping stuffs . . .

"Make haste!"

Alas for the true ladies of Papautu School; also, alas for the prim young gentlemen of the Marist Mission! Alas for high heels and waistcoats sprigged with forget-me-nots; for ribbons and shawls and frills and fal-lals and the dove-gray suitings of fashion—and once more alas for the polite teachings of West Ham, the uplift of the rule of three and the "Book of Sacred Gems" and many other things so very, very essential to morals and imported propriety. . . . All forgotten. All abandoned within three seconds.

Only the moon was witness, with unveiled face. But the moon was a Samoan moon; the mellowest, most tolerant and kindly scamp of a moon—quite used to beaming on youth and lovers since a golden, olden age. It stared with all its might on Vitongo Bay, but never blushed.

But perhaps, with a certain whimsy, perhaps it might have smiled to see those two youngsters kicking free so earnestly and eagerly—emerging from their finery at last, a pair of superb, silver-bronze chrysalides, clad in their own native garb—Henry with his kilted lava-lava and Tito with her dainty ahu! . . . Thereafter, it had a parting glimpse of them for just a wink as

they stood hand in hand at the cutter's stern—ere they went overboard into the warm yielding sea.

The clean, double scoop of their dive raised a startled challenge behind them. Followed hasty footsteps upon the ladder and presently one comprehensive roar of rage exploded over Vitongo. From the rail Joranson made out their two dark heads, surging for shore. His dinghy still lay on deck, but he did not wait to launch it. Darting down through the cabin, he came forward at a jump and cut the lashing of Henry's outrigger canoe. The fugitives were hardly a hundred feet to the good when he began to dig out. Few persons had ever succeeded in getting much of a lead on Joranson the Dane.

WHEN Joranson dashed into their wake, Henry dropped back to cover the retreat. But he need not have bothered. Joranson wanted something he could hit soon and hit hard; Joranson took after him first of all. The proa bore down on Henry in hissing spurts of foam and the opening of that affray was a vicious swipe with a paddle.

Henry ducked—came up out of reach. Joranson whirled like a water-beetle and struck again, and again. Henry slipped from under. This was sport for a fisherman. He could have played it all night. Each time he drew the chase farther aside from Tito. It kept him cheered to think that Tito was drawing away with every stroke. . . . But there [Continued on page 106]



With Tito, Henry turned away into the night where the soft cymbaling of palm-fronds made bridal music and pigeons murmured sleepily.





❧ *It isn't only the mother whose heart aches when her children seem to grow away from her. Every father will understand why Will Bowden could not sleep the night his daughter did not come home until two o'clock in the morning*

# Wandering Daughters

By Dana Burnet

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

THE trolley-conductor caught Mr. Bowden's familiar signal, gave a friendly nod and pulled the bell-rope. Mr. Bowden folded his evening paper and stood up, grasping at the strap overhead. His pale blue eyes, mild behind their steel-rimmed glasses, glanced about the car. There was a kind of gentle expectancy in that glance. Mr. Bowden, in spite of fifty-five years of dealing with human nature, was still something of a sentimentalist. It gave him a pleasant thrill to meet the eyes of people he knew.

But tonight, though it was Saturday and the car was full, there was none whom he recognized, or who recognized him. Only the conductor spoke to him as he came out.

"Not many of my old passengers left, Mr. Bowden," said the conductor, a dried-up, dusty little man who had grown gray on the James Hill run.

"Not many," agreed Mr. Bowden, getting down rather stiffly from the platform step.

The car went on. Mr. Bowden looked about with his usual cautiousness. An automobile was coming towards him. He stopped to let it pass. As it went by him, a stout man in the glass-enclosed tonneau leaned forward and waved his hand—

Mr. Bowden smiled and nodded several times in return.

"Charley Horton!" he reflected, making for the curb. "Used to ride out with him every night. . . . Got his own car now."

That was why there were so few of the old passengers left. They all had automobiles now. It was not the first time he had observed that fact; but for the first time, it struck him as a matter of importance to himself. As he walked up the cement pavement towards the plain, square-built brick house that was his home, he groped for thoughts to balance against the prosperity of such men as Charley Horton. He, Will Bowden, hadn't an automobile; but he had other things. He had a home, and there wasn't a penny on it. Not a penny. He had paid off the mortgage ten years before. He had a small, steady insurance business that gave him enough to live comfortably. He had the best wife in the world, one servant—and Bessie.

At the thought of Bessie, he felt a slight misgiving, a certain uneasiness that he realized was becoming familiar to him. Bessie

was the joy of his life, but with her blonde prettiness, her vivacity, her eagerness for wider horizons, she was also a problem. It was Bessie who made him stop and think.

He opened the front door with his latch-key, entering directly into a large room known as the hall. It was a room furnished plainly in dark oak furniture of the mission type. Adjoining it, to his left as he entered, was the parlor, a somewhat smaller room with a gas-log fireplace and a marble mantel that had been the pride of his earlier days. The parlor was filled—perhaps too full—of gilt furniture which had been a wedding present from his wife's mother. He remembered, with a twinge of pain, that Bessie recently had made disparaging remarks about that gilt furniture—

He went on into the back hall, hung his hat and coat in the closet and opened the door of the kitchen. A smell of cooking, of fresh bread baking in the oven. . . . He had always loved that smell and he still loved it.

His wife, stirring something on the stove, turned towards him a flushed face, giving him the smile that he had come to regard as the benediction of his day. But tonight— Was that smile quite the same? Had it, too, become a trifle time-worn, underlaid with a touch of care?

He put the dark thought away from him and going to her kissed her as he had done for thirty years past.

"You're late, Will."

"I had a little extra work at the office, Annie."

"Supper's almost ready. . . . Delia's setting the table."

"Well, I'll go wash up. Oh, where's Bessie?"

"Upstairs. Dressing. You know, she's going out tonight."

Mr. Bowden felt once more that little stab of pain at his heart.

"Party?" he asked lightly.

"A dance. At the Country Club."

"Well, well! Bessie's getting to be—way up in society, isn't she? That's twice she's been to the Country Club this week."

His wife's full, oval face grew worried. She pushed back a lock of her graying hair—a gesture that he knew expressed nervousness.



*A slight blonde young woman, radiant in a low-necked dress . . . a moment of astonishment . . . How could he and that drab woman in the kitchen have produced so rare a creature? That was what puzzled Will Bowden.*

"Yes. I wish she wouldn't. We don't belong to the club—and I don't think it's right for Bessie to go there so much. With that crowd."

"Oh, well! She's young, you know."

"But that's kind of a fast crowd, Will. They've all got money. . . . Austin Trull is coming for her in his car."

"Trull, eh? Let's see, isn't he the young fellow who—?"

"Yes, he is. Arrested downtown for hitting a policeman. They say he'd been drinking—and was speeding—"

"Hum. Have you talked to Bessie?"

"Yes. I told her I wished she'd consult me before she chose her friends. . . . I don't know where she meets them all, I'm sure."

"What did Bessie say?"

"She said they were all right. That Trull was—all right. She said: 'You know, mama, things aren't like they used to be when you were young.'"

MR. BOWDEN heard the troubled note in his wife's voice, and stepped towards her. But he didn't put his arms around her as he had been moved to do. Somehow an issue had been created.

"Well, well! I guess that's true enough. . . . Though I can't seem to think of you as growing older, Annie. You look about Bessie's age tonight."

"Now, Will—"

Her smile made him feel at once relieved and guilty.

He left the kitchen with a sense of foreboding that he couldn't quite account for. It was as though he were going to fight something intangible, something that he himself didn't understand. He must understand it first. That was obvious.

He met Bessie unexpectedly in the upper hall. A slight, blonde young woman, radiant, in a pale green low-necked dress, with green slippers and stockings to match—the latter generously displayed. A moment of astonishment, of wonder for the ways of life. . . . How could he, and that rather drab woman downstairs in the kitchen, have produced so rare a creature!

"Hello, papa!"

"Hello, hello! Don't we look nice!" He kissed Bessie's cheek, aware of an essence, a perfume that seemed to breathe from her youthful prettiness.

"Do you think it's all right? Emma made it." Emma was the family seamstress. "She's so terribly old-fashioned about her sewing."

"Old-fashioned? Let me see." Bessie pirouetted slowly before him. "Well! Of course I don't know much about it—" (That was a mistake. He shouldn't have said that. Why didn't he know about it?) He finished weakly: "But I should say it was fine. Fine!"

"Oh, I guess it's all right. It's new anyway. Nobody's ever seen it before."

"Does that make a difference?"

"Why, of course. The girls I go with never wear—" Bessie stopped, looked at her father's somewhat plump, undistinguished figure and added: "But they can afford it."

"You're going to a dance tonight, Bessie?"

"Yes."

"That's nice. I want you to have a good time—" He stopped, and they looked at each other, Bessie rather defiantly. "But I—I'd like to know more about your friends. Suppose we go into my den, and have a little talk before supper."

"Why—certainly, papa."

The den was a room consciously devoted to Mr. Bowden's enthroned masculinity; it had been considered proper, in the days when he and Annie were building, to have a den.

"Sit down, dear."

"I'd rather not, papa. I'll muss my dress—"

"Oh!" The excuse was transparent. She was resisting him, resisting his offer of friendship.

"Well, I just wanted to ask you about your—new friends."

"They aren't so terribly new. I've known Genevieve Horton ever since we were in dancing school together."

"And it was Genevieve who introduced you to—the others?"

"Yes."

"But she hasn't always gone with that set, has she?"

"No. But since her father made all that money in stocks—or whatever it was—she's gone with them."



"I see." Mr. Bowden had a fleeting vision of Charley Horton, stout and successful, rolling by in his expensive limousine. . . . "I see. And you like them better than your old friends? The girls and boys you grew up with?"

"Oh, well, papa, they're different. They've got—they're the best people in Jamestown."

Mr. Bowden did not argue the point.

"And Mr. Trull? You—like him?"

"Why—certainly. He's been awfully nice to me. Oh, I know what you mean—about his being arrested, and everything! But that wasn't his fault. He told me all about it. He wasn't speeding at all, and when the cop swore at him—well, he got mad and hit him. It wasn't his fault."

"The papers said he'd been drinking."

"Well, he hadn't. Anyway he wasn't—he's not what people say he is at all. Of course he's got money—but that's no crime! And he—Austin's *artistic*. He's going to be a painter. He's already had one magazine cover accepted."

"But he—drinks, doesn't he?"

Bessie's hand played nervously with the tulle of her dress.

"Yes. A little. Everyone drinks nowadays, papa. It's all on account of prohibition—"

"Do you drink, Bessie?" Mr. Bowden's tone was only an approximation of the indifference he tried to put into it.

"No—," answered Bessie, hesitatingly.

"Not at all? Never?"

"Oh, well—I have—maybe one cocktail!" she admitted.



“Why everyone drinks nowadays,” Bessie had admitted to her horrified father. “You sort of have to—or people think you’re—a frost.”

THE HORROR that rose in Mr. Bowden's breast was out of all proportion to its cause. He had a sudden feeling of danger, awful and imminent, as though he had come abruptly to the edge of an abyss.

"Where do you get these cocktails?"

"Everybody has them, papa. It's—sort of—the thing to have cocktails."

"I see. Do they serve them at the club?"

"Oh, no! But the boys—bring them."

"Well, Bessie, I—I'm a little surprised. I don't want you to think I'm shocked—or that I'm narrow-minded—but I—"

"You asked me, and I told you."

"My dear, I want you always to tell me everything. I want to be your friend, Bessie. Not just your father."

She impulsively went to him, settled down on the arm of his chair and put her arm around his neck.

"Papa, I—"

"That's all right, dear. I know you wouldn't do anything to hurt me—or yourself."

"Mother doesn't understand. She thinks I'm going to the dogs just because I want to have a good time—"

"Are you dissatisfied with your home, Bessie? Tell me the truth."

"Why, no. Only I wish we weren't so—stodgy."

"Are we stodgy?"



**C.** *Austin Trull told Bessie he didn't believe in God or religion or anything. It developed that the anything covered matrimony.*

"Yes, we are. Look at that furniture downstairs. And mama's always in the kitchen! I can never ask anybody here without letting her know beforehand."

"I see. You'd like things so that you could just——"

"Well, if I do anything at home, it's always so much trouble. When I go to other people's houses, everything's different. They don't make a fuss over asking you to dinner. And they give big parties—just kind of naturally. I haven't even had a coming-out party."

"Do you want one?"

"Of course, I'd like—but I know you can't afford it, papa."

"How do you know I can't afford it?"

"Why—you can't. Mama said you couldn't. She said not to ask you, because it was impossible."

Mr. Bowden smoothed the hand that had clenched itself on his shoulder as the girl suppressed her feelings.

"Your mother's the best woman in the world, Bessie. But suppose you come to me—next time, eh?"

"**W**HY, papa——! All right, I will. . . . I didn't want to worry you." (He almost smiled at that.) "Papa——"

"Yes?"

"Why don't you go into—stocks—or something, like Mr. Horton. He made loads of money, and you're just as smart as he is. Then you—you wouldn't have to work so hard."

"Stocks? Ha, ha! Well, I don't know. Perhaps I will!"

"Oh, papa! Wouldn't it be great if we had money! Then we could give nice parties—and travel—and really *do* things."

"Well, Bessie, I'll think it over. But don't say anything about it to your mother."

"I won't." She stood up, smiling at him. "It would be wonderful, papa, if you did that."

"By the way, does Johnnie Hargrave go to your dances?"

"Johnnie Hargrave! I should say not. He's too——"

"Stodgy?"

"Well, he's always working at that real estate business of his. Or going to church!"

"You used to like him, Bessie."

"That was when he was in college. He was awfully popular at Princeton, and a wonderful football player—but he used to pray before all the big games, even then."

"I see. You object to him on religious grounds?"

"It isn't that, papa. It's just—Oh, I don't know."

"Well, you have a right to choose your own friends. But—Bessie?"

"Yes, papa?"

"I wish you wouldn't drink any—cocktails tonight!"

"But everybody—oh, it isn't as though I liked them. But you sort of have to—or people think you're—a frost."

Mr. Bowden fought down the rising of all his Presbyterian ancestry. It was more than a little struggle.

"Well, just one cocktail, then. What do you say?"

"Why—all right, papa. Certainly! I never do anyway," said Bessie, with a deprecatory gesture.

"And don't stay too late, will you, dear? Your mother worries about you, you know."

"She needn't. I can take care of myself. . . . There's the supper bell, papa. I don't know why mother has to have a bel!" she cried, her control suddenly snapping.

"You go along down, Bessie. Tell your mother I'm coming down almost directly."

"All right."

She vanished, with a little flurry of green tulle. Mr. Bowden, rising, went into the bathroom and washed his face and hands.

That night, contrary to custom, Mr. Bowden did not retire into his den to read the evening paper. He sat in the lower hall, and when about eight o'clock the door-bell rang, announcing the arrival of Austin Trull, he himself opened the door.

"This Mr. Trull? Come right in. Bessie'll be down in a moment," he told the young caller.

He found himself studying the young man with a keenness that was new to him. Austin Trull was an attractive person. He had a finely-moulded face and head, a thin straight nose, a small mouth set off by a blond mustache, eyes restless and light. Not so solidly handsome as Johnnie Hargrave, perhaps. . . . But decidedly more attractive. . . .

"I don't think we've met before, Mr. Bowden," said the caller, as the two shook hands.

"No. Glad to have the opportunity. . . . Always glad to meet Bessie's friends," returned the older man, with easy cordiality.

"Keeps you busy, doesn't it?" laughed Trull. "Bessie's a pretty popular young person, you know."

"Yes. Sit down, Mr. Trull. . . . Yes, I hadn't realized how popular she was. Young people grow up so fast."

There was a brief pause. "Bessie tells me you're studying art," said Mr. Bowden, with his most casual manner.

"Yes. I've decided to become a painter. I—like the life."

"The life? Oh, yes, I see. The Bohemian sort of existence, eh, that's what you mean?"

MR. TRULL laughed again. "I don't mean to wear my hair long, or any of that junk, but I like the artistic way of—looking at things. And then, of course, there's my talent. I think we ought to make use of our talents," said the young man largely.

"By all means," agreed Mr. Bowden. "Do you expect to do your work here or—?"

"I haven't quite decided. I may go to New York and take a studio." The young man rose suddenly. "Here's Bessie."

A slight figure, wrapped in a gray cape, with a touch of white fur at the collar, was coming down the stairs. A graceful, smiling figure, exquisite, having a virgin air—

A pain at Mr. Bowden's heart—

"Hello, Austin! Have you met father?"

"Yes," said Mr. Bowden quickly. "Mr. Trull has been telling me about his ambitions. . . . Very interesting, indeed! You must ask him to come to dinner, Bessie."

"Oh!" said Bessie.

"Some day soon," continued Mr. Bowden.

"Goodnight, Mr. Trull. Goodnight, Bessie. Don't feel that you have to hurry home." He was at the door now, holding it open behind them. "I'll trust you, Mr. Trull, to see that she gets home—not too late," he added, lightly.

"All right, sir!" came Trull's voice with a laugh in it, from the darkness of the front porch. "I'll see—"

The voice was cut short by an exclamation from Bessie. Another laugh—from both of them. Then they were down the walk and getting swallowed up by night. Trull's car contained them—a curious blending of shapes. The whirr of the starter, and the hum of the motor, catching the spark. A singing dash forward, another

fainter singing dash—then a dwindling point of red light—

Mr. Bowden gently closed the door and went upstairs to bed.

He lay awake for hours, thinking. Annie stirred restlessly in the bed beside him. Once she moaned, as if in pain. He put out his hand and touched her face, stroking her cheek. . . . Poor Annie! She had been so brave about life. Brave about bringing her baby into the world. . . . And the other three, that hadn't lived. . . . Brave. But not—but not understanding. It was strange. He had always thought that mothers understood

**C.** *There was one girl at Austin's party—he said she was a model—but to Bessie she seemed very much at home in his studio.*

As he dried his face with the towel he thought: "It wasn't a success. She doesn't altogether trust me. I can get closer to her than her mother, perhaps. But not close enough. I have to drag things out of her. . . . If it came to a crisis—" (A voice within him charged mockingly, "It will! It will!")—"she wouldn't tell me. I must win her confidence somehow. I must if it kills me."

*Wouldn't it be wonderful if we had money—? Money! The magic touchstone! The key to his daughter's heart. Money!*





their children best. But Annie didn't understand Bessie. She had quite unconsciously let Bessie get away from her—from them.

He must get hold of his daughter somehow, in some new way.

Money would do it. If he had money—

Well, hadn't he? The five thousand that he had saved up, year after year, in spite of set-backs, in spite of doctor's bills and grocer's bills and all the other importunities of life in James Hill—

That five thousand had been a comfort to his mind these later years. But what was he saving it for? An emergency. Wasn't this an emergency?

Annie moved and woke.

"What time is it, Will?"

"Not late, I think. I haven't heard the clock strike since twelve."

"Bessie isn't home yet?"

"No. She probably won't be home for another hour. . . . But she—she's all right, Annie. You go to sleep."

IT WAS after two when Bessie got home. Mr. Bowden, lying awake listening, heard the front door downstairs close softly. He waited for her step on the stairs. It didn't come. Five minutes passed—ten minutes—it was all he could do to hold himself down. He felt helpless, ridiculous, lying there in his pajamas, under the bed-covers, waiting for Bessie to come upstairs—

Finally she came. He heard her go into her own room.

The grandfather's clock in the lower hall struck three. Mr. Bowden found himself saying, over and over again, with an absurd intensity, "Thank God, Thank God!"

He had it out with Annie the next morning at breakfast.

"But Will—!" said Annie.

"We'd been saving that for a rainy day. It's all we've got, and I—I'd been thinking that maybe, when Bessie was married, and had a home of her own, we might take it—some of it anyway—and go—somewhere. Maybe to Europe!"

"I know, I know," said Mr. Bowden gently. "I've suspected you." His smile was quite beautiful. Annie wept a little.

"Oh, Will! It's you—I don't care so much for myself. I could go on—but you've worked all your life, you've never had anything—any pleasure—"

"Yes, I have!" affirmed Mr. Bowden. "Yes, I have! Listen, Annie. We must look at things as they are. Trouble is, Bessie has grown away from us. We're practically strangers to her—oh, I know it's hard to face. But it's true. Bessie is——" he made a gesture—"groping. Groping for life. She's



young, and like all young things she likes brightness and glitter. But Bessie has a mind of her own. The only way we can get around her is to get to her. That means a common ground—and since she won't come into our world, we've got to go into her's."

MRS. BOWDEN poured herself a cup of coffee with an unsteady hand.

"I'll do whatever you say, Will. You—you're cleverer than I am. You see into people's hearts."

"I don't know," said Mr. Bowden modestly. "I don't know—"

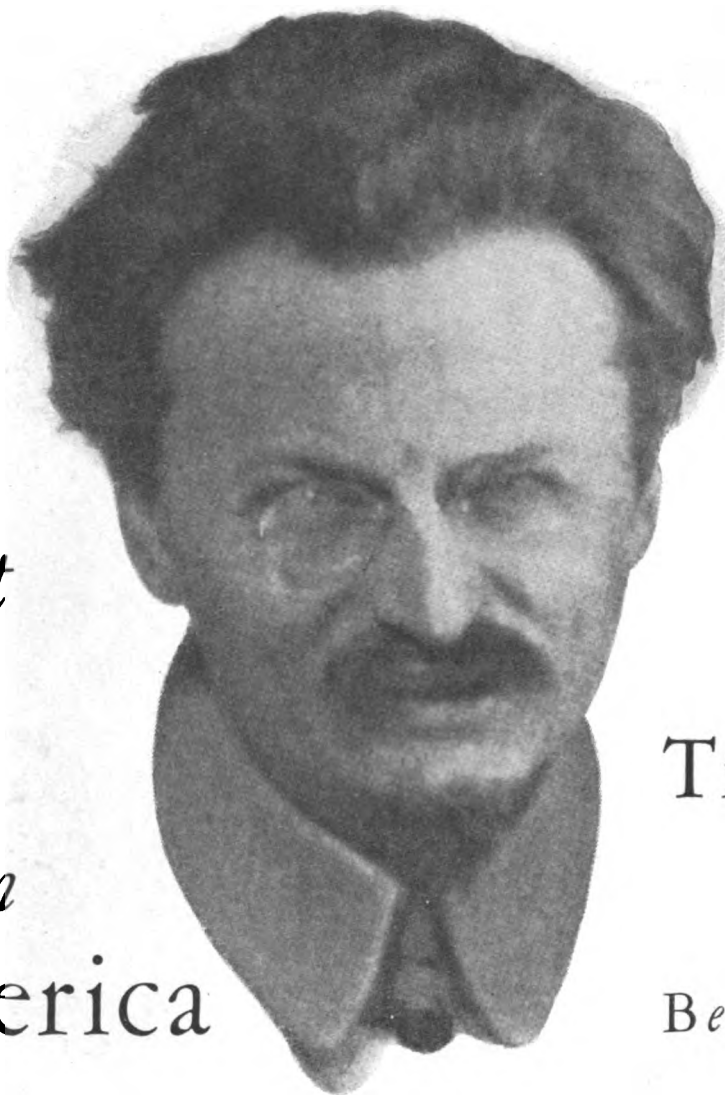
"Yes, you do. You—you think other people's thoughts. I guess," concluded Annie, with unusual penetration, "I guess that's why you aren't a rich man."

"I'm rich enough," said Mr. Bowden, smiling his characteristic, sentimental smile. "Rich enough!" he repeated with a certain unction.

To Bessie, the change came as a swift brightening of her whole horizon. That which had happened to many of her friends was now happening to her; was happening to her home—that home she had begun to despise. Had she been more [Continued on page 132]

Q. When Bessie returned from Paris, and appeared unexpectedly at Austin's New York studio, he was having a party—tea and cocktails. She was glad she hadn't brought her mother.

# They Lie About Me *in* America



Trotsky  
Tells  
*Bessie Beatty*

**I** SOLEMNLY declare before the populace of the United States that I have paid all my debts unto the last kopek. Never have I been a street car conductor. Never have I dined on credit. I ate my dinner at home with my own family."

The flashing face of the man across the green-topped mahogany desk was almost magnificent in its expression of scorn. If humorous contempt could wither the tale-teller, one glance from his blue eyes, half hidden behind powerful glasses, would have wiped from the earth the entire race of gossips.

I told Trotsky of the restaurants that have basked in the light of his notoriety, the people who told how they knew him when he was collecting streetcar fares, the multitude here and there that supplied him with pocket money—to these is delivered hereby, his denial!

The tales about his advent, his stay, and his exit from America are legion, and picturesque even though lacking any ingredient of fact. He told me he was there only three months, and spent the time lecturing and writing for a Russian revolutionary newspaper. He lived with his family, his wife and two boys, in a small Bronx apartment.

"I never think of that apartment without thinking of the negro janitor who refused to rob me," said Trotsky, a puzzled look coming into his eyes.

**W**E PAID eighteen dollars for the first month's rent, brought our luggage and left. When we returned next day, the apartment house was locked. When we roused the landlord, he explained that the janitor had robbed him and run away. When we opened our boxes, we found a letter in an envelope and eighteen dollars tucked inside. The janitor wrote that he did not wish to take our money but only that of the landlord. I don't know why. To this day I can not understand it."

Going to Leon Trotsky's office is like crossing a frontier into another and a western country. The Commissariat of War occupies a huge cream-colored stucco building stretching

across an entire block on the Znamenskaya. Outside the door of each numbered entrance stands a Red Guard. Inside, in the spotlessly clean hall is an alert young soldier with a slip of paper upon which are the names of expected visitors and the hour at which each is to come.

**W**HEN I walked in, the soldier glanced at me, spoke my name interrogatively, and led me up a broad staircase through a corridor and into a neat white-painted businesslike reception room. A slim young officer in uniform again spoke my name, asked me to sit down and disappeared. A moment later, he returned. Trotsky was ready. On each occasion, it was so. The Commissar of War saves other people's time as religiously as he saves his own. The endless waits in anterooms with ornate gold furniture and tattered brocades, normal approach to a Russian interview, are refreshingly absent.

The officer lead me through a room in which half a dozen soldier clerks were quietly working at uncluttered desks, into a long high-ceilinged council chamber where, at a huge felt-covered table, Tsarist generals of the old régime and young communists meet their chief to discuss campaigns and military needs. Here another officer, the personal secretary on duty, arose from his desk, bowed and motioned me to a door, at the farther end. I opened it and found myself in the big white-columned semi-circular room which is the cabinet of the Commissar of War.

Trotsky, in a severely smart uniform of military twill, without insignia, rose and walked out from behind his desk near the window, to shake hands.

The room was large, still, remote. Even the telephone buzzer spoke with a subdued voice. The regular beating of the clock, in a world where most clocks have long since stopped, emphasized the quiet.

On the desk was a tidy pile of papers and a set of bronze implements. Four white candles rose from old bronze candlesticks. At Trotsky's left was a series of telephones and behind

# Ⓒ The MAN who Never Laughs

Ⓒ *Trotsky had always been a vague figure in our minds. Then came two things to give us a vivid picture of the second most powerful leader in Russia. First, Balieff, Russia's foremost comedian, now in New York, told us, "I appeared before the Tsar and he laughed. I appeared before Trotsky and I never before worked so hard or tried to be so funny. But I could not make Trotsky laugh. He never laughs." Now we have Miss Beatty's interview and we understand why Leon Trotsky seldom laughs, for her story tells — more than anything you have read—of the trials and triumphs of the pacifist refugee who today heads the hardest fighting army in the world*



him were a filing cabinet and a revolving bookshelf. On the wall beyond was a huge war map. A holder filled with sharpened pencils was in the convenient place. Each inch of the room shone with polished order.

In America, there are thousands upon thousands of such offices, where every tool of the modern executive is sharpened and ready for use. In Russia, there is only one. Trotsky's is the only staircase I have seen that is not covered with cigarette stubs. His is the only telephone that yields immediate response at any hour of the day or night.

Trotsky picked up a small seal, and his fingers, intense, strong, nervous, played with it, then discarded it for a paper knife with a conveniently twisting handle. Looking at him as he talked, it seemed to me that even in Russia, where revolution has melted and twisted the human material into all sorts of new shapes, few men have changed so much.

In the days when he was dodging the gendarmes all over Russia, Trotsky had the force of a man with a faith. Added unto him now is that force which every American executive, with a row of push buttons under his fingertips, has felt—the power that power begets.

FOUR years and a half had passed since I first met Trotsky. It was on the night of his thirty-eighth birthday which the Bolsheviks unconsciously had chosen to make their revolution. I was at the Smolney Institute in Petrograd and the Soviet was meeting. The great white hall was full of soldiers and workers. The air was gray with tobacco smoke, tense with excitement. A murmur. Then the crowd at the door parted and Trotsky came into the hall.

His face was pale under its shock of dark hair sweeping off a high forehead. His shoulders had the narrow stooped look of a man who has bent much over books. In those days, he wore a black velvet jacket. This, and the small dark beard emphasized the pallor of his skin. His pale eyes blazed. To me that night

he seemed the artist, almost the fanatic. I was introduced and he talked politely, mechanically, but his brain was whirling over things remote from our commonplace words.

At home, they still draw him in the cartoons with fire in his muzzle and lightning in his eyes. The fire and lightning are still there, but they have become the servants, not the masters, of his action. Trotsky has come under his own leash.

LAST autumn when I saw him again on the platform, I was disappointed. He seemed less eloquent, a little tired. Some of the sparkle of the man in the black velvet coat was gone. A sprinkling of gray had come into the dark hair and lightened it.

When he spoke, Trotsky spread out his facts in simple, straightforward, unadorned phrases, driving them home with an occasional cutting slash of a tense hand. I felt him master still of all the tricks of eloquence, but weary of using them. A man fed up with talking.

That impression was only a scrap of the picture.

The Trotsky on the other side of the neatest desk in all Russia, is a different man. What Trotsky, the revolutionary orator, has lost on the platform, Trotsky, the Commissar of War, conceded to be the ablest executive and best business man in Russia, has more than gained.

Trotsky's quickly lifting eyebrows are as expressive as a second tongue. He speaks German and French almost as glibly as Russian. He is uncomfortable in English. Using it is like taking off his glasses; it reduces him, so he avoids it. He has a rich voice with a wide range of inflection, and is master of the art of using it in private or on the platform.

I began by digging back into his past.

"It is for a whole year you would have me talk," he said smiling, when I asked about his boyhood.

At seventeen Trotsky met the revolutionary idea for the first time. He went from school in Odessa to Nikolaieff to college and joined a group of ardent young revolutionary students who



advocated the overthrow of the Tsar. He was not a socialist, was an anti-Marxist in fact, interested in a social, not an economic, revolution. When he finished college, he tried to enter the University at Odessa to study higher mathematics. Again he met the injustice of discrimination. Because he was a Jew, he was debarred.

Trotsky waved those days aside. "Prison was my real training school," he said reflectively. "I was nineteen when I was first arrested for working in the South Russian Union. They kept me two years before they tried and exiled me. There was plenty of time to read. I read Antonio Ribollo's 'Materialist Conception of History' and Marx's 'Capital.' They made a Socialist of me between them."

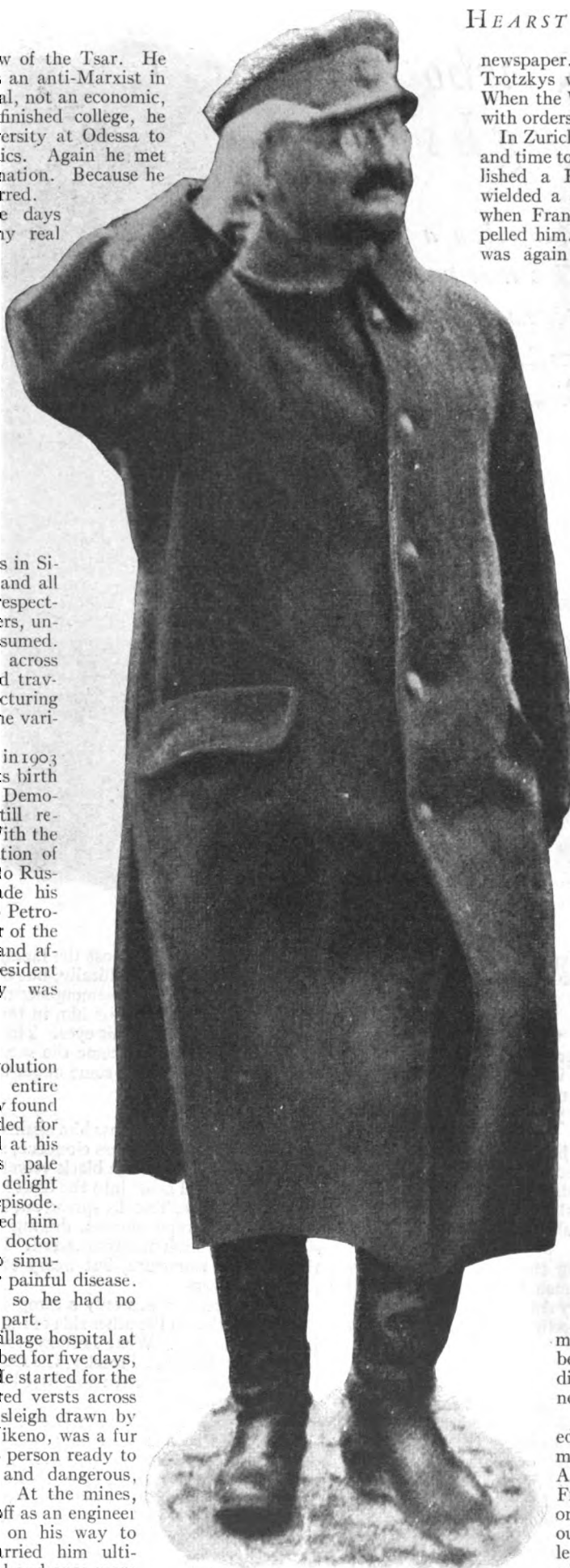
Trotsky was two years in Siberia before he escaped and all that time wrote for the respectable or "legal" newspapers, under a name he had assumed. Eventually, he slipped across the Austrian border, and traveled through Europe, lecturing to Russian students in the various capitals.

He went to the congress in 1903 where Bolshevism had its birth in a split in the Social Democratic party, but he still remained a Menshevik. With the beginning of the revolution of 1905, he slipped back into Russia in disguise and made his way up through Kieff to Petrograd. He was a member of the first Petrograd Soviet, and afterward, when the president was arrested, Trotsky was made president.

THE failure of the revolution and the arrest of the entire Soviet followed. Trotsky found himself once more headed for exile. He never arrived at his destination. Trotsky's pale eyes still dance with delight when he talks of this episode. On the train that carried him into Siberia, he met a doctor who taught him how to simulate an obscure and very painful disease. He is a natural actor, so he had no difficulty in playing the part.

They put him in the village hospital at Beresovo. He stayed in bed for five days, then made his escape. He started for the Ural mines, eight hundred versts across the snowy steppes in a sleigh drawn by reindeer. The driver, Nikeno, was a fur trapper, an adventurous person ready to do anything lucrative and dangerous, and Trotsky paid well. At the mines, Trotsky passed himself off as an engineer of the Pola expedition on his way to Perm. His scheme carried him ultimately back into Finland and once more he landed in London.

The Balkan Wars found him on the front as war correspondent for a Russian



newspaper. From that time on, the life of the Trotskys was that of a family of grasshoppers. When the World War broke, they were in Austria, with orders to leave in three hours.

In Zurich Trotsky found a brief breathing space and time to write a book. Going to France, he published a Russian revolutionary newspaper and wielded a disturbing pen until September, 1916, when France followed Austria's example and expelled him. He sought refuge in Spain where he was again imprisoned, then exiled. Forsaking Europe, he went to New York.

The sudden electrifying news of the fall of the Tsar put an end to Trotsky's American stay. He left immediately for Russia. The British authorities interrupted his journey at Halifax.

"My small boy would have prevented them, if he could," Trotsky remarked, smiling at the recollection of a tense pale face, a fist doubled under the nose of a guard and a child's voice demanding seriously:

"Shall I hit him, papa?"

It was not long before the exile was back again dominating the Petrograd Soviet in which he had been arrested a dozen years before.

But how has he managed to make a revolutionary pacifist into a military chief?

UNTIL the end of 1917," said he, "I never imagined I should occupy myself with military affairs. I had read books on military questions just as I had read books on astronomy and all sorts of other subjects, most of them while I was still in prison. In France during the Imperialist war, I began to take a greater interest.

"In all the domains of life, the same general methods are adapted to production. We speak of juridical logic, but that is only human logic adapted to juridical questions. In the domains of administration, a good administrator of a factory will in general be also a good military administrator. The general methods of administration are the same for everything. Human logic is the same applied in the military domain as in any other. Punctuality, firmness, are necessary in all fields where men want to construct, to create, to learn."

Where was the fiery phrase maker of that earlier day? This might be almost any American business man discussing system or organization. This new Trotsky went on deliberately:

"We have gained our technical knowledge by experience under the guns. Of mistakes and fronts we have had enough. Also we have had enough observation. From these we have learned. Our chiefs on many fronts were men without previous military training. To be a good artilleryman, it is necessary to have technical education, but to be a good army chief one need have only administrative and political qualities."

I asked Trotsky how he had managed

Q. "If he were not such an honest revolutionist, he would have been a second Napoleon," declared one of Trotsky's followers.



**C.** *Trotsky, in rough military coat, and an officer's cap walked around the Red Square calling, "How do you do, Comrades of the Red Army?" And standing erect the soldiers shouted: "How do you do, Comrade Trotsky?"*

to make a fighting army out of that rabble of weary, demoralized men, bent only upon flight and peace, which I had seen on the Russo-German front in 1917.

"Necessity," he answered. "Necessity and desire have done it. Our men knew they had to fight. If in five years we do not teach Russia to read and write, it will be sad, but not fatal. If we had failed to organize our army, we would be today only a colony of England or France.

"Our army in 1917 was not an army, but a contra-army, an army in complete decomposition, a much greater menace than no army at all."

I asked him to define the chief difference between his army and the other armies of the world.

"The Red Army is the one army that participates objectively in politics," he explained. "The rest of the world says armies must be kept out of politics. That is nonsense. It is a lie. The army, whatever one may say to the contrary, is always the servant of politics. In other countries, it serves the politics of the dominant class. In our country, it serves its own class. It is conscious that it serves itself and from this consciousness it derives all its other characteristics: unity between the chiefs, its deep democratism, its enormous thirst for general instruction and political knowledge, and its capacity to make sacrifice and endure privations."

"And how is the Red Army composed?" I asked.

"OUR ARMY is variegated," Trotsky replied. "Workers, peasants, officers from the old régime, and new wartime officers. Forty-three percent of our officers have received no special military education. They are workers and peasants whom the revolution has called from plow and factory and hardened and trained in battle. Twenty-two percent of our officers are a heritage of the old army. They have done us great service. They have taught us. We had need of them. At the same time, they have learned from us. Sixty-seven percent of all the officers are peasants, and twelve percent workers."

I first saw Trotsky, against this military background, in the Red Square in Moscow. The Square from the Voskresenya Gate to the base of the Saint Basil Cathedral was lined with soldiers. Graduating officers of the general staff academy, with fluttering crimson flags and bright new uniforms, sat astride their horses, ranged beside the revolutionary grave along the Kremlin wall.

Suddenly a ripple of movement on the outer edges of the crowd. Backs straightened, shoulders stretched, rifles came to attention. Trotsky had arrived. He wore a rough military coat over his uniform, and an officer's cap. He walked around the Square, calling to each group in turn: "Zdravstvuite tovarischi Krasnoarmeitz!" (How do you do, Comrades of the Red Army?) And they in return, standing erect, shouted: "Zdravstvuite, Tovarisch Trotsky?"

At this moment while I write, down here in Odessa, a hungry despairing city, a parade of Red soldiers goes by my window, crimson banners flying and bands playing. They are celebrating the fourth anniversary of the founding of the Red Army.

At Markstadt, in the German commune on the Volga, where

the population was starving, I stopped one evening to listen to a group of soldiers singing in the street. They were practicing a new song, their bodies swaying back and forth to mark the time, in Russian fashion. The theme was "Long live Trotsky and the Red Army." I suppose there was not a full stomach in the lot, yet off there in that God- and man-forsaken spot, their loyalty still survived and found expression in song.

RECENTLY Trotsky has inaugurated a policy of decentralizing the army. He plans to bring the people and the soldiers together by creating local interest in the local regiments. It is in line with the general change in Russia. Moscow has given up trying to hold all of this vast territory in the palm of her hand. They have adopted, though they would not thank you for saying it, the boost-your-own-town spirit. Trotsky put it graphically:

"If you take a type-setter's case and mix up all the letters, the compositor will have a difficult job. Our problem is just the same. Russia is like that type-case. Everything is out of place, and from this mix-up we must make a new society. At the moment, we have given up the idea of straightening the mix-up from the center. We have divided the whole mix-up into sections. Some have been given to municipalities, some to coöperatives, some to private capital. Each group must bring its own section into order and into line with the rest.

"But," he continued, "it is not a change in policy, only a change in method. We have not abandoned state control. The state still owns the railroads and under no circumstances will anyone get control of them. We still own our mines and all the basic industries. We have not abandoned our idea."

"And your chances for success?" I queried speculatively.

Trotsky did not hesitate. "We know that unless a society produces as much or more than the society which it supplants, it is doomed to failure. But when society is passing from one system to another, that is the most poverty-stricken period. When slavery was passing into feudalism, production was at its lowest. It destroyed itself in the struggle. You saw that in your own Civil War. Even in the French Revolution, when capitalism succeeded feudalism, production was at a low ebb. We must produce—otherwise it is the end of humanity. I can only foretell that all our enemies will have the same destiny as our enemies of Brest-Litovsk. We shall outlive them all."

Outside of his work which absorbs him, there is little in Trotsky's days. The Kremlin has no social, and very little home life. Madam Trotsky who is his second wife, a Russian of the intelligenzia, is director of museums and keeps office hours like her husband. They have an apartment in an old building previously occupied by Tsarist officers. Kalenin, the peasant president, is their next-door neighbor, and Lunacharsky, the Commissar of Education, lives across the street. Trotsky had two daughters by his early marriage and by his present marriage two sons whose passion for football provides their father with exercise. Chess used to be a pastime with him, but lately he says it bores him.

Like Lenin, Trotsky is an assumed name. Prison, which helped to educate, also rechristened him. When [Continued on page 125]

# Old HARDHEAD

By Damon Runyon & Bozeman Bulger

Illustrated by Frank Godwin

**I**N THE backwash of baseball, along that beach where sporting writers go prodding around with a stick, one finds the specimens that are rare and of historical value. Printed records, of necessity, concern themselves with the main stream only.

You may scan the officially compiled documents with a microscopic eye, but, we daresay, you will find not a fragment of information bearing on the career of the recruit who came up as a sure-fire hitter only to eat himself out of the league in exactly three months. That is a record one finds in beachcombing.

Very likely, not having waded in this backwash, you have little or no knowledge of the coming pitcher of the decade who blew himself out of the league by incessantly practicing on a cornet so as to show the boys something when he got back home.

Poke around in that rim of driftwood thrown aside by the ever-moving stream and your prod may disclose the pennant winning pitcher who was tried and dismissed on the strength of a detective's report that he drank forty-two glasses of beer, ate a bowl of pretzels and consumed fifteen raw onions in a single afternoon during the baseball season.

This report he vehemently labelled a lie.

"Gents," he explained in defense, "I ain't touched a onion in four months."

A further exploration, undoubtedly, would bring to light

Jabber McGarr, the only man in baseball who didn't lose an argument for two years because he had the loudest voice in the game; the man who boasted that he had never admitted being wrong in his life. This record is a source of more genuine pride than the layman can appreciate. Really it might have remained as a mark for the boys to shoot at forever had the final test depended upon voice culture in the rough. But—

It is our purpose to present the case of the Jabber in the hope of pointing out to the younger generation that a hardhead may be entered by means other than the force of argument, if one perseveres and is sufficiently resourceful.

As the first eye and ear witness, I have been delegated to narrate the sequence of events leading up to that fateful culmination of a warm afternoon in July at the home grounds of the Hawks, my collaborator checking me up as I go.

**I**N THE springtime as major league ball teams begin their migration southward, all is usually joy and goodfellowship. Anticipation of balmy breezes, of budding trees, of birds singing, of little darkies scrambling for a chance to carry the bats, of bad hotels and tricks to be played on the proprietor, tends to expand a young fellow's chest and warm him with a glow of bubbling spirit. He



**Q** The Jabber, purposely it seemed, got into an argument with the umpire. This time he was abusive and was put out of the game. "Ain't layin' down, is he?" asked a young recruit.



*EUROPEANS THINK we Americans are crazy for getting excited over baseball. But even foreigners would become fans after reading this story of Jabber McGarr, the catcher with an ivory dome and a heart of gold*

cuts capers and skylarks on the train — southbound.

Starting from the East these special cars pick up different players at stops along the route to save the expense of mobilization at a general starting point.

We picked up Jabber McGarr at midnight in St. Louis and by noon he was fit.

The Hawks were noted as a news-producing team—a colorful unit—and I had been assigned to travel with them for the first time in my experience.

I got my opening flash of McGarr in action the next day at luncheon in the dining car. Knowing me to be an old-timer, Sam Dryden, of the Globe, and Charlie Crane of the Journal, had reserved a seat for me at their table. The other tables were occupied by ball players—veterans. The recruits were still standing in the vestibule awaiting their turn. The rule of seniority is very rigid in baseball, applying to upper and lower berths as well as preferred seating in the diner.

I had just got seated when there was a commotion at one of the tables, a burst of voices, at least two men talking at once. The more powerful and strident of these finally attained command, the words becoming distinguishable. Having won this point, the voice subsided.

"Say, George," the weaker voice said to the waiter, "what have you in the way of oysters or fish?"

The waiter's reply, if he made one, was drowned in an uplifted bellow that seemed to shake the cutlery.

"Where do you get that oysters OR fish stuff?" it demanded to know with exasperating irony.

"Well, he's off," Charlie Crane informed me. "Now this ought to be good."

"Shellfish, yes," we heard the reply to the challenge, "but not fish—plain fish. Oysters are shellfish. You can't get away from that."

"Can't get away from it?" the roar resumed. "That shows how much you know."

"Atta Boy, Jabber!" some player yelled from the other end of the car. "Go git 'im!"

My hastily-formed opinion, though I fully respected the Jabber's reputation as the league's crack argyfier, was that he would lose this one.

"Who is the fellow that's hooked up with the Jabber?" I asked.

"That's Dean De Forrest, a new pitcher," Dryden told me.

"Pretty good in an argument, at that—can take a lot of punishment before he hollers."

Recklessly I offered to bet the luncheon tip that De Forrest would not lose.

"Couldn't take your money," Dryden said. "You are betting against a sure thing. Up to the present, Jabber McGarr has never conceded the loss of an argument. He's got the loudest voice in baseball and simply wears 'em down."

"I'M TELLING you," we heard De Forrest again, "that oysters don't belong to the fish family because they have to wear shells to protect themselves. They are crustaceans."

"Now, listen," demanded the Jabber, irritated at this persistent opposition. "You can't tell me. I'm a hardheaded

fellow. My dad was hardheaded before me and I've been hardheaded about things all my life. I have to be because I'm always right. No McGarr ever made cracks when he didn't know what he was talking about."

"That's his favorite line," Crane whispered to me. "He's warmed up now."

"You may get away with that stuff on these timid bushers," De Forrest came back at McGarr, "but your head isn't hard enough to show me that an oyster is a fish."

"One of these smart guys, eh?" yelled the Jabber. "Don't know nothin' and won't learn nothin'. I'm tellin' you oysters IS fish, and I'm going to prove it. . . . Hey, George," he called to the waiter, "bring me a good big oyster and a sharp knife."

Though highly interesting to me, this seemed to be old stuff to the players.

"You don't need any oyster or knife," said De Forrest, still belligerent. "All you've got to do is look in the dictionary."

"To hell with them dictionaries. They're just like you—just repeat what they've heard."

The waiter came with a large raw oyster on a halfshell, and a sharp steel knife.

Jabber McGarr, handling the knife deftly, slit the side of the oyster and lifted up what he called the first layer of flesh, laying it back, and exposing the inner workings.

"There! Do you see that? Take a good look now."

My curiosity forced me to go over and see what had happened. I really learned something. Under this inner layer of oyster skin, as he called it, the Jabber had exposed a perfectly clear outline of what was undoubtedly—or had been in past ages—a framework of spine and bones, like those of a herring. This was now a shadowy part of the soft flesh, but plainly indicated.

"Where'd he learn that?" I asked Crane and Dryden.

"He was an oyster opener in Baltimore. Any of them will show you that. Jabber has pulled it lots of times. His favorite sport is to catch some unwary person in an oyster argument. That demonstration knocks 'em dead."

De Forrest silently contemplated the dismembered oyster, thinking hard. Everybody waited for him to admit defeat.





"That only proves that I am right!" he finally declared, to the amazement of the Jabber, who had never been carried this far before. "That only proves that an oyster used to be a fish—ergo, he is not a fish now."

"Where do you get that ergo stuff? If he ain't a fish," belated Jabber, "how 'bout them ribs and that spine?"

De Forrest launched into a learned dissertation.

"You're off your nut, too ignorant," snapped McGarr. "Spine and bones make a fish, I'm telling you."

"If you grew long hair that wouldn't make you a woman, would it?" De Forrest demanded.

"No. And he wouldn't go so good on this club, either," some one cracked from the other side of the car.

That got a loud laugh. The Jabber's voice rose to a fighting pitch. No more could we hear De Forrest. They were still at it when we left our table to give the youngsters a chance at lunch.

As I say, that was my introduction to Jabber McGarr, the heavy-set, square-jawed catcher of the Hawks. I did not know it then, but that was also the first real introduction of De Forrest to the gang. To the players it was a historic moment. Nobody had ever carried the Jabber so far. A real challenger had arisen. Secretly, his arrival was a joy to the team.

For two years Jabber McGarr had ruled the roost of the Hawks, with a voice of rusty iron. On the diamond, being at close range, he was a constant irritant to umpires. In his whole career he had never admitted that a called strike was even within a foot of the plate. He had never hit a foul drive that wasn't fair by a foot. On the bench he was ever in argument with manager and players as to how certain plays should be made. Always, though, he was smart enough to be argumentative only, not abusive.

As I came to know the players better I found that McGarr was never popular. The players tolerated him—almost admired him—because he had the goods.

"When a guy like that Jabber can pole the ol' pill around 300 and can hand the ball down to second with the ease of a fellow passing the gravy, what are you going to do?" is the way Mike Donovan, the manager, put it.

Things had gone on this way for two years. Then came De Forrest, this tall, lean, blond giant of a pitcher and bumped into McGarr.

**T**HOUGH De Forrest had picked up the lingo of the professional ball player he was a collegian—"a collegier" in baseball parlance. As indicated in the oyster controversy, Dean was by way of being some argyfier himself. The Hawks didn't know it but, in addition to being the best pitcher in the collegiate world in his time, De Forrest was the boss debater of the Rah-Rah sphere, a natural born demagogue. We used to amuse ourselves by trying to imagine what a whale of a speech he could have made in favor of free coinage of silver at the ratio of 16 to 1.

Leaving the dining car, that first day, we writing folks went into the smoker. A few minutes later we were amazed to see De Forrest and the Jabber enter and sit down together, in friendly conversation.

Instead of his usual bellicose, unpleasant attitude, Jabber acted as if he had found his affinity. Yes, if there could be such a thing, they were antagonistic affinities.

"Greatest thing ever happened to the club," Mike Donovan chuckled as he joined our group. "Now, Sam," he said to old Dryden, "I'll get square for all the arguments I've had to listen to in the last two years."

We understood this cryptic remark upon arrival at the camp. With diabolical cunning, Donovan had instructed the secretary to room this pair together.

"They can wear each other out and give the club a rest," he said, all pepped up with his idea. "That De Forrest is worth his pay even if his curve ball wouldn't dent a plate of butter. I don't care whether he makes good or not as long as he's got debating endurance and won't give up."

But De Forrest did make good. In acquiring a finished argyfier, the Hawks also had landed a whale of a pitcher.

The Jabber and De Forrest were inseparable companions but they argued from morning until night. Towards the end of the first week Dean's voice had worn down to a bare squeak, but he didn't weaken in spirit.

**O**NE NIGHT Dryden and I passed the open door of their room, now known to the players as The Forum, and saw De Forrest stretched out on the bed trying to conserve enough vocal strength to reply when the Jabber got through explaining how the pitcher should always give the signal for a certain throw to second base, to catch a runner napping.

"How's it going, Jabber?" asked the elderly Dryden.

"He ain't won a point in a week," said McGarr, "and, what's more, he ain't likely to."

De Forrest made no audible comment, but the fire of combat flashed in his eye. He was no quitter.

"The Jabber is all right," he said in a hoarse whisper. "but he's too ignorant to understand his lack of brains. He may be game, at that."

"What do you mean—game?" blurted McGarr. "Anybody ever say I wasn't?"

"To admit the corn when I show you up, I mean."

"There ain't a chance. You ain't got the bean. It takes something stronger than that argument of yours to get through my head."

"All right," whispered De Forrest, a peculiar light as of sudden inspiration in his eyes. "Just wait. It may happen. Miracle, you know."

Before the regular championship season had gone half way the battery of De Forrest and McGarr had become famous—to umpires, infamous, and annoying to fans.

The argyfier pair could win ball games for the Hawks, all right, but the crowd always got ready for a long session. With the appearance of the first batter they began to consult and disagree. If McGarr signalled for a certain curve or fast ball, De Forrest was sure to shake his head and insist on something else. Jabber would walk out to the box and with earnest gesticulations they would argue the point until the umpire got sore. To keep the game going, they would finally agree, but never without mental reservations and regret.

Despite their constant wrangling and nerve-wracking delays, the battery of De Forrest and McGarr was the ace in the hole any time the Hawks got in serious trouble.

"Mike," the Jabber remarked to Manager Donovan in a close game



De Forrest started his big windup and putting all he had in the throw, cut loose with the ball.





1. Donovan and the club doctor were working over the Jabber. "You win," he told De Forrest. "I'll say he didn't hit a high fast one."

with the Grays one day, "that DeForrest is a hell of a pitcher—if he wouldn't argue so much."

"Listen, Jabber," retorted Dean, overhearing the remark. "I'm pitching this game and when I want to use my fast ball, I'm going to do it. You get back there and do the catching. Keep your mouth shut and we'll win this pennant. Remember, I'm the *deceiver* and you're the *receiver*."

**J**UST the same when they went back to the diamond, De Forrest had to give in to every signal started by the Jabber—to stop argument. Otherwise the umpire had threatened to penalize him for delay by calling balls, a rule that is rarely invoked. The Hawks won the game, however.

"Just what I was telling you, Mike," McGarr announced in the clubhouse, "I knew this guy was a star. All he's got to do is listen to me."

"That's what everybody has got to do if he stays around this club—listen to you," De Forrest retorted. "You must be a little deaf or you'd go nuts listening to yourself."

"Oh, for the love of Pete!" pleaded Donovan. "Don't you fellows never know when you've got enough?"

"De Forrest don't," declared the Jabber.

"I've got enough of you—and that goes! If I hadn't made you let me pitch a fast ball to Reilly when you wanted a curve in the last inning, that old game might've been going yet."

"If you'd pitched a curve he'd've struck out instead of popping up to the infield. Got enough of me, eh? It ain't no cinch that you don't cross me some day, at that."

This last was uttered vindictively, causing old case-hardened players to look up in surprise. For a pitcher to cross a catcher by pitching something else after the signal has been given and agreed upon is an indefensible act, a gross violation of all baseball ethics. It is a form of treason.

For a moment De Forrest, apparently, was concentrated on unrolling the top of his stockings so as to get off his uniform breeches. The shot had hurt.

"Say," he remarked quietly, "if there wasn't so many reporters around I'd bust you in the nose."

McGarr probably realized that he had gone too far, but never in his whole life had it occurred to him to apologize for anything he had said. Instead he retorted with great spirit:

"It's a cinch you'd lose that one. If it wasn't for my hard head and strong mind, the club would toss this pennant in a week. Bust me in the nose, eh?"

De Forrest's throat was in bad shape—all from arguing. He had a violent fit of coughing and could not reply.

"That's tough," observed Donovan, sympathetically, "but, anyway, it's stopped another argument."

The tall, scholarly looking pitcher left the clubhouse alone. Not a word did he utter. The sting in Jabber's wicked remark had gone deep enough to dig up an idea—a possibility. He remembered that one poison was often used to counteract or eliminate another poison. Jabber had to be cured. According to that gentleman's own words, though, it would have to be something stronger than the force of argument. As he walked away De Forrest was trying to recall some of the stern and heroic actions taken by Na-

poleon in crises like this. He wanted something to justify an idea that had begun to haunt him.

Jabber McGarr, accustomed to accompanying his argumentative affinity home, looked at the retreating figure curiously. For fear that some one might think him sorry, he turned, in an effort to start an argument with the other players, but he could get no rise out of them.

"That's funny, somehow," Mike Donovan remarked to a group of us waiting at the exit gate. "De Forrest gave up that argument without a struggle and went home—alone. That boy's got something on his mind."

Donovan was perturbed over the incident because the Hawks were looking forward a little anxiously to the coming series with the Grays. On the result of this series would largely depend the pennant. It was still three weeks away, but Mike wanted everything to be running smoothly.

The next afternoon De Forrest did not show up at the grounds. That was unusual for him, but nothing much was thought of it. A pitcher always is allowed a day off without having to dress in uniform after working in a hard game. The only surprise was that Dean had not shown up simply for the sake of argument.

De Forrest and the Jabber roomed together in a little family hotel, a sort of headquarters for unmarried members of the Hawks while playing at home. Manager Donovan also lived there. We used to drop in there occasionally at night to pick up some stray bits of news, some little human interest sidelights on the game or the state of the chronic debate.

**S**AM DRYDEN and I, this night, had been fanning with Donovan until rather late, in the lobby. He had just gone up-stairs and we were about to leave. Glancing towards the stairs we saw the Jabber coming down. Instinctively we glanced at the clock. It was midnight.

Without looking our way, McGarr went directly to the telephone at the clerk's desk. He was calling up a doctor.

There was a preliminary argument with the central operator,





**C**, "Most stubborn guy in the world," The Jabber informed the doctor. "If I'd told him he ought to stay, he'd 've jumped out that bed and run to the hospital."

of course, but eventually he got the doctor on the wire. He was arguing with him to come at once, the Jabber explaining that he would wait for him in the lobby.

"What's the trouble, McGarr?" we asked, moving over towards the desk as McGarr left the phone.

"Where'd you folks come from?" He seemed surprised. "There ain't no trouble—just want to show that guy I'm right."

"What guy—De Forrest?"

"Who else could it be?"

"Isn't he well?"

"Says he is, but that's the argument. I've just bet that guy that he's got pneumonia. I'm going to prove it."

"That's pretty serious," suggested Dryden, genuinely alarmed. "Does Mike Donovan know about this?"

"No, he don't, and we don't want him buttin' in, either. It's our argument, and we'll settle it. If Dean ain't got pneumonia, I've agreed that he could go ahead and bust me in the nose. Funny fellow—that De Forrest. Would be a great guy if he wasn't so stubborn. Talks too much—and he's never right."

"Mind if we go up and see him?"

"Why not? Go on up. You might tell him something. I'll wait here till the doctor comes."

We found the big pitcher lying in bed, barely able to speak from hoarseness. Plainly to us he was in high fever.

"My throat—strained a little," he half-whispered. "Trying to put the Jabber right. Got to bust him in the nose—wait."

"You fellows had another falling out?"

The big fellow shook his head and asked for a glass of water.

"It ain't that," he whispered. "Can't fall out with a jackass—too ignorant to understand. Says I got to hit him with something stronger than argument—pole-ax, maybe . . . Will, too. . . . Think he's game, though. Wait, see."

**T**HE doctor came at one o'clock. After a brief examination, he told us that De Forrest was suffering from bronchial pneumonia, had a high fever.

"Now, I reckon that's learned you something," Jabber said to the sick man.

"Didn't learn it from you," he replied in broken whispers.

"All . . . means is you don't get busted . . . in nose . . . not yet . . . but wait."

"Just a moment," announced the doctor, "you gentlemen stop this discussion. Mr. De Forrest mustn't be allowed to talk at all and he must be looked after very carefully. He should be sent to a hospital where he can receive proper care."

**W**HAT do you mean—hospital, Doc?" spoke the Jabber in true form. "If this bird goes to the hospital there'll be a lot of talk about it. Besides hospital is no place for him. I know."

"No?" said the doctor, taken aback.

"He may think so, but he's wrong. So are you," insisted Jabber in his best form.

"Of course," admitted the doctor, half amused, half angry, "it would be all right for him to stay here if he had a good trained nurse. He must be looked after constantly for the next thirty-six hours. I'll have an expert nurse called."

"Where do you get that trained nurse stuff, Doc? You're dead wrong. Wait a minute." The Jabber turned to the bed.

"Say, you big boob," he addressed the sick man, "in my judgment you ought to go to the hospital. Right, ain't I?"

"Nothing doing," whispered De Forrest, the fire of argument in his eye. "You never had—" he coughed—"any judgment of your own. . . . All wrong."

"Didn't I tell you, Doc?" said the Jabber, coming back. "If I had told him he ought to stay, he'd 've jumped out of that bed and run to the hospital. Come out in the hall a minute."

He explained that they mustn't talk in front of De Forrest or it would bring on an argument.

"Most stubborn guy in the world."

Dryden and I waited at the head of the stairs for the doctor.

"I guess they'll work it out, all right," he told us. "I'll call again early tomorrow, but I think you had better notify the manager. Don't let that fellow—what do you call him, the Jabber?—know that I told you, though. He is certainly queer."

I was working on the night desk at my office and had to go back and clean up. It was four o'clock in the morning when I stopped by the hotel on my way home. At the desk I left a note for Mike Donovan, carrying out the doctor's instruction. Then I

went up the stairs to the room of the Debating Society. For some time I waited outside the door, listening. I couldn't hear a sound. Curiosity got the better of me.

As silently as possible I shoved open the door, which was unlocked. There sat the Jabber, still dressed, busily applying hot and cold packs to De Forrest's throat and chest. On a little table he had arranged the medicines and a sheet of paper on which the doctor had written his instructions. He did not see me. Occasionally the Jabber would reach over and stroke the big pitcher's hair. Evidently De Forrest was sleeping. Then I noticed the Jabber take out his watch and hold the sick man's wrist. He took his pulse and wrote it down on the little pad left by the doctor.

Silently, I slid out and closed the door.

After seeing the doctor next morning, Mike Donovan told the players that De Forrest was laid up with a slight cold.

"The boy is in pretty bad shape," Mike informed us confidentially just before the game, "but the Doc says to keep quiet about it and the treatment he is receiving will pull him through."

"The Jabber, you mean?"

"Sure. The Doc says he is a wonder. Can you beat that? The Jabber even told the Doc that without De Forrest being well and in shape to play against the Grays two weeks from now, the Hawks wouldn't have a chance. I guess we won't see much of the Jabber for a week, but don't tip it off in the papers if you can get out of it. I have a hunch that something's going to come of this."

At that very moment, as a contradiction to our thoughts, we saw the Jabber coming across the field in uniform. I knew that he hadn't had a wink of sleep. But no sooner had he reached the bench than he launched into an argument.

"How's your mate?" some one asked.

"Oh, that guy? Just lost his voice, that's all. I told him to stay in. I don't want to take advantage of no guy who can't talk back," he declared magnanimously it seemed to us.

"Feel like catching?" asked Donovan.

"Don't I always feel like catching—where do you get that stuff? 'Course I feel like it."

The Jabber started in and, purposely, it seemed, had lit into an argument with the umpire in two minutes. This time he was abusive and was put out of the game. Right away, he donned his street clothes and went back to the hotel.

"Ain't layin' down, is he?" a young recruit asked of the bench. "Looks to me like he got himself put out of that game."

"Shut up," ordered Donovan.

Mike was not deceived in the least, though. To help the thing along, he sent word up to the Jabber that, on the umpire's report, he had been suspended for three days. That was untrue, but it worked and kept the Jabber away from the park.

**I**N FOUR days De Forrest was up and about. They had kept the pneumonia from reaching his lungs. In another week, he was able to take his turn in the box. Not one word of sympathy had he ever received from McGarr.

The Jabber had lost eight or ten pounds and for several days the players had noted his unusual irritability. He continued to impress upon them that he was a hardheaded, tough guy, and Donovan let him have his way.

A group of us had gathered at the clubhouse on the day of De Forrest's return for duty. We were fully apprised of his presence before we saw him. He and the Jabber were coming up the steps together, and we heard them.

"If I didn't know more than you," we heard the bellowing voice of the Jabber, "I'd get sick and stay sick. You'd think a few days' rest would learn a fellow something. Where do you get that stuff—a low curve inside? I'm telling you—" etc.

**Y**ES, they had returned. The Hawks were ready for the big series with the Grays—crucial series, we called it in the papers.

The Hawks won the first game of the big series and were riding easy towards the pennant.

Mike Donovan had taken a chance on using his second best pitcher for the opener, saving De Forrest for his ace in the hole. Having won the first one, he now decided to use a left-hander in the second. This would enable De Forrest to be well rested up and ready for the third—the big game.

Slim Curley, the southpaw got away to a good start but the moment the Grays began to touch him up he lost control. Still, the Hawks had a three-run lead. Feeling that this ought to be enough to pull Curley through, Donovan hesitated about taking him out. As a matter of fact, he hesitated too long.

In the fifth inning Curley went all to pieces. With a clean single and a couple of bases on balls, the Grays got the bases full with none out.

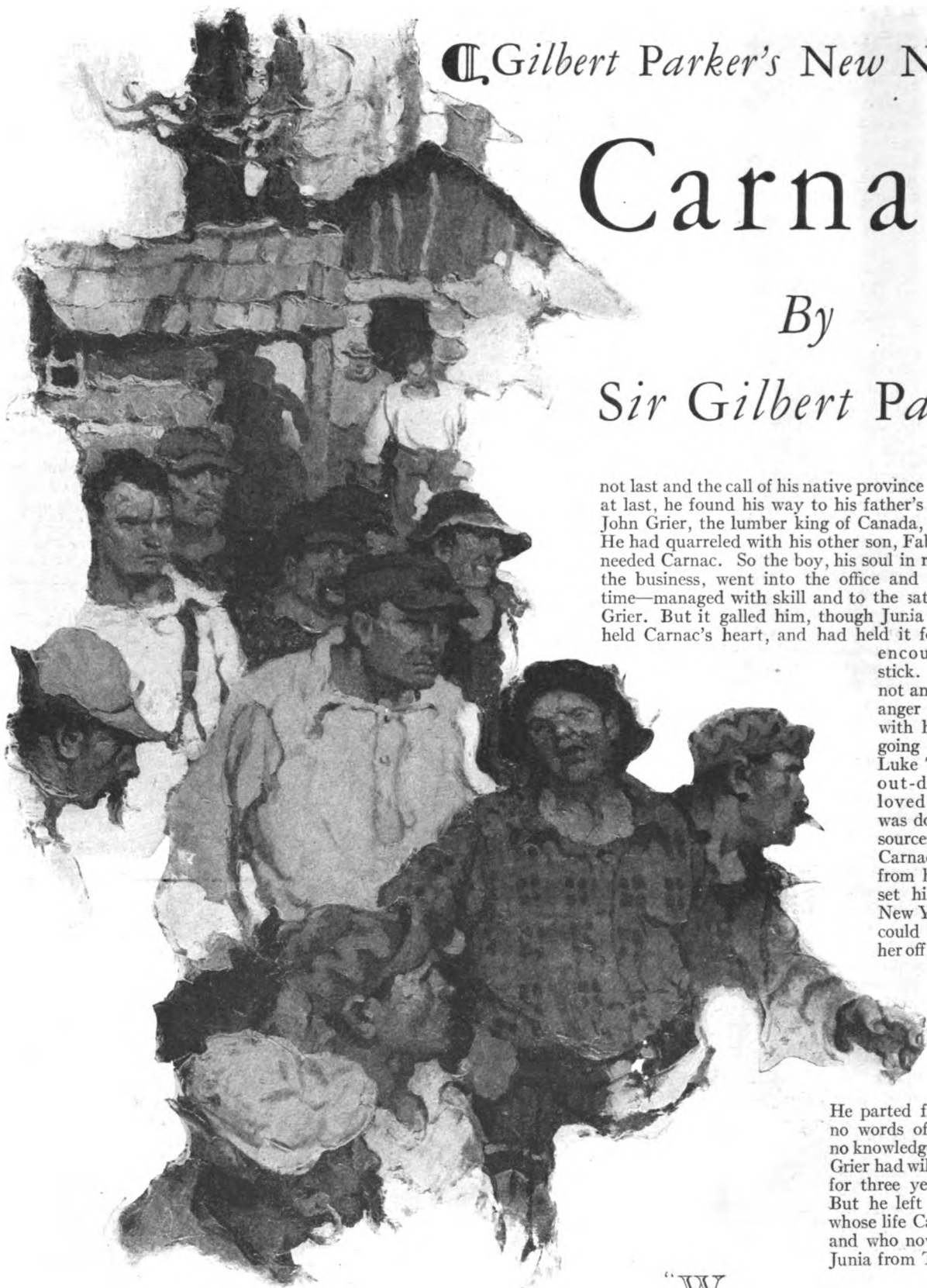
It looked like curtains for the Hawks unless something was done at once.

Calling for time, Mike Donovan signalled for De Forrest to come in from the bullpen where he had been warming up.

The moment De Forrest walked into the box the Jabber, dropping his mask, walked out to him for a conference—one of those things. They gesticulated wildly. Whatever it was they continued to argue until the umpire [Continued on page 111]



"That proves an oyster used to be a fish," said De Forrest; "ergo, he is not a fish now." "Where do you get that ergo stuff? How about them ribs and that spine?" bellowed Jabber.



Ⓒ Gilbert Parker's New Novel of

# Carnac's

By

Sir Gilbert Parker

not last and the call of his native province came to him; so at last, he found his way to his father's home and Old John Grier, the lumber king of Canada, welcomed him. He had quarreled with his other son, Fabian, and sorely needed Carnac. So the boy, his soul in rebellion against the business, went into the office and managed for a time—managed with skill and to the satisfaction of Old Grier. But it galled him, though Junia Shale, she who held Carnac's heart, and had held it for many years,

encouraged him to stick. Still he could not and there was red anger when he parted with his father. His going made room for Luke Tarboe, the big out-door man who loved business and was dominant and resourceful. Came to Carnac then a letter from his wife, and he set his face towards New York to try what could be done to buy her off, to get a divorce.

He parted from Junia with no words of love and with no knowledge that Old John Grier had willed his business, for three years, to Tarboe. But he left behind Denzil, whose life Carnac had saved and who now was shielding Junia from Tarboe.

"WELL, what's happened since I've been gone, mother?" asked Carnac.

It was springtime, eight months after Carnac had vanished from Montreal, and the sun of May was melting the snow upon the hills, bringing out the smell of the sprouting verdure and the exultant song of the birds.

"Junia's been away since last fall. Her aunt in the West was taken ill, and she's been with her ever since. Tell me, dearest, is everything all right now? Are you free to do what you want?" Carnac shook his head morosely. "No, everything's all wrong. I blundered, and I'm paying the price."

"You didn't find Luzanne Larue?"

"Yes, I found her, but it was no good. I said I intended to divorce her, and she replied that I'd married her with my eyes open, and had signed our names in the hotel register as Mr. and

Ⓒ *A brief introduction to the people of the story and of the events leading up to this instalment:*

CARNAC GRIER, tricked into a marriage with his model, Luzanne Larue, set his face flatly against the girl. There was hot passion in his heart and a strong determination to escape, to win back his personal freedom. "It is no use," his lawyer told him; "you are married fast enough." But he recognized no obligation to his wife and he went away, taking his paints and his canvas to Paris where for months he lost himself in his art. It could



## Another Wild Youth

# Folly

Illustrated

by

Walt Louderback

Mrs. Carnac Grier and that divorce would not be possible. Moreover, because I'd let things go so long, she said no jury would give me relief in the circumstances. I consulted a lawyer. He said she had the game in her hands, and that a case would be put up that would discredit me with jury or judge, so there it is. Bad as she is, she's fond of me in her way. She wanted me, and she meant to have me one way or another."

His mother protested. "No pure, straight, honest girl would take that position, surely."

Carnac laughed bitterly. "Don't talk that way, mother. The girl was brought up among exiles and political criminals in Montmartre. What is possible in one place is impossible in another. Devil as she is, I want to do her justice."

"Did she wear a wedding ring?"

"No, but she used my name as her own: I saw it on the door-plate. She said she would wait a while longer, but if at the end of six months, I didn't do my duty, she'd see the thing through here among my own people."

"Six months—it's overdue now!" she said in agitation.

He nodded helplessly. "I'm in hell as things are. There's only this to be said:

**C.** Tarboe longed for the backwoods life, for the river-men round the fire at night; he could even now smell the soup from the cook's caboose, and hungered to be once more where men were free and strong and ferocious.

she's done naught yet, and we can hope she mayn't do aught!" They were roused by the click of the gate. "That's your father—that's John Grier," she said.

They heard the front door open and shut, a footstep in the hall, then John Grier came into the room.

Preoccupation, abstraction, filled his face, as he came forward. When he saw Carnac, he stopped, his face flushed. For an instant he stood unmoving, and then he held out his hand.

"So you've come back, Carnac. When did you get here?"

As Carnac released his hand from John Grier's cold clasp, he

answered simply, not uncordially: "A couple of hours ago."

The old man scrutinized him sharply, carefully. "Getting on—making money?" he asked. "Got your hand in the pocket of the world?"

Carnac shook his head. "I don't care much about the pocket of the world, but they like my work in London and New York. I don't get Royal Academy prices, but I do pretty well."

"Got some pride, eh?"

"I'm always proud when anybody outside Montreal mentions your name," the boy said. "It makes me feel I have a place in

the world and can find real work to do that may be worth doing."

"Guess you've made your own place," said the other, a pleased look coming to his cheek. "You've got your own shovel and pick to make wealth."

"I care little about wealth. All I want is enough to clothe and feed me, and give me a little home."

The old man's eyes narrowed until there could be seen only a slit of fire between the lids, and a bitter smile came to his lips.

"Tarboe's taken your place in the business, Carnac. Look out he doesn't take your little home, too."

**D**URING Carnac's long absence in New York, Denzil had lain like a wild animal, watching, as it were, the doorway out of which Tarboe came and went. His gloom, at last, became a stark fanaticism. During all the eight months of Carnac's absence, he prowled in the precincts of memory.

While Junia was still at home, he had been watchfully determined to save her from Tarboe. He had an obsession of wrong-mindedness which is always attached to crime. Though Luke Tarboe had done him no wrong, and was entitled, if he could, to win Junia for himself, to the mind of Denzil the stain of his brother's past was on Tarboe's life. He saw Tarboe and Junia meet; he knew that Tarboe put himself in Junia's way, and he was right in thinking that the girl, with a mind for comedy and coquetry, was drawn instinctively to the scene of danger.

Undoubtedly, the massive presence of Tarboe, his animal-like, bull-headed persistency, the fun at his big mouth, and the light in his bold eye had a kind of charm for her. It was as though she placed herself within the danger-zone to try her strength, her will; and she had done it without any real loss. More than once, as she waited in the office for old John Grier to come, she had a strange, intuitive feeling that Tarboe might suddenly grip her in his arms.

She flushed at the thought of it. Yet that very thought had passed through the mind of the man. He was by nature a hunter; he was bold, self-willed and reckless. No woman had ever moved him in his life until this girl came across his path, and he reached out towards her with the same will to control that he had used in the business of life. Yet, while this brute force suggested the physical control of the girl, it had its immediate reaction. She was so fine, so delicate, and yet so full of summer and the free unfettered life of the New World, that he felt he must atone for the wild moment's passion—the passion of possession, which had made him long to crush her to his breast, to hold her for his own.

As he looked at her sitting in his office, her perfect health, her slim girlishness, her exquisite lines and graceful turn of hand, arm and body, or the flower-like twist of the neck, were the very harmony and poetry of life. But she was terribly provoking, too; and he realized that she was an unconscious coquette, that her soul loved mastery as his did.

Denzil could not know this, however. It was impossible for him to analyze the natures of these two people. He had instinct, but not enough to judge the whole situation. Denzil did not know that in John Grier's office, as Junia had gone over figures of a charitable organization in which she was interested, the big hand of Tarboe had suddenly closed upon her fingers, and that his head bent down beside hers for one swift instant, as though he would whisper to her. Then she quickly detached herself, yet smiled at him, as she said reprovingly.

"You oughtn't to do that. You'll spoil our friendship."

She did not wait longer. As he stretched out his hands to her, his face had gone pale; she vanished through the doorway, and in forty-eight hours was started for the West to visit her sick aunt. The autumn had come and the winter and the spring, and the spring was almost gone when she returned; and with her return, Catastrophe lifted its head in the person of Denzil.

Perhaps it was an imperative instinct that brought Junia back in an hour coincident with Carnac's return—perhaps. In any case, there it was. They had both returned, as it were, in the self-same hour, each having been through a phase of emotion not easy to set down on paper.

Denzil told her of Carnac's return, and then she went to the house where Carnac's mother lived. In her absence, Tarboe called. Entering the garden, he saw Denzil at work. At the click of the gate Denzil turned. When he saw who it was, he came forward.

"She ain't home," he said bluntly. "She's out. She ain't here. She's up at Mr. Grier's house, bien sur."

To Tarboe, Denzil's words were offensive. He was aware of the position held by Denzil in the Shale household; and that long

years of service had given him assurance of authority. All this, however, could not account for the insolence of Denzil's words, but Tarboe had controlled men far too long to act rashly.

"When will Mademoiselle be back?" he asked.

"Tonight," answered Denzil.

"Don't be a damn' fool. Tell me the hour when you think she will be at home. Before dinner—within the next sixty minutes, or just when?"

"Ma'm'selle is under no orders. She didn't say when she would be back—but no."

"Do you think she'll be back for dinner?" asked Tarboe, smothering his anger, but set to get his own way.

"I think she'll be back for dinner—bien sur!" and he drove the spade into the ground. He then leaned over the handle, looking up querulously.

"Then I think I'll sit down and wait." Tarboe made for the veranda, determined to remain.

Denzil let him go on, and then presently trotted after and called to him. "I'd like a word with you—in my house, not here." Denzil's face was pale, but there was a fiery look in his eyes. "In my little house by the Three Trees, I've got things I'd like to show you, and there's some things I'd like to say."

Inside the little, undecorated house, Tarboe looked round. It was all quiet and still enough. It was like a lodge in the wilderness. Somehow, the atmosphere of it made him feel apart and lonely.

Presently Denzil faced him, having closed the door.

"Sit down, please, and I'll tell you my story."

Seating himself with a little curt laugh, Tarboe waved a hand as though to say, "Go ahead. I'm ready."

It seemed difficult for Denzil to begin. He walked up and down the room for a little while muttering and shaking his head. Presently, he began to tell the story he had told Carnac.

His description of his dead fiancée had flashes of poetry and excruciating touches of life:

"She had no mother, and there are lots of things she didn't know because of that—ah, plenty! She brought on her own tragedy by not knowing that men, even when good to look at, can't be trusted; that every place, even in the woods and the fields where everyone seems safe to us outdoor people, ain't safe—but no. So she trusted, and then one day——"

**F**OR THE next five minutes, the words poured from him in moroseness. He drew a picture of the lonely wood, of the believing, credulous girl and the masterful, intellectual, skilful man. In the midst of it, Tarboe started. The description of the place and of the man was familiar. He had a vision of a fair young girl encompassed by danger; he saw her in the man's arms; the man's lips to hers, and——

"Good God—good God!" he said twice, for a glimmer of the truth struck him. He knew what his brother had done. He could conceive the revenge to his brother's amorous hand. He listened till the whole tale was told; till the death of the girl in the pond at home—— Then the rest of the story shook him.

"The verdict of the coroner's court was that he was shot by his own hand—by accident," said Denzil. "That was the coroner's verdict—but yes! Well, he was shot by his own gun, but not by his own hand. There was someone that loved the girl took toll. The world did not know, and does not know, but you know—you—you, the brother of him that spoiled a woman's life! Do you think such a man should live? She was the sweetest girl that ever lived, and she loved me! She told me the truth—and he died by his own gun—in the woods; but it wasn't accident—but no! The girl had gone, but behind her was someone that loved her, and he settled it once for all."

As he had told the story, Denzil's body seemed to contract; his face took on an insane look. It was ghastly pale, but his eyes were aflame. His long arms stretched out with a grim realism as he told of the death of Almeric Tarboe.

"You've got the whole truth, m'sieu'. I've told it you at last. I've never been sorry for killing him, never, never, never. Now, what are you going to do about it—you—his brother—you that come here making love too?"

As the truth had dawned upon Tarboe, his great figure stretched itself up in hatred. A black spirit of hate and murder took possession of him.

When Denzil had finished, Tarboe stood up. There was dementia, cruelty, black purpose in his eyes, in every movement.

"What am I going to do? You killed my brother! Well, I'm going to kill you. God blast your soul—I'm going to kill you——"

He suddenly swooped like an animal upon Denzil, his fingers





**T** Tarboe suddenly swooped like an animal upon Denzil; his fingers clenched upon the thick throat, insane rage was on him. "You killed my brother—I'll kill you," he cried.



clenched about the thick throat, insane, killing rage held him.

At that moment, there was a knock at the door, it opened, and Carnac stepped inside. He realized the situation at a single glance and rushed forward.

"Let him go," he cried. "You devil—let him go." Then with all his might, he struck Tarboe in the face.

The blow brought understanding back to Tarboe. His fingers loosed from the Frenchman's throat, and Carnac caught Denzil as he fell backwards.

"Good God!" said Carnac. "Good God, Tarboe! Wasn't it enough for your brother to have taken this man's love without your trying to take his life?"

The blow Carnac struck brought conviction to Tarboe, whose terrible rage passed away. He wiped the blood from his face.

"Is the little devil all right?" he whispered.

It was Denzil who spoke: "Yes. This is the second time M'sieu' Carnac has saved my life."

Carnac intervened. "Tell me, Tarboe, what do you mean to do, now you know the truth?"

Tarboe thrust out a hand. "I don't know the truth," he said simply and with all the force of a promise.

By this Carnac knew that Denzil was safe from the law.

TARBOE did not see Junia that evening, nor for many evenings, but Carnac and Junia met the next day in her own house. He came on her as she was arranging the table for mid-day dinner. She had taken up again the threads of housekeeping, cheering her father, helping the old French woman cook—a huge creature who moved like a small mountain, whose life had been a struggle for existence, yet whose one daughter had married a rich lumberman, and whose other daughter could marry wealth, handsomeness, and youth if she chose.

When Carnac saw Junia, she was entering the dining-room with flowers and fruit, and he recalled the last time he had seen her, when she had thrust the farewell bouquet of flowers into his hand. That was in the early autumn, and this was in the late spring, and the light in her face was as glowing as then. A remembrance of the scene came to the minds of both, and the girl gave a little laugh.

"Well, well, Carnac. I sent you away with flowers," she said gaily, her cheeks flushing, her eyes warm with color. "Did they bring you luck?"

"Yes, they brought the luck of a perfect remembrance."

For a moment, he held her hands. He felt them tremble in his warm clasp, the delicate, shivering pulsation of youth, the womanly feeling. It was for an instant only, because she withdrew her fingers. Then she caught up an apple from the dish she had brought in, and tossed it to him.

"For a good boy," she said. "You have been a good boy, haven't you?"

"Yes, I think I have, chiefly by remembering a good girl."

"That's a pretty compliment—I suppose it's meant for me!"

She suddenly turned full on him, and looked him in the eyes. "Carnac, I think your face looks honest. I've always thought so, and yet I think you're something of a scamp, a rogue and a thief all rolled into one."

There was determination at her lips, through which, though only slightly apart, her beautiful teeth showed. "You don't play fair. What's the good of having a friend if you don't tell your friend your troubles? And you've been in trouble, Carnac."

SHE leaned over the table and absently stretched a hand to arrange something. The perfection of her poise, the beauty of her lines, the charm of her face seized Carnac, and, with an impulse, he ran his arm around her waist.

"Junia—Junia!" he said in a voice of rash feeling.

She was like a wild bird caught in its flight. A sudden stillness held her, and then she turned her head and looked at him with subdued inquiry in her eyes. For a moment only, she looked—and then she said:

"Take your arm away."

The conviction that he ought not to make any demonstration to her broke his sudden passion. He drew back ashamed yet defiant; rebuked, yet rebellious. It was like a challenge to her. A sarcastic smile crossed her lips.

"What a creature of impulses you are, Carnac! When we were children, the day you saved Denzil years ago, you flung your arms around me and kissed me. I didn't understand anything then, and, what's more, I don't think you did. You were a wilful, hazardous boy, and went your way taking the flowers in

the garden that didn't belong to you. Yet after all these years, with an impulse behind which there is nothing—nothing at all—you repeat that incident."

Suddenly passion seemed to possess her. "How dare you trifle with things that mean so much! Have you learned nothing since I saw you last? Can nothing teach you, Carnac? Can you not learn how to play the big part? If you weren't grown up, do you know what I should do? I should slap the face of an insolent, thoughtless, hopeless boy." Then her temper seemed to pass. She caught up an apple again and thrust it into his hand. "Go and eat that, Adam. Perhaps it'll make you wise like the old Adam. He put his faults upon a woman."

"So do I," said Carnac. "So do I."

"That's what you would do, but you mustn't play that sort of game with a good woman. I don't think I want to see you again. You don't improve. You're full of horrid impulses." Her passion came back. "How dare you put your arm around me!" she cried defiantly.

"It was the impulse of my heart. I can say no more; if I could I would. There's something I should like to tell you, but I mustn't." He put the apple down.

"About the other woman, I suppose," she said coldly, the hot indignation gone from her lips.

He looked her steadfastly in the eyes. "If you won't trust me, if you won't—"

"I've always trusted you," she replied, "but I don't trust you now. Don't you understand that a good girl abhors conduct like yours?"

Suddenly, with anger, Carnac turned upon her. "Why won't you believe that the reason I won't tell you my trouble is that it's best you shouldn't know? You don't know life; you haven't seen it as I've seen it—in the stew-pan, in the ditch, on the road, on the mountain and in the bog. I want you to keep faith with your old friend who doesn't care what the rest of the world thinks, but who wants your confidence. Trust me. I haven't been wanton. Won't you trust me?"

Carnac's soul was in his eyes. There was truth in him and she realized it. After a moment, she put out a hand and pushed him gently from her. "Go away, Carnac, please—now," she said softly. All her anger of a moment ago was gone.

JOHN GRIER's business had beaten all past records. Tarboe was everywhere; on the river, in the saw-mills, in the lumber yards, in the office. Health and strength and good-will were with him, and he had the confidence of all the men.

There were times when Tarboe longed for the backwoods life; when the smell of the pines and the firs and the juniper got into his nostrils; when he heard, in imagination, the shouts of the river-men as they chopped down the trees, sawed the boles standard lengths, and plunged the big timbers into the stream, or round the fire at night made call upon the spirit of recreation. In imagination, he felt the timbers creaking and straining under his feet; he smelt the rich soup from the cook's caboose; he drank basins of tea from well-polished metal; he saw the ugly rows in the taverns, where men let loose from river duty tried to regain civilian life by means of liquor and cards; he heard the stern thud of a hard fist against a piece of wood; he saw twenty men spring upon another twenty with rage in their faces; he saw hundreds of men, arrived in civilization once again, striking for their homes and loved ones, storming with life. He saw the door flung open, and the knee-booted, corduroyed river-man, with red sash around his waist and gold rings in his ears, seize the woman he called wife and swing her to him with a hungry joy; he saw the children pushed gently here, or roughly, playfully, tossed in the air and caught again; but he also saw the rough spirits of the river march into their homes like tyrants returned, as it were cursing and banging their way back to their nests.

Occasionally, he would wish to be in it all again, out in the wild woods and on the river and in the shanty, free and strong and friendly and a bit ferocious. All he had known of the backwoods life filled his veins, tortured him at times.

From the day that both wills were made and signed, no word had been spoken concerning them between him and John Grier. He respected and admired certain characteristics of John Grier; some secret charities, some impulsive generosity, some signs of public spirit. The old man was fond of animals, and had given water-troughs to the town; and his own horses, and the horses he used in the woods, were always well fed. Also, in all his arrangements for the woods, he was generous. He believed in feeding his men well.

One day, however, shortly after Carnac's return home, John



**C** No woman had ever moved Tarboe until Junia came across his path, slim, graceful, the harmony and poetry of life. His big hand suddenly closed upon her fingers.

Grier looked less well than usual. Things had been going mischievously for a couple of days, and the old man had been seriously overworked. He had not listened to the warnings of Tarboe or to the hints thrown out by his own body. He was not a man to take hints.

When John Grier left the office, it was with head bowed and mind depressed. Nothing had happened to cause him great anxiety, yet he had been below par for several hours. Why was he working so hard? Why was life to him such a concentration? Why did he seek for more money, more power? To whom could it go? Not to Fabian; not to his wife. To Tarboe—well, there was not enough in that! This man had only lately come into his life, and was only near to him in a business sense. Carnac was near in every sense that really mattered, and Carnac was out of it all.

He was not loved; and in his heart of hearts, he knew it, but he had had his own way, and he loved himself. No one seemed to care for him, not even his wife. How many years was it since they had roomed together? Yet as he went towards his own home now, he recalled the day they were married. He had thought her wonderful then, refined, and rich in life's gifts. His love had almost throttled her. She was bountiful and full of temperament.

So it went for three years, and then slowly he drew away from her until at last, returning from the backwoods, he had gone to another room, and there had stayed. Very occasionally, he had smothered her with affection, but that had passed, until now, middle-aged, she seemed to be not a room away from him, but a thousand rooms away. He saw it with no reproach to himself. He forgot it was he who had left her room, and had set up his own tabernacle, because his hours differed from hers, and because tossing in her bed at night made him restless.

JOHN GRIER found his wife sitting by her table in the great living room, patient and grave, and yet she smiled at him. The look on his face brought her forward quickly to him. She stretched out a hand to him.

"What's the matter, John? Has anything upset you? Something is wrong."

"Nothing's gone wrong that hasn't been wrong for many a year," he rasped out.

"What's been wrong for many a year?"

"The boys you brought into this world—your sons!" he burst out. "Why isn't Carnac working with me? There must have been something damned bad in the bringing up of those boys. I've not got the love of any of you, and I know it. What's been the cause of it? Why should I be thrown over by everyone?"

"Everyone hasn't thrown you over. Mr. Tarboe hasn't thrown you over. You've been in great spirits about him. What's the matter?"

He waved a hand savagely at her, and with an almost insane look in his eyes.

"What's he to me? He's a man of business. In a business way, I like him, but I want my own flesh and blood by me in my business. I wanted Carnac, and he wouldn't come—a few weeks only he came. I had Fabian, and he wouldn't stay. If I'd had a real chance—"

He broke off, with an outward savage protest of his hands, his voice falling.

"If you'd had your chance, you'd have made your own home happy," she said sadly. "That was your first duty; not your business—your home—your home! You didn't care about it. There were times when for months you forgot me."

Suddenly, a dreadful suspicion seized his brain. His head bent forward, his shoulders thrust out, he stumbled towards her.

"Then—well—what then!" he gasped. "Then you forgot—!"

She realized she had gone too far, saw the storm in his mind.

"No—no—no, I didn't forget you, John. Never—but—"

She got no further. Suddenly, his hands stretched out as if to seize her shoulders, his face became tortured—he swayed. She caught him. She lowered him as gently as possible to the floor, and put a hassock under his head. Then she rang the bell—rang it—and rang again.

When help came, all was too late. John Grier had gone forever from his stormy money-getting world.

As Tarboe stood in the church at the funeral, in a pew behind John Grier's family, sadness held him. He had known, as no one else knew, that the business would pass into his own hands. He suddenly felt his task a little too big for him, and he looked at Carnac, even during the burial service, with sympathy. Carnac had brains, capacity, could almost take his father's place;

he was tactful, intuitive, alert. Yet Carnac, at present, was out of the question. He knew the stress of spirit that had turned Carnac from the opportunity lying at his feet.

In spite of himself, there ran through his mind another thought. Nearby, at the left, dressed in mourning also, was Junia. He had made up his mind that Junia should be his, and suddenly the usefulness of the business about to fall into his hands became a weapon in the field of Love. He was physically a finer man than Carnac; he had capacity; he had personality; and he would have money and position—for a time at least. In that time, why should he not win this girl with the wonderful eyes and hair, with the frankness and candor of unspoiled girlhood in her face? Presently, he would be in the glare of sensation, in the height of as dramatic an episode as comes to the lives of men; and in the episode he saw advantages that should weigh with any girl.

Then had come the reading of the will after the funeral rites were over, and he, with the family, was in the dining-room of the House on the Hill. He was scarcely ready, however, for the prodigious silence that followed the announcement read by the lawyer. He felt as though life was suspended for many minutes, when it had been proclaimed that he, Luke Tarboe, would inherit the property. Although he knew of the contents of the will, he felt his heart thumping like a sledge hammer.

Slowly, he looked round the room. The only consternation to be seen was on the faces of Fabian and his wife. Mrs. Grier and Carnac showed nothing. Carnac did not even move; by neither gesture nor motion of body did he show what he felt. At the close of it all, he came to Tarboe.

"Good luck to you, Tarboe!" he said. "You'll make a success, and that's what he wanted—wanted more than anything else. Good luck to you!" he said again and turned away.

When John Grier's will was first published in the press, consternation filled the minds of all. Tarboe had been in the business for under two years, yet here he was left all the property.

But the most surprised person in the country was Junia Shale. To her, it was shameful that Carnac should be eliminated from all share in the abundant fortune John Grier had built up. It seemed fantastic that the fortune and the business should be left to Tarboe. Egotistic she had known Grier to be, and she imagined the will to have been a sudden outcome of anger. He was dead and buried. The places that had known him, knew him no more. All in an hour, as it were, the man Tarboe—that dominant, resourceful figure—had come into wealth and power.

AFTER Junia read the substance of the will, she went springing up the mountainside, as it were to work off her excitement by fatigue. At the mountain-top, she looked over the River St. Lawrence with an eye blind to everything except this terrible distortion of life. Yet, through her obfuscation, there ran admiration for Tarboe. What a man he was! He had captured John Grier as quickly and as securely as a night fisherman spears a sturgeon in the flare at the bow of the boat. Tarboe's ability was as marked as John Grier's mad policy. It was extraordinary that Tarboe should have bewildered and bamboozled—if that word could be used—the old mill-owner. It was as strange and thrilling as John Grier's fanaticism.

At the same moment, Carnac, in the garden of his old home, looked out upon the river too, eyed the great expanse of country, saw the gray light of evening on the distant hills, and listened to Fabian who consoled with him. When Fabian had gone, Carnac sat down on a bench and thought the whole thing over. Carnac had no quarrel with his fate. When in the old home on the hill he had heard the will, it had surprised him, but it had not shocked him. He had looked to be the discarded heir, and he knew it now without rebellion. He had never tried to smooth the path to that financial security which his father could give. Yet now that disaster had come, there was a glimmer of remorse, of revolt, because there was someone besides himself who might believe he had thrown away his chances. He did not know that, over on the mountainside, vituperating the memory of the dead man, Junia was angry only for Carnac's sake.

As he sat in the garden, with the black storm of sudden death roaring in his ears, he had a sense of freedom, almost of license. Nothing that had been his father's was now his own, or his mother's, except the land and house on which they were. All the great business John Grier had built up was gone into the hands of the usurper—a young, bold, pestilent, vigorous man.

It felt suddenly horrible to him that the timber yards and the woods and the offices, and the building of John Grier's commercial business, were not under his direction, or that of his mother, or brother. They had ceased to be [Continued on page 126]





*Posed by*  
Miss Rosalind Fuller

WOMAN to

WOMAN

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

Photographic Illustrations by Baron de Meyer

"VIRTUE and goodness are by no means synonymous," remarked Mr. Dexter impressively, lighting his cigar.

"Wrong doing is a matter of intention, rather than of act. I have never," he went on, turning to his wife, "regarded Pauline West as other than a good woman."

Mrs. Dexter folded up the letter she had been reading and laid it beside her plate.

"I am glad you feel that way, Ridgeley," she said, "for she is coming here tonight."

"What for?" Mr. Dexter evinced only an impersonal interest.

"I don't know. She writes that she must see me—that she wants my advice in a matter of the greatest importance. 'A grave

crisis,' she says in her letter. I can not imagine what can be the trouble. I sincerely hope she has not gotten into another scrape."

"As president of the Women's Social Welfare League," said Mr. Dexter, regarding his cigar with a reflective and somewhat cynical smile, "I should say you were amply qualified to give her the advice she needs."

"I'm glad you think so, Ridgeley. Still, to advise one in Pauline West's position may not prove so easy as you imagine."

When, soon after her husband had left her, a slender, rather timid young girl came into the room, Mrs. Dexter received her with quiet self-assurance.

"How do you do, Pauline?" she said, her voice delicately





**C**, Pauline West looked at Mrs. Dexter with large tragic eyes. "The man who has asked me to marry him," she said, "is your son Royce."

balanced between welcome and reproof. "This is quite a surprise. Won't you sit down?"

The girl twitched nervously at her gloves, then seated herself with embarrassed erectness on the edge of the lounge. She seemed to be nerving herself for an unpleasant ordeal. Her face, oval in shape, and olive-pale, was almost plain beneath her simple hat and severely arranged hair. It was only when she spoke that animation gave her both beauty and charm. A frightened look lurked in her large gray eyes, yet in the poise of her head she showed a certain timid joy, as though she had found happiness and yet, distinctly, feared it.

"I came to ask your advice, Mrs. Dexter, about a decision I am obliged to make." She paused, searching the face of the woman before her for sympathy, understanding.

"Yes?" Mrs. Dexter's voice rose questioningly, but quite without emotion. Her fixed and optimistic smile neither invited confidences nor repelled them; it did, however, give to her face the appearance of a smiling, middle-aged doll.

"It—it's about myself." The girl said.

"Yes?" Mrs. Dexter questioned, raising her eyebrows.

"I—I'm in love."

"My dear Pauline! I am overjoyed to hear it. I trust you have picked out a worthy man——"

"I didn't pick *him* out, Mrs. Dexter," the girl interrupted, with a quick, nervous laugh. "He picked *me*. I love him very deeply, though," she hastened to add, as though her words had smacked somehow of disloyalty.

"That is entirely as it should be, my dear. And now, tell me! In what way can I advise you? If he is the sort of man he should be, he will give you a nice little home and no doubt make you very happy. Naturally, I can not advise you as to his suitability until you tell me who he is. Then I will have some of my friends in Boston—I assume that he lives in Boston—make me a report."

The girl seemed distressed. She moved uneasily in her seat and did not at once find a reply.

"It isn't about *him* that I wanted you to advise me. He's quite all right. Oh—can't you see——"

"No, my dear, I confess I can not—unless——"

"It's—it's this, Mrs. Dexter: Ought I to tell him?"

"Tell him what?" Mrs. Dexter's virginal forehead was rendered almost human by the suspicion of a frown.

"About—about myself and—and the man I was to marry—don't you understand?"

"Of course, my dear. To be sure. I had not thought of that. I see your position, at once. You feel that in some way a stigma attaches to you. You naturally do not wish to go to your future husband under false pretenses. I *quite* understand, my dear, and I must say that the thought does you credit. You feel that you should tell him everything."

The girl nodded. A few tears upon her long lashes spoke almost trivially of the storm of grief beneath.

Mrs. Dexter assumed a judicial manner. She was in her element in thus planning the girl's future.



**C** Pauline was unable to meet Royce's horrified gaze. "We could never have been happy," she sighed. "I was never meant to be happy, I guess."

"Let us consider, my dear. The man in question, I take it, loves you very dearly."

Again the girl nodded, this time quite vigorously. A flash of happiness irradiated her face, giving to it almost spiritual beauty.

"The only possible thing you have to fear," continued Mrs.

Dexter, with the air of one performing an unpleasant duty extremely well, "is that he might some day learn the truth. In that case he might justly feel that you had deceived him. But if he should continue in entire ignorance of the matter, no harm, so far as I can see, would be (Continued on page 112)





Painted by Arthur E. Becher.

# *The Children and Sir Nameless*

By Thomas Hardy

SIR NAMELESS, once of Atbelhall, declared:  
 "Those wretched children romping in my park  
 Trample the herbage till the soil is bared,  
 And yapp and yell from early morn till dark!  
 Go, keep them harnessed to their set routines:  
 Thank God, I have none to hasten my decay:  
 For green remembrance there are better means  
 Than offspring, who but wish their sires away."

Sir Nameless of that mission said anon:  
 "To be perpetuated for my mightiness  
 Sculpture must image me when I am gone."  
 He forthwith called an architect express  
 To limn a figure stretching seven-odd feet  
 (For he was tall) in alabaster stone,  
 With shield, and crest, and ruff; and sword, complete.  
 When done, a nobler work was never known.

Two hundred years hied; Church restorers came,  
 And no one of his lineage being traced,  
 They thought an effigy so large in frame  
 Best fitted for the floor. There it was placed,  
 Under the seats for school children. And they  
 Kicked out his name, and hobnailed off his nose:  
 And, as they yawn through sermon-time they say:  
 "Who was this old stone man beneath our toes?"

# EDISON

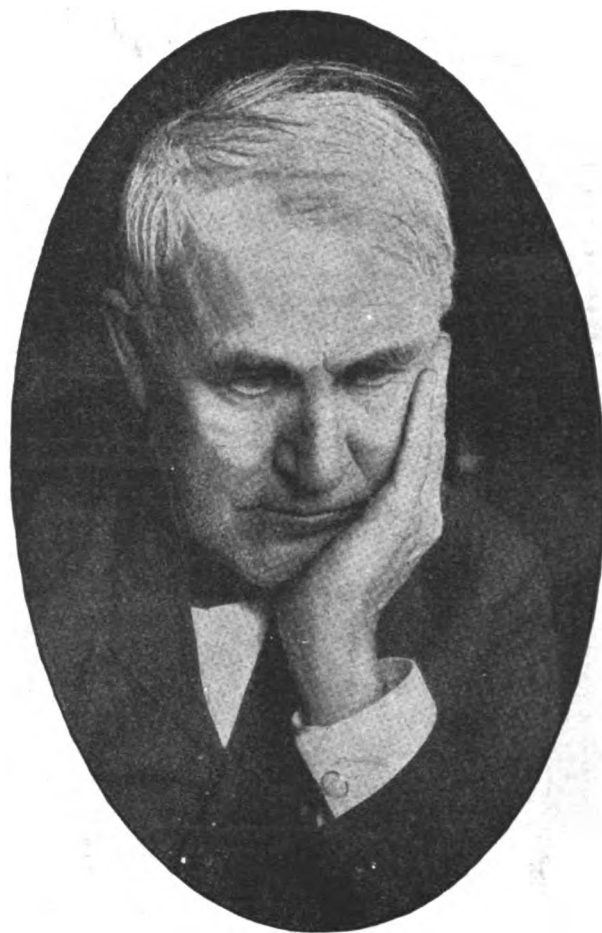
## Tells of The Miracle of Radio

An Authorized Interview by

Allan L. Benson

with

Thomas A. Edison



THE RADIO-TELEPHONE is perhaps the most spectacular invention that ever leaped from the brain of man. Recently, I went over and talked to Thomas A. Edison about it and a little later in this article I shall tell you what he said; but before Edison begins, be prepared to digest this fact:

Nothing about the radio-phone is more marvellous than the story of its beginning and its development. Before the age of scientific "miracles" nobody would have believed such a tale could be true.

We may now mine the air as our forefathers mined the earth, finding one thing at one level and another thing at another.

You set your radio instrument for a certain wave-length and hear a comic quartet a thousand miles away. You want opera and feel bored as did your ancestors when they mined for gold and struck gravel.

You adjust for another wave-length and hear a gentleman, perhaps 1,500 miles away, talking about "Civic Consciousness," or reading late news dispatches or stock market reports.

That makes you feel worse than your gold-mining ancestor felt when he went from gravel to slate, and again you change your adjustment. Behold the miracle! You have sunk your shaft into a ledge of grand opera. There is no mistaking the liquid notes. You relax and listen.

Why are you able to "mine" for music and get it so clearly and delightfully from so far away?

Because Edison, thirty-nine years ago, saw a white line on a smoked electric light bulb, marvelled much thereat, and set in motion a train of thought that, many years later, produced the music and the speeches you now hear.

The train of thought traveled slowly but far. It went to England, it went to France, it went to Germany, it went to Italy. In Italy, it found Marconi who understood it as had no other man. Marconi took the thought and made signals fly through the ether. Then the thought came back to its home in America where it was made to speak, to sing, to cry—to do

anything and everything that the human voice can normally do.

Edison did not invent the wireless telephone or the wireless telegraph. In fairness to him and to others, it is necessary that this be clearly understood. But in the smoked electric light bulb was the starting point of all that Marconi brought about.

Nor is that all. In 1875, Edison discovered what he called "etheric force" which consisted of a certain electrical phenomenon observable only in a closed chamber or a "black box," as it was called. This "black box" was exhibited at the Paris Exposition of 1881, and all the scientists of Europe observed the phenomenon that took place within it.

Six years later, Hertz announced the discovery of electromagnetic waves—Hertzian waves, as they were afterward called—which related to the same phenomenon that Edison had displayed in Paris. Hertz, in other words, carried Edison's discovery a point beyond where Edison had left it, and it is upon Hertzian waves that the present wireless art is based.

THUS EDISON twice came within reaching distance of the wireless, only to be turned aside each time by the enormous task of developing and installing the incandescent electric light. On a third occasion, he actually saw wireless telegraphy, described it in his application for a patent, which was granted, and later sold the patent to Marconi who bought it to protect his own patents. This process operated upon the principle of induction which differs from the system that began in the smoked bulb. The patent was applied for by Edison in 1885 and was granted in 1891. Edison, in his application, specifically stated that it made wireless telegraphy possible, as well as telegraphing between ships at sea. The system was actually installed by the Lehigh Valley Railway Company, between moving trains and stations.

Edison, therefore, is not the father but the grandfather of the two interesting children, now so important, Wireless Telegraphy and Wireless Telephony.





"It was in 1883," said Edison, while we were talking in his laboratory at Orange, N. J., "that I observed what scientists afterwards designated as the 'Edison effect,' upon which the radio-phone is based. An 'effect' is a term applied by physicists to a new phenomenon that cannot be explained by existing theories. While working on my carbon incandescent lamp, I observed that each bulb, after it had burned for some time, was blackened inside except for a thread-like streak opposite one leg of the filament.

"The streak of clear glass interested me because I could not understand it. So far as I knew, there was no reason why it should be there. As I studied it, I observed that the streak was always nearest to the leg of the filament that was connected with the positive side of the circuit. It was as if this leg were casting a shadow. I finally deduced that the negative leg of the filament was throwing off particles of carbon that blackened all of the interior of the bulb except the thin line on the opposite side which was shielded by the other leg of the filament."

Here we see the difference between Edison and the ordinary man. The ordinary man, even if he had seen the white line in the smoked bulb, would have said only that the filament should be made of something that would not smoke. To Edison, the white streak was a challenge to him to discover why it was there. Among other things, he learned that the phenomenon he had discovered could be utilized as an electric valve, and this discovery was covered in a patent for which he applied in 1883. Without this electric valve, no wireless instrument that is in use today would work.

Edison did not realize that the smoked bulb would grow into the radio-phone, but in the induction system for which a patent was granted to him in 1891, he saw the wireless telegraph, and thus described it in his application:

"I have discovered that if sufficient elevation be obtained to overcome the curvature of the earth's surface and to reduce to the minimum the earth's absorption, electric telegraphing or signalling between distant points can be carried on by induction without the use of wires connecting such distant points. This discovery is especially applicable to telegraph-

**C.** *The artist in one of the numerous broadcasting stations sings into a Radio transmitter, unseen by the delighted audience which may be hundreds or even thousands of miles away.*

ing across bodies of water, thus avoiding the use of submarine cables, or for communicating between vessels at sea, or between vessels at sea and points on land; but it is also applicable to electric communication between distant points on land. . . ."

On his application for a patent, Edison drew two ships at sea, with adaptations, at their mast-tops of what we should now call "aerials." But he was overwhelmed with the problem of improving the incandescent light and devising means for its distribution, and his wireless discovery was pushed to the back of his head. When Marconi picked it up and developed it, Edison sold him his patent, refusing to sell it to others who might have embarrassed Marconi.

**S**UCH, in brief, is the history of wireless telegraphy, out of which the radio-phone is growing. It would be as difficult to say who invented the radio-phone now in popular use as it would be to say who invented the automobile.

"It was built up," said Edison.

Lee De Forest probably had more to do than did any other one man with the development of wireless telephony. He introduced into the lamp between the plate and the filament a little sieve by means of which the rate of passage of the electrons may be controlled.

Edison pointed on a diagram to the little sieve and said: "It is a beautiful invention." It was plain from the way he said it that De Forest had done something that elicited his admiration.

John J. Carty, Chief Engineer of the American Telegraph and Telephone Company, is the great technician of the radio-phone. He has taken the invention and made it work. He it was, who, in November, 1921, enabled crowds in New York, San Francisco, and every great city between these points, to hear President Harding's address as part of the ceremony at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier in Arlington.

"The radio-phone is destined to have a profound influence upon political campaigns," said Edison. "A presidential candidate need no longer go all over the United States to speak to everybody. From three or four places he can reach everyone in the



country. A presidential candidate, instead of speaking to 20,000 persons at a time, which is the limit of Madison Square Garden in New York, will be able to speak to millions at a time. I think the small orators will be driven out of business."

Edison was asked what effect he believed the radio-phone would have upon education.

"No effect, so far as I can see," he replied. "The radio-phone is fitted only for the carrying of words, and words are not the things with which to teach. The way to teach is with pictures. They are the things that, through the eye, get into the brain quickly. The world will not learn this for another fifty years yet. It is awful," he added with a gesture of impatience, "to think of the manner in which we are deadening human brains by our educational methods. Between the ages of six and fourteen, we all have a chance to get a mental start that will carry us through life. If we taught with pictures instead of with words, fifty per cent of us would get that start. But the child that has not mentally started by the time it is fourteen will never start. Its brain becomes atrophied."

WHILE Edison was speaking, there was, in the back of my mind, a picture of the ancient Greek philosophers who used to gather about them students to whom and with whom they talked. So I asked Edison why it was not conceivable that the radio-phone would give great teachers, like himself, an opportunity to address millions of earnest men and women. I had in mind what an unparalleled educational opportunity would be presented if all the men and women in America who have done or are doing things were to speak to the people of the United States.

Imagine farmers in California and Maine saying: "I've got to be at the radio at 8 o'clock tonight to hear Edison speak on 'The World After Invention Has Re-Made It,' or Henry Ford on 'How to Do Your Farm Work in Twenty-one Days a Year and Make Money Instead of Losing It.'"

But Edison did not agree with me as to the existence of this educational possibility.

"THE PROLETARIAT," he replied, "do not look at things the way we do. We belong to a caste. You see what you think is an opportunity, and you think others will see it as you do. You are wrong. They will not see it that way at all. I can perhaps best illustrate what I mean by telling the story of a man who was born blind and later had his sight created by an operation at the hospital of Johns Hopkins University. When the man was blind, he could tell an orange by its feeling—its shape and its texture. He could tell a tree by the way its bark and its trunk felt. But after he was made to see, he could tell neither an orange nor a tree by sight. The point is that the man, when he was blind, had formed mental pictures, based on feeling, of oranges, trees, and other things, that were entirely different from the mental pictures that came to him after he could see. The proletariat see the same things we do, but they do not look the same to them. We think they see things as we do, but they don't."

Inasmuch as sound and light are both derived from etheric waves, differing only in frequency, I asked Edison if it were not conceivable that the radio might yet carry grand opera to prairie firesides where it could both be seen and heard.

"It is conceivable," he replied, "but there is nothing in scien-

tific knowledge as it now stands to indicate that it will ever be done. There are 125,000,000 nerves that lead from the eye to the brain. If I could string 125,000,000 wires from here to New York" (we were talking in Edison's laboratory in Orange, N. J., remember), "we might be able to see New York from here."

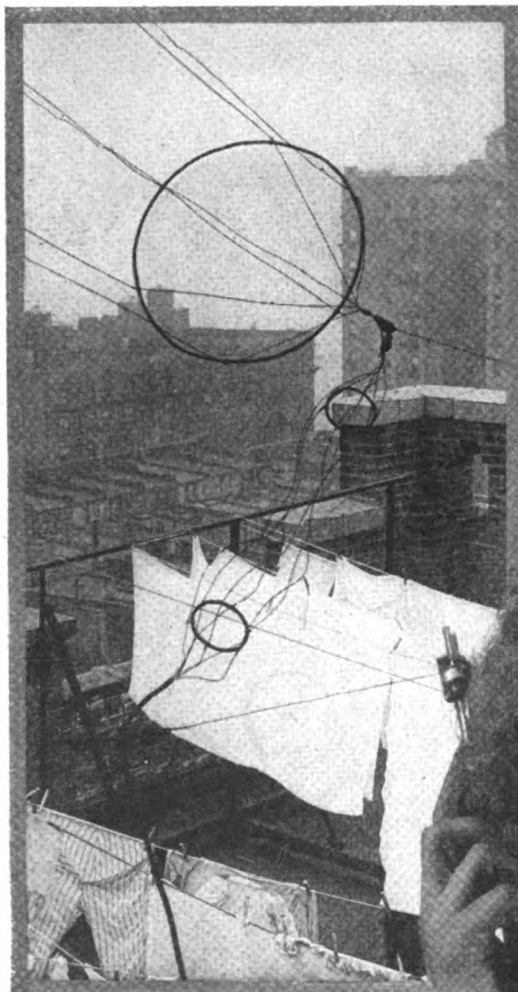
THIS SEEMS the proper place to relate something remarkable about Edison's eyes. His eyesight is taking in a great deal at a glance of extraordinary power. Many years ago, when his face was less familiar to the public than it is now, a friend of his induced him to go to an oculist in New York to have his eyes examined. After the examination, the oculist said to Edison's friend: "That man has the most marvelous optic nerve that I ever saw. It is as big as a chord. The optic nerve should be only as big as a thread. He must be a prominent man in what ever work he is engaged. Who is he?"

"The chief field of the radio-phone," Edison continued, "will be, I think, in broadcasting human speech. It is not so good for music. I tried making phonograph records by radio, but the experiment was not satisfactory. But speeches, news dispatches, market reports, weather forecasts and things like that can be

handled well by radio. Transmitting the human voice, either by wire or wireless, is a very difficult thing to do. That is why I do not expect the radio to do much with music. We get along with the telephone very well because we are so accustomed to the words that most of us use that we guess at many of them, as they come over the phone—and guess right. But you will see how imperfect the telephone is if you listen to words to which you are not accustomed. Let somebody read a drug catalogue to you and see how much of it you will get. Unless you are a druggist or a doctor, you will not get much."

Edison believes that the great field for the radio-phone lies in the country.

"It will be a fad in the cities," he said, "and will soon [Continued on page 103]



Across empty spaces and through solid walls, the mysterious Radio carries the singer's voice clear and undimmed by intervening miles.



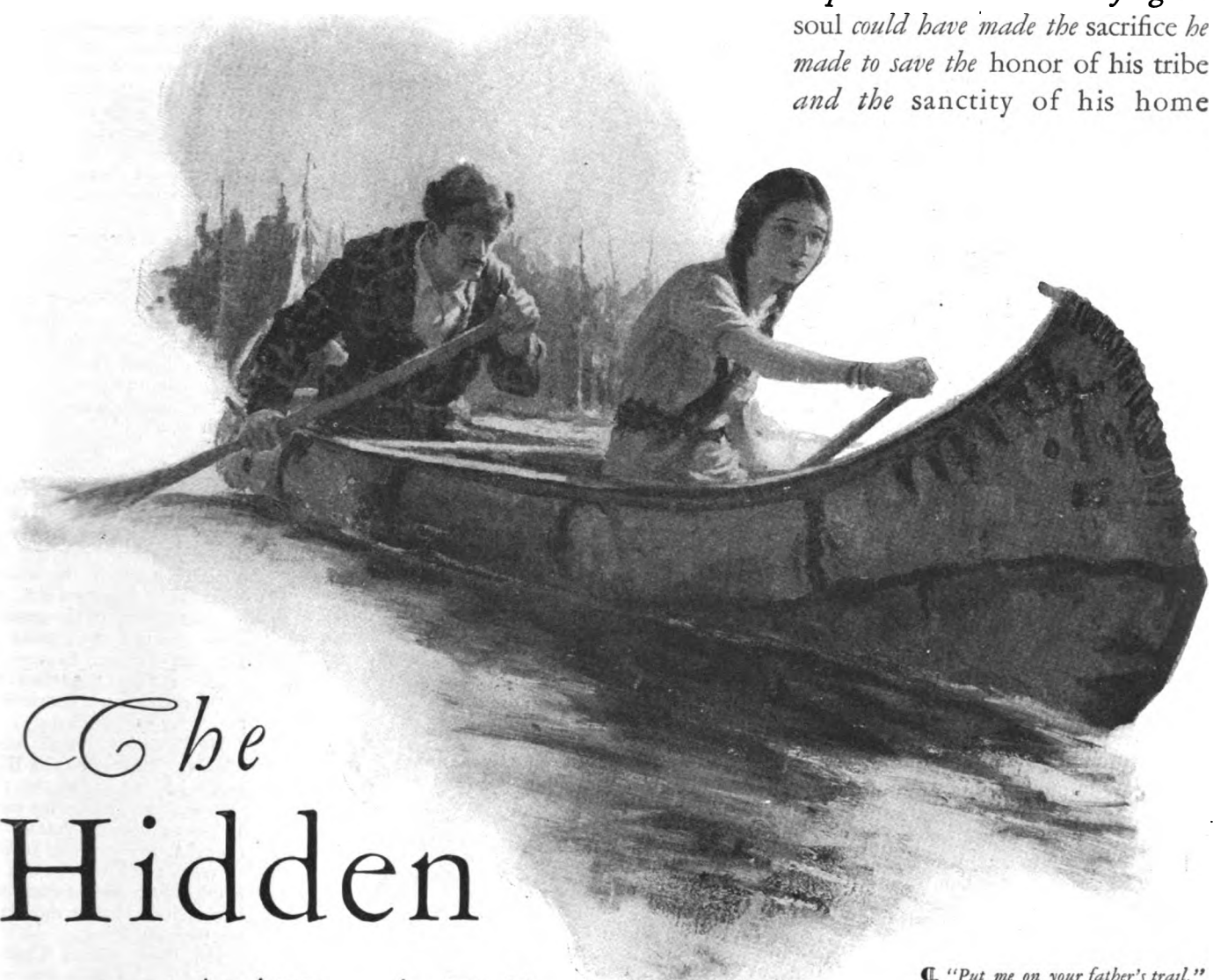
*Y*OU hear a great deal today about the "younger writers." Emma-Lindsay Squier is one of them and she is among the few with something to say. That is because she has a sympathetic understanding. You saw one phase of Emma-Lindsay Squier's genius when you read "Helen of Chinatown" in the June Hearst's International. In "The Hidden Trail," you will find a totally different story

*Emma-Lindsay Squier*

*Sketched from life by  
Howard Chandler Christy*



¶ Charles-Walk-On-The-Hills *was a simple Micmac Indian but only a great soul could have made the sacrifice he made to save the honor of his tribe and the sanctity of his home*



# The Hidden TRAIL

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

Illustrated by James H. Crank

¶ "Put me on your father's trail," Scanlon Maverne had said, "and I'll go after him." So in the full glory of the day he and First Bird paddled down the lake.

ON THE point of land which stretches far out into Lake Ketchamakooogie, there lived, some half a century ago, Charles Walk-On-The-Hills, and his daughter, First Bird. Indian Charles, as they called him, was a Micmac, and had been, in his youth, a mighty man in that warlike tribe which once long ago owned all of Nova Scotia, and which made excursions as far west as the country now called Ontario, crossing the Bay of Fundy in birch-bark canoes to fight the fierce Algonquins.

Now it was not an unusual thing for an Indian to bring into Port Felix, the trading station, nuggets of rugged quartz with free gold showing clearly in the crevices. It was well known that gold in plenty hid somewhere under the brown soil of the forests, and many were the prospectors who ventured far into the wilderness with pick and shovel, to return without ever a glimpse of the shining metal. Only the Indians seemed to have the faculty of finding the precious substance. They brought it to the trading station to exchange for groceries, or, more generally, for a bottle of rum or, indeed, for anything alcoholic.

But never, even when drunkest, would one of them tell where or how he had found the gold. For it was then as it is now, a superstition of the Micmac tribe that if an Indian tells to a white man the location of a gold mine, he dies before the month is out, and his soul haunts the lakes in the guise of a black loon.

Charles Walk-On-The-Hills owned a gold mine, so much was certain. For he brought with him, at each visit to Port Felix, a bulging leather pouch of quartz chunks, from which the gold fairly oozed its dull yellow, and which set the eyes of all beholders to sparkling covetously. Many were the bribes offered him in the form of money, of rich furs, of bottles of rum, in exchange for the secret of the mine's location—and all to no avail. For drunk or sober, Charles Walk-On-The-Hills guarded his secret and no white man ever came upon it by chance.

THERE WERE three lawless trappers to whom Indian Charles's wealth was a continual source of affront. Lazy fellows they were, who would rather drink than work, and who, with eyes that bulged with envy, watched the white quartz nuggets slide from the old Indian's leather pouch onto the counter of the general store. They had succeeded in getting him drunk; but when they tried to worm out of him the secret of the gold mine, they found themselves balked and old Charles tight-lipped.

They had thought of waylaying the old Indian as he came in his birch bark canoe from Lake Ketchamakooogie, and killing him for the nuggets he carried. But Hugo Panthier, a renegade Frenchman, called the Panther, counseled against this.

Better, he said, go to the Indian's cabin some night, overcome him by force, and persuade him to reveal then and there the secret location of his wealth. As to the persuasion, well—there was little said of that, but when the Panther smiled in a certain crooked way, the two who followed him shuddered their assent.

Indian Charles at that time was worried and nervous. Jim Labrador, a half-breed, had killed a white man, and had been hanged. Somehow the thing had taken hold of his imagination. It was the first time that any of his tribe had come into direct conflict with the white man's law, and he was vastly impressed. Seeing this, the men at the general store, in their desire to tease the Indian, added new and lurid touches to the picture, describing at length how the officers of the law had tracked Jim Labrador through the woods, how they had brought him to Port Felix more dead than alive, and how they had swung him from the gallows.

Old Charles had listened, fascinated, fearful. For always the moral of the dreadful harangue was that Indians who hide gold mines from white men, refusing fair pay for a share in the wealth, should be hanged. Then Charles Walk-On-The-Hills, rising with exaggerated calm, his leathery face carefully blank, would lurch out of the door and down the narrow street to the wharf where his birch bark canoe was lying.

One night Hugo, the Panther, and his followers steeled their nerves with many rounds of strong drink and set forth upon their errand of blackness. There came a storm, swift, tumultuous. In the angry waters the befuddled crew came to grief on the jagged rocks that lie off Indian Charles's Point. Two bodies were washed ashore almost at the door of Charles Walk-On-The-Hills.

Of Hugo, the Panther, there was no trace that could be found. Indian Charles brought the bodies into Port Felix in his own canoe, and delivered them to the magistrate there. His story of finding the men was simple enough and was believed.

BUT the hangers-on at the general store saw, in the double tragedy, a new means of teasing the old Indian who would not tell the secret of his gold mine. When he came into the store that day, they pretended to draw away from him, to look at him with horror, and their voices sank as they spoke to each other and glanced at him from the corners of their eyes.

Charles Walk-On-The-Hills was hurt, and not a little perplexed by their strange behavior. He smiled ingratiatingly, and offered to stand treat for whatever the crowd would drink. They made excuses, and held aloof from him.

Little by little, they told him what was in their minds. They professed to believe that he had killed the two ruffians, and that it was but a matter of time when he would be hanged. If the half-breed had suffered the death penalty for the murder of one

man, what would they not do to an Indian who had slain two white men, possibly three? For Hugo Panther's body had never been recovered.

It was thoughtless, and it was cruel. For as Charles Walk-On-The-Hills listened with startled incredulity to their deft lies, his face took on the expression of frightened misery which one sees sometimes on a dog, surrounded by a group of shouting boys, armed with sticks and stones.

He rose abruptly from his accustomed place behind the big iron stove, and drawing his blanket about him, went out. Some of the men laughed loudly, but others ordered their drinks a little shamefacedly. One young Englishman did not laugh at all.

SCANLON MAVERNE, quiet and slight of build, had come to the provinces with some vague idea of carving for himself a home in the wilderness. In Port Felix, he became a clerk in the general store, despite the pleas of his aristocratic family in England who regarded his wanderings as eccentric and unworthy of his caste.

He did not laugh when Charles Walk-On-The-Hills fled with the jibes of the trappers ringing in his ears. It was rather a shame, he thought, to see the Indian baited, and there was a helpless look in the eyes that haunted him that day, and the day following.

For three weeks Charles Walk-On-The-Hills was not seen in the general store at Port Felix. Some of the trappers spoke of his prolonged absence, and most of them pictured him as working hard in his hidden gold mine, digging out the chunks of white quartz with its veins of lustrous free gold. They thought of new ways of teasing him, and even suggested a mock hanging. But when this plan was

broached, young Maverne, who spoke little, and who had the reputation of being a snob, denounced the plan. His words were few, but they stung. After that there was no more talk of Indian baiting in his presence for the men respected his attitude.

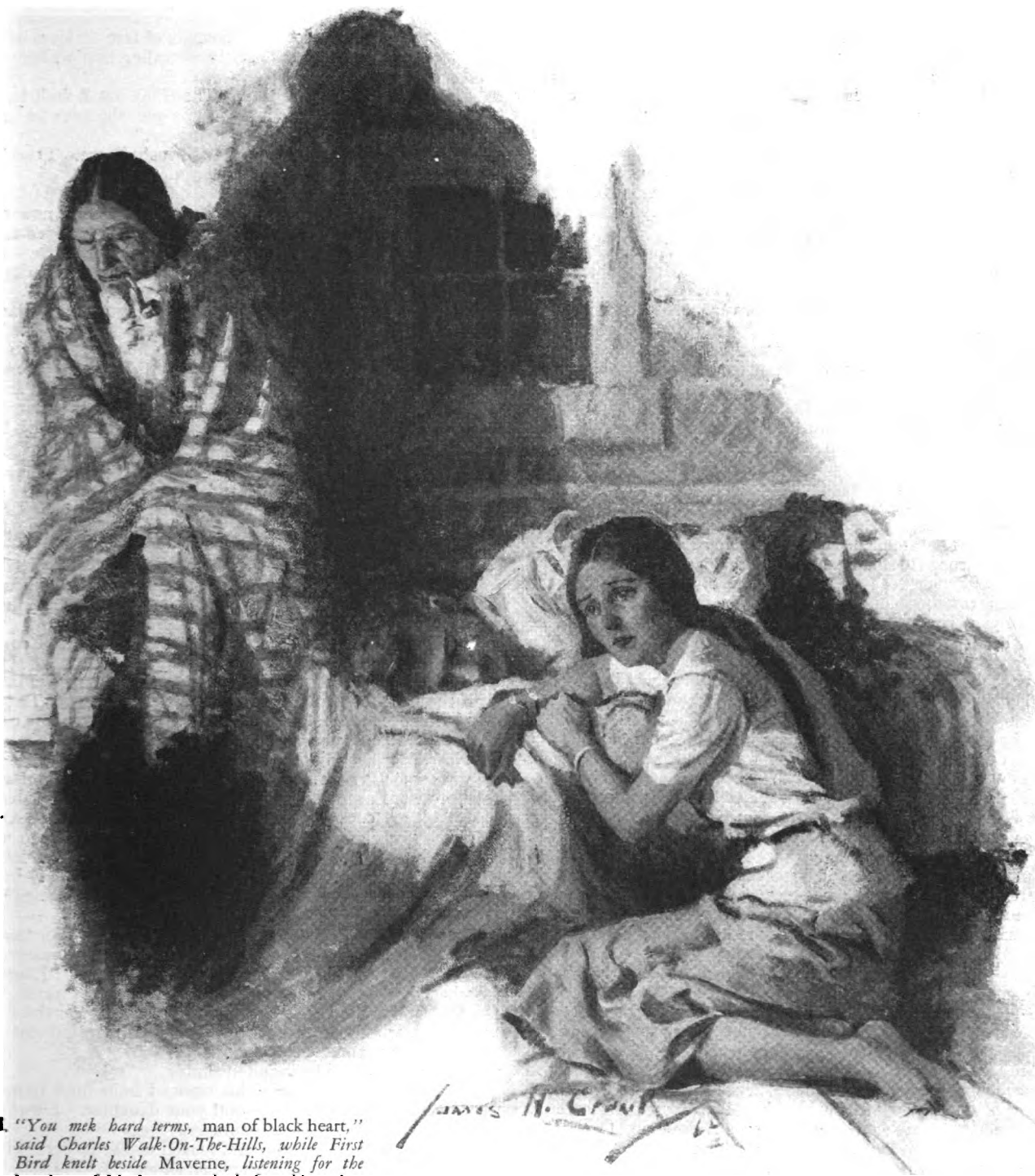
One day there came into the general store an Indian girl. She entered quietly, and stood looking down at the group of trappers in their fur caps, the awkward farmers lounging by the iron stove, the dock men and the half-breed Indians who lined the bar. When they saw her, there was a sudden silence. It was as if a breath of the mysterious forest had swept into the room carried along by the Indian girl.

"I am First Bird, daughter of Charles Walk-On-The-Hills," she said distinctly. "My father has gone into the forest through fear of what you have told him, and I can not make him come back. For two weeks, he has lived on berries, for when I followed him into the woods with food, he made me leave him, and forbade me to trail him farther, saying that the white men would find and kill us both.

"It was the idle talk he heard in this place that put such fear



Q. "De gold is mine in exchange for your life and freedom, old man," Hugo, the Panther, declared, "and de girl in exchange for de life of that young swine."



1. "You mek hard terms, man of black heart," said Charles Walk-On-The-Hills, while First Bird knelt beside Maverne, listening for the beating of his heart and chafing his wrists.

in his heart. My father is old, and he is blameless. Will one of you seek for him in the forest and tell him the truth?"

No one spoke when she had finished, but they stared at her. None of them had ever seen her. They knew that Indian Charles had a daughter, but he had kept her, as he had his other treasure, the gold mine, from the sight of all white men. They had thought of her as fat and slovenly as were the Micmac women who came into town selling grass baskets and blankets of coarse weave.

Now that she had come, had at once revealed to them herself and the tragically simple story of the old man's flight into the wilderness, a worried shame flushed their faces. They looked suddenly huddled together like sheep in vague distress. Some of them said feebly that it was too bad, that they had not known their jokes had gone so far—

Then Scanlon Maverne spoke from behind the counter, reaching at the same time for his cap and mackinaw that hung behind the door and immediately putting them on.

"If you can tell me which way he went, I'll go after him." That was all, but the men stirred as if in relief, and there was a general scuffling of feet as though they applauded his words.

The girl looked at him with questioning eyes.

"I mean it," said the young Englishman, "if you can put me on his trail, I'll go after him."

So First Bird turned and went out of the door, with Scanlon Maverne following her.

IN THE full glory of that autumn day, they paddled down the length of Ketchamakooogie, and for the most part they were silent. Scanlon Maverne, from the stern of the birch-bark canoe, watched the lithe grace of First Bird's brown arms as they rose and fell in steady sweeping strokes. Sometimes she half turned to speak to him, and once, when a loon sent its soft eerie call from far across the lake, both he and she held their paddles poised as they listened to the half-human cry.

At Indian Charles's Point, First Bird took the young Englishman into the cabin, gave him food for many days, and drew for him roughly, the trail which her father had taken. She marked the place where he might possibly be found, and told him what words he should call from time to time, so that Charles Walk-On-The-Hills would know that a friend and not an enemy was coming through the woods to him.



Their parting had a touch of awkwardness about it, for in taking the bundle of food she gave him, he touched her hand. A warmth that surely was not of the crisp October day flooded into his cheeks and into hers. He did not look at her when he left, but swung quickly down the trail that led into the forest, where the trees flung a tangle of color against the blue of the sky on towards Charles's hiding place.

For many days and nights following, First Bird was alone in the cabin on Indian Charles's Point, and the only human being she saw was an Indian trapper, John Light-In-The-Sky, who paused at her door to ask for matches and tobacco.

Then one day a man staggered against the cabin door, bounded it with his great fists, and sank down against it in exhaustion. When First Bird opened the door, the man fell forward into the room, and lay at her feet, burly, unshaven, torn of clothing, unkempt as some savage animal. She laved his burning forehead with water, brewed a tea of herbs and made him sip it slowly. Then she raised him, laid him on a couch of soft skins, and watched beside him until the fever passed out of him.

So it was that when Hugo, the Panther, came slowly back to consciousness, he looked up into the face of First Bird. He saw her dark eyes fixed upon him, eyes that were like forest pools at midnight, saw the clinking gold bracelets that ringed her smooth arms—and he coveted her. He let her nurse him back to health and strength, let her sit beside him for hours putting poultices of leaves and herbs on the wound in his scalp, let her minister to him with food hot from the fireplace where she cooked. Little by little, he learned from her who she was, how her father had fled to the woods, how Scanlon Maverne had taken the trail into the wilderness to bring him back.

"An' you, you t'ink he will fin' him and bring him back?" he asked her narrowly.

"I am sure of it," said First Bird simply.

Hugo, the Panther, smiled crookedly. For it was in his mind that he might yet possess the gold mine—the gold mine, and First Bird to whom he owed his life.

So he groaned and made pretense of being sicker than he was. "Mon dieu, mon pauvre tête," he would murmur, putting his hand up to the wound on his head.

Even when his strength came back to him, he protested that he was too weak to paddle down the lake to Port Felix, or to undertake the long overland trail to the settlement. First Bird did not wholly believe him, for once he had caught at her when she stooped over him to put a fresh bandage on his head and she saw the panther gleam in his eyes. She let him stay because she had no power to make him go. But every night, she went into the inner room of the cabin and barred the door. Her father's long barreled gun was close to her hand.

THEY came back, Charles Walk-On-The-Hills and Scanlon Maverne. On the last day of the month, they came out of the forest dragging and weary, for they had traveled far. Indian Charles looked older and more wrinkled, and he leaned heavily on the arm of the young Englishman. First Bird ran to her father, and he held her close without speech. When he strove for words, it seemed that tears would come; for he realized all at once that he was an old man, and that his strength had gone from him.

Very tender with her father was First Bird. She made him rest and brought him warm water to bathe his tired, swollen feet. She served Scanlon Maverne, too, and he watched her with eyes that were happy but haggard from lack of sleep. On the long trail into the wilderness, he had carried with him the memory of her voice and the warm touch of her hand on his.

Now at first Indian Charles was overjoyed to find Hugo, the Panther, at the cabin. In his presence there, he saw the final and strongest proof of his entire innocence in the matter of killing the men of the canoe. For Hugo would be able to tell the authorities at Port Felix that he, Charles Walk-On-The-Hills, had no knowledge of the accident that had taken the lives of two and sent the third into the wilderness, sick with a fever of forgetfulness that kept him helpless for weeks.

He said as much, but Hugo, the Panther, smiled crookedly. Suddenly Indian Charles was afraid again; more afraid than he had been in the depths of the forest, when in every shiver of the leaves, he had heard the stealthy footsteps of men with hempen ropes in their hands. First Bird, too, looked upon Hugo's face and saw in it suddenly all the evil that he had veiled. Scanlon Maverne looked from Hugo, the Panther, to First Bird, a slow wrath creeping into his brain.

Thus they sat in silence, for it was night, and the fire in the fireplace burned redly. Threads of thought crossed and recrossed

like silken strands in a loom. Thoughts of lust, of love, of fear. At last Hugo Panther spoke softly, revealing that which was in his dark mind.

"Eet is pity, Charles Walk-On-The-Hills, dat I shall have to tell le magistrat at Port Felix dat it was you who have lie in wait for our canoe and have kill' my comrades."

Again there was silence, a heavy, sickened silence. Then Scanlon Maverne spoke, trying to keep his voice steady.

"You black—dog!"

Instantly Hugo was on his feet. There was no smile now on his face, only a deadly brooding look that narrowed his eyes to slits of black light, and his hairy hands were twitching.

"You call me dat, do you? You shall know how a dog can kill——" he shouted, torn with rage.

First Bird screamed aloud. For with the words, the Panther sprang, and his great arms closed around the Englishman. They fought desperately, but it was only for a moment. Hugo Panther's bulk seemed to close up on Scanlon Maverne. There was a sigh, as of a child grown very tired, and Hugo, the Panther, laughed stridently. He lifted the unconscious Englishman in his arms, higher, higher, until he held the limp form above his head, stretched out in his great hands.

"Alors," he said, breathing heavily, "I can make heem dead against de stones of de fireplace. Dere are t'ings I want. Shall we come to terms, hein?" he demanded of Charles.

THE wrinkled leather face of Indian Charles was twisted into an expression of fear and loathing. He would have spoken, but First Bird stepped forward, quietly, her dark eyes empty of emotion but her face determined.

"Put him down on the bed," she said, "and we will come to terms. We will agree to anything——"

Again Hugo, the Panther, laughed. He dropped Maverne onto the bed, strode over to where Charles Walk-On-The-Hills stood, and looked down at him, a crooked smile on his thick lips and evil gleaming in his eyes.

"Now, Monsieur Indian who keep hees gold from white men, we will come to terms, vraitment! You know well dat de law will take my word against yours eef I swear dat you have treacherously kill' my comrades as dey came out of de lake, weak and helpless from de storm, and dat you have assail me too wit' a knife." He touched the still livid scar on his scalp. "I carry de proof with me—you see?" He paused for a moment, impressively. "I can send you to de gallows you fear so, Charles Walk-On-The-Hills."

First Bird, kneeling beside Maverne, was listening for the beating of his heart, was chafing his wrists with tender hands.

Indian Charles' face had gone suddenly blank. Hugo, the Panther, thought he was stricken with terror. But Charles Walk-On-The-Hills was no longer afraid. That Hugo Panther could accomplish what he had threatened, the old man did not doubt but he gazed stonily at the leering face.

"You ask, what?" he inquired simply.

Hugo, the Panther, smiled his crooked smile once more.

"Your gol' mine, ol' man—and your daughter. I want dem both," he said with insolent assurance.

First Bird raised her head and looked at her father. He was staring at Hugo Panther without flinching.

"De gol' mine in exchange for your life and freedom, ol' man." the Frenchman was saying, "and de girl in exchange for de life of that young swine. I have half kill' him now. I will finish it unless——" his gesture was significant.

He was looking now at First Bird. Ah, his was the cunning of the panther or else how should he have known that to the Indian girl the life of Scanlon Maverne was dearer than her own honor and happiness?

Then Charles Walk-On-The-Hills spoke, slowly and with difficulty but with great force.

"You mek hard terms, man of black heart. Yet I no got him strength against white man's ways and white man's laws. Him gold mine I show you where."

"An'—de girl?" Hugo, the Panther, licked his lips.

First Bird answered for her father, steadily, without fear.

"In exchange for the Englishman's life—yes."

He made a step towards her, but Indian Charles spoke softly.

"Frenchman, my strength him go fast. Tomorrow, I be stiff and sore, not can take you to where gold lies. Not can draw for you map, for trail him damn' well hidden. Tonight, I can take you there, tonight before I rest. Tomorrow I be very tired—and no can make journey then."

The eyes of the Panther gleamed [Continued on page 100]

Just about the hardest thing in life,  
especially when you are sixteen, is to  
make the girl you love believe you are  
a  
wicked man  
of the  
world



# The Sinfulness of Skippy

By Owen Johnson

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

**S**KIPPY woke with a blood-curdling shriek and landed sprawling in the middle of the floor, his legs caught in the sheets and his head smothered in the comforter, while he had a convulsive grip on the bolster. Snorky rushed to the rescue.

"Hold him back. Help! Snorky, hold him!"

"Hold what? Who?" said Snorky, pursuing the smothered figure of Skippy who was still wrestling with the bolster. "Wake up. It's me! It's Snorky."

Skippy's grip relaxed and presently his terror-stricken eyes emerged from the comforter.

"Holy Maria! In another minute he'd have had me in the electric chair," he said, wiping the clammy perspiration from his forehead and staring wildly about him.

"Nightmare, eh?"

"Ugh! Gee! Moses!" was all that Skippy could say.

"Too much cigarettes," Snorky suggested in a wise tone.



of steel, the more it appealed to his imagination. It added zest to the new liberties of being off on a visit and gave a deep romantic tinge to the too-matter-of-fact freckled nose and hungry mouth. Besides the end was noble and the end was Miss Jenny Tupper. He considered seriously the exigencies of the part he must play.

TO BE an interesting reprobate and engage Miss Jenny Tupper's sentimental proclivities for redemption, it was necessary to present some concrete evidence of a sinful life. He was shockingly deficient of all the habits that lead to the gallows. Desperate characters, he remembered, usually had their fingers stained with telltale traces of the nicotine which was slowly eating out their lungs.

He ensconced himself by the fireplace and taking care not to inhale, smoked a cigarette to the end. But the result was unsatisfactory. He burned his fingers over the distasteful performance but acquired nothing in the way of a stain. He smoked a second and a third and then seized by the inspiration, carefully rubbed in the moist ends against his fingers.

When they walked back from the beach that morning, Miss Jenny Tupper lost no time in opening up the fascinating subject of the sinful one's reclamation. Skippy had just brought forth a cigarette, tapped it professionally on his wrist and said:

"Don't mind, do you?"

"I do mind," said Miss Tupper severely. "Juth look at your hand. It ith thaking."

Skippy extended a palsied hand with the second and third fingers yellowed like a Chinaman's.

"It's worse this morning," he said carelessly, with the sigh of one who contemplates stoically the approaching end.

"It's tewible, tewible to let a habit make a slave of you like that! At your age, too! How did it ever get such a dweadful hold on you?"

"I began as a boy," said Skippy slowly, for he had still to work out the story. "You know how it is. Fast company, money in your pockets, no one caring. That's it, that's how it was."

He raised the cigarette to his lips.

"Don't smoke it, pleath."

"Just one, just half a one," said Skippy with a haunted look. "My Lord, it's been an hour . . . " he added in explanation.

"Pleath, for my thake, Jack."

He hesitated, swallowed hard, made one or two false gestures, and flung away the cigarette.

"If you ask it like that," he said huskily.

"I'M GOING to athk more," said Miss Tupper with shining eyes. "I'm going to athk you to promith never to touch another thigarette or another card."

"I can't," said Skippy. "It's gone too far, it's beyond me."

"But it'll kill you, Jack," said Miss Tupper, alarm in the beautiful eyes.

"I couldn't promise. I couldn't keep it," said Skippy, who had



Q. "Jenny, dear," said Mr. Tuptale with clerical poise, "suppose you let us talk this over together. It would be easier, wouldn't it?"

"Golly, what a life I've been leading!" said Skippy, referring to the dream. "Barrooms and gambling dens, dark lanterns, hold-ups, race tracks and . . . "

"Wake up, wake up!"

"It's all in the dream," said Skippy sulkily. Then he remembered that through the hideous phantasmagoria, in the smoky mists of low gambling dens, in the drizzle of midnight conclaves, across the sepulchral silences of leaden prisons, there had flitted the beatific vision of an angel with velvety eyes and the softest of lisps, who was trying to save him.

"Well, go on," said Snorky.

"Can't remember any more," said Skippy. Her name must be shielded at every cost.

The more he considered the possibilities of the rôle of the lost character, the wayward son and the gentleman sport with nerves



no intention of relinquishing his dramatic advantage, "but I'll make a fight for it. If you want me to . . . Jenny. If it means enough to you to care?"

The moon-ripple and the fragrance of the honeysuckle were no longer about them. Miss Tupper, in the calmer light of the day, considered her words with due regard to precept and standard.

"I'll be very glad, indeed, to help you if I can," she said properly. "We should alwayth help ath much ath we can, shouldn't we?" she asked seriously.

"How coldly you say it!" said Skippy indignantly.

"But, Jack," said Miss Tupper, alarmed at the tragic look on his face. "Juth think how little I know you."

"You're quite right," said Skippy with magnificent generosity. "I don't deserve more, and I had no right to say that. Well, it was white of you even to care this much." He took off his hat and extended his hand.

"What are you doing?"

"The only square thing by you," said Skippy with a perfect Bret Harte manner. "It's been bully to know you. Good-by."

"Do you want to make me vewy, vewy unhappy?" said Miss Jenny with a reproachful look in the velvety eyes. Skippy returned the hat at once to his head.

"I'll do anything, anything for you," he said huskily.

Now, there are two stages in the process of returning the wandering sheep to the fold and not the least interesting is the period of investigation. Miss Tupper had worked in missions with enthusiasm, but there was something in the present case which staggered her imagination.

How could a boy of sixteen, brought up with all the advantages of a home and good influences, have sunk so deeply into the mire of evil? How could one be so depraved and yet look at you with such an open, winning smile? Was he inherently bad or just weak, just reaching out blindly for some good influence to set him right? That was the question.

"If I can I'll help you," she said, leading the way to a little summer house on the parsonage grounds, and shuddering as she glanced down at the nicotine-stained fingers, "and I do want to help you. I'm several years older than you are and you muth tell me everything about yourself."

"I will, I want to," said Skippy summoning up all the powers of his imagination.

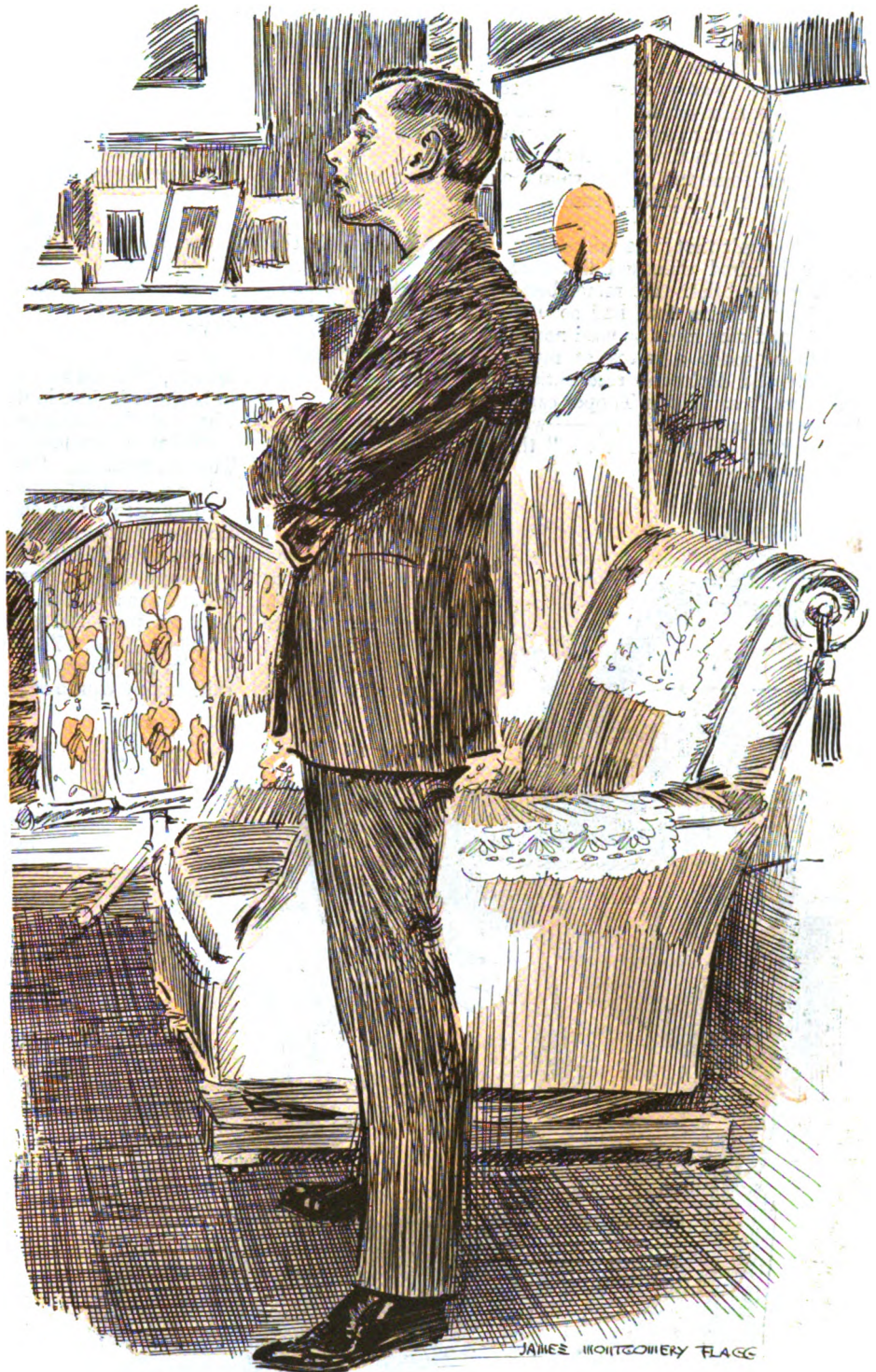
"You know," said Miss Tupper a little embarrassed, "I heard, I couldn't help hearing all you thaid that night on the boat about what you had done."

"You did Good heavens!"

"Perhaps you don't want to tell me."

"I might as well make a clean breast of it," said Skippy, wondering where the exigencies of the situation would lead him, but determined to prove himself a bad man.

"I'm afwaid, Jack," said Miss Tupper sympathetically "that



C. "Kindly point out to me in the Ten Commandments where any habit of mine is forbidden," Skippy demanded of Mr. Tuptale, with the most impressive of declamatory attitude.

your friend Arthur Green ith not, well, ith not a vewy good influenth for you if you mean to change your life and habits, don't you think?" Miss Tupper was full of concern.

"Snorky?" said Skippy momentarily surprised.

"He theems to have vewy low athothiations," said Miss Tupper earnestly.

"You mean racing and jockeys and all that sort of stuff?" asked Skippy, willing to follow the line of least resistance for a while. "Oh, Arthur isn't half bad!"

"I don't think you thee him ath he really ith," said Miss Tupper firmly. "No, I don't think he ith at all the proper person for you to be with."

"Couldn't I help him?" said Skippy craftily. "We should always try to help, shouldn't we?"

"You would have to be vewy, vewy stwong for that, wouldn't



you?" asked Miss Tupper, turning her velvety eyes on him. "Yes, of course," said Skippy, with his mind on the delicate arch of Miss Tupper's little foot.

Miss Tupper, who was expectantly set for an interesting confession, was somewhat disappointed at the lengthy delay.

"I'm afwaid your pawenths gave you too much money," she said finally. "It ith tho often that, ithn't it?"

There were some things that were too much even for Skippy's imagination. In the present case it absolutely refused to follow such a lead.

"No, it wasn't that," he said slowly. After all, it is only the first one hundred thousand lies that are difficult. Skippy's hesitation was brief. He remembered the episode of the factitious Tina Tanner that had so often served him in delicate moments and who must be used now.

"I almost made a wreck of my life," he began frowning terrifically at a deplorable recollection.

"Tell me," said Miss Tupper eagerly.

"She wasn't a bad sort; only—well, stage life is different."

"Stage life! You mean . . ." the girl gasped in surprise.

"She was an actress," said Skippy nodding.

"But how . . ."

"I ran away from home. They never understood me. Family fight. Swore I'd never set foot in the old house again. Cut for the

West. You get to see a rough side of life like that, you know, mining camps, mule drivers, lumber men, good sorts," he added reflectively, "but wild, very wild. You couldn't understand."

"But your father and mother?" said Miss Tupper, wide-eyed and thoroughly thrilled.

"I'd rather not say anything against them," said Skippy magnanimously.

"Poor boy!"

"I've kept pretty straight, considering," said Skippy who did not wish to paint the picture too black.

"And the girl?" said Miss Tupper, who could not restrain a perfectly feminine curiosity in that direction.

"TINA? She wanted me to go on the stage with her," said Skippy, who had now told the story a sufficient number of times to begin to believe in it. "It was touch and go. Well, I didn't. That's all there was to that."

"What a dreadful thide of life you've theen," said Miss Tupper, appalled. "At your age, too!"

"I say, I never expected to tell anyone this."

"But aren't you glad you did? Don't you feel better now that you've had the couwage to tell the twuth!" said Miss Tupper enthusiastically sure of her convert.

Skippy thought this over, and acknowledged finally that confession was a relief.

"Now pwomise never, never to gamble, smoke, or dwink. Pwomise, Jack. You don't know how much better you'll feel."

"I'm not strong on signing pledges and that sort of thing," said Skippy cautiously reserving loopholes for himself.

"Oh no, juth pwomise!" pleaded the serious girl.

"For how long?"

"Until you're twenty-one."

"I think it's better to promise what you're sure you can carry out, don't you? It has a better effect," said Skippy craftily. "Tell you what I'll do. I'll make a promise for a year. Only there's one thing."

"What's that?"

"I'll promise to try and cut out the smoking, but it will have to be little by little, don't you understand?"

"Jack!"

"My nerves won't stand it," said Skippy, bringing forth the nicotine-splotched hand. "I'll do my best. I will, I'll do it for you. I'll cut down to a box a day."

"A box?"

"Ten cigarettes, only ten, but I must have ten," said Skippy hungrily. "But, Jenny, you'll have to help a lot."

"You'll pwomise, then?"

"I pwomise," said Skippy, falling into the lisp and now enjoying himself.

He extended his hand and profiting by the solemnity of the moment held Miss Tupper's fingers with the softest of thrills.

"BUT the gambling?" said Miss Jennie, disengaging her hand.

"That's another promise," said Skippy, taking her hand again. "I promise for the space of one year, never to sit in a



"I've watched that coot do some queer things," Snorky thought, as Skippy searched the Bible, "but I'll be jiggswiggered if I can figure out just what he's up to now."





“Golly, what a life I’ve been leading,” said Skippy. “Barrooms and gambling dens, dark lanterns, hold-ups——”

game of poker for money, never to shoot craps with Tacks Brooker or Happy Mather. . . .”

“Ith thith nethethawy?” said Miss Tupper, blushing and seeking to free her hand from the not too painful embrace.

“I want to be sure of everything,” said Skippy, retaining tight hold. “Never to frequent race tracks, that’s a promise, too, or to bet on the ponies, or to go into pool rooms . . .”

“That’s quite enough,” said Miss Tupper, glancing nervously up towards the veranda.

“But I haven’t promised to give up drinking and all that sort of thing,” said Skippy enthusiastically.

Miss Tupper in whom a slight suspicion was beginning to grow as to the exact motives back of the sudden conversion, hesitated, but finally put forth her hand a third time.

“I promise,” said Skippy, drawing a deep breath and sailing away on perfumed clouds to an invisible choir. “I want to make this something terrific; it’s the most important, you know. I promise for the space of one year—so long as you care enough to answer my letters, that’s only fair, you know—I promise never to touch a drop of beer or ale, or whisky, or rum, or brandy, or sherry, or port, or . . .”

“Alcohol in any form,” said Miss Tupper, the color of the rambler and again looking at the veranda.

“In any form. So help me God,” said Skippy, slowly.

“There,” said Miss Tupper, somewhat thrilled herself.

Skippy, indeed, would have sworn to anything just for the look that lighted up the velvety eyes in the joy of salvation. It is doubtful if he even heard half of the program for his future existence as outlined by himself.

There was something irresistible in the softness of her eyes and the fascinating lisp. He was face to face at last with a good influence. He had met, not the type of girl that men play with lightly or madly for a month or a day, but a woman, the kind rough, coarse men look up to as to a polar star, the kind of woman you think of winning after years of struggle, that keeps men straight and their thoughts on higher things, the kind of woman that pulls a drunkard out of the gutter, reclaims him and makes a genius out of the wreck. He would be saved by her, he was bound he would—no matter what sacrifices he would have to make to keep in proper sinful condition.

Snorky Green had experienced so many shocks in his intimate contact with his chum’s imagination that he had come to



believe the future could hold no surprises for him. But that evening Skippy after a long searching through bookcases asked with a worried air:

"I say, Snorky, where do you keep the Bible?"

"The—the Bible?" said Snorky faintly.

"Sure, the Bible."

Snorky's first thought was that Skippy must be the victim of a secret malady and ready to make his will. His next was even more alarming.

"You're not thinking of anything rash are you, old horse?"

"What the Sam Blazes are you driving at?"

"Thought you were looking up the marriage service," said Snorky facetiously.

"Shucks, no. Nothing of the sort. I just . . . I just want to look up a reference."

"What reference?"

"It's of a personal nature, very personal," said Skippy.

After an hour's search Snorky finally procured a Bible from the cook and watched Skippy turn through the pages in a perplexed manner.

"I've watched that coot do some queer things," he thought, scratching his ear, "but I'll be jigsgwigged if I can figure out what he's up to now."

At the end of a half an hour, Skippy looked up nonplussed.

"Where do you get the ten commandments, anyhow?" he asked in great perturbation.

"Why, it's in Genesis, isn't it?"

"Naw, I looked all through that."

"How about Solomon? He was wise to everything."

"Who was the guy who went up to heaven—perhaps he got 'em—"

"Let's ask the cook."

Which was done.

"Now what in the Sam Hill has Skippy to do with the ten commandments or the ten commandments with Skippy?" said Snorky, observing the extraordinary concentration on his chum's face as he considered them carefully, one by one. "Perhaps the heat has hit him and he's going in for religion."

THE true explanation of Skippy's eccentric taste was a perfectly simple one. No sooner had he departed from the lovely presence of Miss Jenny Tupper with only the vaguest idea of what he had pledged himself not to do, but with the liveliest and most disturbing memory of the bewildering effect of the softest of hands, than he had bitterly repented the prodigal manner in which he had thrown his opportunities away.

"Why the deuce didn't I save something out?" he said to himself angrily, with a sudden recollection of moonlight nights to come. "My aunt's cat's pants, but I certainly went to sleep!"

From the parsonage to the Green's, from the soup to watermelon, but one idea obsessed him; how was he to find something else to swear off?

Then he had thought of the Bible and the ten commandments, with much resulting perplexity to Snorky.

"Well, I'll be eternally dog-switched!" he said, all at once. "I never would have believed it!"

"Believed what?" said Snorky, who was waiting patiently.

"Say, these are the ten commandments, aren't they?"

"Sure, they are!"

"Genuine, bonafide, patent applied for, no imitations, only original ten commandments?"

"Keerect."

"Well, do you know there isn't a thing in them about cigarettes, or booze or penny ante? Not a word!"

"Honest?"

"Fact!" said Skippy whose real irritation was caused by the fact that the ten commandments did not afford him any suggestion in his new predicament.

Snorky slapped his shoulder with a resounding whack.

"I'm on."

"Ouch! On to what?"

"Own up! I'm in the same box, too," said Snorky with a smirk, meant to be enlightening.

"You mean?"

"Sure, Margarita's trying the reform racket on me, too!"

"Oh, she is?" said Skippy, who did not like sharing the honors of a stellar rôle.

"Yep, and you must have been laying it on strong, for Margarita's been asking all sorts of questions about you."

"Snorky, go the limit . . . make it strong and stronger," said Skippy brightening up.

"I get you," answered Snorky, who saw possibilities. Skippy took a few steps towards the door and reflected.

"There are some things, though . . ."

"Don't worry . . . trust me."

"Well—don't get rash."

"Keep on trusting me," said Snorky with an airy wave of his hand that was most satisfying.

Something in the repetition struck Skippy where he was the weakest, in that wholesouled faith which should sanctify the friendship of a lifetime. The more he considered it the less he liked it.

"I have made a mistake," he said to himself, frowning. "Snorky has no sense of discretion."

MISS JENNY TUPPER at the end of a week acknowledged to herself with an uneasy sense of her own shortcomings that the task of keeping Mr. Skippy Bedelle in the straight and narrow path was one beyond her limited experience. It was not that she had lost confidence in her own efficiency, but that she anxiously asked herself if she could afford the time and the effort.

Skippy was all for the better life and yielded at once to her suggestions. The trouble was in his staying out, as it is colloquially expressed. Each evening the cure was complete, but each morning the conversion had to begin all over. The hold that his past life had taken over him was simply staggering and the hankering for the excitement of the gambling table or the struggle against the narcotic tyranny of the demon cigarette was such that at times she had to sit long moments holding his storm racked and shaking hand while he fought bravely against the maddening appetite! And after a week of the closest personal attention, he had only cut down the allowance of cigarettes to seven a day!

Now Miss Tupper was upright and God-fearing and self-respecting and though there was a difference of three years all in her favor, she, unlike some of her sex, scorned the use of her personal attractions, simply for the sake of a personal vanity or even the curiosity of a collector of male scalps. She was in a moral quandary of the most metaphysical complexity. What should she do; shirk her evident moral responsibility and allow a bravely battling human soul to sink into iniquity, or continue and permit a most susceptible youngster to immerse himself deeper and deeper in a hopeless passion?

Each day she came to the task of regenerating Mr. Skippy Bedelle resolved to conduct the proceedings on the grounds of the strictest formality and each evening she admitted to herself the failure. Yet could she honestly blame herself? She gave him her female sewing-society pin to wear not as a personal token but solely as a daily reminder of the promises he had made to himself. She gave him a tie, a colored handkerchief and the sweater she had just finished for another destination.

But each was given as a reward and marked a triumphant progress in his fight to acquire a final mastery over himself. When, however, Skippy brought up the question of a photograph, a crisis was reached.

"I have never, never given my picture to any man," she said firmly, and the absence of sibilants made it doubly impressive. "And I never, never will. Bethides, you know I would have to tell my mother."

THEY were sitting in the summer house at that romantic hour when the first day stars arrive with the mosquitoes. It was always at such moments that the craving was strongest. She had begun by holding his wrist in a strong, encircling clasp, but the sight of his twitching contorted fingers had been too much for her sensibilities and her hand had slipped into a more intimate clasp in her effort to help him.

"After all, he's only a boy," she had said to herself.

"Jenny, how can you—don't you—do you realize all I'm doing—just for you?" said Skippy, whose voice at such moments was not under control.

"No, no, you ought to do it for yourself, because it is the right thing to do, because it will make you feel stwonger and finer and you'll really be so much better."

"Nope, it's you or nothing."

"Jack, you muthn't thay thuch thingth. I muthn't let you!"

"It is the first time I've ever cared what became of me," said Skippy lugubriously. "You don't know what that pin means to me—you never can know."

"But . . ."

"Do you realize what I'm going back to? Old associations, old habits and a long, long fight! And [Continued on page 137]



# Who's To Blame in IRELAND?

By Frazier Hunt

*I did not think there was such a place left in the world as this Medieval Black North of Ireland, writes Frazier Hunt from Belfast. The hate of 300 years is here today—so cruel that one doubts if one's eyes see, and if one's ears hear correctly*

**I**F THE South of Ireland can be called "The Country of the Young," the North can be rightly styled "The Country of the Old." If one is the land of dreamers and youthful sentimentalists and radical half-hysterical idealists, the other is the breeding ground of unimaginative, intolerant, religious Die-Hards.

I did not think there was such a place left in the world as this medieval "Black North." To live here even for a few days is to live in the brutal heart of the seventeenth century. The persecution, the intolerance, the cruel hate of three hundred years ago is here today—only the modern weapons of inquisition and punishment are more effective and more certain.

As I write in my hotel here in Belfast, I can hear sporadic rifle firing down the street. Lorries, steel-caged and bomb-proofed, filled with either British Tommies in khaki or Orangemen Specials in black uniforms, dash madly by.

Terror and death are in the air, just as hate and fear are everywhere. Not a day, not a night passes, without some hideous crime committed in the name of religion; some harmless old

woman killed in her bed; some policeman shot by a gang of religious gunmen; some innocent workman, returning to his home, blown to eternity by a bomb bearing the hallmark of a church of God.

It is a reality so cruel and so awful that one doubts if his eyes see and if his ears hear correctly. It is beyond belief that such ignorance, such hate and such intolerance could live and fatten in this twentieth century of wisdom and experience.

There is a great religious war here and more ghastly and more inhuman than even this battle of rival Gods, is the use of religion by shrewd conniving men to break the growing hopes of sweating workmen. Poor ignorant fools have been set at each other's throats under the spell of religious hate. The faiths of common men have been bought and sold and they have been sent to death for purely political and economic ends. Since the days of the "Ulster Plantations," three hundred years ago, this tragic North has been a pawn on the chess board of British-Irish politics, to be used for conquest or revenge whenever it suited. It is still being used today, and men, fired by the magic



cause of religion, are still sent forth to fight the battle of dollars and cents. It is a religious war; it is an economic war; and it is, as well, the last mad attempt of the old conquering Ascendancy to preserve its power and privilege in Ireland.

But I am getting ahead of my story. After all, what one has to say about the Black North must be looked upon as purely a background to judge the surprises and uncertainties of the future. If it were anything else but a background study, it would have to be a prophecy—and unless one were wholly mad, one would not care to risk a prophecy about this North that for three hundred years has learned nothing and forgotten nothing—and one might add, forgiven nothing.

It is a grim, determined land where the speech and the dress and the heart and the soul and everything is different from the warmer, more friendly, South. Little of the tolerant sunshine of the outside world has come into these hard northern hills. Outside Belfast, it is the North of three hundred years ago; its Scotch Presbyterians, and its English High Church settlers, squat in their hills and valleys, have remained unconscious of the winds of tolerance that have been blowing over the rest of the world; today they pray as long and hate as hard as they did when their brothers fled to America to escape the religious persecutions of a dozen generations ago.

It is a rugged, hilly country, this Ulster, and its inhabitants are rugged, hilly people. Of all the settlers and soldiers and conquerors who have come to Ireland from the British Isles, they alone have refused to be Irishized. Whereas in the South the thousands and tens of thousands of English settlers and soldiers have intermarried with the native Irish people, losing their nationalism, their religion, and their accent, here in the North the Scotch and English settler holds tightly to his religion, his customs, his speech—and his hate.

But one must be tolerant even with intolerance, and after all, these Northerners have often felt the iron heel of oppression—and today they still believe they are the underdogs of Ireland. Isolated in their hilly farms, the small Scotch tenant-farmers were welded together in the white heat of oppression, first by the English government and then by the English Church. In 1869, full religious freedom came; and in 1880, the Land Laws gave them new life and broke the worst of the economic inequalities. During the long fight of the South for Home Rule, they enjoyed the rôle of an Irish minority standing against any break in the union with England.

Now they still find themselves in the minority, with their

religious narrowness and intolerance strengthened by the idea of a possible oppression by the Southern majority. They are of the strange breed that thrives on the unconscious sensation of a righteous stand against any coercion, real or imaginary.

I got my first full taste of this medieval North in a small Ulster city near the Southern border that boasts of being the seat of both the Catholic and the Church of Ireland hierarchies. On a great hill at one end of the town stands the High Church Cathedral, and at the other on a half mountain a magnificent stone and marble Catholic edifice rears its head.

I AM NOT quite correct about that "silent defiance." As one of the principal Protestant citizens of the city explained to me in high glee, the Catholic had installed chimes of forty-eight bells to drown out the eight bell chimes of the Church of Ireland. But ha! ha! they had miscalculated, for their bell hymns were easily overshadowed by the booming chimes of the Protestant Cathedral.

To religiously tolerant and far away America, all this is of very trifling importance—but not here in the Ireland of the seventeenth century. Religion is life here—hard, cruel, uncompromising, intolerant, belligerent.

"Compromise?" an educated and important citizen of this border town snarled at me. "Compromise with those brigands of the South? Never as long as we've an ounce of strength left in our bodies! We shall never join with them. They'd simply make a milk cow out of us. We'd have to keep their inefficient political government going for ever. We'll die fighting them first."

This was a "leading citizen" talking. I suggested the name of Cromwell.

"There was the man for them," he answered. "The Catholics started that business by their massacre of Protestants in 1641. But Cromwell showed them how really to do it. He'd attack a city and put every captive to death. Then before the dead were cold he'd move on to fresh conquests. With blood and sword, he swept through the South. . . . But he didn't give them enough. There were too many of them left. He should have killed them all."

He half chuckled, half grunted, to himself. We had been walking about the city and were at the door of my hotel as he finished. Then he added this tender bit:

"By the way, tomorrow is Sunday, and if you'd care to go to church, I'll be happy to call around and get you."

I wanted to laugh in his face. I really didn't even smile—I only told him that I didn't go in so very strong for that.



1. Ulster Specials, composed of civilians banded together for the protection of Ulster, one of whom told Frazier Hunt: "Let them Papes come over! We're ready for them and we're going to defend ourselves."

"Well, religion is very strong here," he went on. "We're all regular churchgoers."

Four times on Sunday the children in these villages in the Ulster country are sent to their churches. In their schools and their streets and in their homes—and one might add in their churches—they are taught the cruel, stupid intolerance, hate, and fear that the innocent children of three centuries ago were taught.

Somehow you don't have this same intense, ever-conscious feeling of religious intolerance in the South. After all, the revolt of the South against British rule was pretty much of a nationalistic problem, a racial question. So overwhelming are the Catholic majorities in the southern counties, that one does not feel so strongly the religious grip. There is unquestionably a certain amount of it there—bitterness and intolerance—but it is less cruel than in the North.

"I'm a Protestant," a man I had supper with one rainy night in a little hotel in Killarney admitted to me after I had explained that I had divided my own Sunday School days between Methodist and Presbyterian churches. "I'm a South of Ireland Protestant and I must admit that I have never been interfered with, never discriminated against, and never felt the slightest touch of religious repression of any kind. Of course, we Protestants in the South are so much in the minority that we very distinctly mind our own religious business—we're not kicking up a row or raising imaginary issues. We go about our lives our own way and no one ever bothers us the slightest about our religion."

"How about the English Protestants here whose country houses have been burned and sacked?" I asked.

"That's nothing really to do with religion," he explained. "That's on account of their big grazing farms, or for some political reason—absolutely not connected in any way with religion."

That conversation is a fair sample of dozens I had with Protestants I met in the South. I remember now talking with a laborer in one of the market towns. I said something about religion and purposely added that it seemed to me that all the English-Irish differences were basically religious ones.

"You're wrong, sir," he answered. "We don't bother about a man's religion here—a good man is a good man and a bad man is a bad man. And there's no end of good men right here in this market today who are Protestants. There's a bunch of them standing over there. They're fine people: they help each other out and are honest men. We don't worry any more about religion in this part of the world, I assure you."

That was in the South. Along the border that separates the six Northern counties from the twenty-six of the South and West, it is different. Here there is intolerance and bitterness on all sides.



*C. Surely the premiership of Ulster is no sinecure. Sir James Craig in that position has been a very busy man between Lloyd George and the Griffith-Collins' faction.*

Of these six counties, with a population of 1,250,000, there is an estimated Catholic population of 407,000. As a result of the Treaty pact signed in December, 1921, the Free State was to include the Ulster Counties only with their consent. If they voted against the union, the six counties were to continue the Northern Government of Ireland with its separate Parliament and with adequate representation in the British Parliament.

The boundary question was immediately brought forward and the British Government arranged that a Boundary Commission should be appointed to settle all boundary controversies and map out the two new states. Within the Ulster counties, there are many communities and districts that are predominantly Catholic and it is the contention of the Provisional Free State Government that these Catholic majorities should be included in the Free State territory. It is quite as strongly the determination of the Ulster Protestants that they shall not be so included.

As I write, news comes of the signing of a new South Irish-Ulster pact in London that offers hope of a settlement of the innumerable difficulties between the two sections—but no one knows what will be the actual outcome. Even if this were a newspaper cable to be read the morning after it was written instead of a magazine article to appear weeks later, one would have to protect any opinion on this last of the religious wars with the statement that the Ulster border and the City of Belfast constitute a powder magazine that may explode at any moment.

I drove down to the border in the very heart of the bitterest sections. It was almost like visiting a momentarily quiet sector on the Lorraine front. There had been some little sniping by Southern Irish irreconcilables during the morning but everything was now quiet. "Let 'em come over!" one of the Ulster Specials said to me, "we're ready for them—a lot of hired murderers and cut-throats. They bluffed the British Government, but they're not going to bluff us. Ulster belongs to us, and we're going to keep it. We've been thrown down by Lloyd George and lied to and deceived, but we're going to protect ourselves."

It was the real spirit of Ulster talking. Nowhere was there the slightest idea of compromise, or apparently the slightest wish for compromise. For generations, these people had been fed on hate.

I stopped a farmer on the road coming back from the border, and I found him just as determined as the soldiers.

"These Catholic trouble makers have got to get out of this part of the country," he affirmed. "We'll have to clear them out. The Protestants are quiet and law abiding but not these priest-ridden Catholics. One of my own neighbors was killed last week as he was feeding his stock. They want [Continued on page 128]



A New Novel by the Author of  
"The Wild Goose"  
and "The Penalty"



# The Better Wife

By Gouverneur Morris

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

*Q. This is the first Mrs. Highland. She made out a splendid case for herself. Looking like a sorrowing-angel she talked in a sorrowing-angelic voice. She thought it no reproach to have fallen out of love with a completely loving and faithful husband. So without further ado, she obtained a Reno divorce*

**T**HERE was no other man—the first Mrs. Highland was sure of that; just as sure as she was that she wanted a divorce, with the custody of the two boys—and alimony. It was quite by accident that her husband, who loved her, discovered that Harry Fisher was her "heart's dearest." It was no accident, however, that he vented his rage upon the man. After that he made no objection to a divorce and when the decree was granted, he lost himself in drink. Sober once more, he discovered, to his horror, that he had, while unconscious of his actions, married again, and this time to a woman no one could call "good." At first blush, there was nothing to do but abandon her. The rub lay in the fact that to Bud Highland, the marriage vows were sacred. So in bitterness of soul, he accepted the obligation. For himself and for his wife, Bud wanted to escape from old scenes and old friends; so he made hasty preparations to go into the Far West. For the girl to whom he was tied, Bud's feeling was one of revulsion, just touched with pity. These thoughts were in his mind, as after a couple of hours' absence, he returned to his apartment and to his new, sick, unattractive wife.

*Q. A synopsis which tells how Bud Highland, divorced by a good woman, married a bad one*

**W**HAT should Bud Highland's first word be to his new wife? He little thought that it was to be a compliment—but that was exactly what it had to be.

She had done her hair differently, very smoothly and evenly. It was an excellent way to do it. It was the kind of hair that resents being made smooth and even. It wasn't curly and it wasn't straight. The two side horns into which part of it had been formerly twisted no longer offended.

The simple new dress, dark blue it was, became her—so nicely that it might have been made for her. Now in addition to the new neat look of her head, and in addition to the simplicity and becomingness of the dress, there was, or perhaps there seemed to be, a new look in her eyes—softer and less troubled.

But no; in such a small number of hours a real new look was out of the question. Rather she had a changed look; her eyes had in them less of their old look.

Bud Highland complimented her head and her costume. He said he hoped she would always do her hair like that, and he told her there was no doubt at all about blue being her color.

Of the new look in her eyes he made no mention. That, he felt, would have been personal, and he had no mind to be personal in his attitude or speech.

She had done more than burn old things and don new ones. She had folded and hung up scattered things. She had folded the bath mat and hung it over the rim of the tub. She had squeezed out the big sponge and put it in the sun to dry. She had swept the hearth. She had made the bed.

Upon the pillow nearer the wall, she had laid a folded nightgown; upon the other pillow, a suit of heavy silk pajamas.

Trouble, for a few moments lightened by the witnessing of so much intuitive neatness and sense of order, became heavy again as Bud thought of the future.

There wasn't so much as a sofa in the sitting-room. If a fellow had to sleep in those rooms, and there was a lady present who required a bed to sleep in, that fellow would either have to break his back and his patience in the Morris chair, or curl up on the floor.

Time passed. Then together they went to dinner. If people looked at the couple, they soon looked away, or lingered a little





**C.** *This is the second Mrs. Highland.*

*Bud acquired her under circumstances that were vague to him, but he had promised to cherish her and he remembered that he had told his first wife: "If I had given my word to a woman and she wanted me to keep it, I'd keep it even if I found she was vile and I got to hate her. I'd keep it and you know it."*

over the man. He was handsome. He must be frightfully powerful with those shoulders! Look how thick he was through the chest! The woman? Some relation likely. Delicate. Downright sick-looking. T. B., most likely.

**A**FTER DINNER, they saw a screen show at the Rialto. The heroine was a fallen woman. It was not until after marriage that the hero found this out. He forgave her. He said, "Let him who is without sin," etc.

Highland thought the show in very questionable taste. It's all very well, he thought, to make a fallen woman noble and all that, but it's ridiculous to make her more noble than a woman who hasn't fallen. But, thank the Lord, the soul-moving piece was followed by Charlie Chaplin and Highland laughed so hard that he forgot all his troubles, and between the two shows there were some travel scenes of the Far West.

Then they went home.

"I think," Mary said, a few minutes after they had reached home, "if it's all one to you, I'll turn in."

"Do you good," Highland applauded her decision. "What you need is sleep and food. I have letters to write—to tell some people I am married. Good-night."

He perceived then, that she was not going until she had

said something or other, and that either the subject or the choice of words in which to broach it halted her. Presently she said: "I don't just know what to call you."

He was able to solve that perplexity. "I like Bud better than Charles," he said.

"You've said we'd travel until we found a good place to stay. There's such a thing as taking potluck and being good sports about it," she added. "And there's such a thing,"—was it possible that a note of wistfulness had crept into her voice?—"there's such a thing as for people who've made up their minds to live together trying to be good pals."

"That's all right," he said. "Sure."

In those moments, when she was falling softly asleep, were there ripening in her subconsciousness any of the spores from which nightmares spring? Had the horror of her former life, was remorse for the way she had lived, ever going to bother her? Of that horrible way of life, she had, indeed, a horror. But there was no seed of remorse in her. She would live to wish that she had let herself starve to death sooner than follow along the only way that led to food and shelter. Regret, poignant, she might feel because it had been that way which lay open to her and not some clean way. But remorse, no. Fate had not even pretended to play with her before striking her down.

The remorse was in the other room. No one had forced



Highland to marry the woman he had married. He had not been starving, roofless, and in despair. He had been in no sharp and deadly predicament from which there was no escapement save through such a marriage. He had not been flung neck and crop into slime. He had plunged in and, of his own free will, wallowed. He had been no paper-weak objective of relentless fate. He had been drunk, that was all, and he must take the consequences.

He wrote three letters and tore them up.

He looked for a long time out of the window, his forehead pressed against the cool glass. It was raining quietly. There were misty halos about all the lights.

There had been a time, not long since, when he could look any one in the face without fear or shame. Without shame, he could look no one in the face now. It is not true that confession is good. It is horrible. It is the feeling of having confessed that is good.

A fine example he had set for his boys!

He remembered telling his wife, his former wife, that is, his real wife, and telling her more than once, often in fact, that it was not good for boys to grow up without their fathers. They needed his example, he had told her. In telling her, he had been sure that it would never be in his power, even, to set them any example other than of kindness, decency, right-mindedness—horse-sense.

Such an example would not have been minded if only they would have grown up saying to all who asked, "Father was killed in the Argonne."

Bad enough to know that their mother had divorced him; for now, learning what he had done, they would conclude what manner of man he really was, and know that mother had been right to throw him aside. They would never believe, now, that all his married life he had been a decent man, and a pure man. Stupid—yes—yes; but decent, and straight and faithful.

It was not the damage that he had done to himself that was now first in his mind. But the damage he had done them—to the name they bore, and to the spotless ideal they had of him.

AT TEN o'clock the next morning, he was at his doctor's office; the same doctor who had been called in to dress the painful hurts of Mr. Harry Fisher.

Bud and the doctor had been schoolmates, and afterwards college mates. Dr. McMahon had been a fine athlete. They knew each other for clean livers and clean thinkers. McMahon would be cruelly hurt by what Highland had to tell him, but in spite of that, he must be told.

The surgery was an efficient-looking place in plate glass and spotless enamel. There was a fine, clean-shining of steel. McMahon had a keen, sharp Scotch face. He didn't look thirty-eight. He hadn't turned a hair.

"Dean," said Highland, "those people out there," he waved his hand back towards the waiting-room, "will have to wait. Miss Rogers slipped me in ahead of 'em. I've got a new wife, Dean, and I want you to look her over. I wouldn't wonder if she had T. B."

The look in Highland's face forbade the conventional congratulations which his friend had been about to offer.

"Be very thorough, will you? If there's anything the matter with her more concrete than dissipation and starvation, I want to know. When I learned that I had been divorced, I got drunk and married a woman of the town."

Neither of the men cared to look at each other.

"She has no physical attraction," pursued Highland, in a gloomy voice. "She has no attraction whatever, unless—well, unless she was meant to be decent as women go and got in wrong. I married her, because in my drunken heroics, I imagined that it would be a fine and noble thing to do. She admits that. Otherwise I should never have known why I married her. She had the flu last winter. Her looks, if she ever had any, have gone to glory. She was down, out, and desperate and she played me for a sucker and won out. I'm going to do the best I can for her. Drunk or sober, a promise is a promise. . . . Oh, how can a man make such a fool of himself. . . . I'm going to play the game."

"We're going West. I'm all through round here. We're going to try to get her to looking a little more like what she ought to look at her age. . . . She didn't lead the life because she liked it. You haven't got anything in the shape of a pill, have you, that makes a man feel that all is for the best in this best of all possible worlds?"

"Bud," said McMahon, "this hits me hard. When do you go?

I'll sure miss you. But you know that already, I'm sure." "We're leaving Monday—day after tomorrow. It's hard to make a clean getaway. Things keep turning up. I've got to have a tooth plugged for one thing."

"Didn't believe you had a filling in your head."

"I had two, and one of 'em's come out."

"Where'll you go?"

"Chicago first, and then to whatever place you think will do my wife the most good in the least time. Wish you'd tell her that I have an enlarged heart, and that if I'm crossed about anything, I'm liable to drop dead, and that what little income I have is from a trust fund and goes to the boys at my death. . . . If she knew that and believed about the heart being flimsy, maybe it would help her to keep from starting anything. Of course I don't mean it. I'm only trying to joke. How's your Missus? Good! And the kids?"

"Lucy has got to have her tonsils and adenoids out. And I tell you I'm dreading it. It's the bulkiest kind of operation for other people's children; does 'em good and serves 'em right. But Lucy's different." His eyes twinkled. "Bill writes me that he's been made substitute catcher on the team, and that if Fletcher doesn't buck up, he, Bill, will catch the Groton game. Pretty good for a fourth-former."

"How old is Bill?"

"Fifteen; but he's got a wing on him like an ichthyosaurus."

"Say, look here, Dean, don't keep her waiting too long, will you? She's nervous as hell about coming. She knows that you're my friend, and she's afraid of you."

"Oh, shucks! I'll tell Miss Roberts to trot her right in. Old man, ought you to see this business through? Buy her off."

Highland shook his head. "A contract is a contract," he said. "You and you old code! When will she come to see me? Make it two o'clock this afternoon if you can. I can give her all the time she needs then."

"You'll drop me a line?"

"Ah right."

With no further words, they shook hands and parted. They had been life-long friends. They never saw each other again.

There was nothing the matter with Mary. "All she needs," McMahon wrote, "is to be built up. Keep her out of doors, and give her three good meals a day." He had added in one line of postscript: "Have her tonsils out when she's up to it." In another, "I think she'd cut off her hand to please you. Good-luck to you both."

"How did you get on with McMahon?" Highland asked her. "He's the other man that isn't plumb rotten," she said. "There's just him and you."

IT WOULD be easy enough to correct her manners into the channels which he approved, if her imitativeness in the matter of eating soup was a true indication of her good will. It would be more difficult to get her to talk right. She had some grammar, it is true, more perhaps than the average of better-stationed persons, but she had an intonation that seemed a chronic defect, like badness or catarrh, and that overbore the quietness and not altogether unattractive quality of her voice.

An intonation cannot be dealt with on print or on the screen, or on canvas or in clay. The reader must gather that, though her lines may sometimes read like the lines which a lady might speak, they were not spoken as a lady would speak them. Had she been pure as the snowball, she could not yet have passed muster among those who had been her husband's friends, any more than Highland's first wife could have seemed anything but an exotic among such people and surroundings as those from which the second Mrs. Highland had sprung.

But the reader will say that the first Mrs. Highland, since she had so flimsy a notion of right and wrong, of contracts and obligations, was "no lady," either. No more she was in that category. But to the eye, and to the ear, and to the casual observer, she was a gentlewoman in the best sense.

Good-breeding is a matter of derision and disqualification in the best of republics, except as the principles may be profitably applied to Pekinese dogs, hogs, horses, pullets, and so forth. But we might do worse, by way of experiment, than to apply to our candidates for public office the same good sense and open-mindedness with which the prizes are distributed at our county fairs. The average Board of Governors of a gentleman's club might advantageously be tried out as a cabinet. For it is undeniable that a gentleman's impulses to do right, however sadly he may fall into temptation and byways, are stronger than the same impulses in him who is without breeding.



**C** "Wyoming has taken a sort of shine to me," Mary told Bud. "But her mother wouldn't let her associate with me if she knew about me. Still I'm not bad. I like flowers and birds just as Wyoming does."





**C** Bud taught Mary to ride and soon the change in her appearance attracted attention. "I thought she was ugly as a mud fence when I first seed her," said McGrégor, "but she's perkin' up."

Your gentleman has everything to lose and nothing to gain. May we have such men for servants in the difficult years to come, and may we live down the disheartening doctrine of Jefferson, who himself a gentleman born and bred, declared that all men are equal. Men have but one equality. They are equal in this: that no man has ever yet been known to feel remorse for the inconvenience he gave his mother in being born.

**I**N CHICAGO, they heard of a Wyoming ranch which took a few boarders, and on learning by telegram that there were rooms to be had, they decided to give the place a trial and see what it could do to build up Mary and to help her regain the long lost health and cheerfulness.

The room-clerk who had been their informant had taken his wife there over a vacation. She wouldn't be happy till they could go again. She had ridden astride, and caught fish, and camped out. Her health had improved wonderfully. So also her courage. She had gotten so she dared to pat a cow, with only a fence between them and she had lost all of her fear of pigs and chickens and she thrilled at the thought of going back again.

It had occurred to Highland that a woman who isn't physically fit ought to be trained on the same lines along which men who are out of condition are brought into good shape. Food and

rest and peace and quiet were not all she needed. Until idleness and opportunity should urge her into some steady occupation, it would interest and amuse him to see something of her lost youth returned to her.

She was weak as a cat when it came to lifting things, or gripping, and a few blocks of quick walking distressed her lungs. But for strolling, dawdling, looking in at shop windows, she had a prodigious endurance—but it was the endurance women always have regardless of their condition.

If he could have read her mind, he would have known that she wished very much to please him, or, if it was out of the question to please him positively, to please him negatively by not displeasing him.

**T**HE RANCH house was low and long and paper thin. One wondered how the thirty-and-forty below zero winds were kept out in winter. They had been assigned to two smallish rooms, on the ground floor, at the extreme south end of the ranch-house veranda. The rates were so low that they could afford a room apiece and so be fairly comfortable.

But Mary thought it would be much more sensible to put up with a little antipathy—and to put the two narrow beds in the inner and darker room, and to use the other for a sitting-room. But she dared make no such suggestion. Peace and three meals

a day had been the conditions which she had laid down. She had not looked for affection but for tolerance; she had struck for necessities not luxuries.

She accepted the larger and sunnier room without question. She had learned already that any extra comfort at her expense would have been real discomfort to her husband. He was "old fashioned," and conventional, in spite of that awful debauch that had made them one and inseparable.

That in public he should be most courteous and punctilious towards her was understandable. But she had no past associations upon which to base any understanding of why he should carry the same courtesy and punctiliousness into their privacy. In taking advantage of his drunken state, she had done him an irreparable wrong. Perhaps he had not been on any very exalted height in the world; but there had been respect for him and much that was precious, and she had dragged him down from those heights and hurt his self-respect.

McGregor's boasted a large lounging-room which the guests shared in common with their host and his wife. There was a large fireplace and upon the floor the skins of bears and wolves. Rustic furniture, made of branches with the bark on, and in some cases most ingeniously of elk-horns, all the work of McGregor himself, abounded. For torturing the human frame, the chairs and settees exceeded anything ever devised by the old

Spanish inquisitors. The comfortable places were nearly always all taken by somebody else.

There was a girl from Petersburg who wore all the things that cow-girls wear in the movies, and was nearly always at the only writing table addressing postcards, with a photograph of herself on them, to her friends and admirers at home. Her undersized parents, whom she bullied, both took after their daughter in the matter of expropriation; and nearly always might be seen in firm occupancy of the two comfortable chairs the room boasted.

There was a young doctor getting over the flu; three quiet and elderly men upon a fishing excursion; and a bouncing mother with three small and rambunctious boys. To these, add McGregor, Mrs. McGregor, "Strong" McGregor, "Flora," and "Wyoming" McGregor and you have a room full.

Here was no opportunity for learning, reading or even for quiet conversations. Suppose there came a rainy day? Highland was a good mixer and no snob, but he shuddered. He found himself resenting the fact that he had so little opportunity for a private word or two with his wife.

A private sitting-room, if it could be had without hurting the Jeffersonian feelings of the McGregors, would make them wonderfully more comfortable. But it was doubtful if he should attempt to afford one, and upon inquiring, he learned that there was



Q "Isn't love wonderful?" Wyoming asked, and Mary told her: "When a man loves you and you love him, it's sweet and safe and nothing bores or frightens you and nothing counts but just you and him."



none to be had. "Good Lord," he said to himself one day, "why not be practical?"

He asked Mary if she would mind. If she would, why of course, it wasn't to be thought of; but there was such a thing as people who have to live together trying to be good sports about it, so why not move her bed into his room, and make her room into a sort of sitting-room? McGregor said it would be all right and to fire ahead.

"Why, no," she said, "I don't mind if you don't. It seems better sense. Anyway I don't care much about being all alone on the ground floor with the window open, and the coyotes barkin' around all night long."

So the rearrangement was effected.

He had thought that any crowd in any old sort of place would be superior even to the most luxurious surroundings if his new wife had to be in them. But this was not true. He preferred her company in the little sitting-room to the McGregors and their guests in the big room.

Except for the fact of her existence, she did nothing to bother him. If she was bored, she did not show it. If she was dissatisfied, she made no complaint.

Her training began. It amused him, and the fact that he cared to take any trouble with her whatever pleased her.

THE MORE he recalled his own training days, and the methods of his trainers, the more interested he became.

"Of course, you get out of breath," he would say. "You have no room in your lungs. Stand up straight."

When they walked, he watched her.

"Make your stride from here, and don't turn your toes out so far. Hold your head up and your shoulders back."

One day, he picked up a flat stone and made her walk with it balanced on the top of her head.

That made them both laugh. It was the first time they had ever laughed together at anything that was in their own lives, and not outside of it, like Charlie Chaplin.

In the morning and at night, he made her do deep-breathing exercises, and all manner of calisthenics.

In the beginning, she acquired assorted lamenesses here and there. She thought for a time, though she made no complaint, that she had injured her spine. But all she had done was to start the flabby muscles growing.

She was only twenty. She came along very fast. They borrowed a divided skirt from Miss Wyoming McGregor, and he taught her to ride.

"Bud," said Mr. McGregor one day (it was his practice to find out his guests' first names and call them by them—he would have Georged or Alberted a Bishop on first meeting him), "that air wife o' yourn's takin' on flesh. First time I seed her I thot she was ugly ez a mud fence, but damned if she ain't perkin' up."

She was indeed. She had a coat now of clear brown tan with a certain rosiness beneath. The look of one who hunts and is hunted was seldom in her eyes now. She was so young and feeling so much better that it is possible there were whole moments in which she forgot that her life was behind her.

The changes in her appearance were by no means magical; to Highland, they were negligible. But if he had seen her, well, that first time, and not again till now, it is doubtful if he would have recognized her.

Various problems confronted her; of their nature he remained for some weeks ignorant. Then she told him.

"Wyoming," she said, "has taken a sort of shine to me, wants me to do things with her, and I don't know how you want me to be with people. She's a sweet, good girl, and you can bet her mother wouldn't let her associate with me if she knew about me."

She hesitated a moment and then said: "Honest to God, I don't believe I feel a bit different from the way she does. I like flowers and birds, too. And she says I can help her skim the cream off the milk. And she said if you'd buy me some wool, she'd teach me to knit a sweater."

It was as if someone had laid a hand on his shoulder, and said, "Here, pay attention. This is pathetic. Look in her eyes. Can't you see she's half starved for the things that most girls of her age just naturally have? For sentiment, for ideals, for pipe-dreams. . . . Can't you fling the poor dog a bone?"

Her eyes filled suddenly with tears. "I'm not bad," she cried, "When you throw your clothes on the floor I like to pick them up and fold them. . . ."

She didn't say those words, she cried them, and then she cried and cried and Bud had no comfort for her.

Have you ever thought on beholding Romeo climb to the

balcony and take the fair Juliet in his arms, that perhaps she earns more salary than he does and he gets better press notices than she does, and that they hate each other like poison? Yet, if the salaries are to go on, and the press notices are to go on, they must climb and kiss night after night as if they adored each other and knew nothing of hatred.

"Why, you poor little trout," said Highland, and with the gesture of a man who is fond enough of his wife to put his arm around her. "There—there."

There was no reason why she shouldn't play around with Wyoming. Knowing how to skim milk and to knit might come in handy some day. They might decide to have a little ranch of their own. Now wouldn't she please stop crying? She was getting to be so nice looking, everybody said that! He's had more compliments for her, but if she didn't stop crying she'd make herself look like thirty cents, and every one would think he'd been a brute to her. She didn't want people to think he'd been a brute to her, if he hadn't, did she? But perhaps he had. In that case why go ahead and cry. He was too old for her. She needed people of her own age to play with. He understood perfectly. She had done well. Damned well! If any one asked him what sort of a wife she'd made him, he'd have to tell the truth. He'd have to admit that so far as it lay in her power she had been a good wife to him. Now would she stop crying and wash her face; or did she want him to hold her and wash it for her?

Rare times they had together, she and Wyoming! Wyoming was a good girl, and a sweet girl. Flora was in love, and to be married in the spring. He was such a dandy man, and doing so well. Everybody thought the world of him. But Wyoming herself had never even had a mash on anyone; but she guessed that if she ever did fall in love, she'd stick to him even if he beat her, and held up trains, and had been in prison.

MARY had never been in love either, for that matter. It's only your Juliet who falls in love before she's fifteen. Now she longed to let herself go, and be just what she felt, a young girl, just Wyoming's age. As some men are tempted by drink, so Mary was tempted to tell Wyoming that she had never been in love either. She wanted to put heads together with Wyoming and imagine what being in love would be like.

But to have made any such confession would have been an insult to her husband and a betrayal of trust. So she felt bound to assume an age and condition which she did not feel, and to assume the wild, generous, reckless, delicious, nonsensical knowledge that she had never had. Wasn't love wonderful, Mary? It was the most wonderful thing in the world, Wyoming. It—it was like being up on a hill, bareheaded when the wind blows. It was like the way a kitten feels, when it purrs and there is still some cream on its whiskers to be licked off. It was like the way a dog feels when he's been alone all day and hears his master coming and can't wait till he's in sight.

"When a man loves you and you love him it's so sweet and safe being together, and nothing ever bores you or frightens you, and nothing else counts but just you and him. You'd always thought you wanted jewels and automobiles, and you find you never had at all. And love? It wiped all your meanness away, all your crankiness. If you still wanted things, it was not for yourself you wanted them, but for him. . . . Oh, Wyoming, you are just a child! You don't know what you are talking about! How could there be anything terrible about love? Or anything low and awful, when it's the very purest thing there is?"

Wyoming was going to be a better wife for having known Mary. Mary was going to be the happier, because by the sheer weight of pretending and imagining, she had broken down the dark walls that had surrounded her adolescence, and seen a vision of the truth.

They would have stayed with the kindly McGregors till the first snows came to drive them away, if it had not been that one day McGregor asked Highland if he knew a fellow in New York named Jonathan Bell, and of course Highland did, because Jonathan Bell was such a famous all-around sportsman that everybody knew him. Yes, Highland did know him, why? Nothing, only he'd written for rooms, he was going to make McGregor's a base for big-game trips into the mountains.

They had to go of course, then. Bell would be along in a few days. He would know all about Highland's marriage. He wouldn't mean to, but he might possibly let something slip.

"But they'll tell him we've been here, and he'll tell McGregor about us, and Wyoming will [Continued on page 118]



Remember Lapidowitz?

It has been quite  
a while since  
Bruno Lessing  
put this most  
human of all  
Jewish characters  
into fiction  
and  
Leone Bracker's  
pictures made him  
familiar to every  
magazine reader.  
Here is the old  
combination  
once again,  
and  
funnier  
than ever

# Lapidowitz *Dines* Out

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

**T**HIS story begins in two places, at the same time. This may seem, at first blush, a violation of the law of matter. But, having nothing to blush for, we shall endeavor to explain the mystery to your satisfaction.

At 2:15 of a Thursday afternoon Milken, the husky owner of Milken's Café on the East Side, threw Lapidowitz out of his place. At the same moment Mrs. Moritsky of East Seventy-second Street hired a new cook.

Astrologers would probably be able to drag in a third place by proving that the constellation of Alakazam was in conjunction with the planet Tabasco and that, therefore, all that happened could not possibly have helped happening. Be that as it may, starting a story in two places is bad enough.

Milken had been dozing in a chair in the corner of his café when Lapidowitz entered and woke him.

"I need five dollars," said Lapidowitz. "Will you lend them to me?"

It had taken Milken fully half a minute to rub his eyes and become thoroughly awake. And then he had addressed Lapidowitz in these words—the translation is expurgated:

"You dirty schnorrer! You big bum! You've been coming in here for a whole year and sponging on me and you never paid back a cent. You're too lazy to work and you're too dishonest to even tell the truth. And now you have the cheek to wake me up out of a sound sleep and ask for money. Here is what I will give you."

When Lapidowitz picked himself up from the spot on the sidewalk on which he had landed, it was without the slightest feeling of resentment toward Milken. He merely felt heart-broken that Milken had misunderstood him. So he went home



and wrote Milken a letter which was delivered at once. "Little did you know what I wanted those five dollars for," he wrote. "I know a lady with five children who is starving and I wanted to get her something to eat. Now she will have to go hungry. I will never enter your place again. You have broken my heart. After so many years of friendship it is too much to be endured in silence."

And then he added a postscript.

"Could you make it two dollars?"

The story of the starving woman was a pure invention. Lapidowitz merely wanted Milken to feel badly.

LAPIDOWITZ had found an opportunity of buying a news-stand on a street corner for fifty dollars. The owner insisted upon receiving five dollars on account but was willing to wait a month for the payment of the balance. The news-stand appealed to Lapidowitz because he had figured out a scheme of employing a small boy to run it who would relieve him of all the work and hand him the profits each week. Many a greater financier has been attracted by such a scheme.

Moritsky was giving a reception and supper that night. His wife, who was Hungarian, telephoned to his office in the afternoon and unburdened her agitated mind.

"The cook left this morning and I sent to the agency for a new one," she said. "She just came. She got fine letters of reference what says she is a beautiful cook. Only she's from Lithuania and she can't talk a word of English or German or Hungarian. What shall I do?"

"Why don't you hire a cook you can talk to?" demanded her husband. Mrs. Moritsky shrugged her shoulders—which Mr. Moritsky, at the other end of the telephone, failed to observe.

"It's too late now," she replied. "The agency ain't got any more and the things is coming in from the grocery."

"Can't she go ahead by herself?"

"How could she?" asked Mrs. Moritsky, extending her palm, helplessly. "I want the garlic in the spinach cooked only half

an hour and the currants in the pancakes—not the raisins—and the sauce for the strudel got to be——"

"Say," cried her husband. "I got customers in the office. D'ye think I got time to listen to a cook-book all day long? Telephone down to Milken's Café and tell him to send up somebody what talks good Lithuanian Yiddish who can be a interpreter. And don't bother me. Good-by!"

And so it happened that just after the boy had handed Milken Lapidowitz's letter and Milken was grinning over its contents, the telephone bell rang.

"This is Mrs. Moritsky," said a female voice, and Milken, recognizing the name, placed his hand upon his chest and made a profound bow. "Could you send up anybody what can talk to a Lithuanian cook and tell her what I want? We're giving a party tonight and it's very important. I'll pay five dollars to anybody what will help out."

As long as it was not his own money that was involved, Milken felt generous toward Lapidowitz, in consequence of which the boy brought back a message to the schnorrer to hasten to Mr. Moritsky's house in East Seventy-second Street where he would find five dollars awaiting him.

The name of Moritsky impressed Lapidowitz. He knew it well and he had often felt that if he were on sufficiently intimate terms with the prosperous merchant to discuss financial matters, Moritsky would be good for, at least, fifty dollars at a time.

MRS. MORITSKY gazed rather dubiously at the imposing figure that presented itself as interpreter. She had not expected a man with a beard and a silk hat.

"Could you speak Lithuanian Yiddish?" she asked, somewhat dubiously.

"Lady," said Lapidowitz, drawing himself to his full height, "Mr. Milken said you was going to give me five dollars for making a translation. For five dollars I could talk Chinese Yiddish and get myself understood."

A few minutes later he found himself gazing upon a stout, perspiring but not unattractive-looking cook.



1. Moritsky stared at the schnorrer suspiciously. "Who are you?" he asked. "My friend Milken sent me up to be an interpreter by the cook," Lapidowitz explained.



C. "A cook what is a cook," said Lapidowitz, "could hold up her head with lots of them bum ladies."

"Ask her if she knows how to cook a strudel," said Mrs. Moritsky speaking to the grand Lapidowitz.

"Lady," said Lapidowitz, reproachfully, "couldn't you tell by her face that she's a fine strudel cooker? Anyway, just to satisfy you, I ask her."

He turned to the cook who was admiring his silk hat.

"What a fine pair of eyes you got," he said, in Yiddish. "What's your name?"

"Tina Dobrovitch," replied the cook, with an amiable smile.

"Well, Tina, the old girl wants to know if you can cook strudel. I told her it was an insult to ask you."

The expression of the cook's face as she turned to Mrs. Moritsky convinced her on the instant that Tina could cook a strudel as never strudel was cooked.

"Good," said Mrs. Moritsky. "I got to go and dress now and look after everything. Here is what I want her to do for supper," continued the hostess.

Lapidowitz carefully listened to her instructions and jotted down a few notes as a reminder.

"You needn't worry, lady," said he. "I'll take charge of the cook and the kitchen. Everything will be all right."

The moment that Mrs. Moritsky left the kitchen he turned towards the cook and smiled: Lapidowitz had a winning smile.

"Could you cook a steak or a chop or something like that for me?" he asked. "I didn't have no lunch today."

Tina fairly beamed upon him. It was the first time in her life that a tall man with a beard who wore a silk hat had ever asked her to cook for him and the subtle flattery of it appealed to her as a woman and as a real cook.

"Come and see what is in the ice-box," she said, "and I'll cook anything you want."

Lapidowitz, after a careful scrutiny of the ice-box's contents, selected a couple of fat and tempting squabs.

"You better broil them," he said. "It's the quickest."

While Tina busied herself with her task Lapidowitz sprawled out in one of the kitchen chairs and took hasty stock of the possibilities of the situation.

"Are you married, Tina?" he asked. She blushed and shook her head.

"Neither am I," said he. "Just keep that in your mind. Tina. You ain't married and I ain't married. Nobody can ever tell what could come out of such a situation. I ain't saying 'yes' and I ain't saying 'no.' I just want to give you a chance to think about it. You never know what could happen. I got a great reputation on the East Side, but I ain't proud. A cook what is a cook could hold up her head with lots of them bum ladies."

LAPIDOWITZ did not trouble himself to tell her just what kind of a reputation he had. Tina was greatly impressed. When the squabs were cooked to a turn she set them before him and watched him as he devoured them.

"Tina," he said, wiping his mouth with the back of his hand, "you certainly are a great cook. If I could raise a few hundred dollars you and I could start a restaurant what would create a sensation. You would be cook and I would be cashier."

"I would love that," said Tina. "Could I have other girls to help me? They say it's hard work in a restaurant."

"Maybe," replied the schnorrer. "But in the beginning I wouldn't let anybody cook but you until we got our reputation. Then we could sell out. What kind of a man is this Moritsky?"

"I don't know," said Tina. "I just came."

"That's so, you don't know any more than me. Well, we'll just stick together. You do what I say and I'll do what you say. Now go ahead with the supper. I want to go upstairs and see what kind of a place they got."

The "place" made a profound impression upon Lapidowitz. True, a connoisseur in interior decoration would have been pained by Moritsky's fondness for red plush, highly colored carpets, glaring wall paper and highly polished black walnut furniture, but, then, Lapidowitz was not a connoisseur in interior decoration. The parlor and the library seemed to him to be the acme of luxury in furnishing.

"Two thousand dollars if it cost a cent," he murmured,



gazing about him. He heard the door bell ring and, presently, an elderly man with wavy white hair entered the room.

"I guess I'm early," he remarked. "But I didn't have anything else to do so I thought I could just as well kill time here. Is Mr. Moritsky home yet?"

"Not yet," said Lapidowitz. "I'm waiting for him."

"I'm Meyer Mandelbaum," explained the visitor. "Ladies' underwear. But my son runs the business."

"My name is Lapidowitz," replied the schnorrer, and they shook hands.

"What line?" asked Mandelbaum, with the merchant's curiosity as to the other's business.

"Oh, just one line after another!" explained Lapidowitz. "Just now I'm interested in news-stands. I got a good thing for anyone what cares to go into it. For fifty dollars I could buy a news-stand over on Delancey Street——"

"It looks like it's going to rain," observed Mandelbaum, strolling away.

"Would fifty dollars make a lot of difference to you?" asked Lapidowitz, following him. Mandelbaum turned and looked him over carefully from head to foot.

"No more than a pair of eyes or a lung or a liver," he replied, icily. "If Mr. Moritsky is a friend of yours, he could easy lend you fifty dollars."

AT THAT moment Moritsky entered and greeted them.

"Hello, Mandelbaum," he cried, cheerfully. "You ain't taking any chances on being late. How-de-do," to Lapidowitz. "A friend of Mandelbaum's?"

"I never seen him before," said Mandelbaum, quickly. "I thought he was a friend of yours."

Moritsky stared at the schnorrer.

"Who are you? How did you get here?" he demanded.

"My friend Milken sent me up," explained Lapidowitz. "He said you wanted an interpreter by the cook."

"Oh, I see!" said Moritsky, good naturedly. "That's all right. Just make yourself to home and if you don't see what you want ask for it. But I guess maybe you'd better go down in the kitchen."

"Could I talk with you on a matter of business for a minute?" asked Lapidowitz, with an ingratiating smile.

THAT steeley look which, it seemed to the schnorrer, always came into wealthy men's faces when he mentioned money to them, came into Moritsky's countenance.

"Business?" he said, sharply. "I never talk business at home. I only samoos about it," and he, too, wandered away.

"For fifty dollars, which I could pay back to you on the instalment plan," began Lapidowitz, when Moritsky interrupted.

"Just wait a minute while I telephone," he said. He went upstairs to his bedroom and called up Milken.

"Say, what kind of lunatic did you send up to my house to talk to the cook?"

"You mean Lapidowitz?" said Milken's voice. "I thought you knew him. Down in this neighborhood everybody knows him. He's just a plain schnorrer."

Schnorrer! Moritsky promptly hung up the receiver. His mental vision of the beggar, the social outcast, the hopeless, helpless scamp depicted by the word "schnorrer," was perfectly clear. He returned to the parlor and strode towards Lapidowitz with a mien and an air which instantly convinced the schnorrer that Moritsky now knew all about him.

"Go down to the kitchen and stay there," he said. "If I want to tell something to the cook I'll come down."

"What's fifty dollars to a rich man like you?" asked Lapidowitz. "I'll have five dollars to pay cash and the rest——"

Moritsky pinched Lapidowitz's coat sleeve gingerly between his thumb and forefinger and led him out into the hall.

"Go downstairs to the kitchen before I kick you down," he said. Lapidowitz went downstairs to the kitchen.

"Tina," he said, "there ain't no hurry about the supper. They don't know whether they will want any or not. I'll tell you when to start cooking. Do you know how to cook eggs with raisins—like a pudding?"

"Sure I do," said Tina, proudly. "In my last place they was always crazy about them and I made one every week."

"Let's see how you do it," said Lapidowitz, calmly. Within ten minutes, the cook set before him the tempting dish known to epicures as kaiserschmarn, in regard to which—if one had time—several chapters interesting and intense, could be written.

"Now listen to me, Tina," said Lapidowitz, when the last morsel had vanished from the plate. "That man will be coming down here soon and try to make trouble. But don't you bother about him. I'll take care of everything. You do just what I tell you and I'll see you get something extra. Remember, you ain't married and I ain't married. Just keep on thinking about that."

The guests had begun to arrive. Mrs. Moritsky, in a wonderfully colored evening gown—it combined most of the colors of the rainbow—was standing upon the threshold of the parlor greeting each arrival, when a maid approached her.

"Could I talk to you for a second?"

"I'm terribly busy now," said the mistress, frowning.

"Oh, all right!" said the maid. "Only I don't think there is going to be any supper tonight."

"What's the matter?" asked Mrs. Moritsky, in alarm.

"The cook is playing cards with that man with the whiskers down [Continued on page 131]



1. "I need five dollars," said Lapidowitz. "Will you lend them to me?" "Here's what I'll give you!" cried Milken—and he threw the schnorrer quietly into the street.



# PROHIBITION *Has Made Good*

*By Woods Hutchinson, M.D.*

**JUST** wait, said the ever present skeptics, until you begin to count the cost of prohibition, then it won't seem such a good thing. We have waited and here is the first definite accounting

**I**N THE past two tempestuous years, the numerous false wigs and masquerading costumes of the Alcohol Problem have been stripped off, one after another.

Alcohol isn't and never was a food. It isn't essential to health, or needed as a medicine. It isn't necessary as a source of revenue. Its taboo does not and will not paralyze business, or throw any body of men out of employment, or ruin any class of fruit growers or farmers.

The simple, sole, central and final problem to which we have at last come down squarely is, "Can we stand the jolts of life's highway without a narcotic shock-absorber? Can we do without a pair of rose-colored, spirituous spectacles for occasional wear?"

Alcohol is not a food, for the simple and sufficient reason that, to put it very crudely, it is some thirty times as poisonous as it is nourishing. The utmost amount of it that we can possibly burn clean and turn into heat or work in twenty-four hours is two ounces, while our body gas-engine demands the fuel value of sixty-four ounces of alcohol (that is, two quarts of alcohol or five quarts of raw whiskey) every day to keep it running properly. So that if we undertook to live on alcohol we should have to take our choice between starving to death, if we limited ourselves to one-thirty-second of a ration, which we would utilize without injury, or speedily dying dead drunk (in technical terms, of "acute alcoholic intoxication"), if we attempted to engulf our five bottles of whiskey daily.

What a joke alcohol really is, in the way of food, may be glimpsed from another point of view in the light of our recent experiences. The steady soakers and habitual drunkards at one end of the social scale and the feather-wits who love to consider themselves fast and fashionable, dwellers in the land of Lobsteria and baskers in the glare of White Lights, at the other, probably drink almost as much as they did before the drought. But the overwhelming mass of the ninety per cent of decent hard-working, self-respecting citizens all over the country are consuming at least fifty per cent and probably nearer sixty-five per cent less than they did before the Constitutional Amendment.

The net result, even after allowing for all the attempted consumption of home brew high explosives, is that less than a third as many tons of good, wholesome, nutritious grains, fruits and roots are being turned into alcohol as formerly. As only about one-fourth of the total food value, or fuel energy of the barley, corn, apples, grapes, etc., distilled, is recovered in the form of alcohol, this means that thousands of tons of nourishing bread and cereals and appetizing and refreshing fruits are placed upon the markets and in the grocers' windows for use upon our tables, without extra charge.

In other words, even supposing—which is far, far from the truth—that all the alcohol produced was consumed well within the two ounces a day limit of clean combustion, the nation has

gained four times as much food value as it has lost, by wiping out the alcohol industry.

The quality of this saving has been even more important than its quantity, for the amount involved is so great that the law has practically placed fresh fruit free, on every table in the land every day in the year. What that means to the health, welfare, and comfort of children can scarcely be over estimated in the light of our recent discoveries of the priceless, life-giving value of those growth-foods, known as vitamins. These are abundant in fresh fruits and fruit juices, but are totally destroyed and lost in the processes of fermenting and distilling.

**CAREFUL** and thorough researches in the laboratory, undertaken in a last despairing attempt to discover and prove some point of value and wholesomeness in beer and wine, have utterly failed to disclose even a trace of vitamins in the sparkling cup.

This satisfactorily explains the apparent paradox that the California wine-grape growers who, when the prohibitory law was first passed, were on the point of digging up their vines and putting down their land to some other crop, instead of losing their market and facing financial ruin, have had, and still have, the keenest demand for all the grapes they can possibly raise at the highest prices that they have ever known.

The farmer, or merchant, or working man has simply taken the money that he had formerly spent upon wine and beer for himself, and applied it to buying grapes and apples and oranges and butter and milk and ice-cream and green vegetables for his wife and children.

No wine ever yet vinted is one-fifth as "strengthening" as the grapes out of which it is made, having lost all its vitamins and much of its iron; no beer however cooling and comforting one-third as nutritious as the barley which was destroyed to brew it; no bitter ale or stout is half as good a tonic and digestion-improver as the malt and hops which have gone into it, or the clear, fresh, bitter of grape-fruit or lettuce, or green chicory. Indeed, these fresh fruits and green vegetables and crimson tomatoes and golden carrots and cabbage and alfalfa, with their heavy charge of vitamins, have been found to be the only real appetizers, Nature's own digestive tonics and stomach bitters.

One of the most heart-broken and genuine outcries of distress and dismay that rose towards the sky when the shadow of the Great Drought began to threaten was the bitter plaint of those worthy mothers in Israel who simply couldn't see how they were going to get along without a big bottle of "good old whisky" on the top shelf of their home medicine chest. The very idea of trying to keep house without it, especially in country districts, miles away from a doctor, was like going to sleep at night with the door unlocked, or having a funeral best parlor without a family Bible.





## YESTERDAY

By John Sloan

One of the most significant and revealing results of the new law and as unexpected as it was interesting, was a finding recently reported in our great national medical paper, *The Journal of the American Medical Association*.

Careful inquiry was made covering 112,000 practicing physicians scattered throughout the Union, with the startling result that of all this number of busy doctors, in active practice in great cities, in state capitals, in industrial centers, in country towns and in rural districts, only 33,379, less than one-third, had thought it worth while to take out their permits to prescribe whisky or brandy for medicinal purposes. A more impressive proof of the light esteem in which alcohol is held for remedial purposes could hardly have been imagined.

The number of physicians covered is the total licensed to practice medicine in the twenty-four states which permit doctors to prescribe whisky or brandy; the remaining states by local laws forbid absolutely either the writing or the filling of prescriptions for whisky or brandy.

One statement can now be made with absolute sureness, and that is that all over the country has occurred a most unmistakable and striking decline in the general death rate from all causes, until it has now reached its most triumphant low-water mark in all recorded history.

Just as a single illustration to serve as a type of all the rest, the death rate for the entire United States has fallen in the last three years from 14.2 to 12.3 per thousand, or a saving of over 200,000 lives per year. Certain of our great cities, New York for instance, have actually, in some of their monthly rates, fallen below twelve and gone down well towards eleven per thousand.

It is true that this downward trend of the death rate was under way before prohibition and therefore we can not claim that the improvement in public health, which has accompanied

the years of drought, has been solely or even chiefly caused by the lessened use of alcohol. Yet it is also true that this downward trend of the death rate has been distinctly accelerated since the adoption of prohibition.

SO THAT as far as any lowering of the vigor and vitality of the nation from deprivation of our customary daily glass of wine and beer is concerned, we can bluntly and positively say that the three years have not yielded one shred of evidence in its support.

For example, the disease which has shown the greatest falling off in its mortality, is tuberculosis—a disease, the chief and almost only weapon against which is abundance of good food, good housing and sleep in the open air. Saving the money which had been worse than wasted on alcohol and applying it to the four or five times as much health and nutritive value which it would purchase in the form of good food, better housing and clothing and sleeping porches, to say nothing of country and sea-side vacations, and basket suppers in the parks, has already cut down the death rate from this dead malady nearly twenty percent and saved the nation tens of thousands of lives.

Almost unanimous reports from public school teachers, school and district nurses, welfare workers among the poor, intelligent police chiefs and heads of charitable organizations, show that never, in all their experience, has there been so striking an improvement in the feeding, the clothing, the general comfort and welfare of school children as within the last two years.

Children are making better progress in their studies, not only because they are better clothed and fed, but because they come to school less tired and exhausted by the various kinds of wage-earning jobs and errands, which they are no longer obliged to undertake now that fathers turn over four-fifths of their wages



## — AND TODAY

By John Sloan

to the mothers instead of drinking up half or even two-thirds of them in the saloons.

One of the most surprising fiascos of all the brooding prophecies of evils sure to be brought down upon us by prohibition was that concerned with the use of narcotics.

We happen to be in an unusually favorable position to get at the facts of this problem because of the Harrison law and other similar state laws, requiring rigid recording and reporting of all narcotic drugs prescribed or sold.

The first six months went by without any change in either the number of drug addicts or the amount of narcotics consumed. This was explained on the supposition that all habitual users of alcohol to excess had been warned so far in advance that they had been able to lay in private stocks.

But a year passed with still no change and finally it dawned upon us that the cutting off of alcohol had not made the slightest increase in the number of so-called "dope fiends."

To take a few representative samples! In Milwaukee at the city Emergency Hospital, while the number of alcoholics treated fell from 258 in 1917 to 171 in 1919, the cases of drug addictions had increased from seventeen to twenty-one, all old habitués.

In the chief and best-known private sanatorium for the care of alcoholic and drug addicts in New England, that of Dr. Frederic Taylor, in Boston, the number of morphine users, etc., had remained the same and all of them had contracted the habit long before prohibition.

The Department of Health of Los Angeles reports that of 500 registered drug addicts on their lists only three claim to have acquired the habit since the prohibition law went into effect.

The Health Commissioner of Denver reports that the use of drugs and narcotics has not increased since the amendment.

The Judge of the Municipal Court of Portland, Oregon, after

carefully studying the cases of narcotic indulgence brought before him, declares that prohibition has had no appreciable effect upon these cases.

This gratifying state of affairs exists to this day as attested by scores of reports from every part of the country. The only exception is in the City of New York, where the known habitual victims of the drug habit have slightly increased in number.

Recently, I attended a meeting of a national medical association, whose delegates represented something like 40,000 physicians scattered all over the United States. I took the opportunity to put the question, "What do you think about prohibition? Does it work, and if so, how?" to about thirty or forty of the leading men from various sections of the country.

It has been my own estimate that the actual amount of liquor consumed by the whole community had been cut down fifty percent to sixty-five percent; to my surprise, however, the lowest estimate of reduction, advanced by those men of thirty to fifty years of experience, was eighty percent and some ran as high as ninety-five percent.

Here in this country we have something like seventeen million souls fully fifty percent if not seventy-five percent of whom have been in the habit of using alcoholic beverages as regularly and as habitually as we use tea, coffee, or milk. The first reaction of these Italian, Slav, Hungarian, Greek new-come citizens was naturally one of bewilderment and dismay. What would they do, how could they live without their good wine, their strengthening beer, their consoling whisky?

Many of them promptly dug up ancient recipes, or consulted the grandfathers and grandmothers of their little cluster and proceeded to manufacture their own supplies by home brewing and vinting, with fair success and satisfaction. But there was nevertheless a deep and disturbing sense of real grievance over



what they felt was a wanton blow at their personal liberty and at the happiness of themselves and their families.

But it was not long before a change came over the vision of Pietro and Alessandro and Eleutheros.

"Da wife say she lika da law, more mon for eggs and butter and fruit for da bambini, more shoes for da ragazzo, more pretty dresses for Maria Annunziata to wear to high school. Me, I don't like eet, but—I get less headache, maka more mon, buya da house and lot sooner, taka da wife and children to da movies instead sit round in da saloon."

TODAY it would hardly be too much to say that there is no body of opinion of the same size more solidly and loyally behind the new law than that of our latest-come and newest-born citizens, whose eager devotion to the flag and to what they believe to be the ideals and the standards of America, put many of our Pilgrim or blue bloods to the blush.

One of the aspects of the problem into which very careful inquiry has been made both in person and by letter, is the effect of the new law upon strikes, lockouts, picket riots and labor difficulties generally. Three facts seem to stand out fairly definitely and positively.

First, that the men when deprived of their accustomed means of enjoyment and exhilaration were a little more ready to resent what they regarded as infringements upon their rights.

Secondly, when they did strike, they were more likely to be upon sound and reasonable grounds, and so with a better chance of winning.

The number of strikes and lockouts in this country since prohibition has not only been no greater, but distinctly less, than in European countries which have no prohibition. And such strikes as have occurred have been most gratifyingly freer from rioting, bloodshed and loss of life than in pre-prohibition days.

As to the influence of partial alcohol-free conditions upon crime, this has been in part obvious and just what might have been expected and in part rather eyebrow-raising. Naturally, there has been a marked falling off, first in plain drunks, second in drunk-and-disorderlies, and third in assault-and-batteries; of what might be called casual and even convivial misdemeanors.

Offences which, though sometimes grave, are not committed with premeditation and malice aforethought come next. The percentage of reduction in these groups runs fairly even in the reports from all quarters and sources, about fifty percent to sixty percent, and as these three great groups, drunk, drunk-and-disorderly and assault-and-battery make up something like four-fifths of all crimes, there has been a well marked thinning of jail populations and lightening of the work of our police courts.

Many jails have been not merely emptied, but closed for lack of "patronage" and in several states, it is being urged that all criminals from county and municipal courts be taken care of in State penitentiaries, and the local jails, prisons, and workhouses converted to other uses.

A SIMILAR and parallel falling off has occurred on the medical side in the number of cases of acute alcoholism received at our great hospitals and of alcoholic insanity at our public asylums. But the most striking diminution of all has occurred in the cases of delirium tremens, which have fallen off not fifty or sixty but eighty to ninety percent and in some cases disappeared entirely.

In Boston, for instance, there were 20,000 fewer arrests in the first year following prohibition.

In Milwaukee, the number of drunk and disorderly arrests have fallen from 1,620 to 731 since the law, and the total of arrests from all causes from 4,800 to 1,950.

In a very thoughtful and able summary of the situation, the Municipal Judge of Portland, Oregon, Judge Rossman, states that barely three to five percent of the men brought before him for drunkenness are under thirty and the remainder had acquired their thirst long before the law. That the habitual drunks are coming in less frequently and that very few young men are becoming confirmed drunkards. "In fact it is so rare for a young man to be arrested on a drunk charge that it always evokes attention."

That in spite of the crime wave in the reaction following the war, prohibition has a materially lessening effect upon crime.

In Portland, Maine, the total number of arrests for all causes has dropped from 6,459 in 1917 to 1,624 in 1920.

In the great Philadelphia General Hospital, the cases of alcoholism have dropped from 2,326 in 1918 to 808 in 1920.

In Cleveland, the deaths from acute alcoholism have fallen from seventy-seven in 1917 to eleven in 1920.

But in the remaining ten to fifteen percent of serious crimes assault-with-intent-to-do-great-bodily-hurt, assault-with-intent-to-kill, burglary, hold-ups and homicide, there has been, in many quarters, a distinct increase, ranging from twenty percent for burglary, to fifty percent for hold-ups and homicide.

In other words, crimes which require courage and vigor of a certain sort and a distinct amount of more or less intelligent planning in advance have shown little or no diminution, because the absence or shortage of liquor has kept this class of criminals' eye and hand steadier and brain clearer to carry out their nefarious designs.

Unfortunately, the cutting off of the criminals' supply of liquor seems to have produced no similar vivifying and strengthening effect upon the intelligence of the police. The net result, because of this regrettable situation, has been rather disconcerting to the community at large.

ODD straws which have floated in during the course of this study and which are not without significance, are statements from several large employers of labor that there is a falling off of accidents in their mills and factories and a diminution in the amount of valuable raw material wasted or spoiled. Also there has been an increase in bank deposits of from \$1,300,561,000 to \$1,736,322,000 from 1917 to 1920 in Milwaukee.

There has been an astounding increase in the number of eating places in many communities, lunch counters, dairy lunches, food shops, soda-water fountains, and ice cream parlors. In one of the boroughs of New York City the number leaped from 2,000 before the "dust-storm" to 14,000 one year later, showing that people are both amusing themselves and eating instead of drinking. No kind of poison that the human stomach can brew unaided and at short notice out of pure, wholesome food can rival alcohol in toxicity for a moment. It takes weeks and a mash tub or still to do that.

Incidentally in this connection alcohol did great harm not only positive but "negative" to the thirsty laborer, or perspiring citizen in the dog-days. When you perspire freely you sweat out through your skin gallons of water per day instead of the ordinary pints, and you must pour into yourself equivalent amounts of water or suffer serious "drying" and general damage to your system.

A "glass of cool beer" prevents this balancing precisely because by its narcotic effect it quenches thirst long before a proper amount of water has been taken. If you drank enough beer to really physiologically quench your thirst and make good your perspiration loss, you'd be dead drunk.

Furthermore, these ice cream sodas and fruit sodas and egg-shakes and milk-shakes contain substantial amounts of real food, and are often accompanied by cakes, cookies, doughnuts or sandwiches. It is positively comical though profoundly cheering to watch the huge amounts of these "pink tea" refreshments consumed nowadays by great husky coal-heavers and teamsters and ditch diggers, because they find they can work better on them. I saw one strapping expressman down two huge ice-cream sodas one right after the other, and the druggist told me he often took five or six in the course of a day.

FINALLY we come to the last, and in ultimate analysis, most fundamental problem of the alcohol habit. Can we face the trials of life without alcohol's consolations and illusions?

In the words of Wallace Irwin's famous Japanese schoolboy, "Answer is Yes!" But as to just how, the answer, it must be admitted, is still open.

To what agencies and influences can we look to dull the wire edge of the Weltschmerz, to benumb us to the grim clutch of circumstances, to rose-color the gray, monotonous drudgery of every-day toil, to give us a hope of better things to come, even if only a temporary gleam?

It is urgent that some great public agency, Church, Y. M. C. A., K. C., Y. M. H. A., the municipality, or the State should take over and intelligently study and administer the whole problem of recreation, of social pleasures, of music, the drama and the creative arts and crafts. Why not have a Commissioner of Happiness, as well as of Health, in the Department of Public Welfare?

There is no need for any elaborate apparatus or equipment. The one keenest, most constant, never-failing, undying interest people have is just their interest in one another. The favorite study of mankind is man.

## PLAY of the Month

When you read the Play of the Month you do not have to wait until next season for a traveling company to bring you the dramas New York is enjoying this season.



© Strauss-Peyton

# KIKI

David Belasco's  
adaptation from the French of  
André Picard

**E**VEN the star of a music hall insists upon the right to be temperamental and Paulette D'Avril, of the "Folies Monplaisir," was all of that. As a result, the rehearsal had ended in a row and stage manager Joly was in a bad temper. The fact that Paulette had been divorced by the music hall manager, Victor Renal, did not make things any better—particularly as Renal, more than half inclined to make it up with Paulette, had become jealous of the squeaky voiced tenor. That certainly had something to do with the trouble.

Anyway, at the curtain's rise Joly came in demanding to see Renal. Brulé, once Renal's trench companion and now guard of the back door, answered laconically.

Courtesy of David Belasco, Producer.



Lenore Ulric, herself, and in her impersonation of the irrepressible Kiki—the bewildering product of the Paris music halls—in which she has created a new stage character.



When a little later Renal, who had "run out of the place as though someone had set him on fire," entered he told Joly he would have to let Paulette go. The talk was interrupted by a fight outside

between two girls—one of them the "little insect who wears a long feather." Joly discharged them both. Renal, later, told Brulé, emphatically, "out of the theater Paulette goes today." In order to put his threat into execution, he sent for the star and while waiting for her appearance, Brulé was left in charge. But Brulé's authority was outraged for into the office

my legs in 'em for the first time today. He ought to pay for 'em. The big—(suddenly spies rip in waist) Oh, my God! He's torn my waist—see?

RENAL—I see. It's a pity. But you shouldn't have got into a fight with my back door-keeper. It's not done in this theater.

KIKI—You mean music hall, don't you? My skirt, my nice new skirt. It's a damned shame. Got a pin?

RENAL—Here's one. I suppose you have something very important to say to me.

KIKI (pinning at her skirt)—You bet.

RENAL—Then be quick about it. I'm in a hurry.

KIKI—I've got to pull myself together a little first, ain't I?

RENAL—I have an important engagement.

KIKI—This is important, too.

RENAL—So I see. Who are you anyway? What's your name?



came the girl with the long feather—Kiki; and she refused to leave until she had seen the boss. Brulé was not to be trifled with and at last he picked the girl up to carry her out, a job by no means easy, and at that moment Renal entered and, took charge of the situation.

RENAL—Brulé, can't you do that in some other place?

BRULÉ—Why, Victor, it ain't what you think at all. This girl got in and she won't go out. I'm just putting her out—won't take a second.

KIKI (very angry at Brulé)—Big animal of a cooking stove! Do you know what he's done? He's broken a bone.

RENAL—A bone?

KIKI—In my stays. And my nice new skirt. No one would believe I just bought it. And my brassiere is busted—I can feel it. I'll bet my new silk stockings are full of runs, and I had



**C.** "Say! Can't change your mind and engage me, can you?" Kiki asks.  
"No, but I'll take you home with me," Renal (Sam B. Hardy) answers.

Now I want you to get this. I've got any number of rich friends who are crazy about me—you never saw anything like it. They want to boost me ahead—back me. But I say, let up—nothing doing. I hate pull. Ain't I right? Now, I—

RENAL—Hold on. I don't want to hear the story of your life. I told you I was in a hurry. Run along—vamoose.

KIKI—Say—I must say you ain't very polite.

RENAL—Well, if you're so sensitive—

KIKI—I'm not. Or I wouldn't have let you get so familiar with me—

RENAL—Familiar! Holy—

KIKI—I let you  
(Continued  
on page 104)



Q. "Why, Victor, it ain't what you think at all," Brulé (Thomas Findlay) the stage doorman explains. "This girl got in and she won't go—I'm putting her out—it won't take a second."

KIKI—Kiki.

RENAL—What?

KIKI—Kiki, I'm telling you. Of course, that isn't my real name.

RENAL—No, I didn't suppose it was.

KIKI—Can't tell you my real name—it might lead to complications.

RENAL—Really? Then don't. I hate complications and I'm busy. What are you doing here anyway?

KIKI—You ought to know. I'm engaged in your sheebang.

RENAL—I'll have you know this place is not a sheebang.

KIKI—Anyway I'm in the Review. I've several parts.

RENAL—So you're in the chorus. Well, what do you want, dearie?

KIKI—I've got a complaint to make. I've been very unjustly treated in this house. And as they told me you were a square man—

RENAL—Oh, they did, eh?

KIKI—Yes. Everybody said so. They said, "The boss is a kicker, he's very disagreeable, but he's square—nobody can deny that—he is square."

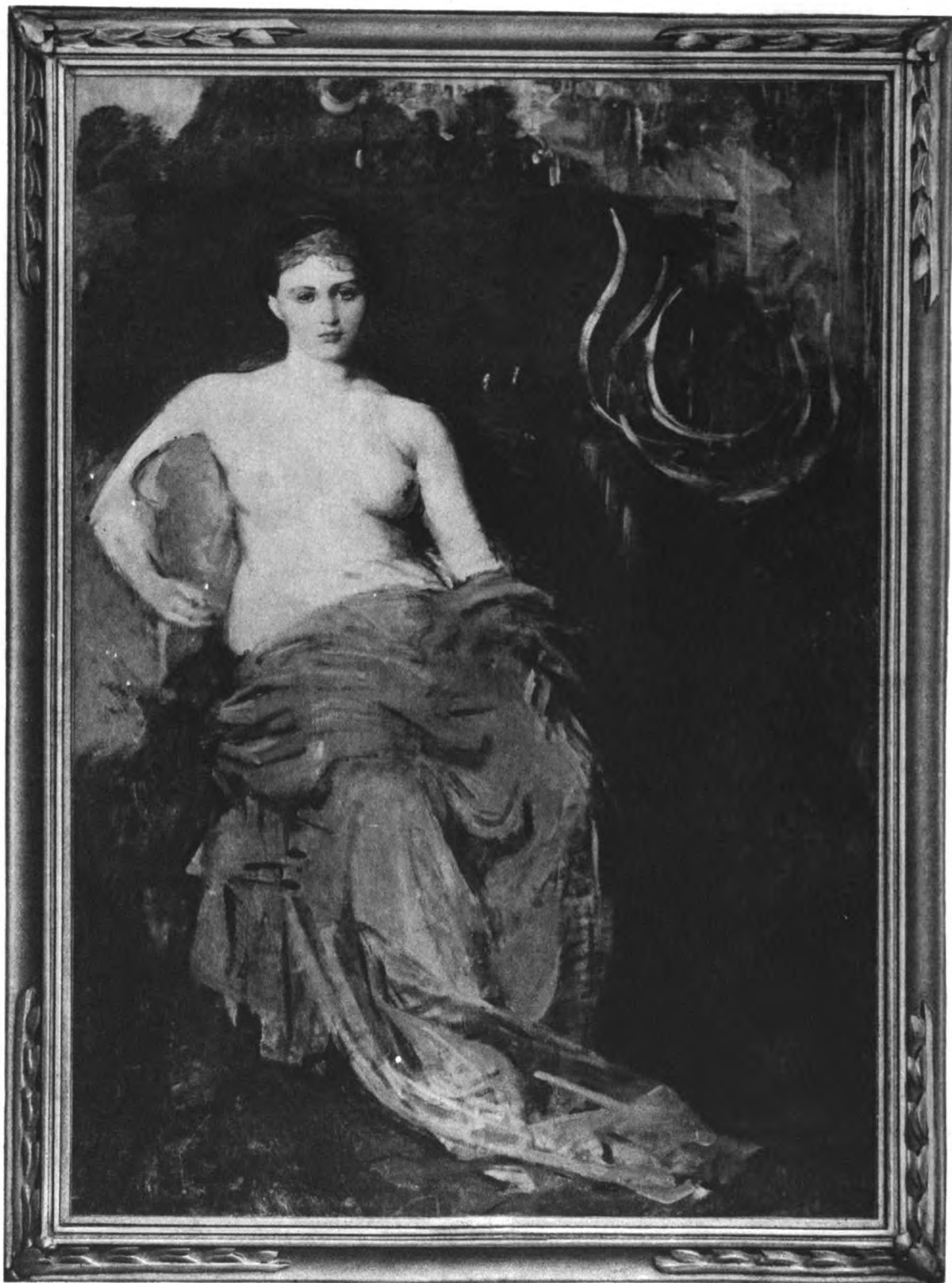
RENAL—I think I am. However—

KIKI—We'll see. To begin with I'd like you to know I don't have to do this kind of work—sing in the chorus—not for money. I'm an artiste. I want to work up—get a few lines to say—

Q. "Isn't it better," Kiki asks, "to have someone to think about all the time than no one at all—even if it does keep you awake nights worrying?"







*An American's Masterwork*

**C** This *Figure Half-draped*, by Abbott H. Thayer, recently sold for \$40,000, one of the largest prices yet paid for a painting by an American. The exhibition of Thayer's pictures at the Metropolitan Museum of Art definitely fixed his standing in the front ranks of native artists.



Abbott H. Thayer, from a portrait painted by himself. Thoroughly modern and imbued with the creative spirit, he was in no sense an imitator. Childe Hassam said of Thayer's *Figure Half-draped*, "paint can go no further in portraying the human form."

## The Rise of Abbott Thayer

By Gardner Teall

A FEW weeks ago the American press announced that a New York art collector had paid \$40,000 for Abbott Henderson Thayer's "Figure Half-draped." To artists and art-lovers, Abbott Thayer's work was well known, but Fame had not at the time of his death carried his name to the great public at large.

But now the great Memorial Exhibition of Abbott Thayer's work at the Metropolitan Museum of Art in New York has brought thousands of lay-folk to an appreciation of this master. His canvases are to be found in many public galleries and in numerous important private collections.

While Thayer's production was not large, American art is fortunate in having as much as it has from his brush. We have had no painter who excelled him in seeming to catch in his canvases the spirit of his subject. Thayer had little to do with the story-telling in his pictures; his concern was to convey to others the emotion their creation stirred in himself, if, indeed, he gave any particular thought to "others" in this connection.

I like to recall his own words on the subject of the artist's way of painting, as he wrote them in an article contributed the year before his death to the *International Studio*: "Every great work of art," said he, "has its birth essentially in one and the same manner. The artist, as he sees it taking clearer and clearer shape

on his canvas or in his clay, begins to work by the light of the splendor of the being to which he feels he is giving birth. In this state he becomes empowered to complete his birth unerringly, to put in place all its details with a purity of harmony and balance that utterly transcend all powers that even he possessed before this exaltation reached him its hand."

Abbott Thayer was a clear thinker. He was a clear painter; that is to say, there can be no mistake as to the character which he portrays. Of his masterpiece, "Figure Half-draped," Childe Hassam said that paint could go no further in portraying the human form than we find it doing here.

Through all his progress of accomplishment, Abbott Thayer did not change the technique acquired in his early years. It was developed but not revolutionized. Through all these years his interest in natural history increased and finally absorbed much of his time. Some have thought it a pity that his every moment was not given to painting. I do not feel that way about Abbott Thayer's work in natural history.

The most conspicuous instance of Thayer's scientific researches is his discovery of the law underlying protective coloration in animal life, and his researches and conclusions in this field were published first by the Government in the *Smithsonian Institution Reports*.





U. Drawn by F. Strothmann

# Whiskers for Women

By Walt Mason

U Will the Sage of Emporia dare go back to Kansas after this?

UPON a golden afternoon, long ago, I was walking down the main street of a Kansas town, filled with fresh country buttermilk and good will towards men. I was smoking my favorite meerschaum pipe, a magnificent piece of bric-a-brac, presented to me by the Crown Prince of Switzerland when I was last in Yurrupe. I had devoted the best years of my life to the coloring of that pipe, watching and gloating over it like a mother over her firstborn; and at last I had brought it to such a glorious fruition of color that other smokers were always breaking into my house, determined to steal it.

I was just rounding the corner of Main Street and Hayseed Avenue when I encountered an elderly woman of rather stately, but grim and resolute aspect. She carried a green umbrella and, before I realized that she was on the warpath, she used that weapon to knock the priceless pipe from my mouth, and send it in worthless fragments to the sidewalk.

A crowd assembled in the twinkling of an eye, as crowds do assemble whenever it is possible to witness human humiliation. The elderly woman reared up to a great height, and waved her green umbrella, and made a speech in which she insisted that smoking is responsible for most of the misery and degradation in this world. If fathers didn't waste their money for tobacco, children would wear better shoes to Sunday school.

There was nothing I could do except to stand by and wear a sickly smile; and people who witnessed that smile say it was the saddest thing they ever saw. It haunted their dreams for months, it was so clammy and ghastly, so suggestive of vampires and charnel houses.

The dauntless female was Mrs. Carrie Nation, who enjoyed a widespread fame in her day, but who is already nearly for-

gotten, reformers are coming up so fast. In Kansas, Mrs. Nation had several strong-arm followers, industrious old ladies who went around with hatchets, breaking windows, cracking stone jugs, and knocking men's hats off. It was generally admitted, even by those who didn't admire their methods, that they had the courage of their convictions; but since the day of martyrdom when I lost my pipe, I have given the matter much consideration, and am inclined to question the courage of these militant females. They took advantage of their sex, as women always do and as a result escaped unhurt.

HAD a man come along and knocked my pipe into flinders with his umbrella or golfstick, I wouldn't have been seen standing there in a dazed condition, wearing a hectic smile calculated to make strong men weep. Ah, no. There would have been a gorgeous scrap a Homer might have taken as the basis for an epic; and when the scrap was over, it would have taken the street gang three days to put the pavement back where it belonged, and straighten up the telephone poles, and reset the street railway. Even if I had emerged second best from such a combat, I should have gone to the hospital with my hands full of my foeman's whiskers.

There are many male reformers, earnest and militant men, who are bound and determined to send tobacco where John Barleycorn lies, with the mocking bird a-singing o'er his grave. But we don't hear of any of them going round knocking the pipes out of men's mouths, and we never will.

Mrs. Nation and her followers thoroughly understood that if any rude men violently opposed their operations, the rude

men would probably be horsewhipped or tarred and feathered by their fellow citizens; for chivalry runs strong in Kansas, although it is gradually oozing away, and it would be hard to predict the attitude of men fifty years hence, if another Mrs. Nation appeared.

The other day the police judge at San Diego sentenced a cultured and refined matron to jail. She had caused a serious automobile accident by pulling a boner for which there was no excuse.

"If I had my way," said the weary jurist, when he had pronounced the sentence, "no woman would be allowed to drive an automobile on the public streets."

I have long believed that every car driven by a woman should be preceded by a brass band, so all the world might know she's coming. Or there might be a calliope attachment on the car, playing the "Dead March" from Saul. Something should be done to protect the public from the woman driver. Of course there are women who drive as well as the most expert men, but in general they learned when young and have handled cars for years. The indictment against the average woman driver is that she doesn't care a hoot for the rules of the road.

The other day I was going to turn to the left and stretched out my hand, all glittering with Hope and Koh-i-noor gems, as a signal to anyone behind. I kept my hand extended until my arm ached, so there might be no mistake, for I am one of your cautious old boys who keep the motto, "Safety First," pasted in their hats; and as I was making the turn a woman came slamming up in a car that looked like an old concertina, and she tore off my best fender, and broke a wheel, and sprung an axle, and shook her fist at me and yelled, "Why don't you look where you are going?"

LATER, when our stormy passions had settled down, and we could discuss the accident calmly, she admitted that she was trying to read a fashion magazine, and adjust her back hair, and keep her car on the road, all at the same time, so she didn't see my signal, and, in fact, didn't know I was on the road until her car was wrapped around mine. She had been driving a car for two or three years and didn't know what any of the signals meant; she had seen people putting their hands out of car windows, but it all looked like silly affectation to her; like a vulgar attempt to attract attention.

Women now are busy in every field of human activity, demanding their rights and opportunities in full, and only alluding to their sex when they want to put something over, or when they are in a tight place and need some good excuse. There is no doubt that the old time chivalry of the men is wasting away. I see its decline in my own home. One night recently, my Aunt Dorcas came to my bedroom door and announced that there was a burglar down stairs.

"Let him burgle," I said; "there's nothing down stairs worth taking, except that 'Yard of Roses' chromo in the kitchen, for after paying my income tax I soaked everything that wasn't bolted down, as you well know. So go back to bed and forget the burglar."

"Get up this minute and chase that burglar off the premises," my aunt cried.

"Do your own chasing," I said. "When I did the voting for this outfit I cheerfully assumed all the responsibilities; on three separate occasions, I tackled burglars, and twice was shot up, and once black-jacked. Now that my grandmother and aunts and nieces are all voting, they'll have to take turns at suppressing the wave of crime."

I wonder how the girls like their glorious independence, as

far as they've gone. Now they can vote, and run for office, and serve on juries, and have a joy ride generally; are they as happy as they thought they'd be? I used to think it would make politics a lot more interesting and attractive when pretty women began running for office, appealing to the intelligent voter for his support and influence, without offering him a drink of hair oil or a packing house cigar.

I had an idea such candidates would babble pleasantly of fox trots and ice cream, and avoid all such wearisome topics as public economy and principle in politics. It would be a real pleasure to vote for a bright and pretty girl who knew how to wear a hat.

## W. C. Politics and Pies

WOMEN now, in restless legions, swarm throughout our native land; in all eagle-guarded regions, girls triumphant take their stand. Woman's sphere has been extended till its bounds most widely lie; now her servitude is ended, can she make a decent pie? Well I know that she can wrangle with our statesmen in debate, shoot our laws from any angle, make the income tax look straight; for on deep things, she is posted, she is stuffed with useful lore; but are ducks and beef ribs roasted as they were in days of yore? Can a woman save the nation from disaster and despair, and maintain her lofty station framing up the bill of fare? Will she make our flag a winner, save the country when it skids, or provide a good boiled dinner for the Old Man and the kids?

*Clare Mason*

but I believe that in a hundred years a majority of the women statesmen will be wearing whiskers.

Our moralists and reformers are insisting that the breaking up of the American home is responsible for most of the evils now prevalent. I greatly fear the advent of the girls in politics will hasten the work of breaking up the home. True, much evidence is presented, calculated to reassure us. Every now and then we see a picture or a story designed to convince us that woman can take her share in public affairs, and still be the gracious mistress of an ideal home.

The other day I saw the picture of a large lady who had reared nine sons and as many daughters, and yet had successfully run the town shooting gallery and served three terms as chief of police. The fact that such pictures and stories regularly appear indicates that propagandists are at work, and somebody realizes the weak point of this suffrage business.

How do the girls like it?

In the country where I am living now, there have been three or four famous murder trials in as many months. They were long-drawn, wearisome affairs. There were several women on each jury. Day after day, these women had to sit in stuffy courtrooms and listen to testimony that set their teeth on edge; testimony having to do with all that is low, base, and unprofitable in human nature.

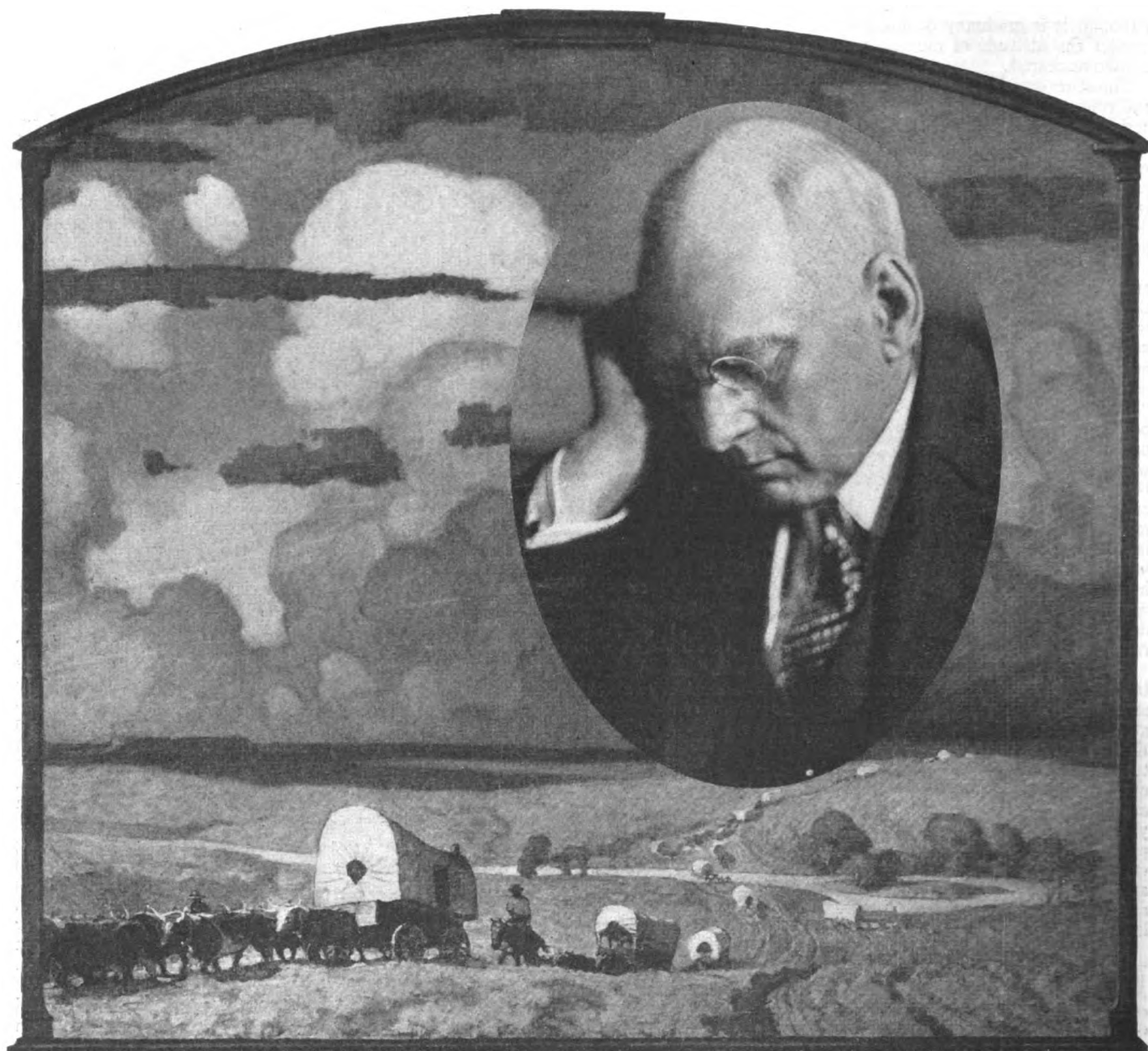
At night, they were locked up like prisoners, and in the morning, they had headaches and unspeakable tastes in their mouths, and their noses were red, and their hair wouldn't stay up, and they had to listen to a lot more testimony designed to convince them that human nature is the foulest thing under heaven.

When the various trials were over the women were bitterly condemned, because no verdict was reached in any of the trials, and the prisoners all have to go through the mill again. The girls were pitiable objects when they left the jury box; exhausted, their nerves wrecked, their patience worn out, most of them had to be lifted into hacks, and comforted with flagons, for they were all in, worn out by jury duty.

I had posted myself at the courthouse door to ask them how they liked their glorious independence, but when I saw the shape they were in, I concluded to can the catechism.

But I keep on wondering how they like their freedom and independence, after giving it a fair trial.





# Vandemark's Folly

By Herbert Quick

A BOY, undersized, overworked, and wretched, sat on a stump near the Erie Canal and watched the tow boats go by. It was there his step-father, John Rucker, found him. "I'll learn yeh to steal my time," he said, and holding the boy the man beat him so that welts rose on his back and shoulders. But before the beating was ended Jacobus Teunis Vandemark found his first friend in Captain Sproule of a canal boat. He knocked Rucker down and taking the whip beat the fallen man. So goes the story, epitomized, in the first pages of Mr. Quick's novel of pioneer life, and the great migration into the Mississippi Valley—the wild prairie region.

Little Jacob, of course, could not go home after that so he went with the Captain and began his life as a driver on the

**L**OTS of you folks are too busy to do all the reading you would like to do, but if you read this one department in *Hearst's International* in the course of a year you will have read twelve books so carefully selected that you can well lay claim to a liberal education in current literature

tow path. It was a long trip to Buffalo and back and when Jake reached home, eager to see his mother, he found that she and John Rucker had disappeared, gone West, leaving no address. He learned that his mother had come into her inheritance which had been tied up by a lawsuit; but it was only after three years of incessant inquiry that he had trace of her and followed to Madison, Wisconsin. But the eager-hearted youngster had arrived too late. His mother was dead.

Through the trickery of John Rucker, assisted by a dishonest lawyer, Jake received as his portion of his mother's estate, a section of land in Iowa near Monterey Center, and a team and covered wagon. So in the spring of 1855, the boy set out overland for the far-away section of land and the township later to

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be known as Vandemark, long after the boy became a man and the pains he had suffered were forgotten.

On that trip he met most of the people with whom he was to be associated in later life, and so you are cautioned to place them, carefully, now. There were Doctor and Mollie Bliven, fleeing into the wild West to escape Mollie's outraged husband; there was Rowena Fewkes, with her chinless brothers and her mother with no collar bones; there was the strong, likable villain of the piece, Buckner Gowdy, and his sister-in-law, Virginia Royall—the beautiful, terrified Virginia; there were Elder and Grandma Thorndyke, and at the very end of his journey, Magnus Thorkelson. Virginia Royall's sister had died on the trip and after a little, unable to endure the attentions of her brother-in-law, Buckner Gowdy, Virginia fled and so came by accident to Vandemark, whom she had met at the time of her sister's death and who had been kind to her.

**I** MADE camp (Vandemark says) a few hundred yards from the road by a creek which ran bank-full but clear. I was still in sight of the road and the twilight was settling down gradually; the air was so clear that even in the absence of a moon, it was long after sunset before it was dark.

A pack of wolves just off the road and to the west began their hellish concert over some way-side carcass—just at the moment that a woman came in sight. She appeared in the road where it came into my view twenty rods or so beyond the creek and on the other side of it.

I heard her scream when the first howls of the wolves broke the silence; and then she came running, stumbling, falling, partly toward me and partly toward a point upstream, where I thought she must mean to cross the brook—a thing which was very easy for one on foot, since it called only for a little jump from one bank to the other. She seemed to be carrying something which, when she fell, would fly out of her hand, and which, in spite of her

panic, she would pick up before in her fright she ran on again in her effort to escape from the wolves.

She came on uncertainly, but always running away from the howls of the wolves, and just before she reached the little creek, she stopped and looked back, as if for a sight of pursuers—and there were pursuers. Perhaps a hundred yards back of her, I saw four or five slinking dark forms; for the cowardly prairie wolf becomes bold when fled from, and partly out of curiosity, and perhaps looking forward to a feast on some dead or dying animal, they were stalking the girl, silent, shadowy, evil, and maybe dangerous. She saw them too—and with another scream she plunged on through the knee-high grass, fell splashing into the icy water of the creek.

"Don't be afraid," said I running up, as she scrambled out of the shallow creek, "I won't let them hurt you—I won't let anything hurt you."

"The wolves!" she cried. "The wolves!"

"They are gone," I said. "They are all gone—and I've got a gun. Don't you be afraid."

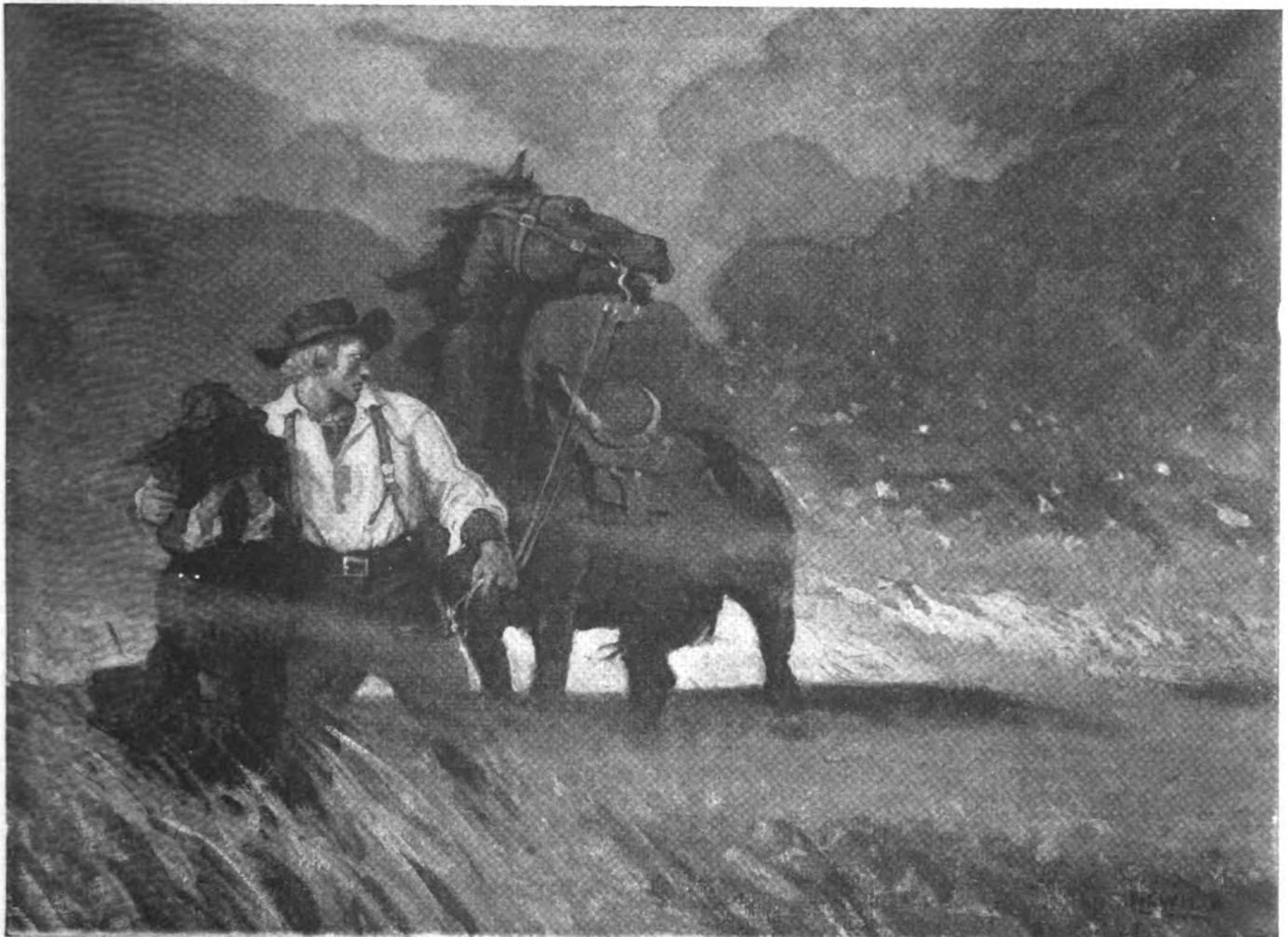
"Oh! Oh!" she cried: "Keep them away! Keep them away!"

She kept saying this over and over, sitting on the ground and staring out into the darkness, starting at every rustle of the wind, afraid of everything. It was a long time before she uttered a word except exclamations of terror, and every once in a while she broke down in convulsive sobbings. I thought there was something familiar in her voice; but I could not see well enough to recognize her features, though it was plain that she was a young girl and sadly in need of friends.

"The wolves are gone," I said; "I have scared them off and now you have nothing to fear."

"Don't let them come back," she sobbed. "Don't let them come back!"

"I've got a little camp-fire over yonder," I said; "and if we go to it, I'll build it up bright, and that will scare them most to death. They're cowards, the wolves—a camp-fire will make 'em run.



**Q.** *The prairie fire, from which Vandemark rescued Rowena, is the most dramatic scene in the book. Drawn by N.C. Wyeth and reproduced through the courtesy of the Curtis Publishing Company and the Ladies' Home Journal.*



Let's go to the fire where you can get warm and dry."

She made an effort to get up, but fell back to the ground in a heap. I was just at that age when every boy is afraid of girls; and while I had my dreams of rescuing damsels from danger and serving them in other heroic ways as all boys do, when the pinch came I did not know what to do; she put up her hand, though, and I took it and helped her to her feet; but she could not walk.

Summoning up my courage I picked her up and carried her towards the fire. She said nothing, except, of course, that she was too heavy for me to carry; but she clung to me convulsively.

"You are the boy who took care of me back there when my sister died," said she as I carried her along.

"Are you Mrs. Gowdy's sister?" I asked.

"I am Virginia Royall," she said.

She was very wet and very cold. I set her down on the spring seat where she could lean back, and wrapped her in a buffalo robe, building up the fire until it warmed her.

"I'm glad it's you!" she said.

PRESENTLY I had hot coffee for her, and some warm milk, with the fish and good bread and butter, and a few slices of crisp pork which I had fried, and browned warmed-up potatoes. There was a smear-case too, milk gravey and sauce made of English currants. She began picking at the food, saying that she could not eat; and I noticed that her lips were pale, while her face was crimson as if with fever. She had had nothing to eat for twenty-four hours except some crackers and cheese which she had hidden in her satchel before running away; so in spite of the fact that she was in a bad way from all she had gone through, she did eat a fair meal of victuals.

I thought she ought to be talked to so as to take her mind from her fright; but I could think of nothing but my way of cooking the victuals, and how much I wished I could give her a better meal—just the same sort of talk a woman is always laughed at for—but she did not say much to me. I suppose her strange predicament began returning to her mind.

I had already made up my mind that she could sleep in the wagon, while I rolled up in the buffalo robe by the fire.

SO THE two children, neither over sixteen, were thrown together. For days they hid themselves in a grove of trees to escape the people in search of Virginia. When they resumed the slow trip westward, there were narrow escapes and near hysteria on the girl's part. Once they were questioned by Elder and Grandma Thorndyke, who innocently, were trying to aid Gowdy in his search for Virginia. At Waterloo, Iowa, the two went to church and at the door came, for the second time, face to face with the Thorndykes.

Escape was impossible and common sense breaking through, the young people agreed to separation and Jake went on West alone.

At last the long journey ended and the boy drove into the town nearest his land. The local surveyor was pointed out to him and joined by Magnus Thorkelson, who was also a new arrival, the three set out for Jake's section of land, the surveyor, Henderson L. Burns, going in front and shooting plovers and prairie chickens by the way. Thus the three of them came at last to the big marsh to be known as Vandemark's Folly.

HENDERSON L. looked at his memorandum of the description of my land, looked about him, drove off a mile south, and came back, finally put his horse down the hill to the base of it, and out a hundred yards in the waving grass, that made early hay for the town for fifteen years, he found the corner stake driven by the Government surveyors, and beckoned for me to come down.

"This is the southeast corner of your land," said he. "Looks like a mighty good place for a man with as good a shotgun as that—ducks and geese the year round!"

"Where are the other corners?" I asked.

"That's to be determined," he answered.

To determine it, he tied his handkerchief about the felly of

his buggy wheel, held a pocket compass in his left hand to drive by, picked out a tall rosin-weed to mark the course for me, and counted the times the handkerchief went around as the buggy traveled on. He knew how many turns made a mile. The horse's hoofs sucked in the wet sod as we got farther out into the marsh, and then the ground rose a little and we went up over a headland that juts out into the marsh; then we went down into the slew again, and finally stopped in a miry place where there was a flowing spring with tall yellow lady's-slippers and catkin willows growing around it.

After a few minutes of looking about, Burns found my southwest corner. We made back to the edge of the slope, and Henderson L. looked off to the north in despair.

"My boy," said he, "I've actually located your two south corners, and you can run the south line yourself from these stakes. The north line is three hundred and twenty rods north of and parallel to it—and the east and west lines will run themselves when you locate the north corners—but I'll have to wait till the ground freezes, or get Darius Green to help me—and the great tide of immigration hain't brought him to this neck of the woods yet."

"But where's my land?" I queried: for I did not understand all this hocus-pocus of locating any given spot in the Iowa prairie in 1855. "Where is my land?"

"The heft of it," said he, is right down there in Hell Slew. It's all pretty wet; but I think you've got the wettest part of it; the best duck [Continued on page 123]

## The Bookshelf OF THE MONTH

MR. PROHACK, by Arnold Bennett, subtly satirizes hard-headed opposition to luxury-loving extravagance. At the moment of making serious retrenchments in the effort to stretch his salary, Mr. Prohack inherits half a million and becomes an uncreative spender. His son, developing financial genius, piles up a fortune and goes in for high rentals and a yacht. Inevitably, Mr. Prohack is bored with idleness and takes charge of a paper mill with the reflection, "Someone ought to be economic and productive. It will kill me, but I'll die producing."

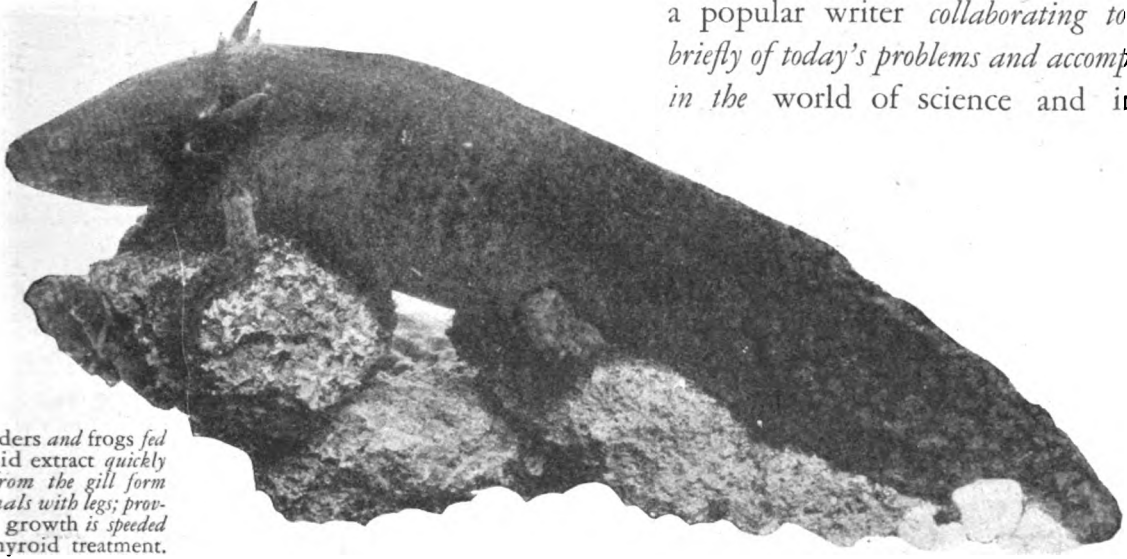
THE EVERLASTING WHISPER, by Jackson Gregory, comes to Mark King from the mysterious mountains. There unfolds then the story of an opportunist in marriage and a disciplinarian in matrimony who, with his weak child-wife, struggles through an implacable Far Western snowstorm. King's efforts are crowned with the acquisition of fabulous wealth, the violent removal of his enemies, and the taming of the ignorant society girl whom he had hastily, not to say thoughtlessly, wedded.

OUTWITTING OUR NERVES, by Josephine A. Jackson, M.D., and Helen M. Salisbury, dispels the popular belief that "nerves" mean depleted cells. Other American credo that the book upsets are: eight hours sleep are essential; overwork leads to nervous break-down; a carefully planned diet is necessary; our nerves can't stand the strain of modern life; brain work is very fatiguing. Daring assumptions, these, but the authors submit substantiating data.

SAINT TERESA, by Henry Sydnor Harrison, describes a rich young woman's fight for her anti-war convictions. Incidentally, she is an individualist to whom the newspapers refer as "the one who hates love." Dean Masury's eager efforts in behalf of the Allies, develops between these two, the contest that makes the book and leads, after he has suffered some rather rough usage at the hands and teeth of Teresa, to the girl's capitulation to love. Nothing, however, shakes her horror of war.

# A SCIENCE of the Month

**Y**OU can understand only that which is clear.  
That is why you find here a scientist and  
a popular writer collaborating to tell you  
briefly of today's problems and accomplishments  
in the world of science and invention



**A** Salamanders and frogs fed on thyroid extract quickly change from the gill form into animals with legs; proving that growth is speeded by the thyroid treatment.

## What Your Glands Are For

By James Hopper and E. E. Free

**W**E HEAR a good deal these days of "glands" and "hormones" and "endocrines." The term "monkey gland" is batted about jocularly. In a certain prison, we hear, a gland has been taken from a prisoner just dead, and placed in another prisoner, alive but senile. Other experiments of the kind are told of in the newspapers. What happens afterwards slips off somehow into vagueness and fog. Does the senile prisoner, reglanded, become young again? The papers seem to get tired of the subject before giving us the answer.

The truth is that, of late years, the scientists who study human and animal life have been much interested in certain organs that had been neglected heretofore as being of little importance. These organs are the so-called "ductless glands."

Everyone knows what a gland is. The liver is a gland. It produces substances needed by the body and discharges these through ducts. The salivary glands discharge saliva through ducts, the tear glands give up through ducts the tears which lubricate the delicate surface of the eye.

But the glands that at present are drawing so much attention possess no ducts. Perhaps this is why they were abandoned for so long. They have been misunderstood organs. Because they had no ducts. Just as a poet by some people is considered of no use because he hasn't a pick in his hands. Up to a few years ago, modern science regarded the ductless glands as atrophied and inert remnants of organs once useful. This is still believed of some glands. The pineal gland, for instance, which lies inside the skull, may be what is left of a third eye which we sported away back in the evolutionary past.

But of others, scientific opinion has radically changed. Instead of being negligible and useless, these ductless glands are now known to possess an importance almost weird. Ductless as they are, they secrete, directly into the blood, substances of concentrated strength which despotically rule the body—and perhaps the mind. They are small organs, too; and the discrepancy between their size and the power that lies in them is something that causes wonder.

The pituitary gland lies in a depression of the skull, just below the brain. It is seldom larger than the rubber end of a pencil, yet it is known to control, through its secretions, the growth of the skeleton, and of the body generally. Over-activity of this gland will produce a giant; under-activity, a dwarf.

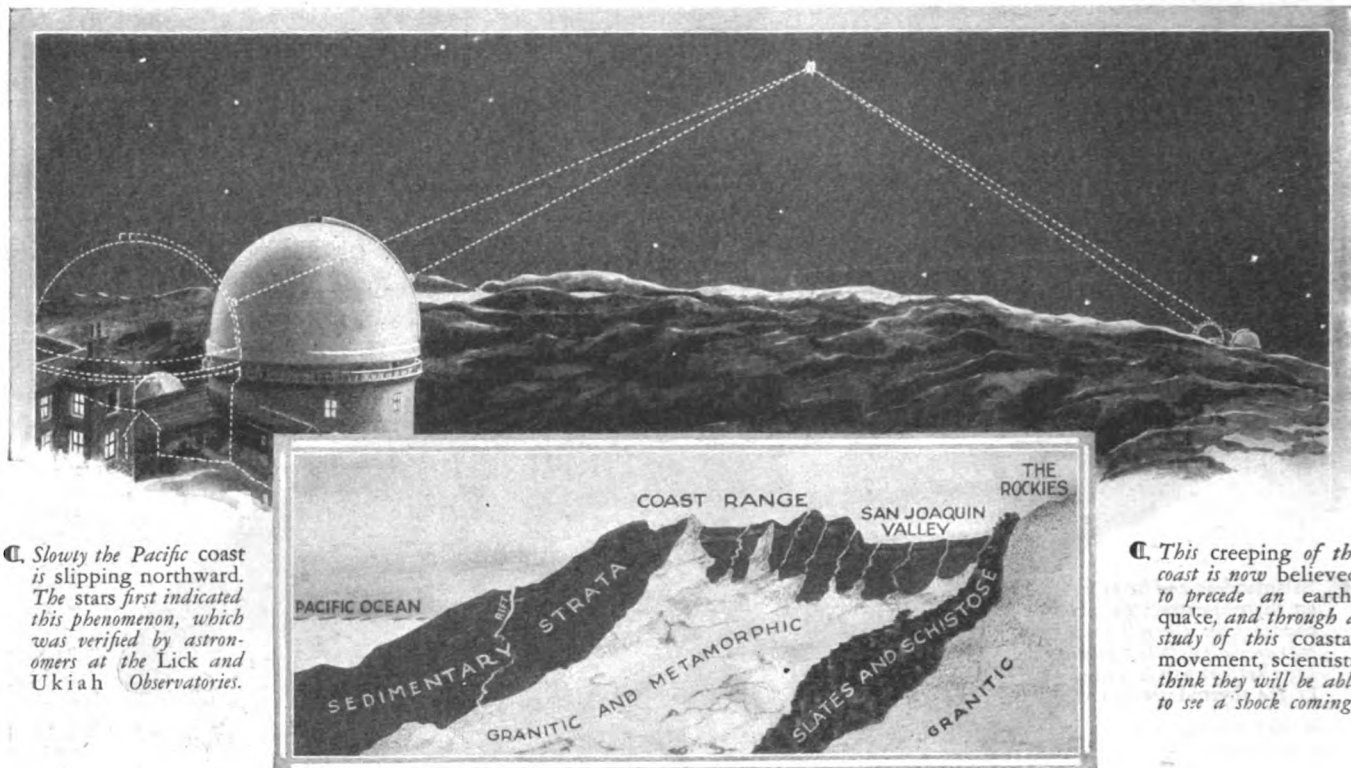
The thyroid gland lies in the neck, next to and across the wind pipe. It is larger than the pituitary, but still small. Its secretions have been isolated and purified by Kendall of the Mayo foundation, and is named thyroxin. That gland is believed to control the production of energy in the body, and the utilization of foods. Too much thyroid means nervousness, instability, over-energy; it means thin, highstrung people. Too little thyroid, and you have an apathetic and sluggish person. Complete lack, means an idiot; that kind of an idiot known as a cretin.

**T**HERE is an author who has written of the great Napoleon in the light of this modern gland knowledge. To this author, Napoleon was merely the result, we might say the puppet, of an unstable pituitary and over-active thyroid. These were the masters that ruled him; these glands, through their over-abundant secretions, over-stimulated his brain to the terrible devastating energy that plowed and replowed Europe.

Then there are the two adrenal glands, each as big as the end of a thumb. One of the secretions of the adrenal has been isolated and determined chemically. It is called adrenalin, and is a common drug used by physicians. Adrenalin raises the blood pressure, and constricts the small blood vessels so that it reduces bleeding.

The adrenals within your body have probably helped to save your life when injuries might have let you bleed to death. But they also possess you in other ways. Strong emotions, fear especially, release increased quantities of adrenalin into the blood. The response of the body to this is remarkable. Nerve action is quickened. The liver discharges sugar into the blood—and sugar is that form of food most easily available for the muscles. At the same time, the small blood vessels are all tightened so that bleeding from wounds may be less serious. The whole body, in fact, at the call of fear, through the action of these small glands, is put into shape for combat. The body, for the time, is like the man-of-war which has sighted the enemy's smoke, whose decks are being cleared, ammunition hoisted, compartments closed, and speed increased.

Deficiency in adrenalin is believed to cause nervous collapse, mental disturbance; in other words, neurasthenia. But an emotion, which at first increases the amount of adrenalin in the



**C.** Slowly the Pacific coast is slipping northward. The stars first indicated this phenomenon, which was verified by astronomers at the Lick and Ukiah Observatories.

**C.** This creeping of the coast is now believed to precede an earthquake, and through a study of this coastal movement, scientists think they will be able to see a shock coming.

blood, may be protracted to the point of depleting the supply in the glands—and that emotion need not be fear, but can be another, such as anger, love, hatred, or even patriotic exaltation. The nervous disorders with which many men suffer now who have been through the war may be due to such a deficiency in adrenalin.

The glands of which most is known are the thyroid, the pituitary, the adrenals, and the interstitials. There are some twenty or thirty others of which little is known as yet, and which may be just as important. It can readily be seen, however, how even the discovery of the functions of the first four would throw the world of thought into excitement. As we are as yet in the midst of this excitement, the subject is one fraught with danger unless treated with great care.

Then, of what are we sure?

Only of the facts that have been learned in laboratories through careful and repeated experimentation on animals. Out of such research have come the facts that we have stated as to the four most important glands. The following account of two experiments will give an illustration of the nature of this work.

The first of these experiments is made on frogs, and similar experiments have been made on salamanders. As everyone knows, a frog in its young life is a tadpole. It is a fish-like thing, breathing with gills and becomes, by a metamorphosis, the more complex air-breathing frog.

In the water in which tadpoles lived, a certain amount of thyroid extract was placed. The tadpoles began to change into frogs much faster than they would have done naturally. They changed into frogs so fast, in fact, that they did so before they could attain their growth. So that the result was frogs the size of tadpoles—little frogs, some of them no bigger than flies!

Then there are the experiments of the Austrian surgeon Steinach on white rats. Steinach closes the duct of one gland, and when this has been done, the interstitial gland, which is ductless, becomes greatly enlarged. From the enlargement of the interstitial gland, thus artificially brought about, remarkable results follow. The rat is rejuvenated. Old, gray, blind rats become once more vigorous and active.

The result, unfortunately, is not permanent. After a few weeks, old age again creeps in upon the rat. Then Steinach produces a second rejuvenation by transplanting into the ageing rat a new interstitial gland taken from a young rat.

It is on the knowledge gained through these experiments of Steinach that the experiments on men are being performed of which the public hears in the newspapers, but the results so far attained have not been conclusive and old age still creeps on.

### **C. A WHISPER BY RADIO**

*Wireless waves race around the earth and signals become clearer the farther they go*

**O**FFICERS of the French Navy have discovered a curious fact about wireless signals sent around the earth. These signals are most easily perceptible—loudest, as it were—exactly at that point on the earth which is farthest from the sending station.

Signals, for instance, sent out from the powerful station at the city of Lyons are best heard when the ship receiving them stands at the exact antipode of the city of Lyons. They are much more perceptible at that point than they are when the ship is several thousand miles nearer, only just around the corner, as it were.

The reason for this appears to lie in the fact that the wireless waves bend around the earth, follow the earth's surface. When from the station at the city of Lyons, a message is sent, the waves are shot out in all directions—north, south, east, west and in between. They race around the earth, following its curved surface; and all meet at the antipode of the sending point, reinforcing each other. So that there, as it were, they make the most noise.

This, which happens over great distances with wireless waves, is what happens with sound waves in the whispering gallery, known to every visitor, in the Capitol at Washington. A low whisper, uttered at a certain point in this gallery, sends out sound waves which re-unite at another point, so that at this second point the whisper is heard with startling distinctness.

### **C. WARNING! QUAKE COMING**

*Western scientists hope soon to be able to foretell approach of catastrophe*

**C**AN EARTHQUAKES, those most terrible of natural phenomena, be foreseen, and hence be prepared for—evaded, as it were?

Science is beginning to have that hope. It has been discovered that the entire Pacific Coast of the United States is slipping slowly northward.

How was this discovered? There is in California the Lick Astronomical Observatory, and at Ukiah, Washington, another observatory. Observation of the stars from these points showed them slipping southward.

Other observatories, all over the world, were communicated with. They reported that the stars were behaving normally.

Then if the stars were not moving south, the observatories at Lick and Ukiah were moving north.

Successive observation confirmed this. The earth upon which stood these observatories was moving northward.

On August 3, 1903, there was an earthquake. With that earthquake the northern movement stopped abruptly.

Evidently such creepings and such earthquakes are related.

Scientists hope to establish the relation between the two. So that, once they have acquired the data, they may be able to tell the coming of the sharp abrupt movements which are the earthquakes.

### **C. THE VOGUE OF THE VITAMINE**

*While lack of this element in food is dangerous a balanced diet supplies all a person needs*

**E**XPERIMENTS on animals have shown that a diet of mere food materials, that is, a diet of pure protein, pure carbohydrates and pure fat, is not sufficient. The diet must contain also some vitamins.

These increase in some way the utilization of the foods—of the proteins, the carbohydrates and the fats. Without vitamins, the



foods are not assimilated. The animal becomes undernourished even though fed regularly. In time, it dies.

Three distinct vitamins recognized are called Vitamines A, B and C. Vitamine A is soluble in fats and oils; it occurs in butter, in milk, in animal fats generally. Vitamine B is soluble in water; it occurs in many vegetables and in yeast. Vitamine C is also soluble in water; it occurs in lemons, limes, and other fruits and vegetables.

The vitamine most talked about is Vitamine B. It is this vitamine which some advertised preparations claim to supply. Vitamine B, as we have seen, is present in yeast and in nearly all fresh vegetables.

Science believes that an ordinary balanced diet, containing reasonable quantities of milk, butter and fresh vegetables, furnish plenty of vitamins to the normal human body. Any deficiency in vitamins can be due only to an extraordinarily poor diet, or to the fact that there is something wrong with the body's machinery.

Vitamines have never been isolated chemically. Their extraction out of vegetables, or out of yeast, in order to fabricate medicinal vitamine products, is a difficult operation. The vitamine chemicals—whatever they may be—are easily destroyed.

## Q. WHO WILL FIND OUR FIRST ANCESTORS?

*While Darwin's theory applies to man his exact line of evolution is a mystery which science has not solved*

As to the origin of man, science has this to say.

Man is an animal. He belongs to one group of mammals; he is closely related to the other animals of this group as is shown by his structure.

The evidence for this is two-fold. In the first place, there are in man many vestiges of organs which are prominent in lower animals, and necessary to them, but which have become unnecessary in man. Such, for instance, are the vermiform appendix and the pineal eye. In the second place, man differs from the lower animals only in degree, not in essentials. Man is more intelligent, but animals, also, have some intelligence.

All of the creatures of the animal world, all of the various species of animals, are believed to have originated very slowly, one out of another.

This is the Darwinian theory of Evolution. It has not been abandoned by scientists. It is not even seriously questioned.

The only arguments between scientists as to the evolutionary theory have to do, not with the theory in general, but merely with its mechanical details. For instance, whether the change of one species into another is gradual, by slow, constant, and imperceptible degrees, or whether it occurs by the sharp change called mutation.

Since the theory of evolution is accepted for animal life as a whole, and since man is considered by science to be an animal (whatever else he may be, in addition) it is believed that the theory of evolution applies to him. It is believed that man has developed out of a lower form.

The exact line of man's evolution is not yet known. His direct animal ancestors have not been discovered. Much evidence tends to place his beginnings in Central Asia.

Man is not believed to have originated out of any of the existing species of monkey. The modern apes and monkeys, and all known fossil apes or pre-men, are thought to be collateral relatives of man, not his ancestors.

The theory of evolution applies as yet to man only as to his body and his bodily mechanism. It says nothing on the problem of human personality. It is neither favorable, nor is it opposed, to the hypothesis of a spiritual personality—of a personality inde-

pendent of the body, independent of the brain or the physical intelligence that is man's.

## Q. BEFORE EGYPT KNEW ETHER

*Surgeons of Cleopatra's day used a club on patients in place of anaesthetics*

THE use of anaesthetics in surgical operations is not a modern invention. Surgeons of by-gone days, surgeons of Egypt and China and India, knew of anaesthetics and used them thousands of years ago.

They trephined skulls, they amputated arms and legs, they performed the Caesarian section, and they did all these things with the help of anaesthetics.

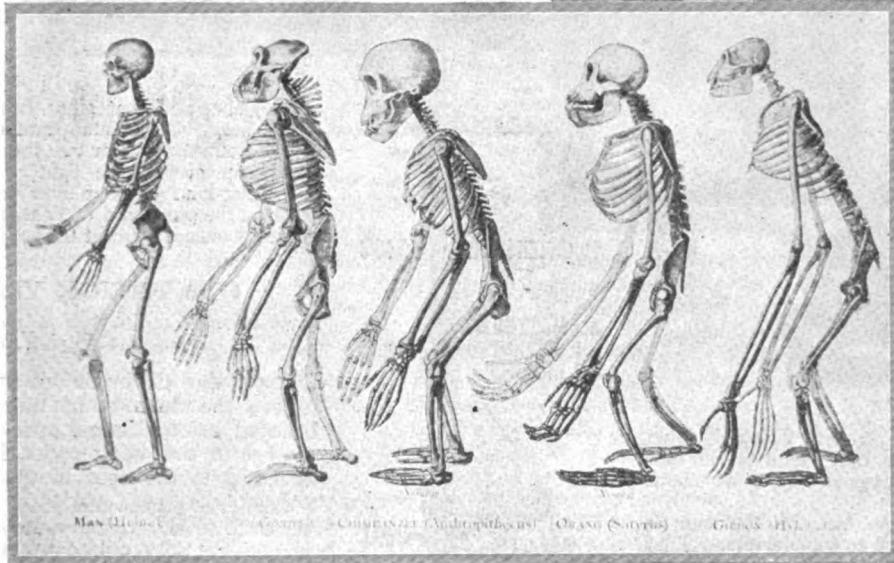
Those ancient masters of surgery were without the very valuable chloroform and

ether of modern times. They most commonly used vegetable drugs, such as morphine and hasheesh, or alcohol. The leaves of plants containing cocaine were preferred by the ancient races of South America.

The surgeons of ancient Egypt, probably the most skilful of antiquity, had a method of their own at once more direct and spectacular. They hit the patient on the head with a club, and operated while he was "out" as a result of the blow.

Wooden blocks were fitted to the head to save injury to scalp and skin, and the mallet which hit the block was also of wood.

The art of hitting just hard enough and at exactly the best point was a delicate one; and, no doubt, the expert at this scientific black-jacking was as much respected in ancient Egypt as is the skilled anaesthetist today in New York or Paris.



Q. A plate from Haeckel's "Last Word on Evolution," which shows man's similarity to and difference from the bony structure of the four great apes.

Q. Is the Piltown Man, reconstructed from remains found in England, a further proof of Darwin's theory of evolution? Scientists believe this creature lived several thousand years before the historical period and describe him as one of the earliest of the True Men.

## ☞ MAKING IT HOT FOR THE SUN

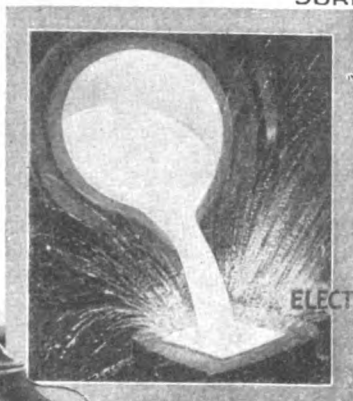
*Man has developed a heat of 50,000 degrees compared with sun's 10,800*

MAN lately has produced artificially a degree of heat greater than five times the heat of the surface of the sun. This, of course, as yet has been done but experimentally, in a scientific laboratory on a small scale.

It is done thus: A tremendous charge of electricity is abruptly released through a wire as fine as the filament of an electric lamp. Of course, the wire immediately "burns out" as it does in any electric globe if the electric current is too strong.

In this case, however—with the tremendous charge used—the term "burns out" is too mild. The wire really explodes. It explodes with an explosion more violent than that of an equal quantity of dynamite. The heat reached in the wire at the instant of the explosion is computed to be somewhere about fifty thousand degrees Fahrenheit.

The heat of water boiling is two hundred and twelve degrees. The white-hot core of a blast furnace making iron is about 2,900 or 3,000 degrees. At 2,800 degrees, iron



ELECTRIC ARC — 6728



runs like water. Tungsten, which is used for lamp filaments, is that metal which best resists heat. Yet tungsten melts at about 6,000 degrees.

The heat of the surface of the sun is believed to be about 10,800 degrees. That of the whitest stars is probably thirty thousand or forty thousand degrees at most.

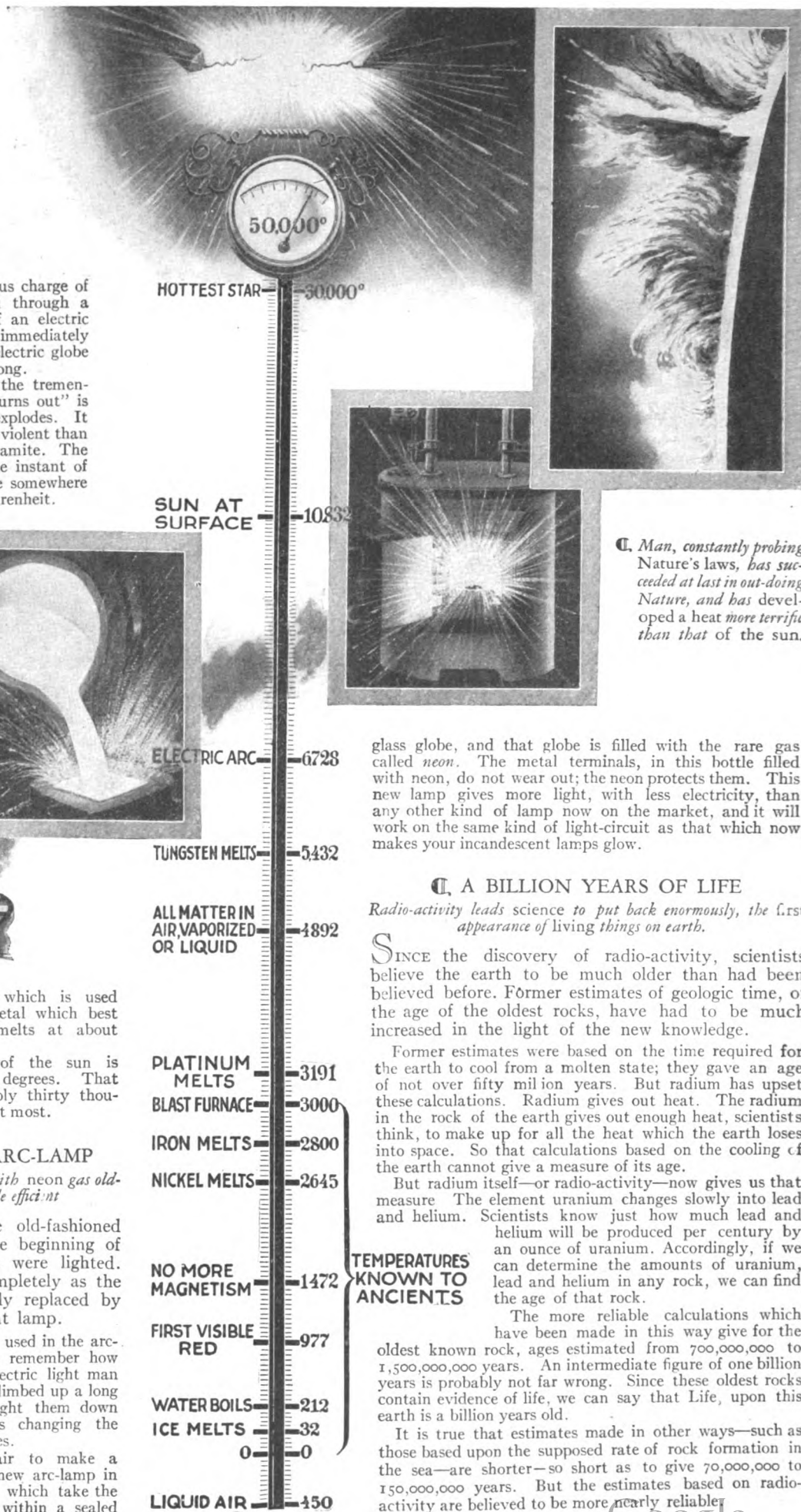
## ☞ BOTTLING THE ARC-LAMP

*By filling sealed glass globes with neon gas old-time street lights are made efficient*

EVERYONE remembers the old-fashioned arc-lamp, with which, in the beginning of the electric age, our streets were lighted. It is now gone almost as completely as the dodo, and has been generally replaced by the less powerful incandescent lamp.

Why? Because the carbons used in the arc-lamp wore out too fast. You remember how often, in the old days, the electric light man went through the streets, and climbed up a long ladder to the lamps, or brought them down to him with a chain. He was changing the burned out carbons for fresh ones.

Now the arc-light bids fair to make a spectacular come-back. It is a new arc-lamp in a bottle. The metal terminals which take the place of the old carbons are within a sealed



☞ *Man, constantly probing Nature's laws, has succeeded at last in out-doing Nature, and has developed a heat more terrific than that of the sun.*

glass globe, and that globe is filled with the rare gas called neon. The metal terminals, in this bottle filled with neon, do not wear out; the neon protects them. This new lamp gives more light, with less electricity, than any other kind of lamp now on the market, and it will work on the same kind of light-circuit as that which now makes your incandescent lamps glow.

## ☞ A BILLION YEARS OF LIFE

*Radio-activity leads science to put back enormously, the first appearance of living things on earth.*

SINCE the discovery of radio-activity, scientists believe the earth to be much older than had been believed before. Former estimates of geologic time, of the age of the oldest rocks, have had to be much increased in the light of the new knowledge.

Former estimates were based on the time required for the earth to cool from a molten state; they gave an age of not over fifty million years. But radium has upset these calculations. Radium gives out heat. The radium in the rock of the earth gives out enough heat, scientists think, to make up for all the heat which the earth loses into space. So that calculations based on the cooling of the earth cannot give a measure of its age.

But radium itself—or radio-activity—now gives us that measure. The element uranium changes slowly into lead and helium. Scientists know just how much lead and helium will be produced per century by an ounce of uranium. Accordingly, if we can determine the amounts of uranium, lead and helium in any rock, we can find the age of that rock.

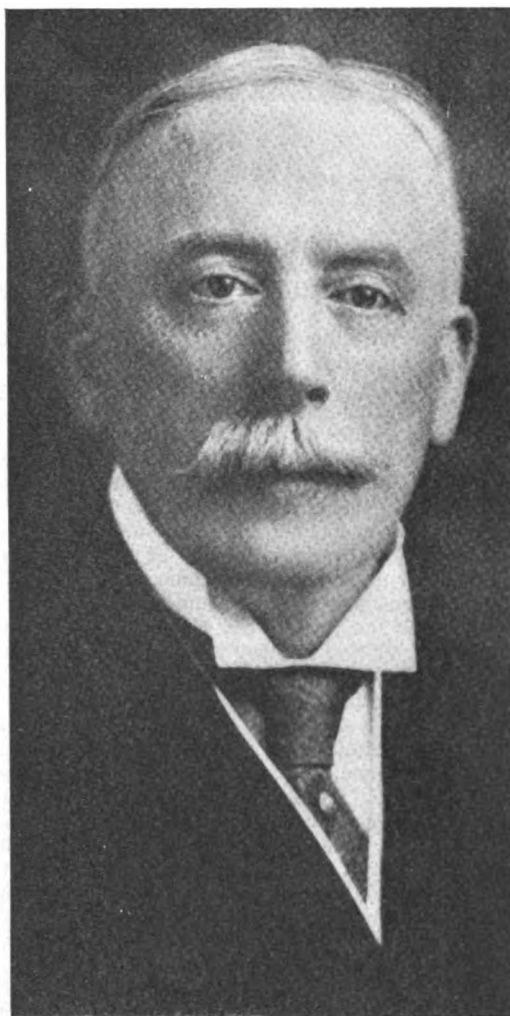
The more reliable calculations which have been made in this way give for the oldest known rock, ages estimated from 700,000,000 to 1,500,000,000 years. An intermediate figure of one billion years is probably not far wrong. Since these oldest rocks contain evidence of life, we can say that Life, upon this earth is a billion years old.

It is true that estimates made in other ways—such as those based upon the supposed rate of rock formation in the sea—are shorter—so short as to give 70,000,000 to 150,000,000 years. But the estimates based on radio-activity are believed to be more nearly reliable.

*Perhaps you may think  
your business is not  
affected by the condi-  
tion of our foreign  
trade, but you will  
think differently  
after you read this  
common sense busi-  
ness article*

# *Your Payroll and—World Trade*

*By James H. Collins*



**C. James A. Farrell, of the United States Steel Corporation, lays emphasis upon the importance of foreign trade to the domestic prosperity of capital and labor.**

**H**UNTING a job in a "flivver"? Yes, that is the way the automobile mechanic does it in Detroit, making the rounds of the factories in a little old bus that he has salvaged and tuned up for his own use. Why not? But everywhere, for a year or more, the answer has been, "No, nothing today."

Ask this automobile mechanic if he has any interest in the investment of American money abroad, and he will say, "What, me? I'm investing every dollar I get hold of in groceries!"

Yet as nearly as it can be estimated—for Uncle Sam has neglected this kind of census figures—our export business in automobiles, motor trucks, tractors, tires and sundries keeps from twenty-five to fifty thousand people in wage and salary jobs when the exporting is good.

There are business men and economists who believe that the job hunter in the flivver is out of work because our export trade in automobiles has been bad—that falling off in export trade is the chief cause of the business depression we have been passing through, and of unemployment.

"We have got to have foreign trade—it is a necessity," maintains William C. Redfield, formerly Secretary of Commerce, and for years active in encouraging greater export interest among American manufacturers. "Half the wheat raised in this country is sold abroad, about half the copper, a very considerable portion of the coal, two-fifths of the cotton, and twenty to twenty-five per cent of our manufacturing output. What would the copper miners, the farmers, the cotton workers of the South, the oil producers do without markets abroad for their surplus? A very definite part of this depression is due directly to lack of export trade. We can never have full-blooded prosperity without it."

Other authorities pooh-pooh the suggestion that lack of jobs is due to lack of export trade. "Why, it's hardly ten per cent of our whole business!" they say. "Get busy at home, and there will not be enough workers to supply our own demands." That sort of opinion usually comes from an inland banker or manufacturer. The business man who insists that there is a close connec-

tion between export trade and prosperity is usually near the sea-board, a business man who can see the wheels go around.

But there is something more than opinion about this connection between export trade and employment. Hard business facts are pointed out by William C. Potter, president of the Guaranty Trust Company of New York. His bank is one of the most active in our new world finance.

We invested \$300,000,000 in foreign securities during the first three months of this year. If foreign borrowers had simply come and got the money, and taken it away, some of our immense stock of gold would have gone abroad. But there was no outflow of gold. "The conclusion is inescapable," says Mr. Potter, "that if a period of heavy purchase of foreign securities has not resulted in an export of gold, the proceeds must have been expended here by someone, either in the purchase of American goods or for the payment of foreign purchases or invisible items."

In other words, that money, \$4,000,000 a day, was spent for automobiles, steel, wheat, cotton and other American products, and the recent improvement in employment and farm prices is a tangible effect, and another definite fact. In April, our foreign investments doubled—we lent \$200,000,000 abroad.

News of bond flotations is really interesting nowadays—if one reads it with a little imagination. Two or three times a week, there are reports of American money being lent to foreign governments, states, cities, railways and industries. There is news of the American dollar going to work all over the world, and making American jobs at home. Follow these dollars to the countries where they are invested. They are almost invariably spent for improvements of some kind. A new railroad is built, an old one gets more locomotives. A dangerous harbor is made safe for shipping, a new factory is established or an old one enlarged. Some of the money goes to workers in that country as wages, with which they can buy more food, which our farmers supply. Some of it comes to this country for machinery, or raw materials.

The nation that lends money to other [Continued on page 102]



II. *Emma-Lindsay Squier's Story of an Indian's Sacrifice—Continued from page 60*

## The Hidden Trail

suddenly with the light of avarice. To-night! To gaze upon the hidden secret of Charles Walk-On-The-Hills's wealth! To see with his own eyes the white quartz with its veins of dull gold, to pry with his knife some of the gleaming metal from its retreat—

Yet his mind counseled caution. The old Indian hated him, might trick him.

Then he laughed silently for the holding of such a foolish thought. The old man was feeble, and should go unarmed. He, the Panther, would carry both knife and rifle. Athwart the dark ugliness of his mind, another thought came creeping, like a red poisonous serpent. He would himself blaze trees along the trail as they went so that he could find his way back to the cabin—alone. When once the secret was in his hands, the Indian should die.

"Bien," he said at length, "we go."

He had no fear of First Bird attempting flight in his absence. She would stay with the man she loved, and he lay unconscious.

Indian Charles busied himself with lighting a lantern, and with sorting out some dried berries from a box of herbs and roots that sent out a faint smell.

"They give me strength on trail," he said in explanation, but Hugo, the Panther, did not heed. He was looking at First Bird with cruel, crafty eyes.

"Ma petite, play me no tricks," he was saying warningly. "Ef you are gone when we come back, de ol' man your father dies. Hees life is in my hand—you know dat?"

She nodded slightly, but her eyes were filled with contempt.

When they were ready, First Bird rose from beside the bed. She tried to speak to her father, but tears came, and she fought them back.

Charles Walk-On-The-Hills saw this and spoke to her, in the Micmac tongue.

"Do not be afraid, my daughter. The loon will call tonight, and then your heart shall guide you."

Hugo, the Panther, listened suspiciously. But First Bird's face was blank, and the old man at the door looked back.

"It is the last day of the moon," he said gravely, and went out into the night followed by the victorious Hugo.

THEY went slowly, the burly trapper and the Indian, for Hugo, the Panther, paused frequently to slash with his knife at the bark of trees, blazing the trail against his return. For one hour, then two, they went through the woods, where in the flickering lantern light the ghostly birches stared at them, the dark oaks shook their leaves in sleepy petulance, and night birds, disturbed in their slumber, uttered drowsy questioning notes.

They came at last to where a screen of hemlock trees threw a network of branches in the path of their advance. Charles Walk-On-The-Hills pushed through them, and Hugo Panther crashed after him, the stiff boughs scratching at his face and hands. They were in a narrow ravine, where on either side walls of rock rose steeply. But Indian Charles did not stop.

Along the dried bed of a small stream, he led the way, and when before them another clump of hemlocks barred the way, he turned abruptly to the right. For the moment he disappeared and it was as if the rocky wall had swallowed him up. But Hugo Panther, leaping after him, saw that there was a narrow opening in the face of the rock, guarded on all sides by steep rocky walls, and ahead of them was the yawning blackness of a cave unseen, till now, by a white man.

"Him there," said Indian Charles.

Hugo Panther caught his breath in a sharp hiss. For in spite of the precautions he had taken, he had been afraid, had half doubted the existence of a gold mine. But it was here, there could be no doubt. The opening was higher than a man's head and twice as broad as his own massive shoulders. Two huge boulders stood like drunken sentinels at the entrance to the strange cavern, leaning towards each other stiffly, and from behind them, small hemlock trees peeped out, like frightened children taking refuge in the shadow.

"Come in," said the old Indian, and led the way into the cave, where the blackness fled in fear from the lantern's light.

THEY stood in a small circular chamber of stone, and around them the walls were white. The snowy quartz flashed in the yellow light, and vague shadows tossed about on the walls and ceiling, like earth spirits awakened from sleep.

Hugo, the Panther, snatched the lantern from Indian Charles's hand, and held it close to the wall. Forgotten were his fears, forgotten was caution. He was drunk with the passion of possession. For in a zig-zag line that ran the length of the shining walls of quartz, was a dull yellow streak, a vein of pure gold—richer than Hugo had ever dreamed.

It was his! It would make of him an emperor. It would give to him all the things for which he lusted. The cave was his, with its inexhaustible wealth!

In a frenzy of avarice, he set the lantern down and hacked at the shining metal with his knife. Hacked and pried, grunting like an animal. He must have it in his hands—feel it in his fingers, he must gloat over the yellow roughness of it—

He did not see that Indian Charles had moved quietly to the entrance and had drawn forth from a receptacle in the rock something long and thin like a coarse string. He did not see the old man stoop and bury something under a small handful of earth, while a match sputtered in his hand. He only knew that suddenly Charles Walk-On-The-Hills had reached for the lantern, that before he could spring at him, the light had been dashed out against the rocky wall.

He hurled himself forward in the darkness towards the opening. In that instant, there came a deafening roar; hard, rocky fists beat upon him; he was flung to the floor with sickening force, and there was a choking smell of dust and smoke. He lay for a moment stunned, gasping, panting

in hard sobbing breaths. From somewhere far away, he heard the faint rattle as of dislodged stones hurtling down a steep slope. A numb heaviness gradually made itself felt through his body. He tried to move, but the weight of his limbs turned suddenly to jagged pain.

Then there came, from out of the blackness, a low guttural laugh, a sound so unearthly that his blood stood still.

"Frenchman, you live?" There was a note of intense satisfaction in it. Hugo, the Panther, knew that Charles Walk-On-The-Hills was there.

"Yes, dam' you," he groaned. "What has happen? How shall we get out—you shall tell me, you devil, or I—"

"To get out, oh, Mister Frenchman, driver of hard bargains, take him heap more strength than you got. You know him boulders by front of cave? Him fell down across opening when fire powder went off. You hurt?"

Once more came the laugh, but softer, and with a catch at the end and then Hugo heard the Indian again.

"You got him gold mine, Black Panther. I keep my promise. You have him gold too for plenty long time—you not want for air. You have him gold mine all alone, because—" The voice faded as if carried away by a wind, then it came strongly again, and with dignity: "I have set my feet on a hidden trail, I go to him unknown country. I have given into white man's hands the secret of him gold, I not can live longer than the last day of the moon. So I have eaten of the death berries, Frenchman; they are bringing me sleep now, I will be him black loon calling in the night, but the bird of my nest—her safe from Panther's claws."

Hugo, the Panther, called to him but no answer came. He was alone with the darkness—and with the dead.

IN the cabin that stands on the shore of Lake Ketchamakooogie, Scanlon Maverne opened his eyes. It was morning, and a bright light flooded the room. First Bird was near him, and she was putting a great pile of quartz nuggets on a skin. When she saw that he was awake, she rose.

"Your father?" he asked weakly.

"He will not come back," she answered slowly. "Neither he nor—the other. Last night, I heard a loon, and I know—"

Maverne looked at the nuggets piled on the skin, at the clothing and simple household utensils that she had put upon the floor as if to make them into bundles.

"You are going away?" he asked.

"Yes," she said.

"With me?" He held out his hand and she laid hers in it. "Are you willing to follow me?"

"I follow my heart," she said as he drew her down to him.

Deadly enough is the female of the species and more deadly than ever when defending her young. The discovery was made by a kidnapper in "The Sting," by Richard Washburn Child. Hearst's International for August.

# The Right of Way to Tire Leadership

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\* \* \*

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Let us compete for higher and higher quality.

Let us compete for still more dependable public service.

United States Tires  
are **Good** Tires

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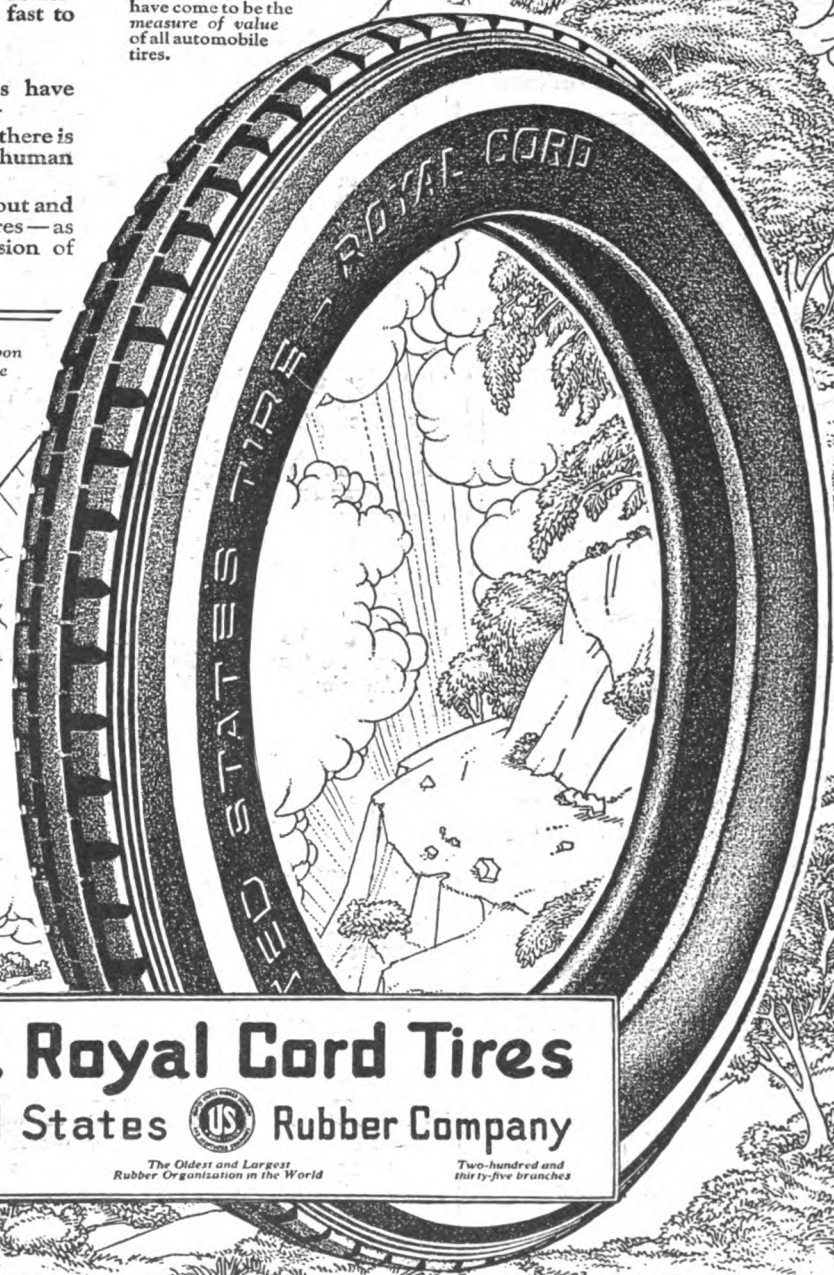
\* \* \*

Today, for the production of U. S. Tires, there is erected and operating the largest group of tire factories in the world.

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U. S. Royal Cords have come to be the measure of value of all automobile tires.



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*(Continued from page 99)*

nations for such purposes generally sells them these things.

These leaders in world trade and investment are putting their ability and experience at the service of other American business men through organizations like the American Manufacturers Export Association, National Foreign Trade Council and American Bankers' Association.

As bankers, they finance the foreign securities that mean foreign orders for our products, and as manufacturers who have succeeded in export trade for our products, and as manufacturers who have succeeded in export trade themselves, they are showing others how such business is done.

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"Because it is the sale of the last twenty per cent of production which returns profit," says James A. Farrell, "and because prices of so many of our products are determined in international markets not controlled by domestic conditions, the relation of our foreign trade to our prosperity is far greater than the mere proportion which its volume bears to our total commerce."

Mr. Potter adds, "It is not uncommon for a factory to have a volume of business that will keep it busy for eleven months of the year, and yet not be able to make a profit because the overhead cuts into the margin during the idle time. If a ten per cent increase in volume results in keeping that factory busy for a longer period, profits may result. We must not lose sight of this fact in any attempt to minimize the importance of our present volume of export trade to the general state of each industry in this country."\*

\*Journal of Commerce, New York, April 24, 1922.

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**The Factor of Safety** Spencer Trask & Co.  
**The Investor's Pocket Manual** The Financial Press



[Continued from page 55]

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**C** Play of the Month — Belasco's *Peter Pan of the Paris Music Halls* — Continued from Page 87

## Kiki

call me dearie and please notice I haven't called you dearie back.

RENAL—I call all the girls *déarie*.

KIKI—Well, I'm not like the bunch you've got here. I'm different.

RENAL—Oh, you're a howling swell.

KIKI—You needn't sneer—even if you are the Tsar here. One week's receipts of this sheebang wouldn't be pin money for me. You don't know who I am.

RENAL—But this complaint you were going to tell me about?

KIKI—I've been terribly treated here.

RENAL—But what's happened to you?

KIKI—Joly almost threw me out.

RENAL—Oh, you're the little girl who used her hatpin on—

KIKI—Yes, and I landed her one. I certainly gave her one good jab. I got even.

RENAL—This isn't the first time you've had trouble in this house.

KIKI—Yes, it is.

RENAL—I place you now. You were here last season. You had trouble then.

KIKI—No, you've got me mixed up with some other girl.

RENAL—Oh, no I haven't.

KIKI—Oh, I remember now. There was a little trouble. I did give a girl a—a—a—I just smacked her—and she set up a big howl just to be noticed. It wasn't my fault.

RENAL—It strikes me you're vicious.

KIKI—Me? Nobody has a sweeter disposition. I'm gentle as a kitten—but I have to be handled right. I have Spanish blood in my veins. My father was a Spaniard—a grand grandee.

**B**UT this couldn't go on forever. Renal had sent for Paulette and when Brulé told him she was approaching, Kiki had to vanish, but she resolved to wait and continue her plea to get back her job in the chorus. As she goes, she is seen by Baron Rapp, the chief stockholder in the music hall who has come to help Paulette placate Renal. The Baron, however, is unable to restore good feeling and Paulette is dismissed with the added injunction to "tell the tenor he's fired, too."

As Paulette leaves in a huff, Kiki reappears and though she persuades Renal to give her another chance, Joly is adamant and she stays fired. At that Kiki breaks down, weeps loudly and confesses her poverty and adds: "Say, can't change your mind and engage me, can you?" Renal says, "No—but I'll take you home with me." He does so, and Kiki is installed in Renal's apartment.

Baron Rapp has become interested in the girl, and remains so even after Renal confesses that when he once tried to kiss her she fought and scratched like a mad thing. The Baron, of course, has called for the purpose of trying to patch up the trouble between Renal and Paulette. He mentions the fact that Renal has not answered the star's letters; but Renal did not get the letters and suspicion at last centers on Kiki. In the meantime, the Baron wants to take Kiki to his home and Renal, on the point of going back to Paulette, is glad to get rid of her. But first

he wants to know about the letters and so he calls Kiki in.

**R**ENAL—Now I've got something to say. KIKI—That's funny. So have I. I've got something to say to you.

RENAL—Afterwards then.

KIKI—Right away, please.

RENAL—You're in a hurry.

KIKI—Yes, it can't wait. I—I—I— (Adolphe the butler, enters with an old knapsack which Kiki recognizes.) Where did you find that? You've been in my room.

ADOLPHE—I've got 'em, Monsieur!

KIKI—Why, that's my old knapsack.

ADOLPHE—It's where she hides everything she breaks. And here are your letters from Madame Paulette.

RENAL (frowning at Kiki)—Well?

KIKI—It's not true. It wasn't me.

ADOLPHE—Oh, what a liar!

KIKI—Just let me get at you!

RENAL (to Adolphe)—Get out. (to Kiki) You sit down, keep quiet, and don't you dare move. (Renal reads letters.)

KIKI—Takes you a long time to read 'em, don't it? And there's nothing interesting in them, either. My God, that woman writes a rotten hand.

**T**HEIR talk is stopped by the ringing of the telephone. It is Paulette. Renal is again anxious to see her. Kiki does all she can to make the conversation over the 'phone impossible but is silenced. In the end, it is decided Paulette will come to the apartment in five minutes and as Kiki says: "Everything will be patched up. You'll go right back to her." It is a sad outlook for Kiki, but as Renal goes out saying, "Oh, good-by, Kiki. See you again one of these days, Kiddy," Baron Rapp is there ready with his proposal.

**K**IKI (to Rapp)—So she's downstairs? RAPP (stops her as she is about to follow Renal)—What good will it do to see her?

KIKI—That's so. After all what do I care if they make up? He's nothing to me.

RAPP—Mademoiselle Kiki, I hoped that I might—er—prove to be a good friend.

KIKI—Yes, I heard that you made a bid for me. Would you like very much to be a friend of mine?

RAPP—I'd like nothing better in the world. Renal doesn't appreciate you.

KIKI—Why not? Because I've got good points. Tell me what you like about me.

RAPP—There's a way you have. You're so quaint and unexpected and—er—reckless. Like a girl who isn't quite grown up—but will turn into, oh, what a woman!

KIKI—Oh, I'm like that, eh? Well, you don't find 'em like that ev'ry day, do you?

RAPP—I should say not. And you've got such a nice way—so amiable.

**T**HERE comes a diversion. Brulé has arrived, commissioned by Renal to see that Kiki is bundled off. Rapp is ordered by Kiki to go and get his car to take her away.

Brulé wants her to go at once. She is on the point of going, when Paulette appears, having dropped in to gloat a little over Kiki. The relation between the two is strained from the beginning but at last Kiki, who is convinced that Paulette does not love Renal, blurts out the story of her love for the man who is throwing her over.

**K**IKI—I'm so much in love, you couldn't possibly understand it. And I'd be just mad enough to go off my head. You don't ask me who it is.

PAULETTE—I want to be discreet.

KIKI—But I'll tell you just the same. It's Victor, the man you pretend to love.

PAULETTE—But, Mademoiselle—I think I'd better go.

KIKI (barring the way)—No, no you don't.

PAULETTE—But really this is ridiculous. If I had known—

KIKI—You wouldn't have come—which would have been better for you (crosses to table and gets paper knife). I'm sorry for you. I'll be guillotined for this—but I don't care. You brought this on yourself.

PAULETTE—This is absurd.

KIKI—I warn you, if you don't give up Victor, I'll poke daylight into you.

PAULETTE—Help! Help!

KIKI—Will you swear? It's your last chance—I'm a daughter of Corsica.

RENAL (enters followed by Rapp and Adolphe)—No, you're not. You're the daughter of a noble Spaniard—and your knife won't cut.

KIKI—Hi-i-hi-i-i (She swoons in Renal's arms. He passes her to Rapp who lets her fall to the floor.)

RENAL—Oh, Paulette, my dear—

**D**URING the next few hours, Renal resumes business relations with Paulette, but their domestic affairs remain unchanged. Paulette, however, is eager to be, again, Victor's wife. So she uses her key, which she has never given up, to enter Renal's apartment. She comes in on the pretext of showing him her costumes, which she piles on the bed. Renal fails to respond to the ardor of her attack and directly they are interrupted by a commotion in the hall. It is a doctor, Brulé, and Adolphe bringing in Kiki. She has not recovered from her faint of the afternoon, but has passed into a cataleptic state, interesting and baffling to the physician. She is rigid. Renal tries to get the Baron to take the victim away, but he doesn't want a woman that may sleep for two years. Paulette wants her sent to the hospital but Renal objects to this. At last in a temper, Paulette says, "I'm going to the hotel. You better hurry if you're coming along," and leaves him alone with Kiki. Then it becomes obvious to Renal that Kiki has been shamming. For this he bitterly upbraids her, but he is touched by her honest admission that she did it so she would not have to leave the apartment—she was simply playing for time, she wanted to stay because, as she

confesses, she loves him. But after her long period of inactivity, Kiki was hungry. So Adolphe brought food and as she ate, she told the rest of her story.

**KIKI** (eating)—I'm starved. It's queer what a hollow there can be in a tummy.

**RENAL**—That reminds me of the time I brought you here. I took you out to supper first. Remember?

**KIKI**—I should say so. I was so empty my clothes lapped.

**RENAL**—Tell me about your home?

**KIKI**—It wasn't always the same place. We moved—often. But—it was always—er—a hole around the corner.

**RENAL**—What about your family?

**KIKI**—There's one thing I can boast of—my father was married to my mother. Mother's father saw to that.

**RENAL**—Why did you leave your home?

**KIKI**—I got a crack on the head. You see, my family got into a way of quarreling about—well, they fought all the time and I got sick and tired of the rows.

**RENAL**—Really? You got tired of rows?

**KIKI**—Yes. So one day, when I got that crack on the head, it wasn't the first one either—Anyway, I wanted to travel and see the country.

**RENAL**—Well, have you seen it?

**KIKI**—Have I? You bet, I have. It's punk. I took an afternoon off. Nothing but trees and cows and grass. Ah, God, I hate scenery in the raw. And so quiet, so quiet you couldn't sleep. I couldn't get back to Paris quick enough—and a jolly time I've had of it—one jolly time. That night you took me out to supper my dream came true, but not quite in the way I wanted. I thought I was in heaven and then— You ought to have seen yourself that night in the restaurant. Hateful. Horrid. Cranky. You were such a martyr! It's a wonder you didn't check me with your hat. I was just a pick-up.

**RENAL**—You're not angry with me?

**KIKI**—No, I tell you. And when you simply can't hate a person, it shows you must like them, doesn't it? Of course, I ought to have gone when I found that I wasn't anything here—but I stuck. What's the reason? I ought to get over it now, sure, but— isn't it better to have someone to think about all the time than no one at all—even if it does keep you awake nights worrying? You can't be happy with them, but could you be any happier without them? That's what a girl's got to think of.

**RENAL**—Do you mean that?

**KIKI**—I know you won't believe me, all the same—I love you.

**RENAL**—Oh, all right (he tries to kiss her and she draws away). Oh, you're beginning that again.

**KIKI**—No, no. I'll kiss you—I want to—y if I told you something, you'd never believe me.

**RENAL**—What?

**KIKI**—Don't laugh at me—but it's true, all the same. I'm a—good girl. You know—I mean—a good girl.

**RENAL** (takes her in his arms)—I shall end by adoring you. (Knock on the door.) Who is it?

**COOK** (outside)—The cook.

**RENAL**—Come in.

**COOK**—I came down to see if—

**RENAL**—Put this girl to bed, cook, and take very good care of her—for me.

[Curtain]



Only one-fifth of the buildings owned by the Bell System are shown in this picture.

## A Telephone City

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On the Trail of the Sleuths—Continuing from page 18—The Inside Story of

## Henry Ford's Jew-Mania

methods against the Jew-baiters was acquainted with the doings of the Ford operators. He thought he would add the authenticity of a document to his narrative. To a Russian, supporting his view of the facts with a few sound and carefully made documents is often one way of helping the truth. And not to Russians alone. Those Frenchmen who forged the documents against the Jew Dreyfus, thought they were patriots. When the United States government finally became convinced that the most important among the "Sisson documents" were forgeries, I noticed no rush to undo the work the forgeries had done.

The next counter-protocol bears the date of March 23, 1921, and lets its imagination run as follows:

"The conversation first turned on the subject of pogroms. E. G. Liebold stated as follows. That he was the secretary and authorized agent for Henry Ford and before he left Detroit he was in conference

with Henry Ford and that Mr. Ford expressed his desire to see pogroms at the earliest possible date. He further states that he wished all the officials present at this conference shall get in touch with all the K. K. K. and make arrangements as to when such pogroms shall start in New York City. He further stated that as far as he was concerned he favors pogroms on Jews even tomorrow. The quicker the better. He further stated that he was a member of the Ku Klux Klan. . . . F. H. Creech stated he favors pogroms this year if it possibly can be done. . . . C. W. Smith stated as follows that he saw the time for pogroms long before this and that he favors pogroms also at the earliest possible date and he will organize a group of men to go to a church and steal a Talmud and that if he is caught he will with his group start a pogrom on the Jew."

When Mr. Daniels was shown copies of these fake Protocols, his attention was

directed to a paragraph which ran thus:

"C. C. Daniels stated that as far as he was concerned he also approved with Mr. Liebold that pogroms should be started as soon as possible and that we shall kill a few thousand Jews in the United States and especially in New York City and he further stated that he favored pogroms on all of the rich Jew bankers."

Mr. Daniels naturally showed righteous indignation. It is hard for him, or for Mr. Ford, to realize that their victims also feel righteous indignation. Mr. Ford, Mr. Brasol, and Mr. Daniels think I am persecuting them. Persecutors have no taste for being persecuted.

*Next month's instalment of The Inside Story of Henry Ford's Jew-Mania will give attention to some of the leading gold bricks collected. President Wilson appears in his secret balancing telephone act with Mr. Justice Brandeis. Hearst's International for August.*

John Russell's Story of Love and Hate in the South Seas—Continued from page 25

## The Pagan

was very little cheer next instant to encounter Tito herself gliding back almost into his arms. To find their whole plan defeated. To hear her despairing cry: "The sharks, Henry! . . . The sharks are come! Look out for the sharks!"

Between them and the belted dark there passed a phantom—the merest phosphorescent presence through the water. No mistaking that lean, long ghost. No mistaking the cruel wedge of a fin that gleamed at the same time inshore from them. Joranson saw it almost as soon as they did, and his jubilant bellow confirmed it. Here was the sort of amusement that suited Joranson—the sort of punishment he might have planned himself. He dropped his paddle and got to his feet, and as Henry instinctively lifted Tito towards the proa for support and escape from the greatest terror, he slashed at them.

Bleeding, stupefied, Henry blinked up at him. Joranson held a singular object. He had a weapon in his fist; a thing with a wavy blade and a hilt set in colored stones that glittered—glittered dreadfully above them. Henry saw it. Henry knew it. It was the substance of every evil dream he had had since childhood—it was the Malay kris with which Henry Gordon Shoesmith had been slain . . . ! And at the same time beyond the looming figure of the murderer—over yonder on Vitongo shore, between the jungle and the lagoon—at the same time he saw a marble shaft like a pallid, accusing finger in the moonlight; the tomb of Henry Gordon Shoesmith on which was graven, as he knew so well, the letters of that prophetic epitaph—

"Every man's work shall be made manifest."

"Keep off, I tell you! By God, you try your tar-brush tricks on me—try 'em in hell!" With horrible mirth, Joranson slashed once more.

And then it happened; as it was bound

to happen. Something snapped in Henry's breast. Some pent reserve seemed to burst and to flood through every vein—some secret spring of his being. He stiffened in the water, tense and tingling, and in a voice which might have recalled—which did recall the temper of that tough old Scotch trader, his father:

"Damn you, Joranson, you big white murdering devil," he said evenly, without a trace of accent. "I'm going to get you."

Laying hold on the proa's thwart, he threw his whole strength backward and simply spilled the little craft over, out-rigger and all. Joranson felt himself going. With a snarl he drove at Henry's throat, point foremost. Henry warded. They met, locked and went under in a spangled smother. The rest was convulsion.

The two went reeling through a dim immensity; three fathoms deep where the shadowy corals lay; back to the surface in a furious spatter of sea-fire. As they rose, Henry called to Tito to take to the wrecked canoe. He had a glimpse of her clinging there—safe. After that he gave himself to the job on hand—exultantly.

With his right arm he hung about the enemy's neck. With the other he fended. He did not strike a blow. He did not need to. All he required was the knife, the pledge of destiny and of victory with which—once he had won it, once he had wrested it from Joranson's failing grip—he could meet and scatter a dozen sharks. . . .

Gordon was there to greet them. Naturally, Gordon was there, vehemently excited from his long, spying vigil on Vitongo strand. "W'at was it? W'at 'appened?" he cried. His sharp little eyes roved from Henry to Tito in stricken astonishment as they stepped ashore, dripping, from the righted proa. "I 'eard something. Where is Joranson? Did you 'ave an accident?"

"Yes," said Henry, quietly. "An acci-

dent. The sharks, you understand. . . ."

"You mean they got 'im! Joranson . . . ?" Gordon's tone rose to a squeal of dismay. "But in that case—but if that is so—!" He saw all his schemes ruined—all his hopes of Vitongo overwhelmed in Henry's incredible good fortune. "Ah, no—no," he added, suspiciously. "You let 'im drown. You will 'ave to explain."

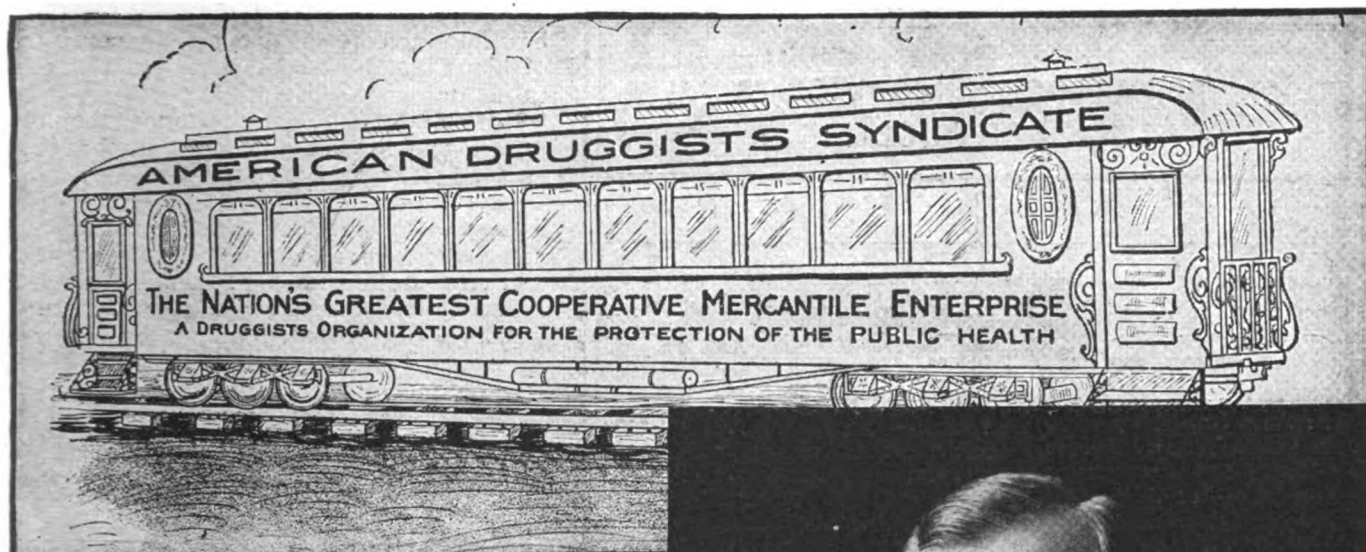
Henry smiled. Having done his best to be a half-caste that memorable night—having actually been a white man for a brief, tremendous moment—he was now, and at last, and for time to come, a Samoan. With a contemptuous gesture, he flicked the Malay kris into the sand at Gordon's feet. The quarter-caste snatched it up and clutched it to him . . . "It is very valuable!" he panted.

"Keep it," said Henry, thereby sealing the silence of this smart, blackmailing cousin of his forever.

"But still what are you going to do?" whined Gordon. "We must lay information of some kin'."

"Perhaps," said Henry of Vitongo. "Tomorrow is time enough. For tonight—tu'u ia mo paga." With the girl he turned away. Already they had put aside all troublesome issues; already they were heading back into the night where the soft cymbaling of palm-fronds made bridal music and pigeons murmured sleepy love-notes under the accompaniment moon. "Tu'u ia mo paga," said Henry, which means it is forgotten—it should not count.

He laughed; she laughed; there was only laughter in their hearts as they went, his arm about her waist—not towards the house—not towards the store—but away to the right; where the candlenut tree and its clustering blossoms showed the way to the wild ravine—two frank and unabashed pagans together.



## A TRAIN THAT NOBODY COULD STOP!

**B**EHIND a certain special train which left New York City on Memorial Day, 1910, stood a simple and great idea. The idea was that there is all the difference in the world between the man who owns his own drug store and the man who runs it for a salary.

As Henry W. Merritt, of Wilkes-Barre, himself a veteran drug-store proprietor, puts it: "Neighborliness is the most important thing in modern business, and any business which grows so big that neighborliness is eliminated will never quite give the service it ought to give."

Mr. Merritt, who is a director of the American Druggists Syndicate and who has been president of the National Association of Retail Druggists, was one of three men who sent this special train zig-zagging on its triumphant way across the continent.

Today, when the man on the street knows how great this co-operative organization is, it's hard to believe that the A. D. S. ever faced any problems.

**T**ODAY . . . when three thousand drug products and accessories with the A. D. S. label go into millions of American homes . . . when twenty-six thousand druggists and physicians form the solid bulwark of its democratic organization . . . when the Long Island plant, covering more than twelve acres of floor space, is only one of four big manufactories and laboratories in four different states . . . when this—the biggest organization in the world of retailers who own their own manufacturing business—is capitalized cleanly at \$10,000,000 and has a volunteer line of credit from leading New York banks of \$1,500,000.

But yesterday, and the day before, there were troubles. Even in 1910, when the A. D. S. had got past its infant stage, when five thousand dollars were in the treasury, when the "line" had been increased from the original six remedies to include several "bulk" items and rubber goods, there were severe problems.

The main problem was how to increase the organization. For everything was ready—except a large membership. With only 4,600 members, the machinery was barely moving. With 10,000 it would be running mightily in high gear.



*"I joined the A. D. S. myself, and I have labored ever since, with all my power, to get others to join. The vision I saw has apparently been seen by others, for never have I witnessed such enthusiastic growth."* —HENRY W. MERRITT

**T**HREE men got together. They were Henry W. Merritt, Charles H. Goddard, then Secretary of the A. D. S., and Dr. William C. Anderson, Dean of the Brooklyn College of Pharmacy.

On Memorial Day in 1910, as a result of this little meeting, two special cars were attached to a train leaving New York. One car was filled with samples and supplies of A. D. S. products. It had show cases, shelves, display material. . . . The other car had eight men.

Weaving, twisting, zig-zagging its way across the continent, this special train visited fifty-two cities in forty-two days, drew into its silver web of public service the progressive druggists of the country—the entire 6,400 of them—necessary to make the coveted 10,000 members of the A. D. S.

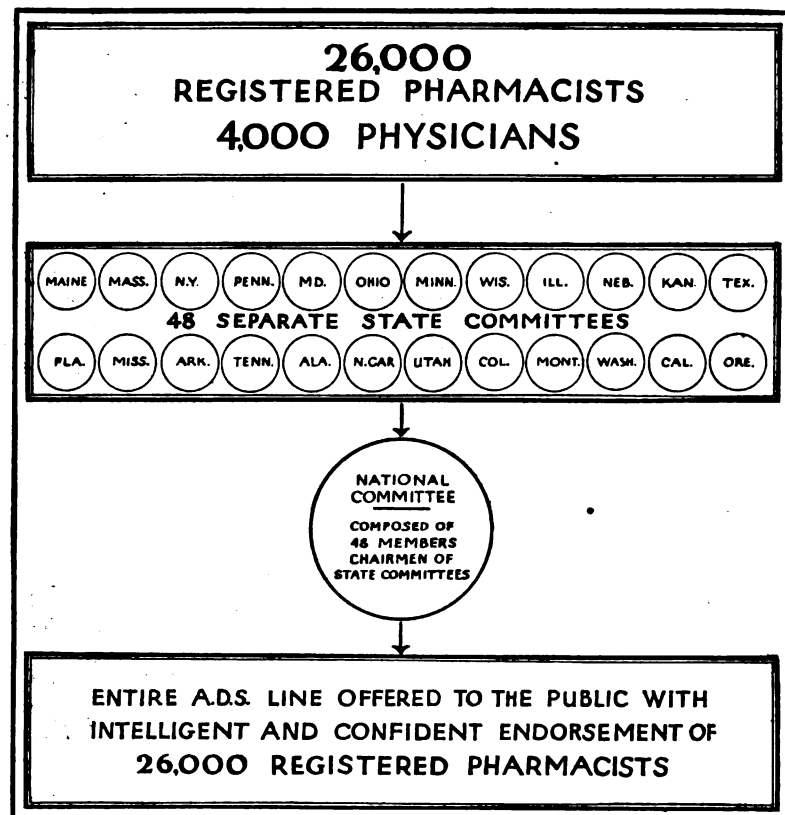


Chart showing the way the vast A. D. S. organization secures and judges the best medical formulae in the entire United States

TO Henry W. Merritt this was the greatest adventure of his life.

"It was not only amazing in its daring, in its romance, and in its remarkable practicality," he says, "but it taught me a lesson I shall never forget. It taught me that I was not merely the proprietor of a drug store, but a public servant." And Mr. Merritt is right as usual. This trip indicates dramatically the four big things the A. D. S. stands for.

### First, Democracy.

FROM city to city the train travelled, stopping on a siding while Mr. Merritt and his men brought druggists—busy men who would leave their stores only for an unusually important affair like this—to the special cars. There it was explained to them that the A. D. S. is the only organization of its kind in the world—the only organization of retail druggists who own their own manufacturing plant.

It was explained to them that no man or group of men controls the organization, that every individual member has as much to say as every other member.

They were told about the manufacturing plant and about the great hopes which the A. D. S. had for the future—hopes which today have been realized in the four great plants and laboratories.

### Second, Public Service.

This was the particular function of Henry W. Merritt, for—well, let him tell it in his own words.

"I WAS called sales manager," he tells you. "I merely organized the men in each city and saw to it that druggists were got to join and give their initial order of A. D. S. goods. And I made a talk. I hadn't intended to, but the more I saw how great a service the average druggist was giving in his locality and how

little he was appreciated, the more I realized how important it was to make him conscious of himself and to help make his business easier and more substantial.

"In one drug store, for instance, the proprietor confided to me that he did more of a doctor's work than the average physician. People came to him for aid—people with stomach trouble, headaches, sore throats and colds, rheumatic pains. He was modest and very cautious in his recommendations. He spent more time telling them how nature would cure them than in selling them drugs. As I stood there, a score of people interrupted us to ask for postage stamps, for telephone slugs, for a city directory, and so on. Without for a moment losing his smile of good will, the proprietor served them all.

"It came to me forcibly that never in the world will big business, machinery and large scale organization create a substitute for the wholesome, *personal* good will of this friend of the community. And in that moment I saw the fallacy of the chain-store movement. For that movement, with all its advantages, substitutes a clerk for the proprietor. In other words, it substitutes a *cog in the wheel* for a *human being*. And I saw that the A. D. S. solved this one big problem, for it kept the *proprietor* in *human contact* with his customers, and at the same time it gave him all the advantages of large scale production. And of course it gave him

the finest drug products in the world to sell at prices no higher than those of chain store competitors.

"IT WAS an inspiring thought, and it interested me seriously in the future of this great organization. You can't go into the future of any living thing without consulting its past, and I had studied, in a sketchy way, the past of the co-operative movement.

"I HAD viewed the whole co-operative movement in industry with a great deal of interest. I had studied the history of the movement and could see that it was rising to greater and greater power, so that soon all civilized humanity would share its benefits.

"I had gone into the beginnings with Robert Owen, Fournier, the Rochdale Pioneers, Herr Raiffeisen, and the *Syndicats Agricoles*—the eighteenth and nineteenth century beginnings in England, France and Germany.

"I had seen how swiftly America came into the movement—from the old Boston Buying Club to the modern agricultural and industrial nation-wide co-operative movement. And then I came to a study of the modern chain store movement. There I had my first moment of hesitation, of doubt.

"For I am, first, last, and all the time, a druggist—a proprietor. I know that never will science invent a substitute for the human heart, for the friendly hand, for the neighborly and understanding mind. . . And here I saw clerks where before there had been friends, machinery where before there had been kindly human beings.

"It seemed to me that the greatness of the chain store movement was yet to be discovered.

"It has been. As soon as I heard of the A. D. S., I knew that the *human* problem had been solved. It had the advantages—all of them—of the chain store movement. Fine products. Large scale manufacture, so that prices were low. Swift and large scale transportation, so that products were always fresh. At the same





***Among the most popular of all the 3,000 A. D. S. articles is CHLOR-E-DIXO tooth paste***

**time it kept the actual owner in his own store.**

"I joined, and I have labored ever since with all my power to get others to join. The vision which I saw has apparently been seen by others, for never have I witnessed such an enthusiastic growth as that of this great public service organization."

**That Henry W. Merritt's faith was justified is proved by the success of the A. D. S. today. For today A. D. S. products go into ten million American homes; today there are twenty-six thousand A. D. S. members; today the A. D. S. is capitalized at \$10,000,000 and has a voluntary line of credit from New York banks of \$1,500,000; today the A. D. S. manufactures more than three thousand different drug products and accessories.**

But the growth was not as easy as one might think. The early struggles of the organization, when opposition and hard luck came from every quarter, were told in speeches during the trip by Charles H. Goddard.

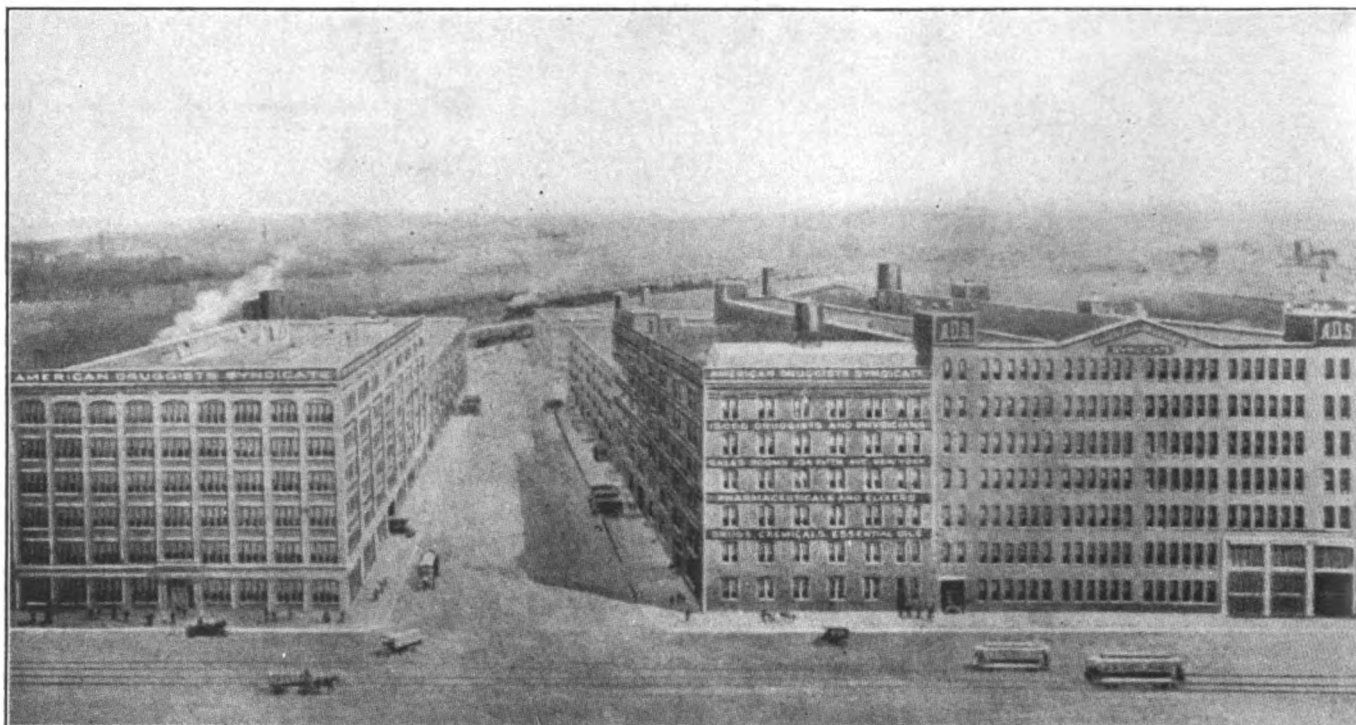
Mr. Goddard told also how the organization might grow to greatness. (Today, when most people would be satisfied, he still predicts ten times the development which already has come.)

**An illustration of the soundness of Mr. Goddard's faith was brought vividly to Mr. Merritt's attention during the trip.**

"I had an aunt in Denver," he says, "and when we arrived, I was so tired—for we had been living, eating and sleeping A. D. S. for weeks—I decided to slip away from the party for a few hours and call on Aunt Sophie. As soon as I saw the dear old lady, she asked about her niece. 'Ethel is happy and well,' I told her, 'except for a quinsy sore throat which she had when I left Pennsylvania.' My aunt dashed out of the room and returned with a package. 'Here's the best thing in the world for her throat,' she said. I looked at the package. It was A. D. S. Bronklets. And that was in 1910!"

### Third, Science to the Highest Degree.

**I**n the Formula Idea, the A. D. S. has developed the finest method for drug manufacture known to the world. Dr. Anderson, Dean of the Brooklyn College of Pharmacy, and head of the A. D. S. National Formula Committee, told about it in his speeches. The A. D. S. had, in every State, a State Formula Committee. This committee received from each pharmacist in its state the best formula for combining drugs he had developed in his experience. From among these the committee selected the best and passed them on to the National Formula Committee. From the best formulas selected by the National Committee, after every modern test was put to them, were selected the formulas from which A. D. S. products were manufactured.



***An artist's impression of A. D. S. plant at Long Island City—one of its four chief establishments***

When Dr. Anderson told druggists of this, they responded with enthusiasm which today the greater organization still retains.

There was one old-timer who came up to the special car of the A. D. S.

"I was born in the drug profession," he told them, "and I expect to live out my life in it. I'm for progress, but I'm not for cold-blooded division of human functions. My store is a sort of home to every customer. It is a place not only for telephone calls, postage stamps and the use of the directory, but it is a place of advice. I spend fully half of my time telling people that nature will cure them, and the other half of my time I spend trying to give them drugs which will help nature to do its work.

"A matter like this is very important to me. I can't believe in a system which sends me out of my own store and changes my relationship with my customers. For it isn't good for my customers. And yet I do want to be modern, to have the finest products, to be able to charge the lowest prices.

"Your system gives me all these advantages. And in addition to that I can have some say in the manufacture.

"For, believe me, in my years of experience I have developed several formulas which are better than those of any drug manufacturer. For years I have tried to find a way to give the general public the benefit of these formulas. Now, with the A. D. S. organization, with its splendid Formula Idea, I can function more happily and efficiently than ever before."

#### **Fourth, the Value of Ambition.**

**G**REAT as the A. D. S. is, it is only in its infancy. This is not merely a belief of men like Mr. Goddard and Mr. Merritt—it is the faith of the great majority of the twenty-six thousand A. D. S. members.

"I go about here and there in the country," says Mr. Merritt, "and I find today the same sturdy pioneer spirit that I found on that trip in 1910. Then every member, whether he joined a day before or at the beginning five years ago, felt that with *his* co-operation, with *his* steady, concentrated effort, the A. D. S. would grow almost to unlimited service.

"Today they ask me, everywhere, whether the A. D. S. can stand more growth. And I tell them that if they will continue to concentrate their orders as they have been doing, we can, with hardly an increase in our labor or machinery costs, manufacture \$50,000,000 worth of drug products and accessories a year.

**A**ND, I tell them, this will be at such a saving in costs that the price of these products—products acknowledged to be the purest on the market—will be reduced fully one-third to the public.

"Such a healthy financial and producing organization is a phenomenon, and as our members are growing in the realization of our own possibilities, they are co-operating more and more intensively to make us of still greater service to their customers and ours."

Charles H. Goddard, who was secretary at the time of that famous flying trip across the continent, and who is president today, has gone into fascinating detail as to the possibilities for growth.

This detail is dramatic in its interest, and its essentials are of vital moment to every American who uses, in one way or another, the service of the drug store—which means every man, woman and child in these United States.

The whole plan—staggering in its implications—began with the purchase of the first big plant by the A. D. S. in 1911.

In itself it was a daring stroke.

**(TO BE CONTINUED)**

# Old Hardhead

[Continued from page 41]

threatened to call balls on him at once. "Yep," muttered Donovan to one of the veterans on the bench, "the boys are in shape, all right."

They walked back to their positions, glaring at each other all the while. By dint of more conferences and arguments, they succeeded in striking out two batters in succession.

The crowd in the meantime was in a sweat. The coming situation was too tense for wild applause. Sensing what was about to happen, the fans sat back in silence.

Home Run Thorpe, the slugger of the Grays—of the league—was up next.

A long hit by Thorpe would break up the game, and there was always danger of his making it. To strike him out—well, the fans waited uncomfortably.

This situation did not appear to bother De Forrest and the Jabber in the least. Immediately they went into a wordy and heated conference.

Nobody ever knew whether they agreed or not, but they did manage to slip two strikes over on Thorpe before he had taken his bat from his shoulder. This put the crowd in an uproar.

Obviously there was but one thing to do, and they did it without argument. They wasted three in the hope that the slugger might get impatient and snap at a bad one. But Thorpe didn't fall for it. He stood there, calm as you please, until the count stood two and three.

"I'm telling you," said McGarr, throwing down his mask and walking half way to the pitcher's box, "that he can't hit a curve that is low and inside."

Nobody heard De Forrest, of course, but the fans knew that he didn't agree with what McGarr had said. He shook his head.

"I've studied him for years, and I know," reiterated the Jabber. "You are only a youngster—what do you know?"

"Youngster, yes," said De Forrest, "but I'm a pitcher. You're a catcher. This fellow's weakness is a fast high one."

"Why, you big boob, he'll knock that out of the lot. Give him a low one inside. Ask Donovan what he thinks."

They both turned to the bench, but Mike wouldn't look at them.

"I'm going to pitch as I please," declared De Forrest, "and you know what that means. I've had enough of you."

**T**HERE was poison in De Forrest's voice, and there was poison in his thoughts. Everything, the game—maybe the pennant, depended on this one pitch.

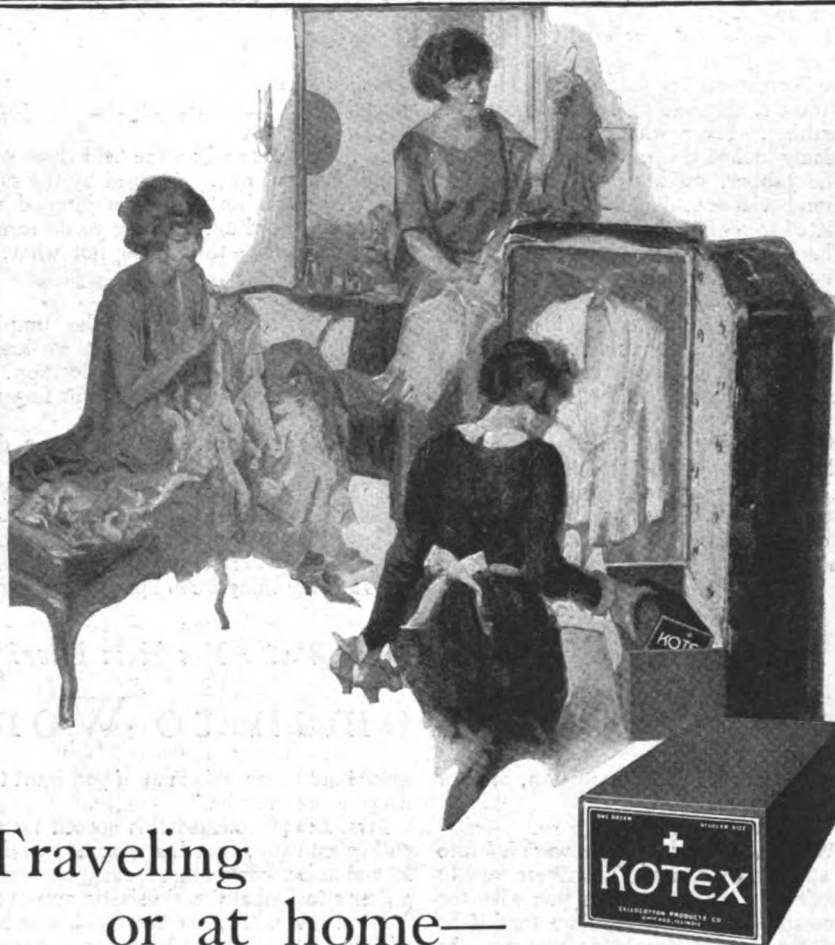
"Enough of me, eh? If it hadn't been for me, you'd still be in the bush league. Who made you a pitcher? Answer me that! Have you ever been right in an argument in your life? Oysters ain't fish, eh? . . . Low curve inside, I say!"

"I'll win this one, all right," retorted Dean, thoroughly angered. "One of us'll be killed or cured."

If ever there was a chance to resort to that Napoleonic emergency of which De Forrest had dared to think, this was it. Yes, he recalled, the Lord loveth them that he chasteneth—why not I?

Back and forth they argued until the

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spectators were in a rage. The opposition was storming at the umpire.

"Go on and make 'em pitch," the Grays demanded. "Fine chance we'd have of getting away with that!"

Home Run Thorpe stood there, not a muscle moving.

The umpire finally ordered play to proceed or he'd forfeit the game.

De Forrest was beginning to nod his head to McGarr. He had made up his mind on something. From where we sat, his face suddenly looked drawn and hard.

The Jabber, smiling over what he felt a moral victory, donned his mask and squatted to receive the pitch.

There being three on bases and two out, De Forrest did not have to watch the runners. He could take a big wind-up.

As De Forrest started his big wind-up all three Gray runners started in motion. If the batter struck out it would make no difference, anyway. If he hit safely all might score. Putting all he had in the throw, De Forrest cut loose.

McGarr set himself to one side and reached low for the ball.

But it was not a low curve inside!

Dean had hurled the fastest ball he had in his kit. And it was breast-high—two feet from where McGarr had expected it.

Thorpe took a furious swing and missed. A yelp—more like a bark—started from the crowd, and stopped.

De Forrest had made his Napoleonic stand—had deliberately crossed the Jabber; had stood firmly on his belief.

The ball hit McGarr squarely on top of the head. So great was the speed of it that the ol' pill, as Jabber called it, bounded upward and over the top of the grandstand. The batter and all three runners scored.

In the stands and on the field there was a mild form of riot. Enraged by the sudden change in fortune, fans jumped up and down, howling, wanting to do something, anything—they knew not what.

PLAYERS rushed around the umpire clamoring something that even we knew not what. We couldn't get a decision.

Finally the umpire held up four fingers. The runs all counted!

"What'll I score it?" the scorer demanded to know.

That stopped us all for a moment. We argued back and forth, hotly, forgetting about poor Jabber lying there, knocked out. Players were trying to revive him.

"The only thing I can figure," said Dry-

den, dean of our corps, "is to score it—well—well—a strike-out, a passed ball a wild pitch and—"

"Yes, it's all of those things," admitted the scorer, "but I've got to call it one thing—not a dozen."

"A home run is the only thing you can call it," said the umpire when we appealed to him. It was so recorded, the official rules never having contemplated a situation like that.

Then we turned to see about the Jabber. He was still unconscious. Mike Donovan and the club doctor were leaning over him, pouring water on his head and working his arms up and down.

McGarr opened his eyes.

"Where's Dean?" he asked.

De Forrest crowded in beside him. McGarr motioned for him to lean over and put his ear to his lips. The stronger-than-words argument had gone home.

"You win that one, Dean," he mumbled, his fingers wandering over the lump on his boasted hard head. "I'll say he didn't hit a fast one, breast high."

Truly a great monarch had fallen. Team mates gaped open-mouthed at what they had heard.

"But I always told you the Jabber was a game guy," De Forrest declared.

¶ *Frederic Arnold Kummer's "What Would You Have Done?" Story—Continued from page 51*

## Woman to Woman

done to anyone—neither to you, nor to him."

"You think not?"

"Why should there? You were led into the affair quite innocently. Were you to acquaint the man who loves you with the circumstances now, I am sure that if he cares for you as deeply as you say, he would marry you in spite of what has occurred. But it is never safe, my child, to trust in forgiveness granted under such circumstances. No matter how he might feel now, in the years to come he would remember, and in the end unhappiness would almost certainly come to you both. That is human nature."

The girl, who had listened to every word with avid attention, gave a little shudder. "Then you advise me not to tell him?"

"Yes. That seems to be best. I am the last person in the world to advise or countenance deceit, but the circumstances are unusual, and sometimes it is the part of wisdom not to tell too much."

"But—if he should ever find out."

"Who could tell him? No one but myself and the members of our League; and to us such matters are sacred. Our lips are sealed. You have nothing to fear."

"I am glad to know that you feel that way, Mrs. Dexter," Pauline said, regarding with somber eyes the older woman. "You were the only person in the world to whom I could come for advice. No one else knows my story, and I did not wish to tell anyone else."

"Of course not, my child. I am only too glad to be of help to you. It is the duty of our League to look after the welfare of our girls. In fact, I consider it a compliment that you have come to me in this way. It shows that in helping you to do right we have made no mistake. As I have said before, I see no possible reason why you

should not marry this man, if you want to, whoever he may be."

Mrs. Dexter finished this speech rather enthusiastically, and her manner, as she looked at her companion seemed to denote a desire for equally enthusiastic approval.

None came. Pauline West looked at her with her large and tragic eyes in a manner that was distinctly disconcerting.

"It is true, Mrs. Dexter," she said steadily, "that there was no one in the world but you to whom I could come for advice in this matter, but I have not yet explained why that is so. The fact that you knew my story was one reason, of course, but there is another."

"Another?" Mrs. Dexter's enthusiasm disappeared, swept away by a flood of questions, doubts.

"The real reason, Mrs. Dexter, is this: The man who has asked me to marry him is your son Royce."

The words were spoken in a tone even lower than those which the girl had been using, for sorrow and a certain fear gripped her heart, but to Mrs. Dexter they sounded like the crackle of near-by thunder.

"Royce!" she exclaimed harshly. "My son!" She rose and went towards the girl as though she would have liked to take her by the throat and throttle her. "How dare you! How dare you!"

"How dare I what, Mrs. Dexter?" Pauline West's voice trembled pitifully.

"How dare you come here and tell me such a thing! It is insulting!"

"I came because I thought it was the right, the honest thing for me to do."

"So this is the thanks I get for saving you from the gutter! Oh!"

"You have told me," the girl went on quietly, "that you see no reason why I should not marry this man, whoever he may be. I had to know how you felt, on

that point, before I could tell you who he was, for I realized that otherwise you would not tell me the truth. I did not come here to trick you into any admissions. I did not have to come at all. Royce would have married me, a week ago, if I would have let him. I met him, last month, at your sister's in Boston. He has proposed to me half a dozen times, but I refused to give him any answer. I wanted to see you.

"You mean to accept him, I suppose." Mrs. Dexter had recovered her composure. There was a dangerous gleam in her eyes.

"I must, Mrs. Dexter. I love him."

"Then I shall tell him the truth."

"You can not do that. You promised not to tell anyone."

"That makes no difference now. I am fighting for my son's happiness. You are not a fit wife for him and you shall not marry him if I can prevent it."

"Why am I not fit to marry your son, Mrs. Dexter?"

"Because you are—because of that affair you had—with another man."

"You believe, then, that I am an immoral woman?"

"It makes no difference what I believe."

"But, knowing all this, you said I could marry any man I pleased."

"Perhaps I did. This is different. We are speaking of my son, now."

"Is he so much better than any other man? Is that what you mean?"

"He is my son."

The girl went to the window and gazed out into the street for several moments in silence. Presently she turned, spoke.

"You pretend to save many women from the streets, Mrs. Dexter, you and your associates. You pride yourselves on making good women of them. You did not have to make a good woman of me, for I have never been anything else. I loved

Jim Woodward. We came from the same town, and had grown up together. He was a splendid man. When he found that he was about to go abroad with his regiment, he came to say good-by to his people, to me, and he asked me to marry him, before he went. He had a premonition that he would never come back. I agreed. It was arranged that we were to be married in New York the following week. He was to get the license, and I was to meet him that afternoon. He forgot, or did not know, that I had to go to the license bureau with him. When he found it out, I was on my way to New York. My train was due half an hour before the bureau closed. He was waiting, with a taxicab, to drive me from the station to the City Hall. My train was half an hour late."

"I know all that," said Mrs. Dexter.

"I feel you must have forgotten, or you could not be so bitter. We tried New Jersey next, only to find that licenses there, to non-residents, are not good immediately."

"You, Mrs. Dexter, would never have known anything about me, had it not been for my child. I did not return home. My people thought I had been married, and I did not undeceive them. I worked very hard in New York, as long as I was able to work, for I knew Jim would come back and marry me, some day, if his life were spared."

Mrs. Dexter shook her head impatiently. "All this is beside the question. I shall tell Royce the truth."

"You have no right to destroy his happiness, and mine, by making use of the knowledge you possess."

"He must know the truth."

"Then at least let him hear it from me, first. I think you owe me that much."

"No. I don't trust you. I shall write him fully tonight."

"That will not be necessary. He will be here in a few moments."

"Here?" Mrs. Dexter stared.

"Yes. We came down from Boston together. I told him I must speak to you first, because you had been very kind to me, helped me to get a position. He did not want me to come to you alone, but I insisted. I begged him for half an hour. The time is up. When he comes, you can tell him." She spoke very quietly, very hopelessly, as though everything had been settled. Her calmness contrasted strangely with Mrs. Dexter's agitation.

The few leaden moments during which the two women silently faced each other rolled their weary way across their hearts, and Royce came. He kissed his mother hastily, yet with evident affection, then went up to Pauline and took her hands.

"Have you told her, dear?" he asked.

Pauline nodded, unable to speak. Mrs. Dexter pointed to a chair.

"Sit down, Royce," she said, in a voice so ominous that the young man wheeled upon her in surprise.

"What's up, mother?" he asked, looking for a moment into her eyes.

Pauline glanced up at him, unsmiling.

"Your mother has something to say to you, Royce," she whispered.

Mrs. Dexter said, "I suppose this girl has told you that I sent her to Boston, interested your Aunt Laura in her?"

"Yes, I have heard so. What of it?"

*Can a woman bear the burden of knowing her husband is a criminal? And if the crime is murder? That is the question in "Paul and Ruth and Solomon" by Donn Byrne, and the situation makes a story of a good wife's dilemma, which involves her dare-devil husband, that you will not soon forget. See Hearst's International for August, ready July 20th.*

"Perhaps you do not know that the society of which I am president rescued her from starvation, took care of her baby, until it died—"

"Her baby!" Royce Dexter's face was ashen as he turned to Miss West. "Pauline—you were married before?"

"That is just the point," observed Mrs. Dexter dryly. "She was not married."

Pauline West drew in her breath sharply, with a queer, despairing sigh.

"Pauline!" Royce groaned. "It isn't true."

She was unable to meet his horrified gaze. Her eyes sought Mrs. Dexter.

"At least," she said, "you might have told him *all* the truth." There was a note of infinite weariness in her voice. "Yes, Royce, I was in love with a man, two years ago, before I met you. We were to have been married, just as he was sailing for France. An accident prevented. He was killed at St. Mihiel. That is all."

"Why didn't you tell me?" he demanded.

"I didn't know what to do." Her courage was beginning to break, now, and with it her voice. "That is why I came here—to ask your mother's advice. She gave it to me; advised me to say nothing; told me that I might marry whomever I pleased. When I told her that you were the man I loved, she became furious, said she would stop our marriage by telling you the truth. Perhaps it is just as well. We could never have been happy, with a thing like that between us. I was never meant to be happy, I guess."

Pauline rose and went up to him. "I want you to remember, Royce," she said, her voice like the rustling of dry leaves, "that I told you from the first I was afraid, and begged you to give me up. Even when you insisted that I marry you at once, I refused. You should have listened to me then. Now you must listen to me. You must give me up. We need never see each other again. Good-by."

"Pauline!" Royce said gently.

Mrs. Dexter, who had been watching him very closely, interposed herself between him and the tottering girl.

"You must let her go, Royce," she said. "You must never see her again."

Her words checked the girl at the threshold. Anger stopped her tears.

"Perhaps you are right, Mrs. Dexter!" she cried. "Perhaps I am not fit to marry your son; and yet I think I am as good as he is—as any man is. Can he say that he has never done an immoral thing in his life? It isn't fair, Mrs. Dexter, to have one law for men, and another for women."

"Be quiet!" Mrs. Dexter cried. "How dare you say such things about my son?"

"Because they are the truth. Not any more about him than about any other man. There's no use in saying anything more," she went on, with sudden weariness. "Only women are immoral. Men are just—men."

Once more she turned away.

This time, however, it was Royce who stopped her. He took her in his arms.

"Pauline—dear girl!" he whispered, "I will not let you go. I'm going to marry you in spite of anyone in the world."

"Royce!" Mrs. Dexter's voice was almost a scream. "What can you be thinking of? Are you suddenly mad?"



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Upton Sinclair's Novel of the Figure from the Stained-Glass Window — Continued from page 13

## They Call Me Carpenter

Carpenter did not say whether or not he knew the big man.

"They come to me always, the peecture people; to me, the magician, the depute of the god of beautee. Mary Magna, she comes to me, and she breengs me her old grandmother, and she says, 'Madame,' she says, 'make her new from the waist up, for you can nevair tell how the fashions weel change, and what she weel need to show,'" exclaimed Madame Planchet.

I knew by now where I was. I had heard many times of Madame Planchet's beauty-parlors. I sat, wondering; should I take Carpenter by the arm, and lead him gently out, or should I leave him to fight his own fight with modern civilization?

Madame turned suddenly, drew me apart, and said: "Meester Billee, tell me somet'ing. Ees eet true that thees gentleman ees a healer? He takes away the pains? He makes you not to suffer?"

"He did it for me," I answered.

"I have an idea; eet ees a wondair." She turned to my friend. "Meester Carpenter, they tell me that you heal the pains. I think eet would be a vairy fine thing eef you would come to my parlors and attend the ladies while I give them the permanent wave, and while I skeen them, and make them the dimples and the sweet smiles. They suffer so, the poor dears, and eef you would seet and hold their hands, they would love eet, they would come every day for eet, and you would be famous, and you would be reech."

MADAME PLANCHET so far had not heard the sound of Carpenter's voice. Now she forced him to speak, but she did not force him to look at her. His gaze went over her head, as he recited:

"Because the daughters of Zion are haughty, and walk with stretched forth necks and wanton eyes, walking and mincing as they go, and making a tinkling with their feet; therefore the Lord will smite with a scab the crown of the head of the daughters of Zion, and the Lord will discover their secret parts."

"Oh, mon Dieu!" cried Madame.

"In that day the Lord will take away the bravery of their tinkling ornaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon, the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands, and the tablets, and the earrings, the rings, and nose jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping pins, the glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the veils. And it shall come to pass that instead of sweet smell there shall be stink; and instead of a girdle a rent; and instead of well set hair, baldness; and instead of a stomacher a girding of sackcloth; and burning instead of beauty."

At that moment the door was flung open, and Mary Magna came in.

"My Gawd, will you look who's here! Billy, wretched creature, I haven't laid eyes on you for two months! Do you have

to desert me entirely, just because you've fallen in love with a society girl with the face of a Japanese doll-baby? What's the matter with me, that I lose my lovers faster than I get them? Hello, Planchet, how's my old grannie making out in your scalping-shop? And—why, what's this? For the love of Peter, somebody introduce me to this gentleman. Is he a friend of yours, Billy? Carpenter? Excuse me, Mr. Carpenter, but we picture people learn to talk about our faces and our styles, and it isn't every day I come on a million dollars walking round on two legs. Who does the gentleman work for?"

Mary Magna stopped long enough for her to stare from one to another of us. "What? You mean nobody's got him? And you all standing round here, not signing any contracts? Well, as it happens, T-S is going to be here in five minutes."

Mary stopped again; and this was most unusual, for as a general rule, she never stopped until somebody or something stopped her. But she was fascinated by the appearance of Carpenter. "My good heaven! Where did he come from? Why, it seems like—I'm trying to think—yes, it's the very man! Listen, Billy; you may not believe it, but I was in a church a couple of weeks ago. I went to see Roxanna Riddle marry that grand duke fellow. It was in a big church over by the park—St. Bartholomew, they call it. I sat looking at a stained-glass window over the altar, and Billy, I swear I believe this Mr. Carpenter came down from that window!"

"Maybe he did, Mary," I put in.

"But I'm not joking! I tell you he's the living, speaking image of that figure. Come to think of it, he isn't speaking, he hasn't said a word! Tell me, Mr. Carpenter, have you got a voice, or are you only a close-up from 'The Servant in the House' or 'Ben Hur'?"

He smiled gently. "Mary," he said, "I think you are carrying everything but the nose jewels."

"Nose jewels? What a horrid idea!"

"When you came in, I was quoting the prophet Isaiah. Some eighty generations of ladies have lived on earth since his day, Mary; they have won the ballot, but apparently they haven't discovered anything new in the way of ornaments. Some of the prophet's words may be strange to you, but if you study them you will see that you've got everything he lists: 'their tinkling onaments about their feet, and their cauls, and their round tires like the moon, the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers, the bonnets, and the ornaments of the legs, and the headbands, and the tablets, and the earrings, the rings, and nose jewels, the changeable suits of apparel, and the mantles, and the wimples, and the crisping pins, the glasses, and the fine linen, and the hoods, and the veils.'"

As Carpenter recited this list, his eyes roamed from one part to another of the wondrous "get up" of Mary Magna. You can imagine her facing him—that bold and vivid figure which you have seen as "Cleopatra" and "Salome," as "Dubarry" and "Anne Boleyn," and I know not how many

other of the famous courtesans and queens.

Mary had not taken her eyes off Carpenter. "So you are really one of those religious fellows!" she exclaimed. "You'll know exactly what to do without any directing! How perfectly incredible!" At that appropriate moment, T-S pushed open the door and waddled in!

YOU know the screen stars, of course; but maybe you do not know those larger celestial bodies, the dark and silent and invisible stars from which the shining ones derive their energies. So, permit me to introduce you to T-S, the trade abbreviation for a name which nobody can remember, which even his secretaries have to keep typed on a slip of paper just above their machines—Tszchniczklefritsch. If you are as rich as he, you call him Abey; otherwise, you call him Mr. T-S.

He is shorter than you or I, and has found that he can't grow upward, but can grow without limit in all lateral directions. There is always a little more of him than his clothing can hold, and it spreads out in rolls about his collar. He has a yellowish face, which turns red easily. He has small, shiny eyes, he speaks atrocious English, he is as devoid of culture as a hairy Ainu.

"Hello, everybody! Madame, vere's de old voman?"

"She ees being dressed."

"Vell, speed her up! I got——"

The great man of the pictures stood rooted to the spot. "Vot's dis? Some joke you people playin' on me?" He shot a suspicious glance from one to another. "No," said Mary, "he's real. Honest to goodness!"

"Oh! You bring him fer an engagement. Vell, I don't do no business outside my office. Send him to see Lipsky."

"He hasn't asked for an engagement," said Mary.

"Oh, he ain't. Vell, vot's he hangin' about fer? Gittin' a permanent-vave?"

"Cut it out, Abey," said Mary Magna. "This is a gentleman, and you must be decent. Mr. Carpenter, meet Mr. T-S."

"Carpenter, eh? Vell, Mr. Carpenter, if I vas to make a picture vit you I gotta spend a million dollars on it—you know you can't make no cheap-skate picture fer a t'ing like dat; if you do you got a piece o' cheese on your hands."

"Cut it out, Abey!" broke in Mary. "Mr. Carpenter hasn't asked anything of you as far as I've heard."

"Oh, he ain't, hey? So dat's his game. Vell, he'll find maybe I can vait as long as de next feller. Vot's de matter, Madame. is dat voman o' mine melsted to de chair?"

"I'll see, I'll see, Meester T-S," said Madame, hustling out of the room.

Mary came up to the great man. "See here, Abey," she said, in a low voice, "you're making the worst mistake of your life. This man hasn't been discovered. When he is, you know what'll happen."

"Vere doss he come from?"

"I don't know. Billy here brought him."

"But, Mary, can he act?"

"Act? Heavens, he don't have to act!



He only has to look at you, and you want to fall at his feet."

The great man surveyed the figure of the stranger. Then he went up to him.

"See here, Mr. Carpenter, maybe I could make you famous. Vat you say?"

"I have never thought of being famous."

"Vell, you t'ink of it now. If I hire you, I make you de greatest actor in the world."

I was waiting with curiosity to hear what he would say; but at that moment the door from the "maternity-room" was opened, and the voice of Madame Planchet interrupted us, saying: "Here she ees!"

"My Gawd!" gasped Mrs. T-S. "I'm dyin'! I'm surely dyin'!"

Her husband responded, beaming, "So you gone and done it again!"

Said Mrs. T-S: "I'll never do it no more, I promise you that!"

"Y'allus say dat. Fergit it, Maw, you're all right now, you don't have to have your hair frizzed fer six mont's!"

"I gotta lie down. I'm dyin', Abey, I tell you. Lemme git on de sofa."

"Now, Maw, we gotta eat——"

"I can't eat no dinner."

"Vot?" There was genuine alarm in the husband's voice. "You can't eat no dinner? Sure you gotta eat your dinner. You can't live if you don't eat. Come along now, Maw and git dinner."

T-S went and stood before her, and a grin came over his face. "Maw, it's grand! It's like I got a new girl! Come on now, git up, ve go git our dinner, and den ve gotta see dem night scenes took. Don't fergit, ve're payin' two t'ousand men five dollars apiece tonight, and ve gotta git our money out of 'em." Then, taking for granted that this settled it, he turned to the rest. "You come vit us, Mary?"

"I must wait for my grannie."

"Sure, you leave your car fer grannie, and you come vit us, and ve git some dinner. and den ve see dem mob scenes took. You come along, Mr. Carpenter. I gotta have some talk vit you. And you, Billy? Come, pile in."

T-S's car was waiting at the door.

"Prince's," said T-S to the chauffeur, and the palace on wheels began to glide along. It occurred to me to wonder that T-S was not embarrassed to take Carpenter to a fashionable eating-place. But I could read his thoughts; everybody would assume that he had been "on location" with one of his stars; and, what the hell? Wasn't he Abey Tschniczkelfritsch?

So we came to Prince's, and drew up before the porte-cochere, and found ourselves confronting an adventure. There was a crowd before the place, a surging throng half way down the block, with a whole line of policemen to hold them back. Over the heads of the crowd were transparencies, frame boxes with canvas on, and lights inside, and words painted on them. "Hello!" cried T-S. "Vot's dis?"

Suddenly I recalled what I had read in the morning's paper. The workers of the famous pleasure palace had gone on strike, and trouble was feared. I told T-S, and he exclaimed: "Oh, hell! Ain't ve got troubles enough vit strikers in de studios, vitout dey come spoilin' our dinner?"

The footman had jumped from his seat, and had the door open, and the great man began to alight. At that moment, the mob set up a howl.

"For shame! For shame! Unfair! Don't go in there! They starve their work-

ers! They're taking the bread out of our mouths! Scabs! Scabs!"

I got out second, and saw a spectacle of haggard faces. I saw hands waved wildly, one or two fists clenched; I saw the police, shoving against the mass, poking with their sticks, none too gently. A poor devil in a waiter's costume stretched out his arms to me, yelling in a foreign dialect, "You take de food from my babies!" The next moment the club of a policeman came down on his head—crack. I heard Mary scream behind me, and I turned, just in the nick of time. Carpenter was leaping towards the policeman, crying, "Stop!"

There was no chance to parley in this emergency. I grabbed Carpenter in a football tackle and got one arm pinned to his side, while Mary, good old scout, got the other. When we got hold of Carpenter, we discovered that he wasn't much but skin and bones. We fairly lifted him up and rushed him into the restaurant; and after the first moment, he stopped resisting, and let us lead him between the aisles of diners, on the heels of the toddling T-S. There was a table reserved, in an alcove, and we brought him to it, and then waited to see what we had done.

Carpenter turned to me—and those sad but ever-changing eyes were flashing. "You have taken a great liberty!"

"There wasn't any time to argue," I said. "If you knew what I know about the police of Western City and their manners, you wouldn't want to monkey with them."

Mary backed me up earnestly. "They'd have smashed your face, Mr. Carpenter."

"My face?" he repeated. "Is not a man more than his face?"

You should have heard the shout of T-S! "Vot? Ain't I ready to offer you five hund'ed dollars a week fer dat face, and you want you should get it smashed? And fer a lot o' bums dat von't verk fer honest vages, and von't let nobody else verk!"

"Sit down, Abey!" Maw commanded.

We seated ourselves. Carpenter turned his dark eyes on me. "I observe that you have many kinds of mobs in your city," he remarked. "And the police *do* interfere with some of them."

"My Gawd!" cried T-S. "You gonna have a lot o' bums jumpin' on people ven dey try to git a dinner?"

"You or someone said that the police would not work unless they were paid," said Carpenter. "May I ask, who pays them to work here? Is it the proprietor of the restaurant?"

"As a matter of fact," said I, "from what I read in the Times this morning, I gather that an old friend of Mr. Carpenter's is interested in this case."

Carpenter looked at me inquiringly.

"Mr. Algernon de Wiggs, president of the Chamber of Commerce, issued a statement denouncing the way the police were letting mobs of strikers interfere with business, and proposing that the Chamber take steps to stop it. You remember de Wiggs, and how we left him?"

"Yes, I remember," said Carpenter; and we exchanged a smile over the trick.

Here the voice of Maw was heard: "Ain't ve gonna git nuttin' to eat?"

So for a long time the problem of capital and labor was put to one side. There were two waiters standing by, very nervous, because of the strike. T-S grabbed the card from one and read off a list of food which the waiter wrote down. Maw who was

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learning the rudiments of etiquette, handed her card to Mary, who gave her order, and then Maw gave hers, and I gave mine, and there was only Carpenter left.

"Vot you vant to order, Mr. Carpenter?" demanded T-S; and I waited, full of curiosity.

Carpenter took the card from his host and studied it. Apparently he had no difficulty in finding the most substantial part of the menu. "I'll have prime ribs of beef," said he, "and boiled mutton with caper sauce; and young spring turkey; and squab en casserole; and milk fed guinea fowl—" The waiter, of course, was obediently writing down each item. "And planked steak with mushrooms; and braised spare ribs—"

"My Gawd!" broke in the host.

"And roast teal duck; and lamb kidneys—"

"Fer the love o' Mike, Mr. Carpenter, you gonna eat all dat?"

"No; of course not."

"Den vot you gonna do vit it?"

"I'm going to take it to the hungry men outside."

WELL, SIR, you'd have thought the world had stopped turning round, so still it was. The two waiters nearly dropped their order-pads and their napkins; they did drop their jaws, and Mrs. T-S's permanent wave seemed about to go flat.

"Oh, hell!" cried T-S. "You can't do it!"

"I can't?"

"You can't order only vot you eat."

"But, then, I don't want anything. I'm not hungry."

"But you can't sit here like a dummy, man!" He turned to the waiter. "You bring him de same vot you bring me. Unnerstand? And git a move on, cause I'm starvin'. Fade out now!"

The proprietor of Eternal City wiped his perspiring forehead with his napkin, and started rather hurriedly to make conversation.

"I vanna tell you about dis picture ve're goin' to see took, Mr. Carpenter. I vant you should see de scale ve do t'ings on, ven ve got a big subje'. Y' unnerstand, dis is a feature picture ve're makin' now; a night picture, a big mob scene."

"Mob scene?" said Carpenter. "You have so many mobs in this world of yours!"

"Vell, sure," said T-S. "You gotta take dis world de vay you find it. Y' can't change human nature, y' know. But dis vot you're gonna see tonight is only a play mob, y' unnerstand."

"That is what seems strangest of all to me," said the other. "You like mobs so well that you make imitation ones!"

"Vell, de people, dey like to see crowds in a picture, and dey like to see action. If you gonna have a big picture, you gotta spend money."

"Why not take this real mob that is outside the door?"

"Ha, ha, ha! Ve couldn't verk that very good, Mr. Carpenter. Ve gotta have it in de right set; and ven you got a real mob, it don't always do vot you vant exactly! Besides, you can't take night pictures unless you got your lights and everyting. No, ve gotta make our mobs to order; ve got two t'ousand fellers hired—"

"What Mr. Rosythe called 'studio bums'? You have that many?"

"Sure, ve could git ten t'ousand if de

set would hold 'em. Dis picture is called 'De Tale o' Two Cities,' and it's de French Revolution. It's about a feller vot takes anoder feller's place and gits his head cut off; and say, dere's a sob story in it vot's a vunder. Ven dey brought me de scenario, I says, 'Who's de author?' Dey says, 'It's a guy named Charles Dickens.' 'Dickens?' says I. 'Vell, I like his verk. Vot's his address?' And Lipsky, he says, says he, 'Dey tell me he stays in a place called Vestminster Abbey, in England.' 'Vell,' says I, 'send him a cablegram and find out vot he'll take fer an exclusive contract.' So ve sent a cablegram to Charles Dickens, Vestminster Abbey, England, and ve didn't git no answer, and come to find out, de boys in de studios vas havin' a laugh on old Abej, because dis guy Dickens is some told-time feller, and de Abbey is vere dey got his bones.

"Vell, dey can have deir fun—how de hell's a feller like me gonna git time to know about writers? Vy, only twelve years ago, Maw here and me vas carryin' pants in a push-cart fer a livin', and ve didn't know if a book vas top-side up or bottom—ain't it, Maw?"

Maw certified that it was—though I thought not quite so eagerly as her husband. There were five little T-S's growing up, and bringing pressure to let the dead past stay buried.

The waiter brought the dinner, and spread it before us. T-S tucked his napkin under both ears, and grabbed his knife in one hand and his fork in the other, and took a long breath, and said, "Good-by folks."

For five minutes or so, there was no sound but that of one man's food going in and going down. Then suddenly the man stopped, with his knife and fork upright on the table in each hand, and cried: "Mr. Carpenter, you ain't eatin' nuttin'!"

THE stranger, who had apparently been in a day-dream, came suddenly back to Prince's. "If you'd only let me take a little to those men outside!" he said pleadingly.

But T-S rapped imperiously on the table, with both his knife and fork together. "Mr. Carpenter, eat your dinner! Eat it, now, I say!"

There was another five minutes of silence; and then the picture magnate cried with a look of horror on his face, "My Gawd! He's cryin'!" Sure enough, there were large tears trickling down the stranger's cheeks, and dripping on the bread he was putting into his mouth!

"Looka here, Mr. Carpenter," protested T-S. "Is it dem strikers?"

"I'm sorry; you see—"

"Now, honest, man, vy should you spoil your dinner fer a bunch o' damn loafers?"

"Abej, vot a vay to talk at a dinner-party!" broke in Maw.

Then suddenly Mary Magna spoke. It was a strange thing, though I did not realize it until afterwards. Mary, the irrepressible, had hardly said one word since we left the beauty parlors! Mary, always the life of parties, was sitting like a woman who had seen the ghost of a dead child.

"Abej," said she, with sudden passion, of a sort I'd never seen her display before, "forget your grub for a moment. I have something to say. Here's a man with a heart full of love for other people—and you're trying to turn him into a movie doll! Try to get it through your skull, Abej!"

The great man's eyes were wide open. "Holy smoke, Mary! Vot's got into you?" Suddenly he almost shrieked, "Lord! She's cryin' too!"

"No, I'm not," declared Mary, valiantly. But there were two drops on her cheeks, so big that she was forced to wipe them away. "It's just a little shame, that's all. Here we sit, with three times as much food before us as we can eat; and all over this city are poor devils with nothing to eat, and no homes to go to."

"Looka here, kid," said the magnate, "you know vot'll happen to you if you git to broodin' over t'ings? You'll git your face full o' wrinkles—you already gone and spoilt your makeup."

THERE'S no use trying to bluff me, Abej," said Mary. "You know as well as I do there are hungry people in this city, and no fault of theirs. You know, too, you eat twice what you ought to, because I've heard the doctor tell you. I'm not blaming you a bit more than I do myself—me, with two automobiles, and a whole show-window on my back." She turned to Carpenter. "What can we do?"

He answered: "Here, men gorge themselves; in Russia they eat their dead."

T-S dropped his knife and fork, and Maw gave a gulp. "Oh, my Gawd!"

"There are ten million people doomed to starve. Their children eat grass, and their bellies swell up, and their legs dwindle to broom-sticks; they stagger and fall into the ditches, and other children tear their flesh and devour it."

"Now looka here!" cried T-S, wildly. "I say dis ain't no decent way to behave at a party! You be good and eat your grub, so it don't git vasted, and I promise you, tomorrow I go and hunt up strike headquarters, and give dem a check fer a t'ousand dollars. Vot you say?"

"What I say, Mr. T-S, is that I can not be the keeper of another man's conscience. But I'll try to eat."

It happens that I was brought up in a highly conscientious family. To my dear mother, and to her worthy sisters, there was nothing in the world more painful than what they call a "scene"—unless possibly it was what they call a "situation." Here we had certainly had a "scene" and still had a "situation." So I sat, racking my brains to think of something safe to talk about. At length I began:

"Mr. Carpenter, the spectacle you are going to see this evening is rather remarkable from the artistic point of view."

"Tell me about it," said Carpenter, and I was grateful for his tone of interest.

"Mr. T-S has built a large set, representing a street scene in Paris over a century ago. He has hired a thousand men—"

"And when it is done, what becomes of the men?"

"Dey got deir five dollars, ain't dey?" asked T-S.

"Yes, but that won't last very long."

"Dey got five million out o' verks in dis country now, and if I wanted to bust myself, I could feed 'em vun day, maybe two," said T-S. "But ven I got done, dey wouldn't be nobody to make pictures, and somebody would have to feed old Abej—or maybe me and Maw could go back to carryin' pants in a push-cart! Dere's plenty fellers got ten times vot I got, and never

done a stroke o' verk fer it. Dey're de vuns y' oughter git after!"

"I would, if I knew how," said Carpenter, very quietly.

"Dey's plenty of 'em, right in dis room, I bet," replied the great T-S.

"Ask Billy," Mary added, "he knows them all!"

"You flatter me, Mary," I laughed.

"Ain't dey some of 'em here?" said T-S.

"Yes, that's true. There are some not far away, who are developing a desire to meet Mr. Carpenter, I am sure."

"Vere are dey at?" demanded T-S.

"I won't tell you that," I laughed, "because you'd turn and stare."

"All right," said the magnate, grinning good naturedly. "I'll keep a-eatin' my dinner. Who is it?"

"It's Mrs. Parmelee Stebbins," said I. "She boasts a salon, and has to have what are called lions, and she's been watching Mr. Carpenter out of the corner of her eye ever since he came into the room. She has had my eye three times, hoping I would give her a signal. I haven't given it, so she's about to leave."

"Vell, she can go to hell!" said T-S, keeping his promise to devote himself to his dinner.

"There is Miss Lucinda Stebbins," I said. "She's engaged to Babcock, millionaire sport and man about town, but he's taking part in a flying race over the Rocky Mountains tonight, and so Lucinda feels bored, but still she doesn't want to meet any freaks. Then there's Bertie Stebbins, who's thinking about a new style of collar he saw advertised today."

"I know that little toad," Mary said.

"Look out!" I whispered. "Here comes Mrs. Stebbins."

I heard Maw catch her breath, and I heard Maw's husband grunt, as I rose.

"How are you, Billy?" gurgled a voice—one of those voices made especially for social occasions. "Wretched boy, why do you never come to see us?"

"I was coming tomorrow," I said.

"Mrs. Stebbins, permit me to introduce Mrs. Tszchnicklefritzsch."

"Charmed to meet you, I'm sure," said Mrs. Stebbins. "I've heard my husband speak of your husband so often."

"And Mr. T-S," said I.

"Howdydo, Mr. T-S?"

"Pretty good, ma'am," said T-S. He had been caught with his mouth full, and was making desperate efforts to swallow.

A singular thing is the power of class prestige! Here was Maw, a good woman, according to her lights, who had worked hard all her life, and had achieved a colossal and astounding success. She had everything in the world that money could buy; her hair was done by the best hair-dresser, her gown had been designed by the best costumer, her rings and bracelets selected by the best jeweler; and yet nothing was right, no power on earth could make it right, and Maw knew it, and writhed in the consciousness of it. And here was Mrs. Parmelee Stebbins, who had never done a useful thing in all her days—unless you count the picking out of a rich husband; yet Mrs. Stebbins was "right," and Maw knew it, and in the presence of the other woman she was in an utter panic, literally quivering in every nerve. And here was old T-S, who, left to himself, might have really meant what he said, that Mrs. Stebbins could go to hell; but

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because he was married, and loved his wife, he too must tremble, and gulp down his food!

Mrs. Stebbins was a patroness of art and intellect; but never did she forget her fundamental duty, the enhancing of the prestige of a family name. When she was introduced to the screen-actress, she was gracious, but did not forget the difference between an actress and a lady. When she was introduced to a strange man who did not wear trousers, she took it quite as an every-day matter, revealing no trace of vulgar human curiosity.

Then came Bertie, full grown, but not yet out of the pimply stage. Bertie's sister remained in her seat, haughtily refusing to be compromised by her mother's vagaries, but Bertie had a purpose, and after I had introduced him round, I saw what he wanted—Mary Magna!

I TURNED back to Bertie's mamma. She had discovered that Carpenter looked even more thrilling on a close view; he was not a stage-figure, but a really grave and impressive personality. So here she was, inviting the party to share her box at the theater; and here was T-S explaining that it couldn't be done, he had got to see his "French revolution pictures took, dey had two t'ousand men hired to make a mob."

The upshot of it was that the great lady consented to forget her box at the theater, and run out to the studios to see the mob scenes for "The Tale of Two Cities."

The Stebbins car drew up by the portecochere; and suddenly I discovered why the wife of the street-car magnate was known as a "social leader."

"Billy," she said, "you come in our car, and bring Mr. Carpenter; I have something to talk to you about."

I took Carpenter by the arm and put him in. Bertie drove, the chauffeur sitting in the seat behind him.

"Beat you to it!" called Bertie, and waved his hand to the picture magnate as we rolled away.

As it happened, we made a poor start. Turning the corner into Broadway, we found ourselves caught in the jam of the theater traffic, and our car was brought to a halt in front of the Empire Varieties.

A crowd of "rah-rah boys," with yellow and purple flags in their hands, and the

glory of battle in their eyes, pushed by. As our car halted, the cheer-leader gave a signal, and a hundred throats let out a roar. It sounded all the more deafening, because Bertie had joined in.

WHEN the noise died down, Carpenter spoke, half to himself. "You make your children into mobs!"

"It really isn't that bad," I pleaded. "It's all in good temper—it's their play."

"Yes, yes! But what is play but practice for reality? And how shall love be learned in savage war-dances?"

Bertie suddenly looked round from his place on the driver's seat. "Say," he demanded, in a grating voice, "where was that guy raised?"

"Bertie dear!" cried his mother. "Don't be rude!"

"I'm not being rude," replied the other. "I just want to know where he got his nut ideas."

"Bertie dear!" cried the mother; and you knew that for eighteen or nineteen years she had been crying, "Bertie dear!" in just the same tone.

Mrs. Stebbins elected to talk for a minute or two about a lawn fête she was planning to give next week for the benefit of the Polish relief. "Poland is the World's Bulwark against Bolshevism," she explained; and then added: "Bertie dear, aren't you driving recklessly?"

Bertie turned his head. "Didn't you hear me tell that old sheeny I was going to beat him to it?"

"But, Bertie dear, this street is crowded!" his mother protested.

"Well, let them look out for themselves!" the dear son answered.

A few seconds later the car suddenly slowed up—so suddenly as to slide us out of our seats. There was a grinding of brakes, and a bump of something under the wheels; then a wild scream from the sidewalk, and a half-stifled cry from the chauffeur. Mrs. Stebbins gasped, "Oh, my God!" and put her hands over her face to shut out the terrible sight.

*Whirled into the midst of rage and death by an automobile accident, the strange Carpenter is thrown into touch with the common people and his swift fight begins. See Hearst's International for August, ready July 20th.*

Gouverneur Morris's New Novel—Continued from page 76

## The Better Wife

know. Isn't there any place we can go, where things won't ever come chasing us off?"

An opportune dividend enabled them to go on all the way to the Coast. Wyoming drove them to the station.

"And you'll write, you'll write often, Wyoming?"

Indeed Wyoming would; there never would be so many letters as Wyoming would write.

"And Wyoming, darling, just remember all I've told you, please; how there's nothing so dark but love can make it bright," Mary cried to her.

She had one letter from Wyoming—a gushing, fervent, adoring school-girl

letter, and thereafter not any more. So you will understand that Mr. Bell had let the cat out of the bag.

They found a beach of the sea, a pebbly half-moon shaped bit of a beach, that nestled against a fine white, tossing and heaping up of sand-dunes, and that was handy to an isolated white farm house, that had never done such a thing before, but didn't know but what, upon proper reflection, it could accommodate a couple of boarders for the winter.

They could have the spare room. They had a look at it.

It was really quite dreadful, and the vast black-walnut bed resembled the hat rack in the front hall, and that resembled

Rheims Cathedral. But there was a bright and cheery room adjoining, that had been the sewing-room, before the girls married, and if they didn't like the machine it could be taken out, or they could use it as a table to put a Victrola on, and the sewing-room could be their sitting-room.

The strong California brightness had drawn Mary to the window.

"You can see the ocean," she said.

"And if you like swimmin'," put in Farmer Jessup, "there ain't no undertow nor sea-puss, exceptin' after a blow."

"You," said Highland, "are from Down East. Didn't I catch a glimpse of a pair of scrimshawed whale teeth in the parlor?"

Farmer Jessup beamed.

"I'll bet dollars to doughnuts you did," said he. "My gran'paw was a whale captain out of Edgartown. Why, havin' you won't be like havin' boarders, it'll be like havin' folks. Maw," he shouted, for Mrs. Farmer Jessup was not only deaf but absent-minded, "Mr. Highland is jest folks—folks!"

Highland had fallen into the habit of casually bedearing Mary when there were people about.

"Well, dear," he said, "how about it?"

"Oh," she said, "I think it's a lovely place, and so clean and tidy, and the sea, and all—I'd love to stay."

"Well," said Highland, "I'm inclined to agree with my wife. We'll think it over and let you know tomorrow."

IN TALKING it over that night, he made a clean breast of many things that troubled him, and felt the better for it.

"Mary," he said, "the last thing I want to do in this world is to hurt your feelings in any way. For God's sake, don't get the idea that I am ashamed of you, if I'm all the time looking for out of the way places to settle in. I've been torn up by the roots. I'm at my wits' end to discover what sort of a life we ought to try to make for ourselves. I don't intend just to keep loafing and running away. I'm strong as a horse, and more and more I think I'd like to work with my hands, go out with a dinner pail in the morning, and come back at night to the pleasant little home you'd make for us, and to the good supper you'd have cooked."

"Oh, no, now don't say you'll set me free. We've had our little talk about promises. If you didn't exist, I'd never go back now. Don't think I'm mourning over old times. I thought them good, but now I see how vain and futile they were. I miss my boys like the devil. I am trying my darndest, Mary, to think out what we ought to do, what's right for us to do."

"Now Jessups' terms are mighty reasonable. If you feel that you could worry through a whole winter—get your company and your theaters and your movies out of the climate and the sunshine—we'd have a little bunch of money saved by spring, and then we could decide on some place, and go there, and try to start something. It won't be a jumping-off place. We'll go where there are people, and no matter what crops up against us, we'll stick, and fight it out, and come out on top. Can you swim?"

No, she couldn't. It must be wonderful. Well, there would be something more for her to learn, something more for him to teach. She could ride a little now, walk

with the best, and, darned if he could remember the last time he had caught her stooping over and had scolded her for it! Why she walked about now, with her head in the air for all the world as if she was listening to a band playing a march.

If he had had a dog he would have kept it always near him. Having only a wife it was fortunate that she could serve the same purpose. He no longer hated her (except at times, and then it was the fact of her existing at all that he hated) and he was no longer indifferent to her.

It was impossible not to like a person whose back had straightened at his command, whose chest had broadened and deepened, whose way of walking had become strong and graceful.

THEN he had only to hint that he preferred a thing this way or that way and, like a shot, that was the way it became. She never noised or fussed about anything. Why, good Lord, she might have made some young fellow a perfectly good wife if she hadn't had bad luck. It was bad luck, nothing else! He was convinced of that. All her inclinations had been for what is sweet and unobtrusive and clean.

Sometimes they talked about her past, her problems and dilemmas. Why hadn't she tried so and so? Always she had a reason for not having tried so and so that seemed good to him. Her story never varied. He came to place implicit reliance on the truth of whatever she told him.

In her pitiful life she had never been a success. She had never had any real stroke of luck till she had met Highland.

But didn't he know that desperate as she had been, she wouldn't have pulled him down the way she had, if she'd known what she knew now. She had thought that he was just like any other man, but he wasn't. If he only knew how kind and decent he'd been to her! It was perfectly understood, wasn't it, that if he ever decided that he wanted to go free, she wouldn't say a word?

She returned so often to the subject of this perfect understanding, that one day he answered with a certain impatience.

"Perhaps you would like to be free. Is that what you are always hinting about?"

"I wouldn't let you off," she said, "if I could help it, unless you wanted me to, and when you do, say so."

ALL of which started Bud to making comparisons between the past and the present. His wife never complained. She was a good sport.

At this thought Captain Highland sat bolt upright on the soft hot sand where he was sunning himself. It was such an amazing and obvious thought! It explained so much! He wondered that it had never before occurred to him. Look at her now, the baby, making a fort with wet sand, and embellishing it with shells. If there was nothing to do but build a sand fort, she would build a sand fort and make it as nice as she could. She had been in the water long enough, and he had told her to come out and stay out, and she hadn't wanted to; but she'd just laughed and been a good sport about it.

She was a good looking way off like that, a crouching silhouette against the light. Nothing skinny about her now. It was



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the swimming had done it. He hadn't had a bit of trouble teaching her. Only once (it was when he was teaching her to float, which is the best first step to swimming, and her face had gone suddenly under) she had doubled suddenly up (quite contrary to instructions, to Hoyle and everything else) had given him one drenched look of despair, and clawed at him, but had voiced no complaint.

She could swim now—nicely. She would do a worthy trudgeon one of these days. He wished they had some place from which to dive. She was the slim, nymph sort that slips in so splashlessly—does so, at least, when it gets its head in first, and doesn't turn over too far and land somewhere on its back.

The fact that the second wife was such a good sport made all things possible.

Imagine his first wife, Bud thought, trying to make the best of anything that wasn't exactly the way she wanted it! Why that had been their whole trouble. His first wife had not been a good sport. Oh, she didn't squeal when they took her money at bridge, or when the other woman holed the putt in the finals. She had that kind of sportiness. But in the great serious game of husband and wife, of having children, and of not having children—in that game she wasn't on the level and no one could expect her to be on the level.

So it never had gone against her. It had never been allowed to. She who in tennis gave her adversary the benefit of every doubtful in or out, ran the thoughts of the man who had been her husband, she who was as above suspicion with a ball in a bunker as a Bible is in church, she who at cards seemed to care not whether she won or lost—was in the great game of life the most flagrant and outrageous little cheat imaginable. She put dope in the favorite's hot mash and her money on the long shot; she always had at least one ace pinched handily between her knee and the underside of the table. She took her winnings in cash, her losses were unwritten I. O. U.'s concerning which her memory soon failed her.

"Why if she'd had the spunk that this kid's got," he thought, "and the sense of honor, we'd have been happy as clams. Even if Fisher didn't lie when he said there had been no wrongdoing, there was wrongdoing in her head, and in her heart.

Thought alone has the power to smirch and befoul."

HE WONDERED if his present wife were warm enough, and he rose, and climbed down from the dunes to find out, going to her just as though he cared for her.

It was a pity that he who admired form, condition, and carriage so much could not have seen himself. Conventional clothes were not becoming to him, nor riding clothes (he was too heavily built for them) but in football clothes, baseball clothes, tennis clothes, his shirt open at the neck, or as now in his bathing suit, he was magnificent.

Over his arm he carried a wrapper of Turkish towelling.

"I've been roasting it in the sun for you," he said. "Here." He held it for her, and she slipped her pretty round arms through the wide sleeves and pulled the voluminous folds together.

"You're not to go out so far," he said,

"unless I'm with you. First I know you'll join a school of dolphins and go snorting off to China." She made him look at what he had presumed to be a fort. It was no such thing. It was a hacienda of adobe. It was called the Lost Ranch. The white shells in the courtyard were marble statues—the bits of sea-weed were supposed to be a thick planting of fuchsias and heliotrope. There were enthusiasm and eagerness in her voice.

"I believe," he said, "that if some one gave you a quince, you'd eat it and be thankful. I like your suit, the white trim looks very smart, and the skirt's just right. The most immodest dress in the world is a bathing suit with a skirt that's too long—the kind the cook and the nurse girl wear, and the silliest dress in the world is a bathing suit with too short a skirt. The ugliest dress in the world is an 'Annette Kellerman,' and the man who thinks he knows what women ought to wear and what they ought not to wear is a simp, and somebody ought to tell him so."

"Have a good sun bath?"

"Until I got thinking. I got thinking what good sports some people are, and that made me mad. I played billiards once—English billiards with a Maharajah."

"What's that?"

"A kind of tea-colored king. He had a billiard room as big as the inside of a cathedral. The floor was all covered with tiger skins. In one corner, covered with dust, were all the presents he had ever received from Queen Victoria. They were mostly Albert Memorial shaped clocks under glass domes. The ceiling was as high up from the floor as the vaulting of a cathedral is, and right splung up against the ceiling, printed and framed, were hung Robert's Rules of Billiards which all players are supposed to heed.

THAT WAS where His Highness was a cheap sport. I don't believe, that at that distance, a microscope could have read them through a telescope. But His Highness pretended that he could. If you happened to be going well, he'd look up at the rules and say he could see one that forbade any player to have more than five successive shots on Fridays. Then if he got going, he'd read the rule again and say he was sorry, but he'd made a mistake, and the rule didn't say five shots. It said fifty. If he missed, and left you a set-up and no rule could be read off quick enough to save him he'd exclaim: 'The crocodile tank!' and he'd drag you to the window to look at the crocodile tank, and while he told you that at that hour of the day the water in the crocodile tank looked like moonlight on snow (at all hours it resembled, and was, green slime) his chief of staff, a fellow that looked like Moses, only he was all silk and gold braid and diamonds, would wet the end of your cue, so that when you came back to shoot, you'd merely skid your ball off sideways. That king was the cheapest sport I ever met. . . . I hate a cheap sport worse than I hate anything else in the world."

So did Mary. "But go on. Tell more." He was started. She loved it when he got started. She could listen by the hour as another unfortunate woman listened to the celebrated Moor of Venice who had recounted his narrow escapes.

He loved to talk about India. It was so long ago and far away. Nothing had ever gone wrong then. Everything was different and better then. Even youth. Why in his day the young people had all been singing "Mandalay." They sang maudlin stuff now. There had been cleaner, greener lands in those days with neater, sweeter maidens in them. Now the world was all broken and bloody from the great war.

He had gone on for a while about India, and then he had got to thinking and that had brought all the old bitterness back. Sensitive to his every look, she turned her eyes from his face, and pretended that she had not noticed. Why couldn't that fool woman leave him alone? There were times when he seemed so boyish and contented and then that black look came and spoiled it all with a suggestion of what had gone before and of what he had suffered.

SHE WAS getting to be a little like that sweet Alice in another of those beautiful old songs that the young people don't sing any more, who "wept with delight when you gave her a smile and trembled with fear at your frown."

But it wasn't really as extreme as that. She was a good sport, and anything her husband said or did, went. Wherefore it was ever so much pleasanter when he talked jolly things than when he thought gloomy things.

She was profoundly grateful to him. She had the best reason that a woman could have for being grateful. He had taken the wrecked woman that she was, and made a pretty woman of her. She knew it; even if he didn't.

But men are so blind, and changes are so gradual sometimes. If he could go away for a month and then come back and look at her, then he'd see how pretty she was and he would appreciate her.

She wished he had heard what the woman had said in the hotel lounge, just when they had passed. She had said, "What an exquisite figure!"

He wouldn't be so ashamed about everything if he knew that he had picked a pretty one. If his old friends back there could know, they wouldn't feel so down on him.

But mostly, she wished that the first Mrs. Highland could see her.

"If she could have seen him holding the wrapper for me. . . . And the way he smiled!"

Nothing hurts a wearied wife so much as the knowledge that her former husband has thoroughly consoled himself. More especially if her particular Tertium Quid of the moment has turned out to be yellow through and through, instead of just leoparded, and her husband's consolation is her junior by fifteen years and filled with a determination to please her husband.

Uncle Fisher had not come forward even after the divorce. He did not love her enough—not at her age, and with such big violent boys—to face the unpleasant death with which he had been threatened by the big violent former-husband.

*Will the awakening of Mary bring love and forgetfulness? In the hour of pain, people draw close to each other, and Mary is coming near to dark days that will try her. Hearst's International for August, ready July 20th.*





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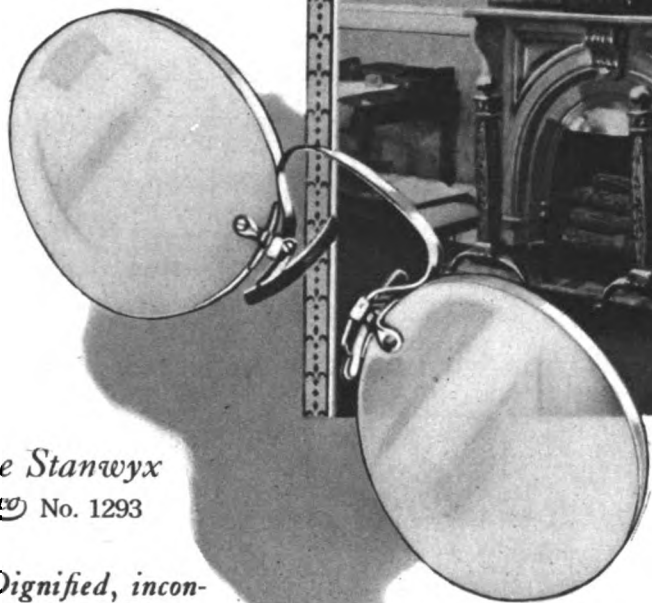


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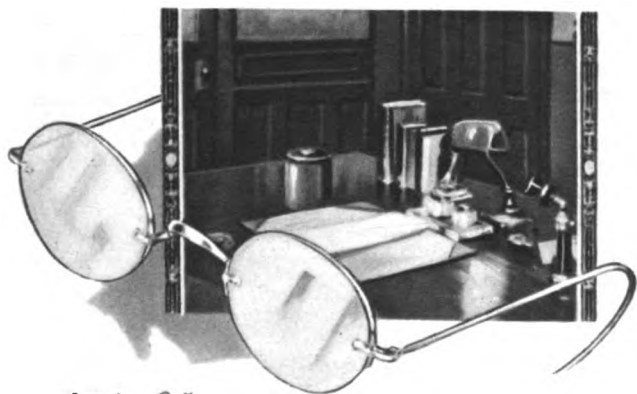
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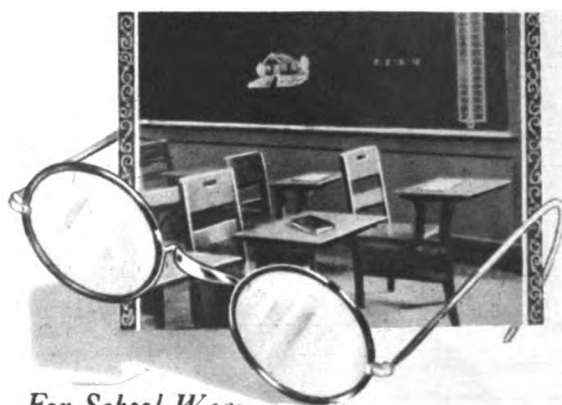
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## Vandemark's Folly

ponds, and the biggest muskrat houses. This slew is the only blot in the 'scutcheon of this pearl of counties, Mr. Vandemark—the only blot; and you've got the blackest of it."

I CAN still feel sorry for that poor boy, myself, green as grass, and without a friend in the world to whom he could go for advice, halted in his one-sided battle with the world, out there on the bare prairie, looking out on what he thought was the scene of his ruin, and thinking that every man's hand had been against him, and would always be.

Where were now all my dreams of fat cattle, sleek horses, waddling hogs, and the fine house in which I had had so many visions of spending my life, with a more or less clearly seen wife—especially during those days after Rowena Fewkes had told me how well she could cook, and proved it by getting me my breakfast; and the later days of my stay in the Grove of Destiny with Virginia Royall.

Any open prairie farm, with no house, nothing with which to make a house, and no home but a wagon, and no companions but my cows would have been rather forbidding at first glance; but this—I was certain I was ruined; I suppose I must have looked a little bad, for Henderson L. laid his hand on my shoulder.

"Don't cave in, my boy," said he. "You're young—and there's oceans of good land to be had. Keep a stiff upper lip!"

"I'll kill him!" I shouted. "I'll kill John Rucker!"

"Don't, till you catch him," said Burns. "And what good would it do anyhow?"

"Is there any plow-land on it?" I asked after getting control of myself.

"Some," said Henderson L. cheerfully. "Don't you remember that we drove up over a spur of the hill back there? Well, all the dry land north of our track is yours. Finest building-spot in the world, Jake. We'll make a farm of this yet. Come back and I'll show you."

SO WE went back and looked over all the dry ground I possessed, and agreed that there were about forty acres of it, and as Burns insisted, sixty in a dry season; and he stuck to it that a lot of that slew was as good pasture, especially in a dry time, as any one could ask for.

I paid Henderson L., bade good-by to Magnus Thorkelson, drove my outfit up on the building spot and sat there all the afternoon, not even unhitching my team.

Near evening, I was lying on the ground, looking out across the marsh, and as my misfortunes all rolled back over my mind, I turned on my face and cried like a baby. Finally, I felt a large light hand laid softly on my head. I looked up and saw Magnus Thorkelson bending over me.

"Forty acres," said he, "bane pretty big farm in Norway. My fadder on twenty acres, raise ten shildren. Not so gude land like dis. Vun of dem shildern bane college professor, and vun a big man in

leggisatur. Forty acre bane gude farm, for gude farmer."

I turned over, wiped my sleeve across my eyes, and sat up.

"I guess I dropped asleep," I said.

"Yass," he said. "You bane sleep long time. I came back to ask if I stay with you. I halp you. You halp me. Ve halp each udder. Ve be neighbors always. I get farm next you. I halp you build house, an' you halp me. Maybe ve lif togedder till you git vooman, or I git voo-man—if American vooman marry Norwegian man. I stay?"

I took his hand and pressed it. Before long we had a warm dugout barn built in the eastern slope of the hillside, partly sheltered from the northwestern winds, and Magnus and I slept in one end of it on the sweet hay we cut in the marsh while the cows ranged on the prairie. Together we broke prairie, first on his land, then on mine. Together we hauled timber from the river for my first little house.

SO ON his section of land, most of which was marsh, Vandemark began to carve out his home. It was hard work and full of bitter disappointments. True, Virginia had come on to Monterey Centre with the Thorndykes but he had little time to see her and their friendship did not rapidly ripen into love. There were other sinister happenings—like the trouble with the claim-jumpers, fights in which Jake took a part. One of the family of intruders proved to be the Fewkes and Jake lost prestige by defending them—defending them simply because he had met them on the way in and they seemed helpless.

It was after this affair that Gowdy met Rowena and the whole family of Fewkes went to work on his big farm—a move that led eventually to Rowena's downfall. Not, however, before the big, honest Magnus had seen her and fallen helplessly in love with her. But one Sunday when Rowena came to Jake, pleading with him to marry her, he discovered her trouble and, in spite of his great love for Virginia, he agreed to marry Rowena. At the last minute, however, something fine rose up in the girl and she refused to let him destroy his happiness. Then came the big prairie fire that swept Vandemark Township, destroying homes and killing many people and the climax in Rowena's life. Vandemark's account of the fire is graphic:

THERE was a stiff, dry, west wind blowing, and a blue haze in the air. As the afternoon advanced, the sun grew red as if looked at through smoked glass, burning like a great coal of fire or a broad disk of red-hot iron.

There was a scent of burning grass in the air when I found my herd over on Section Eight, about where the coöperative creamery and store now stand. The cattle seemed to be uneasy, and when I

started them towards home, they walked fast, snuffing the air, and giving once in a while an uneasy, anxious falsetto bellow; and now and then they would break into a trot as they drew nearer to the places they knew.

The smell of smoke grew stronger, and I knew there was a prairie fire burning to the westward. The sun was a deeper red, now, and once in a while almost disappeared in clouds of vaporous smoke which rolled higher and higher into the sky. Prairie chickens, plover and curlew, with once in a while a bittern, went hurriedly along to the eastward, and several wolves crossed our path, trotting along and paying no attention to me or the cows; but stopping from time to time and looking back as if pursued from the west.

They were pursued. They were fleeing from the great prairie fire of 1859, which swept Monterey County from side to side, and never stopped until it struck the river over in the next county. I felt a little uneasy as I hiked my cattle down into the marsh on my own land, and saw them picking their way across it towards my grove, which showed proudly a mile away across the flat.

I had plowed firebreaks about my buildings and stacks, and burned off between the strips of plowing, but I felt that I ought to be at home. So I rode on at a good trot to make my circuit of the marsh to the west. The cattle could get through, but a horse with a man on his back might easily get mired in Vandemark's Folly anywhere along there; and my motto was, "The more hurry, the less speed."

AS I topped the hill to get back to the high ground, I saw great clouds of smoke pouring into the valley at the west passage into the big flat, and the country to the south was hidden by the smoke, except where, away off in the southwest in the changing of the wind, I could see the line of fire as it came over the high ground west of the old Bill Trickey farm. It was a broad belt of red flames, from which there crept along the ground a great blanket of smoke, black at first, and then turning to blue as it rose and thinned.

I began making haste; for it now looked as if the fire might reach the head of the slew before I could, and thus cut me off. I felt in my pocket for matches; for the only way to fight fire is with fire.

I was not scared, for I knew what to do; but not a mile from where I saw the fire on the hilltop, a family of Indiana movers were at that moment smothering and burning to death in the storm of flames—six people, old and young, of the score or more lost in that fire; and the first deaths of white people in Vandemark Township.

Within five minutes, as I looked off to the northwest, I saw a woman walking calmly towards the marsh. She was a long way off and much nearer the fire than I was. I looked for the wagon to which she might belong, but saw none, and it took only one more glance to show me that she was in mortal danger. For she was walking slowly and laboriously along



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like a person carrying a heavy burden. I kicked my heels into the horse's flanks and pushed him to a gallop. I must reach her soon or she would be lost, for it was plain that she was paying no attention to her danger.

The smoke swept down upon her, and when I could see her she was stooped with her shawl drawn around her head; or was she on her knees? Then she rose, and turning from the fire, ran as fast as she could, until I wheeled my horse across her path, jumped to the ground, and stopped her with my arm about her waist. I looked at her. It was Rowena Fewkes.

"Rowena," I shouted, "what you do in here? You'll get burnt up?"

"I couldn't go any closer," she said, as if excusing herself. "Would it hurt much? I got scared, Jake. Don't let me burn!"

There was no chance to make the circuit of the slew now, even if I had not been hampered with her.

I gathered a little armful of dry grass, and lighted it with a match to the leeward of us. It spread fast, though I lighted it where the grass was thin so as to avoid a hot fire; but on the side towards the wind, where the blaze was feeble, I carefully whipped it out with my slouch hat.

The main army of the flames, coming on from the west with its power of suction, fanned itself to a faster pace than our new line could attain, and the heat increased, both from the racing crimson line to the west, and the slower moving back fire on the other side. We sweltered and almost suffocated. Rowena buried her face in her shawl, and swayed as if falling. I took her by the arm, and leading the excited horse, we moved over into our zone of safety. She was trembling like a leaf.

Suddenly the heat and smoke grew less; I looked around, and saw that the fire had reached our burnt area and the line was cut for lack of fuel. It divided as a wave is split by a rock, and went in two great moving, spouting fountains of red down the line of our back-fire, and swept on, leaving us scorched, blackened, blood-shot of eyes and sore of lips, but safe.

We turned, with great relief to me at least, and made for the open country behind the lines. Then for the first time, I looked at Rowena.

She was black with smoke and ashes. Her skirts were draggled as if with repeated soaking with dew and rain.

I could not talk with her. I could only give her directions and lend her aid.

THAT night in Jake's humble home, Rowena's baby was born. He had Doctor Bliven and a widow to take care of her. After this incident, in spite of the fact that Magnus at once married Rowena, there was a smirch on Vandemark's name and the good people of Monterey Centre avoided him—a condition that took him quite out of Virginia's life.

The feeling against him eventually died away and he was restored to Virginia's good graces. Then came a warm day in January and Vandemark, looking out called it a "weather breeder" and prepared for a storm. He remembered Virginia was teaching near him and, as the sky darkened and the expected storm broke, he thought it well to see that she had no difficulty in

getting home. Then as he was ready to start, a rig drove into the yard.

THE HORSES came to a stop in the lea of my house. There had been no such rig in the country until recently.

"Is this the Vandemark schoolhouse?" came from the man in the cutter.

"No," said I. "This is my farm."

"Ah, it's you, Mr. Vandemark, is it?" said he. "Can you tell me the way to the schoolhouse?"

I never for a moment harbored the idea that I was to allow Buck Gowdy to rescue Virginia from the blizzard, and carry her off into either danger or safety.

"Never mind about the schoolhouse," I said. "I'll attend to that!"

I took the horses by the bits.

"Vandemark," he shouted, "you forget yourself! Let go those horses!"

"Not by a damned sight!"

Buck Gowdy leaped from the cutter and carried the fight to me—and I was glad to see him coming. I had waited for this a long time. I have no skill in describing fights, and I was too much engaged in this one to remember the details. It ended soon. I took Gowdy's team and drove away.

It was less than a mile to the schoolhouse, which I was lucky to find at all.

I pulled up before the door and shouted Virginia's name with all my might, over and over again. I sat there ten or fifteen minutes before Virginia came to the door.

I turned the horses towards her boarding place, and in doing so, set their faces right into the teeth of the gale. Virginia pulled the robe up over her head. I had to face the storm and manage my team; but before I had gone forty rods, I saw that I was asking too much of them; and I let them turn to beat off with it.

THEY struggled on. It was a hard fight and a long fight, hopelessly lost as they were, in an Iowa blizzard, at a time when houses were very far apart and the world was wrapped in a blinding, searing blackness. At last the horses gave out; one of them stuck in a drift and Vandemark got out and unhitched them. Then he found they were close to a stack of straw, recently threshed. Into this they burrowed deeply and closing the opening with snow and straw, covered themselves with the buffalo robes and found their retreat warm and silent. There, for the first time, they declared their love and Vandemark cried out in ecstasy:

"THEN you are mine."

"Of course, I am," Virginia replied. "I've been yours ever since we lived together so beautifully on the road. Of course, I'm yours—and you are mine, Jacob, ain't you?"

"Then," said I, "just as soon as we get out of here, we'll be married."

Finally, I dug out just as we both were really and truly hungry and went back after Virginia.

Within fifty rods of us was the farmstead of Amos Bemisdarfer; and Amos stood looking at us in amazement as we came across the rippled surface of the snow.

*A. Bessie Beatty's Interview with Trotsky—Continued from page 35*

## They Lie About Me

he escaped from Siberia in 1902, Trotsky was under the necessity of inventing a passport record. "The first name that came into my head was this of my prison guard, so I called myself Trotsky," he explained.

Not his father's name Braunstein, but the Siberian prison guard's will go marching down the pages of history to the quickstep of victory or the dirge of defeat.

That Trotsky is in the record to stay, no one can doubt. From Odessa, on the edge of the Black Sea where he spent his early school days, to Petrograd on the cold brink of the Baltic, men of all shades of political opinion have told me of his force.

"If he were not such an honest revolutionist, he would have been a second Napoleon," said one of his own followers.

FROM officers and soldiers, I have heard many stories of Trotsky under fire. They give him credit for saving the situation at several critical moments.

"Trotsky," said one of them, "can be destroyed, but not defeated. He has an infallible instinct for the critical moment. Once during the Denikin campaign, we were on the point of defeat. It was at a village called Leski in the Voronezh government. There were only a thousand of us. Denikin had eight or nine thousand. Trotsky told us we had to take the village. If we lost that, we would lose the war. It was nine or ten o'clock at night. Snowing, cold. We were without food. Our men were almost done for. We told Trotsky he must not stay. He refused to leave.

"If we do not win this battle, we lose everything," he said. "If we lose, I shall die here with the soldiers, but I will not leave." He stayed and we won."

An officer who was with him, when Udenich was approaching Petrograd, described a similar situation. Zinoviev, fearful of the outcome, was urging flight. Trotsky was adamant. "No. If I am to win this battle, I must fight here."

Most of the men associated with him say they have never seen him lose control of himself. "He is frozen fire," one of them told me convincingly.

One of the provodniks who served on his special train told me, he had seen Trotsky nervous but once. It was when they were rushing from Moscow to Petrograd to put down the Kronstadt uprising.

"We had two engines and we made the trip, a fourteen hour run in the old days, in seven hours," he said. "There were thirteen generals with Trotsky on our car and they were in consultation all the way there. Only six of the thirteen came back alive. The cars were in such a state they had to go into the yards."

I asked this man, who had no communistic leanings, about Trotsky as a boss.

"Strict but considerate," he said. "Things had to be right but he fed us well and he didn't pay any attention when he saw us speculating at stations."

An officer who had been with Trotsky at Kazan in August, 1918, when the city was surrounded by Tchekho-Slovaks, gave me another picture of the Commissar of

War while actually at work on the job.

"It was he who conducted the defence of Kazan," he said. "He released the prisoners and organized the people, and by personal example gave them the courage to fight. I was in a mine-sweeper on the Volga with him. The engine went out of order. The Tchekhs attacked us. There was nothing for it but a hand-to-hand fight and Trotsky fought with the rest of us."

A member of the general staff told me that in the beginning of Trotsky's military career he relied too much on his own personality to carry him through crises.

"He has learned to take council," he said, "and we have great respect for his judgment. He has become a strategist."

A member of the General Staff Military Academy speaking of Trotsky's prowess in military science told of a recent visit of Trotsky to the Academy when the graduating class and a number of older officers were taking an examination.

Trotsky asked to be examined also. To the surprise of everyone, he finished answering his questions twenty minutes in advance of anyone else.

In the outside world, stories are current that Trotsky never moves without a large guard of armed men. As a matter of fact, he goes freely alone or with Madam Trotsky anywhere and everywhere. His limousine dashing swiftly through the Moscow streets is a familiar sight.

I asked him to pose for the motion picture camera and suggested that he come to the improvised studio, which Captain Vargas had organized in our mess. At first, he hesitated on account of time. Mr. Vargas urged that it would take only a few minutes, and he consented. It was arranged that he should let us know the hour later at which he could meet us.

ONE MORNING a Red Guard appeared at the door and announced that Comrade Trotsky would arrive in ten minutes. The stage was hurriedly set. A desk was pushed into place. There was a great bustle and testing of lights. Then a ring at the bell. The Commissar of War came in briskly. "I can give you five minutes," he said to Mr. Vargas, and took the seat to which he was motioned behind the desk. He needed no direction. The operation was as simple and natural as though he had been an actor and he was as consciously unconscious.

At the end of two minutes, Trotsky asked Mr. Vargas if he had finished. "You gave me five minutes, Mr. Commissar," he replied. Trotsky smiled, and the operator went on grinding.

Lenin is undoubtedly more beloved than Trotsky. To most of the people, he is an oracle. But force still commands its meed of respect. No one questions that Trotsky has force.

In their youth, Lenin and Trotsky blasted at the established order but quarreled over weapons. In their middle years of trying to found an order of their own, they still squabble over methods whenever it seems necessary or expedient. I have a suspicion that some of their latter quarrels

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are like diplomatic illnesses—there is a reason for them not registered on the thermometer or in the pulse count.

Lenin lives, instinctively, outside himself. He has an eternally bubbling spring of interest in other human beings. Trotsky has been dragged from introspection into action by the necessities of his situation. He has come up out of himself. I asked him, if he felt he had changed much in the last four years.

"I have had no time for self-analysis,"

he replied. "It is one of many psychological changes which the revolution has brought. In the old days, we were all thinking about ourselves all the time. But activity takes away self-analysis."

Lenin is the product of an idea. Trotsky is the product of its application. A Russian writer said of them:

"In Trotsky is crystalized all the psychology of the revolution, all her conscience, her anger, her generosity, her pride, the joy of her victory and the awful

sufferings of her defeat. Trotsky is the extract of the Russian Revolution, her face, her soul. Lenin is her intellect."

I cannot imagine an arm-chair old age for Trotsky—slippers beside a fireplace. He will not peter out. His sense of the dramatic is too strong for that. The eager, hungry mind of him, subtle, lashingly satiric, is not the kind that fades out in a twilight of reminiscence. He is a spirit of struggle. He will die with his boots on ready for action.

## ¶ Sir Gilbert Parker's Novel of Another Wild Youth—Continued from page 48

# Carnac's Folly

factors in the equation; they were non est in the post-mortem history of John Grier. How prodigious a nerve the old man had to make such a will, a will that outraged; that was, in effect, a proclamation that his son Carnac had no place in John Grier's scheme of things, while John Grier's wife was rewarded like some faithful old servant!

**M**ONTHS went by. In them, Destiny made new drawings. With his mother, Carnac went to paint at a place called Charlemont. Tarboe pursued his work at the mills successfully; Junia saw nothing of Carnac, but she had a letter from him, and it was one that might have been written by a man to his friend; yet with an undercurrent of sadness that troubled her.

She might, perhaps, have yielded to the attentions of Tarboe, had not an appealing message come from her aunt, and at an hour's notice, she packed up and went to the West again on sick service.

Politically, the Province of Quebec was in turmoil. The time was drawing near when the Dominion Government must go to the polls, and in the most secluded cottage on the St. Lawrence, the virtues and defects of the administration were vital questions. Voters knew as much of technical law-making as the average voter everywhere, but no more, and sometimes less. Yet there was in the mind of the French-Canadian an intuition, which, to him, was as valuable as the deeper knowledge of a trained politician. The two great parties in the Province were led by Frenchmen. The English people, however, were chiefly identified with the party opposed to Barouche, the Secretary of State.

As the agitation began in the late spring, Carnac became suddenly interested in everything political. He realized what John Grier had said concerning politics—that, given other characteristics—the making of laws meant success or failure for every profession or trade in the country. He had known a few politicians; though he had never yet met the most dominant figure in the Province—Barode Barouche, who had a singular fascination for him. He seemed a man dominant and plausible, with a right-minded impulsiveness. Things John Grier had said rang in his ears.

As the autumn drew near, excitement increased. Political meetings were being held everywhere. There was one feature more common in Canada than in any other country; the opposing candidates met on the same platform and fought their fight

out in the hearing of those whom they were wooing. One day, Carnac read in a newspaper that Barode Barouche was to speak at St. Annabel. As that was not far from Charlemont, he determined to hear Barouche for the first time. With Barode's speeches in print, he was familiar, and he had for him a sympathy which, to himself, seemed a condition of temperament.

"Mother," he said, "wouldn't you like to go and hear Barode Barouche at St. Annabel? You know him, don't you?"

"Yes, I knew him long ago," was the scarcely audible reply.

"He's a great, fine man, isn't he? Wrong-headed, wrong-purposed, but a big fine fellow."

"If a man is wrong-headed and wrong-purposed, is it easy for him to be fine?"

"That depends. A man might want to save his country by making some good law, and be mistaken both as to the result of that law and the right methods in making it. I'd like you to be with me when I hear him for the first time. I've got a feeling, he's one of the biggest men of our day. Of course, he isn't perfect. A man might want to save another's life, but he might choose the wrong way to do it, and that's wrong-headed; and perhaps he oughtn't to save the man's life, and that's wrong purposed. There's no crime in either. Let's go and hear Monsieur Barouche."

**H**E DID not see the flush that suddenly filled her face; and, if he had seen, he would not have understood. For her, a long twenty-seven years rolled back to the day when she was a young neglected wife, full of life's vitalities, out on a junction of the river and the wild woods, with Barode Barouche's fishing-camp nearby. She shivered now as she thought of it. It was all so strange, and heart-breaking. For long years, she had paid the price of her mistake. She knew how eloquent Barode Barouche could be; she knew how his voice had all the ravishment of silver bells to the unsuspecting. How well she knew him; how deeply she realized the darkness of his nature! Once she had said to him:

"Sometimes I think that for duty's sake you would cling like a leech."

It was true. For thirty long years, he had been wifeless, his wife having lost her reason three years after they were married. In that time, he had faithfully visited the place where she was confined every month of his life. At the bottom of his heart, Barode Barouche did not want marital

freedom. He had loved the mad woman. He remembered her in the glory of her youth, in the splendor of her beauty. The insane asylum did not destroy his memory.

Mrs. Grier remembered too, but in a different way. Her relations with him had been one swift, absorbing fever—a mad dream, a moment of rash impulse, a yielding to the natural feeling which her own husband had aroused, the husband who now neglected her while Barode Barouche treated her like a queen, until a day when under his beguilement a stormy impulse gave—Carnac.

**T**HEN the end came, instant and final; she bolted, barred and locked the door against Barouche, and he had made little effort to open it. So they had parted, and had never clasped hands or kissed again. To him, she was a sin of which he never repented. He had watched the growth and development of Carnac with a sharp sympathy. He was not a good man; but in him were seeds of goodness. To her, he was the lash that scarred her flesh, day in and day out, year in, year out—a lash that kept her sacred to her home. For her children's sake, she did not tell her husband, and she had emptied out her heart over Carnac with overwhelming fondness. "Yes, I'll go, Carnac," she said at last, for it seemed the easier way. "I haven't been to a political meeting for years."

The meeting was held in what had been a skating-rink and drill hall. On the platform in the center was the Chairman, with Barode Barouche on his right. There was some preliminary speech-making. A resolution was moved supporting Barouche, his party and his policy, and now and then there were little explosions of merriment at strokes of humor made by the speakers, and especially by one old farmer who made his jokes on the spot, and who now tried to embalm Barouche with praise. He drew attention to Barouche's leonine head and beard, to his alert eyes and quizzical face, and said he was as strong in the field of legislation as he was in body and mind. Carnac noticed that Barouche listened good-naturedly, and now and then cocked his head and looked up at the ceiling as though to find something there.

There was a curious familiarity in the action of the head which struck Carnac. He and his mother were seated about five rows back from the front row, on the edge of the aisle. As the meeting progressed, Barouche's eyes wandered slowly over the



faces of his audience. Presently, he saw Carnac and his mother.

Mrs. Grier was conscious of a kind of shock upon the mind of Barouche. She saw the man's eyes go misty with feeling. For him, the world was suddenly shut out, and he only saw the woods of a late summer's afternoon, a lonely tent—and a woman. A flush crept up his face. Then he made a quick spasmodic gesture of the hand, outward, which again Carnac recognized as familiar. It was the kind of thing, he reflected, that he did himself.

So absorbed was Barode Barouche that he only mechanically heard the Chairman announce himself, but when he got to his feet, his full senses came back. The sight of the woman to whom he had been so much, and who had been so much to him for one short month, magnetized him; the face of the boy, so like his own as he remembered it thirty years ago, stirred his veins. There before him was his own unacknowledged child—the only child ever born to him. His heart throbbed.

Then he began to speak. Never in all his life had he spoken as he did this day. It was only a rural audience; there was not much intelligence in it; but it had a character quite its own. It was alive with its own interests which were chiefly of agriculture and the river. It was composed of both parties, and he could stimulate his own side, and, perhaps, win the other side.

Thus it was that, with pulses beating hard, the blood pounding through his veins, the inspired sensualist began his speech. It was his duty to map out a policy for the future; to give the people an idea of what his party meant to do; to guide, to inspire, to inflame.

As Carnac listened, his mind kept framing the words not yet issued, but which did issue from Barouche's mouth; his quick intelligence correctly imagined the line Barouche would take; again and again, Barouche made a gesture, or tossed his head, or swung upon his feet to right and left in harmony with Carnac's own mind. Carnac would say to himself, "Why, that's what I'd have done—that's what I'd have said, if I had his policy." More than once, he caught his mother's hand in some inspired moment of the speech, and he did not notice that her hand trembled as she clung to him.

But as for Barouche's chapter of policy on Education, Carnac almost sprang to his feet in protest when Barouche declared it. To Carnac it seemed fatal, though it was expounded with a supremely taking air; yet as he himself had said, it was wrong-headed and wrong-purposed.

When the speech had finished to great cheering, Carnac suddenly turned to his mother.

"He's on the wrong track. I know the policy to down him. He's got no opponent. I'm going to stand against him at the polls and defeat him."

She clutched his arm. "Carnac—Carnac! This is impossible! You don't know what you're doing."

"Well, I will, quick," he replied. "I'm out after him, if they'll have me."

That night, Carnac mapped out his course, carefully framed the policy to offset that of Barode Barouche, and wrote a letter to the Chairman of the Opposition at Montreal offering to stand, and putting forward his ingenious policy. He asked

# How YOU Can Write Stories and Photoplays

By ELINOR GLYN

Author of "Three Weeks," "Beyond the Rocks,"  
"The Great Moment," Etc., Etc.

FOR years the mistaken idea prevailed that writing was a "gift" miraculously placed in the hands of the chosen few. People said you had to be an Emotional Genius with long hair and strange ways. Many vowed it was no use to try unless you'd been touched by the Magic Wand of the Muse. They discouraged and often scoffed at attempts of ambitious people to express themselves.

These mistaken ideas have recently been proved to be "bunk." People know better now. The entire world is now learning the TRUTH about writing. People everywhere are finding out that writers are no different from the rest of the world. They have nothing "up their sleeve"; no mysterious magic to make them successful. They are plain, ordinary people. They have simply learned the principles of writing and have intelligently applied them.

Of course, we still believe in genius, and not everyone can be a Shakespeare or a Milton. But the people who are turning out the thousands and thousands of stories and photoplays of to-day for which millions of dollars are being paid ARE NOT GENIUSES.

You can accept my advice because millions of copies of my stories have been sold in Europe and America. My book, "Three Weeks," has been read throughout the civilized world and translated into every foreign language, except Spanish, and thousands of copies are still sold every year. My stories, novels, and articles have appeared in the foremost European and American magazines. For Famous Players-Lasky Corporation, greatest motion picture producers in the world, I have written and personally supervised such photoplays as, "The Great Moment," starring Gloria Swanson, and "Beyond the Rocks," starring Miss Swanson and featuring Rodolph Valentino. I have received thousands and thousands of dollars in royalties. I do not say this to boast, but merely to prove that you can be successful without being a genius.

Many people think they can't write because they lack "imagination" or the ability to construct out-of-the-ordinary plots. Nothing could be further from the truth. The really successful authors—those who make fortunes with their pens—are those who write in a simple manner about plain, ordinary

events of every-day life—things with which everyone is familiar. This is the real secret of success—a secret within the reach of all, for everyone is familiar with some kind of life.

Every heart has its story. Every life has experiences worth passing on. There are just as many stories of human interest right in your own vicinity, stories for which some editor will pay good money, as there are in Greenwich Village or the South Sea Islands. And editors will welcome a story or photoplay from you just as quickly as from any well-known writer if your story is good enough. They are eager and anxious for the work of new writers, with all their blithe, vivacious, youthful ideas. They will pay you well for your ideas, too. Big money is paid for stories and scenarios to-day—a good deal bigger money than is paid in salaries.

The man who clerked in a store last year is making more money this year with his pen than he would have made in the store in a life-time. The young woman who earned eighteen dollars a week last summer at stenography just sold a photoplay for \$500.00. The man who wrote the serial story now appearing in one of America's leading magazines hadn't thought of writing until about three years ago—he did not even know that he could. Now his name appears almost every month in the best magazines. You don't know whether you can write or not until you try.

I believe there are thousands of people who can write much better stories and plays than many we now read in magazines and see on the screen. I believe thousands of people can make money in this absorbing profession and at the same time greatly improve present-day fiction with their fresh, true-to-life ideas. I believe the motion picture business especially needs new writers with new angles. I believe this so firmly that I have decided to give some simple instructions which may be the means of bringing success to many who have not as yet put pen to paper. I am going to show YOU how easy it is when you know how!

Just fill out the coupon below. Mail it to my publishers, The Authors' Press, Auburn, N. Y. They will send you, ABSOLUTELY FREE, a handsome little book called "The Short-Cut to Successful Writing." This book was written to help all aspiring people who want to become writers, who want to improve their condition, who want to make money in their spare time. Within its pages are many surprises for doubting beginners; it is crowded with things that gratify your expectations—good news that is dear to the heart of all those aspiring to write; illustrations that enthrall, stories of success; new hope, encouragement, helps, hints—things you've long wanted to know.

"The Short-Cut to Successful Writing" tells how many suddenly realize they can write after years of doubt and indecision. How story and play writers began. How many rose to fame and fortune. How simple plots and ordinary incidents become successful stories and plays when correctly handled. How new writers get their names into print. How one's imagination properly directed may bring glory and greatness. How to WIN.

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Elinor Glyn

also for an interview; and the interview was granted by telegram—almost to his surprise. He was aware, however, of the discontent among the English members of the Opposition, and of the wish of the French members to find a good compromise.

He had a hope that his singular position—the notoriety which his father's death and his own financial disfranchisement had caused—would be a fine card in his favor. He was not mistaken. His letter arrived at political headquarters at a moment when there were difficulties concerning three candidates who were pressing their claims. Carnac Grier, the disinherited son of the great lumber king, who had fame as an artist, spoke French as though it were his native tongue, was an element of sensation which, if adroitly used, could be of great service. It might even defeat Barode Barouche.

In the first place, Carnac was young, good-looking, personable, and taking in his manner. Barouche was old, experienced, with hosts of enemies and many friends, but with injurious egotism. An interview was, therefore, arranged.

On the morning of the day it took place, Carnac's anguished mother went with him to the little railway station of Charlemont. She had slept little the night before; her mind was in an eddy of emotions. It seemed dreadful that Carnac should fight his own father, repeating what Fabian had done in another way. Yet at the bottom

of her heart, there was a secret joy. Some native revolt in her had joy in the thought that the son might extort a price for her long sorrow and his unknown disgrace.

As she had listened to Barouche at the meeting, she realized how sincere yet insincere he was; how gifted and yet how ungracious was his mind. Her youth was over; long pain and regret had chastened her. She was as lonely a creature as ever the world knew; violence was no part of her equipment; and yet terrible memories made her assent to this new phase of Carnac's life. She wondered what Barouche would think. There was some ancient touch of war in her which made her rejoice that after long years the hammer should strike.

Somehow, the thing's tremendous possibilities thrilled her. Carnac had always been a politician—always. She remembered how, when he was a boy, he had argued with John Grier on national matters, laid down the law with the assurance of an undergraduate, and invented theories impossible of public acceptance. Yet in every stand he had taken, there had been thought, logic and reasoning, wrongly premised, but always based on indisputable principles. On paper, he was generally right, in practice, generally wrong. His buoyant devotion to an idea was an inspiration and a tonic. The curious thing was that while still this political matter was hanging fire, he painted with elation.

That was the most curious part of it all.

His mother knew he did not see the thousand little things which made public life so wearying; that he realized only the big elements of national policy. She understood how those big things would inspire the artist in him. For, after all, there was the spirit of Art in framing a great policy which would benefit millions in the present and countless millions in the future. So, at the railway station as they waited for the train, with an agitation outwardly controlled, she said:

"The men who have fought before, will want to stand, so don't be surprised if——"

"If they reject me, mother?" interrupted Carnac. "No, I shan't be surprised, but I feel in my bones that I'm going to fight Barode Barouche into the last corner of the corral."

"Don't be too sure of that, my son. Won't the thing that prevents your marrying Junia be a danger in this, if you go on?"

A sullen tragic look came into his face, his lips set. The sudden paleness of his cheek, however, was lost in a smile.

"Yes, I've thought of that; but if it has to come, better it should come now than wait longer. If the truth must be told, I'll tell it—yes, I'll tell it!"

*Carnac out to fight Barouche—eager youth against powerful age—and, Carnac does not know it, but it is son opposing father. Back of all is Carnac's secret marriage. See Hearst's International for August, ready July 20th.*

## What Frazier Hunt Saw and Heard in the Ulster Country—Continued from page 69

### Who's to Blame in Ireland?

to drive us out! We'll see who gets driven out of this country!"

I told my driver to hurry on. But I only found more intolerance, more hate, than I had found in the country—Belfast.

There was firing going on as I drove from the station to the hotel. It was Sunday and in the afternoon, after I had finished a late lunch, I wandered out on the streets. Probably, I was looking for trouble! I recall that I unconsciously but deliberately strolled towards the district whence the sporadic firing came.

I found myself in a broad thoroughfare that seemed deserted. One or two figures hurried along close to the inside of the walk and stopping now and then in doorways. They looked like slinking midnight prowlers. I took the middle of the walk in fancied protection against them.

Around a corner in one of the side streets, some friendly voice addressed me, "You're taking a big chance, friend. There was a man killed up the street a little while ago by a stray bullet."

I stepped up beside my adviser—a slender, middle-aged man, wearing a bright bow tie and winged collar, and looking for all the world like what he was—a gentleman of the track and the stables.

"Thanks, old man," I suggested. "This street does look a little exclusive."

"I could see you was from the States and was a stranger around here. This shooting is bad business. You don't know when you're going to stop something yourself."

I led my new friend across the side street to a quiet back room of a little hotel and we fell to talking. It appeared he had made

numerous trips to the States with horses, but since the business had fallen on evil days he had stepped down and out with his beloved animals.

Then we turned to the Belfast situation. "I was in a double-decker tram the other night, when a bunch of gunmen climbed up to the top, threw a gun into my face and asked me where I belonged. 'Protestant,' I said. Then they pushed their way on through and in a second I heard two or three shots right there in the car. Then the gunmen shoved by me and left the car. They'd killed a poor beggar of a Catholic going home from his night work."

"It's awful here. You don't know when you're going to get shot. If you take one side the other side will get you—and if you stay in the middle, you're game for either side. If I had enough dough to buy a ticket, I'd leave the country and the whole terrible business."

Leaving my friend, I wandered back to my hotel. It was beginning to grow dusk and a pall of terror was settling over the city, as vivid and positive as a heavy fog. Honest folk were hurrying home from their Sunday afternoon excursions. Those who had to pass through some "no man's land" between Catholic and Protestant districts, were wondering what luck they would have this night.

At the entrance to my hotel, I spoke to the doorman. "A lot of shooting going on tonight, sir," he remarked rather casually. "A bomb was thrown about an hour ago and several people badly hurt."

"Catholic or Protestant?" I asked.

"Catholic people this time," he an-

swered. "They've got to do something to keep them Sinn Fein paid gunmen in hand. They're to blame for all this. They're sent up here from the South to terrorize us. The Southern Government is behind them. They get their arms and ammunition and their orders from down there. They want to turn Ulster into a Catholic country, but they've got to kill all of us first."

I went on up to my room. An odd, little old chambermaid was fussing about.

"OH! I'M so glad to see you back safe, sir," she half whimpered. "One of the servants was telling me there's been an awful lot of shooting and killing going on this afternoon. I was afraid for you, you being a stranger and just arrived. It's terrible, ain't it, sir? And it's all the fault of them Orange gunmen, sir." She lowered her voice to almost a whisper. "I'm not supposed to talk about religion, sir, but you're a stranger here and you won't mind. Well, them Orangemen is all to blame."

"The poor Catholics is all working people and they're being put out of their jobs and they're being killed and the Orangemen are trying to drive them out of this part of the country—that's just what them paid Orange gunmen are trying to do. You know they call them fellows 'Specials' and they got three grades, A, B, and C, and altogether they're 30,000 of 'em. And you got to be an Orangemen before you can even get in—and they're all after killing the poor Catholics and driving them out."

I left her rambling on and went down to the dining-room for my supper. "A bit of

# BUILD YOUR BEAUTY IN NATURE'S WAY

By A. Jamieson Karr

**I**RENE FRANKLIN, the always delightful comedienne and famous star of the "Greenwich Village Follies," in talking modestly of the secret of her charms said: "A good complexion is not always quite enough to make popularity on the stage. A firm and youthful contour is quite as important. I have found that both a beauty of contour and a beauty of complexion may be won through the use of a most dainty and delightful preparation and it is ideal to use right in your own home."

"Every woman wants a beauty no other woman can have," said Miss Franklin, with a smile. "A beauty expressive of her own individuality, her own charm. The beauty which can be put on which any woman can imitate, does not win lasting and sincere admiration. Nature does not copy. She gives to each individual woman her own charm to develop—her own personal beauty of skin which can be brought out. Every beautiful woman has simply found her own beauty. She has followed Nature's way to beauty. She does not imitate."

**T**WENTY-THREE years ago, in her exclusive and fashionable Beauty Parlor, Mrs. M. G. Scott discovered and perfected Mineralava Beauty Clay and Face Finish with the one aim to stimulate the individual beauty of individual women. The Mineralava Treatment does not "imitate" beauty. It actually achieves a natural beauty of skin and contour by Nature's own method—the stimulation of blood circulation. Mineralava builds the vibrant, virile, under-skin tissues and muscles, which are so essential to the radiant and rounded face and form of youth. Mineralava removes wrinkles.

Mineralava does not give you another's skin, but it gives you *your* skin as you have yearned for it—soft, firm, fresh, colorful, free from flaws. It gives you the beauty Nature intended you to have.

**E**VERY woman knows the name of Victor Vivaudou, famous Parisian Perfumer and master of cosmetics and toilet preparations. Listen to Monsieur Vivaudou's opinion of Mineralava, formed after

*Authorized Interviews with Miss Irene Franklin, Monsieur Victor Vivaudou, Mrs. M. G. Scott, and the makers of Mineralava Beauty Clay and Face Finish*



IRENE FRANKLIN, famous star of the Greenwich Village Follies, says:

"The firm and youthful contour is as important on the stage as a good complexion. Both are secured by the continued use of Mineralava, which I find dainty and delightful for home use."

*Irene Franklin*

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**You Are to Be the Judge—Our Money Back Guarantee**—As the manufacturers of Mineralava we guarantee to you that after the application of one Mineralava Set you will actually see a freshened complexion. You will see that your wrinkles are being removed. You will feel the tightening muscles filling out your contour. If the results are not as promised your money will be refunded by your Dealer immediately.

**Warning: Avoid Imitations**—Mineralava is successful. Because it is successful it is imitated. Go to dependable Drug and Department Stores. Ask for the original Mineralava Beauty Clay and Face Finish. The original is your only protection. Mineralava keeps indefinitely and that is why we are able to sell it to you through your favorite dealer.

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brisk shooting going on today, sir," my waiter said to me.

"Killing poor Catholics," I suggested.

"Oh! no, sir, these were Protestants killed this afternoon. It's awful, isn't it? It isn't safe anywhere in Belfast these days. Worse than the war, sir. These Sinn Fein gunmen are terrible brutes, sir. They'd murder anybody—women and children, too."

Apparently there was no break in this vicious wheel of hate and fear and terror and distortion. For days I tried to find some sane voice crying out for a compromise and for common sense and common justice. In all the scores of people I talked to I found only one or two—and their voices were so weak that it was like whispering into the angry face of a storm.

ONE MORNING I approached an old jaunting-cart driver who had driven me two or three times before and asked him to take me down to North Derby Street, to a small Catholic section where several children had been killed by a bomb.

He looked at me quizzically for a moment or two. "Ye won't get us killed, will ye?" he asked in the Scotch accent that one hears so often in the Ulster country.

"I think as much of my neck as you do of yours," I answered.

It was about 10 o'clock in the morning—the safest part of the day. As we drove down Royal Avenue—which is Belfast's Main Street—and jogged on into York Road, I felt a growing sense of the terror and uncertainty of life in this community.

Two or three times we drove by Catholic quarters—for here in Belfast and in all the other cities of the Ulster country, as well, the Catholic families are herded in pales, terrible and cruel. My friendly old driver pointed them out with his long whip. With the wisdom of the streets and of long nights on silent corners where he had learned real philosophy and real tolerance, he explained to me that the workmen were always fools—always wasting their strength and hate on each other.

Slowly we jogged deeper and deeper into the living terror. Before he turned his lazy horse into North Derby Street, I knew that we had reached the bottom of the pit of hate and savagery.

IT WAS a windswept, narrow street, lined on both sides with red brick houses that one could be sure were as cold and uncanny within as they were without. Two or three half-clothed children hurried by. At the turn of the corner, two thinly clad, undersized, ratty men stuck their noses around the corner of an alley, then withdrew and watched us with open suspicion.

I set myself for a bullet in the back. Except for the scurrying children, there was no one in sight and I almost wondered why they did not shoot us—outsiders driving into their forbidden district to gloat over the murder of their children.

"There on the corner is where them Catholic children was killed," my driver said to me in colorless monotone. "Some devil slipped down here and threw the bomb into the center of a dozen of them playing there in the street."

He stopped his horse and I looked at the raw empty, narrow, murder-hole with awe and horror. A thin, bent, anemic man turned the corner and passed by.

"Raw day!" I commented in half fear.

He looked up at me in astonishment and, without replying, quickened his pace and hurried by. There was no room in his world for pleasantness and fellowship. It was a world filled with bitterness and poverty and terrorism.

"Turn round and drive back!" I cried.

That noon I dined at one of the great clubs of Belfast. There were six of us at the table and my five hosts were representative business and professional men of the city. They were all grim, determined men when it came to religion and politics.

"Until the South settles down, until they become less bigoted and intolerant about their religion, until they stop bullying us, you may be sure we will have nothing to do with them," one of my hosts solemnly pronounced, while the others nodded their heads in approval. "We refuse to enter any combination with them except under the Union Jack, you may be quite sure of that. Only seven and a half percent of our Belfast manufactured goods are consumed in the South. We can get along without any of their trade if we have to. Of course, we want friendly trade relations so that our wholesale and distributing houses here can prosper—but we can live without it."

There was no need for me to ask any questions. All I had to do was to listen. Finally, one elderly gentleman who had had little to say so far, began:

THESE are three basic reasons why we cannot enter any union with the Southern Government," he said. "First, there is business and economic reasons. Here in Belfast, without natural resources, without coal or iron and without any imperial aid, we have built up one of the greatest ship building and linen manufacturing centers of the world.

"The continuation of our prosperity depends on free import of raw materials, free import of food to satisfy our workmen and the same general governmental conditions that have held in the past. We can take no chances of an agricultural South imposing duties on us or in any way interfering with our industries.

"Second: there is the question of religion. Now we are not afraid of Home Rule—we are afraid of Rome Rule. Any guarantees given by the South mean nothing to us: we have absolutely no faith in anything they do or say. We don't propose to take any chances with our religious freedom and tolerance. We refuse to add the North to the priest-ridden South.

"Third: there is education. Under the present plan, the teachers are paid by the Government but whoever furnishes the school building has the privilege of hiring and discharging the teachers. We would like to have free open schools but we know that if the South had power over us we would have only deeper Catholic influence to combat and eventually we would have to fight to keep our children out from under the influence of genuine Catholic schools. We're not going to be drawn into any such thing. We are going to keep what we have—what country and people and freedom—and we will fight to hold them."

The Bounders' College is the most delicious thing in all Ulster—and one might say Ireland. Go down Rosemary Street to Number 15, then up a dusty dark pair of

stairs to the second floor and then to the left and through a door bearing the legend "Daniel McDevitt, Tailor." That's it!

McDevitt is a real tailor and this is a real tailor shop. But it's a good deal more than that too—for you get ideas ironed out here, and the black spots of intolerance sponged out of your heart, and broad, liberal goods cut to the latest patterns.

"Is it really religion that's at the bottom of the trouble in the North?" I put forward my first evening at the College.

A giant of a Protestant shipyard worker, discharged along with the Catholics because he was a labor organizer, started to answer, but the tailor caught the floor.

"It's religion on the surface but it goes much deeper than that," he explained. "In 1798, when the United Irishmen revolution was attempted, all the leaders, including Lord Fitzgerald, were Protestants. Yet this was a Nationalistic movement like the South of Ireland fight for independence.

THEN FROM 1914, when Carson organized his Ulster Volunteers, and on through the war, there was some Catholic baiting, but nothing very serious. It was just a sort of prelude to the real outbreak of July 12, 1920. At that time there was fighting in the South, and a number of Ulster military men, serving with the military in the South, were being killed.

"You see, in January and February, 1919, there had been a strike here in Belfast for a forty-four-hour week and the labor leaders had succeeded in getting the men to bury all religious differences and not to be split and stampeded on the cry of religion. In one of the big parades there were banners bearing, 'To hell with the man who mentions religion.'

"All the big employers in Belfast, without a single exception, were Protestant, and they hated the Protestant labor leader, quite as much as the Catholic, so in the general house cleaning the radical laborite was to be swept out along with the Catholic workmen. This all happened on July 12. On that day thousands of Catholic workmen and all the labor leaders were beaten and driven from the shipyards."

"What's going to happen now?" I asked.

"Anything," the little tailor answered. "If the South should start reprisals against the local Protestants in Southern counties the reaction here would be terrible. We'd have a real Catholic pogrom then, and of course, that would bring on a terrible civil war—which is just what the Ulster Die-Hards and the old Ascendancy would really like. British troops could be called in and the reconquest of the South undertaken.

"But there are two big points against all that. First, the unemployed Protestant workmen, once their government doles are stopped, and their living conditions become more and more severe, will be driven slowly into the arms of the unemployed Catholic workmen. The economic stress will prove stronger than the religious hate. Already a lot of the Protestant workmen who used to be bitterest against the Catholics now understand what fools they have been."

A tall, slender young fellow sitting near me began chuckling to himself.

"Eh! I used to be a Pape (Papist) fighter myself. More than once I've helped beat up Catholic boys. But I finally got wise. And the rest of 'em will too, in time."

© Bruno Lessing's New Story of an Old Friend—From page 80

## Lapidowitz Dines Out

in the kitchen," replied the maid, "and there ain't nothing on the stove and no sign of dinner."

MRS. MORITSKY uttered a long drawn gasp that sounded suspiciously like "Oy-y-y!" and hastened towards her husband. The maid had done Lapidowitz an injustice. He was not actually playing cards. He was merely telling the cook her fortune by reading the decrees of her destiny from the face of a pack of cards. Moritsky, in the doorway, almost speechless with rage, stood for a moment gazing upon the scene. Then:

"Say, what's the idea?" he asked. Lapidowitz looked at him calmly and then back to the cook's fortune.

"I didn't come here to be insulted," he said. "I give you a good business proposition—fifty dollars what don't have to be paid all at once as the man will wait—and you treat me like a dog."

"Why ain't the cook cooking the supper?" demanded Moritsky. Lapidowitz shrugged his shoulders.

"She's a friend of mine," he replied, airily. "Who treats me like a dog treats her like a dog."

For the space of one whole minute, Moritsky passed through all the sensations of apoplexy. A real, shrewd, business man is quick to recover his wits. A genial smile gradually formed itself upon his face. Had Lapidowitz been a shrewd business man, he would have shuddered at that smile.

"Well," said Moritsky, in the most friendly tone that he could assume, "I guess the joke is on me. How much d'ye say you want for your business deal?"

"Fifty dollars," said Lapidowitz. "But I give you my word of honor you get every cent back as soon the money begins—"

"Tut, tut!" exclaimed Moritsky, drawing a roll of banknotes from his pocket and beginning to count them. "We will talk about paying back some other time. The main point is you want fifty dollars. Here is the fifty. I give twenty-five to you and twenty-five to the cook. Is that all right? And will she start in getting the supper ready right away?"

LAPIDOWITZ scratched his head. The prospect of an equal division with his unsuspicious accomplice had not occurred to him. But as he observed the eagerness with which the cook seized the money that was held out to her he was discreet enough not to discuss the matter.

"I didn't tell you how to divide it," he said, reproachfully, "but it's all right. Now how about my five dollars for translating your orders to the cook?"

Moritsky, whose geniality had now become sincere, handed him another bill.

"Anything so long it makes you happy," he said. "Now tell her to get busy with the supper and see that she does it."

For the next hour Lapidowitz worked like a Trojan to help Tina with her cooking. He brought her pots and pans, cut the bread and made sandwiches, stirred dressings and busied himself in a dozen ways to

save her steps. When everything was ready, he helped the maids carry the dishes upstairs.

The affair was nearing its end and Lapidowitz was eating a sandwich in the kitchen when Moritsky appeared.

"I forgot to ask you," said he, "if you was getting enough to eat yourself?"

"Sure," said the schnorrer. "Tina cooked me a couple of squabs and some kaiserschmarn. I'm just eating a sandwich to kill time."

"That's fine," said Moritsky. "Now, maybe, if you come upstairs with me we can talk some business."

Lapidowitz rose with alacrity and followed Moritsky to his bedroom on the second floor. Moritsky was exceedingly polite. He insisted upon the schnorrer preceding him into the room.

"From now on," he explained, "you ain't in my employ no more. We are both gentlemen."

Lapidowitz bowed with great dignity. And then, with sudden alarm as he noted Moritsky's actions.

"Hey!" he cried. "What are you locking the door for?" It was Moritsky's turn to grin.

"I want you to meet a friend of mine," he said. "Mister Flannigan from Police Headquarters."

"Is that the bum?" asked Mister Flannigan, calmly.

"That's him," said Moritsky. "Thirty dollars he got out of me by keeping back the supper."

Mister Flannigan rose, very slowly and yawned. Then with the utmost deliberation he walked towards Lapidowitz and, after scrutinizing him carefully for a few moments, proceeded to go through his pockets. The money amounted to exactly thirty-one dollars and fifteen cents. There were a few pawn tickets, a small mirror and comb and an assortment of cheap odds and ends. Moritsky counted the money and pocketed it.

"Give him the rest," he said, "and put him out."

"Shall I just take him out, or kick him out, or lock him up?" asked the detective.

"Kick him out," came the prompt reply. "If you lock him up I got to go to court and I'm too busy."

It was a week later—the incident had almost passed from his mind—when, outside of Milken's café he met Tina.

"I was waiting for you," she explained. "Mr. Moritsky kept me for a week and then took that money out of my wages."

"That ain't my fault, is it?" asked Lapidowitz.

"No," said the cook, blushing coyly. "That ain't what I wanted to speak about. But you said something about being married. Don't you remember?"

Lapidowitz gasped. He looked swiftly about him wondering whether it might not be wisest merely to run away. And then came inspiration. He smiled at her.

"I didn't say anything about being married," he said, genially, "I just told you to think about it. I've been thinking about it ever since. I come to the conclusion that it's bum business."



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Q. Dana Burnet's Story—One that Every Father Will Understand—Continued from page 31

## Wandering Daughters

discerning she might have guessed that this abrupt transition of the family fortunes was in the nature of a forced bloom; but such a thought did not occur to her.

She was to have her coming-out party, after all. First, though, and really most delightful of all, the house was to be done over. Not completely, but sufficiently. . . . Where it showed.

Mr. Trull came to dinner a few nights later. The dinner itself was served by a new maid in white cap and apron. Mrs. Bowden wore a silk dress, cut low at the neck. Mr. Bowden wore a dinner coat—also new. Bessie, meeting her parents in the lower hall just before the arrival of the guest, stopped and stared at them in ecstatic amazement.

"Why, *papa*— Don't you look great! And mama too. Oh, I think it's simply *spiffy*!"

Mr. Bowden laughed easily.

"We're getting gay in our old age, Bessie!" he said.

Mr. Trull himself was impressed—though he showed it only in a certain expansiveness of manner. It was plain that he had made a mistake about these people. He had thought them rather dowdy—"provincial" was the word he had found for them. But they were of the larger world, after all. . . .

THEY had coffee afterwards, *in the parlor*. Bessie, when she heard her mother give the order, could hardly believe her ears. She accepted the innovation with outward calm, but inwardly she trembled with pride and joy.

The gilt furniture came in for some good-natured joking from Mr. Bowden.

"Tastes change," he confided to Mr. Trull. "Twenty years ago this furniture was quite the thing. Twenty years from now it will be quite the thing again."

Bessie laughed—with a sense of relief. How clever her father was! She had never realized it before.

"But now," added Mr. Bowden lightly, "I feel that we ought to make a change."

Perhaps a little more color."

"Color is certainly coming in," said Mr. Trull, from the heights of his artistic consciousness. "People aren't afraid of color any more."

He, being consulted, advised a dull, oriental red with a background of cream-colored walls. The marble mantel, he thought, might stay. It would lend a touch of quaintness—yes, quaintness was the word—to the room.

So the parlor blossomed in red and cream; took on an elegance; struck a modern note—and was known as the drawing room. Then came the hall. The mission furniture was removed, and a few old pieces of mahogany, dragged down from the attic and out of dark corners under Bessie's active direction, were polished, touched up and established in its stead. Next the front porch was done over. It had been painted for twenty years the same shade of discouraged brown. Brown didn't show dirt. . . . But now it was

covered with a cheerful white, and the house-shutters, which had been hitherto rather disfiguring necessities, were painted an ornamental green. Bessie herself selected the exact shade—with the assistance of Mr. Trull, who was eager to help.

IT WAS in the renovated house, in the atmosphere of renaissance, that Bessie's coming-out party took place. The night was a complete triumph. All of Bessie's new friends were there, and most of her old ones as well.

Johnnie Hargrave came, solidly handsome, silent, and not a little bewildered by the Bowden metamorphosis. Bessie danced with him once, enjoyed thoroughly his unsuccessful attempt at aloofness, and then went back to the arms of young men who took her slender loveliness as a matter of course. . . . It was rather nice dancing with Johnnie. There was something about Johnnie that was different—and yes, rather—nice.

If only he weren't so stodgy!

At one o'clock supper was served by a prominent local caterer.

Hours later, when the last of the guests had departed, Bessie, a bit disheveled but very happy, sought out her father in his den on the second floor.

"Papa! It was just splendid. And the punch! Where did you get it?"

"I bought some of Charley Horton's stock," said Mr. Bowden, puffing a perfect cigar. "I had intended to serve cocktails, but your mother thought champagne would be a little more—" Mr. Bowden waved his hand—"spiffy!"

"It was just the thing—wasn't it wonderful, mama?"

This to Mrs. Bowden, who had just come in from a final inspection of the house (to see what damage had been done).

"Yes, I think it was very successful. Everyone seemed to have a good time."

"They did! The best ever. I really think it was the nicest party I've ever been to. And the punch—Papa said that was your idea."

Mr. Bowden interrupted hastily. "Did you taste it, Bessie?"

"I had a sip of Austin's—" She seemed astonished at this fact; then she laughed. "Honestly! I was having such a good time—why are you looking at mother in that strange way?"

"I WAS just thinking, my dear," said Mr. Bowden serenely, "that perhaps I ought to apologize to your mother. I had a notion that she was an uncompromising Puritan. But, by George, she's the best sport in the family. She drank two whole glasses of punch."

"I was thirsty!" said Annie, blushing.

In the solitude of their double bedroom, Annie confronted her husband.

"What did you mean by trying to give me all the credit?" she demanded.

"My dear, we must stand together in this. If Bessie thought one of us was—reserving judgment—"

"I am reserving judgment. I keep asking myself whether it's right for us to sacrifice this way—just to give her such things. Things of the body. I can't help thinking about—about her soul, Will."

"I agree with you. It's her soul I'm thinking about."

"But—"

"I know. You think it's a strange way to get at her soul, giving her champagne punch and dancing parties. But I tell you, Annie, it's the only way. Bessie hasn't grown up to the point where we can appeal to her mind—to her spirit. It's environment that counts with her now. I've been reading a lot of new books lately, my dear. Books by men who see life whole. They say that environment counts and I know it does. If we can't make Bessie's home the most attractive place she knows, if we can't give her what she considers—spiffy!"—he laughed over the ridiculous word—"right here at home, then I say home is a failure, and that means that civilization is a failure."

"My Lord, Will!"

Mr. Bowden laughed. He was excited, and a little inspired.

IT'S TRUE. We older people—we of the older generation, we're too set in our ways of thinking. Trouble with us is we don't look at the world as a going concern. There's got to be new life—new ways of getting at life—and we must realize it, and help to get the best out of it, or go to our graves bitter and disappointed." He abandoned generalization and returned to their personal problem. "What I feel is that some day all this new life of Bessie's will come to a head. There'll come a day when she'll have to decide whether she's going forward or back, whether she's to get the best of her environment, or whether her environment's to get the best of her. And when that day comes, I want to be in a position to talk to her, to advise her. That's how I'll get at her soul—and that's why I insisted on the champagne punch."

Mrs. Bowden shook her head.

"You're a great man, Will. A really great man. I've always known it. And I trust you. But—I do have my doubts. . . . Some of those young men tonight were almost tipsy."

"If they'd been drinking cocktails at the club," countered Mr. Bowden, "they would have been tipsy."

Mr. Bowden was walking home from church with Johnnie Hargrave. It was a morning in early Spring. The hedges along James Street were turning green, and crocuses were showing in the lawns of the old places past which they walked.

But beneath this heritage of tranquility, and beyond it, Mr. Bowden knew that life was moving, flowing—irresistibly making new patterns to replace the old. A changing pattern. . . . Life, restless and indestructible, perpetually in revolt, and as always, a little blind, was rushing on behind the curtain of a thousand common-places; was passing in the street, hurrying towards its rendezvous with the future.



He spoke to the young man beside him.  
 "You say that you love my daughter?"  
 "Yes, sir. I've always—ever since I was a freshman at college."

"You want to marry her?"

"More than anything else on earth. But she—Bessie's changed this last year, Mr. Bowden. She's not the girl she used to be. I can't make her out."

"Well, Johnnie," said Mr. Bowden, "how do you expect to marry a girl you can't make out?"

"Sir?" said the young man in surprise.

"I say, how can you expect to make an impression on Bessie if you stand outside the things she's doing and thinking——?"

"Well, sir! Now that you've mentioned it, I feel I can speak my mind. The fact is, I don't approve of the things Bessie's doing."

"But you approve of Bessie?"

The former football player gave a kind of groan.

"Yes, God help me—I do."

"God won't help you, young man, unless you help yourself."

Johnnie stopped and stared at him. A staid and elderly couple brushed by them, with curious neighborly glances. Mr. Bowden took Johnnie's arm and they walked on.

"My boy, I'll tell you something—a secret. I'd rather give Bessie to you than to any young man I know. So you see, I'm on your side."

Hargrave was touched. He pressed Mr. Bowden's arm.

"Why, thank you, Mr. Bowden. I thought you liked me but I—I didn't know——"

"Yes. I've told you the truth. I'm being frank with you. I'd like to help you—if I can."

"You'll put in a good word for me with Bessie?"

"I'll do nothing of the sort," said Mr. Bowden.

"But you said——"

"Look here, Johnnie. The trouble with you is, you're too set. You don't realize that there's more to life than business and churchgoing on Sunday. You need education." It struck Mr. Bowden at that moment that his own education had been extraordinarily rapid. He mused over the fact; then set it aside as inconsequential. "You're a steady-going, really first-rate young man."

"I've got some ideals——" said Johnnie, with the conscious pride of youth indulging its soul. "I believe in business and I believe in the Church."

"So do I, so do I! But what's business for? To support life! And what's the Church for? To mould life—isn't it? Well, then! Well, then! You've got to understand life before you can support it or mould it, haven't you?"

"Yes, sir, but——"

"Look here, my boy, I'm going to tell you something. The trouble with you is you're standing outside of the life that's going on around you. I know what you think of Bessie's crowd—the crowd she's going with! You think it's an ungodly set—and it is, according to our old godly standards. But the God of gods—what do you think He thinks of it, eh? Do you suppose *he'd* stand aside and say, 'They're not my sort. Let the devil have 'em?'"

"But my attitude is purely personal."

No, it isn't. No, it isn't. Not a



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bit of it. Your attitude is the attitude of all the godly. . . . You love Bessie. You say you do—and I believe you—sincerely. And yet, when she began to grow away from you and your ideas, you let her go. You never made a fight for her. You let young Trull and his crowd have her without an effort."

"But, sir, I—I don't see. If you think Bessie's going with the wrong crowd—and she is! That fellow Trull's got a yellow streak, and I'd tell him so to his face—why do you—encourage her in it?"

Mr. Bowden smiled.

"Perhaps I am encouraging her. . . . But I'll tell you one thing, Johnnie. Bessie belongs to me now. She doesn't run away from me. She doesn't hide from me."

"I—see," said Johnnie slowly. "Mr. Bowden—you—you're right. I've acted like a bull-headed fool. I haven't put up a fight—and I want to! But I don't know how to begin."

"Begin by studying the life around you. That's what I did. Wake up and look at it. Try to understand Bessie—you'll find she'll meet you half way. And if I were you, I'd read books that deal with life."

"Books! Do you mean to say you can find all this in books?"

"Not this particular thing, perhaps," said Mr. Bowden. "But—life. Life as it is. Trouble with most books is they give you something made-up—just a story that begins and ends. But there are writers who see life as it is—as a force that goes on, that continues, that never stops moving."

They had reached Hargrave's place—Johnnie still lived at home by preference—and they stopped by the clipped California hedge to shake hands.

"I want to thank you, Mr. Bowden," said Johnnie. "I—I don't know how it'll come out, but I want Bessie." Mr. Bowden heard with emotion the note of longing in the young man's voice. "And I'm going to try—I'll put up a fight, anyway!"

Bessie, her hat on, her coat flung over the arm of the chair, sat in her father's den waiting for Austin Trull to come and take her motoring. She looked tired. There were dark rings under her eyes. Mr. Bowden, in his dinner jacket—he wore it every evening now—lay back in his Morris chair.

He took a box of cigarettes from the tobacco cabinet at his side and offered it to his daughter.

"Cigarette, Bessie?"

"I don't smoke, papa. I have—but I don't like the taste."

"Suppose I ought to swear off," said Mr. Bowden, contemplatively. "Smoke too much, I know—"

There was a silence.

"Who do you think was at the club last night?" asked Bessie, looking at the tips of her smart little shoes.

"Who?"

"Johnnie Hargrave!"

"No. Really? Johnnie getting gay?"

She laughed, a trifle nervously.

"Yes. He's joined the club."

"Glad of it," said Mr. Bowden. "I like Johnnie—"

"So do I," said Bessie. "But—I wish he didn't always look as if he was going to lead you in prayer."

It was Mr. Bowden's turn to laugh.

"He'll get over that. . . . When Johnnie sees a little more of the world he'll be

quite a man. Not that I don't believe in prayer. I still go to Church pretty regularly myself, you know."

"Do you believe in religion, papa?"

"I'm afraid I do, Bessie. It almost stands to reason, doesn't it? There's certainly a law in the universe, a law that governs everything. . . . Religion is that law—a sort of principle—"

"Yes, but what is the principle?"

"Well, I should say it was the principle of—of progressing life. The really religious people are those who make the most of their own lives. The difficulty is to pick your way. . . . What is right for one person may be wrong for another."

"Austin is an atheist," Bessie said.

"Is he? That's interesting."

"He doesn't believe in God, or religion, or anything."

"Oh, he must believe in something, my dear! Men do—instinctively."

"Well, he believes in freedom—in living a free life."

Mr. Bowden had to exert himself to avoid combativeness.

"Freedom? Yes. But how—?"

"Why, just by *living* it—" began Bessie, but at that moment the front door-bell rang. Mr. Bowden could hear it vibrating through the house, a trivial, tinkling sound that nevertheless had in it something of a doomsday note.

Bessie rose at once. "That's Austin. Good-night, Papa."

She left him sitting in his armchair, puffing at his cigar, and went downstairs to Austin. The latter stood at the bottom step, his hand on the newel-post, waiting for her. He, too, was smiling—

"Dearest—!"

"Ssh!" warned Bessie. "Mother's in the hall—" She raised her voice. "Good-night, mother!"

"Good-night. Don't drive too far."

Austin helped her on with her coat, then took her arm and they walked out of the house into the cool Spring darkness. On the porch he put his arms around her and kissed her. Bessie clung to him. Her lips trembled against his.

"Oh, Austin—! I love you so."

THE LIGHT in her father's study was still burning when she got home. She stood in the darkened hall, looking at that streak of light falling from the open door. . . .

If it had been all in darkness—!

She wanted darkness, to think, to justify her joy to herself. But she would have to face the light some time. . . .

She was not ashamed. She did not doubt the man she loved. His was not a common love. It was the passion of a great soul, a soul that offered, as it demanded, freedom.

And yet—

If she could only talk to someone. Her father—!

He had understood a good many things during the past year. Perhaps he would understand this. Was she afraid to confront him with it?

She walked towards the light of his door.

He was bending over some papers on his desk as she entered. How gray his hair was! She had never noticed that before.

He swung about, brushing aside his papers.

"Hello! Back already?"

"Yes. We didn't go far."

"Sit down, honey. You look tired—"

"I'm not tired, papa."

"Worried about something?"

"Not worried exactly—" Was she going to let him drag it out of her?

"I'll tell you, papa. Austin and I—that is, he's going to New York to live. To paint. . . . And I'm going with him."

Mr. Bowden deliberately selected a cigar and lighted it.

"Well, my dear, I suppose it's inevitable that you should marry some day."

"I'm not going to marry him, papa."

THE man sitting in the armchair straightened up with a jerk. For a moment he stared at his daughter.

"You're not going to marry him?"

"No!"

"You love him, Bessie?"

"Yes."

"Yes, you must. And he—?"

"He loves me, papa. It's this way. Austin doesn't—he doesn't believe in marriage. You mustn't think he's just—he doesn't *believe* in it."

"I—see. In asking you to—live with him—he is acting from conviction?"

"From conviction—yes. Absolutely!"

"And are you—also convinced?"

"I—Yes, I am! Marriage is a bondage, papa. It—it's a heritage of slavery from the past—"

"I agree with you, my dear. It's love that counts. And perhaps you're right about marriage—"

"Papa, I knew you'd understand!"

"But you must remember, Bessie, that you're not dealing with a theory entirely. You're dealing with a personal problem—and everyone's problem is different from everyone else's. Let's admit that you're right about marriage, in principle. Now! How does that principle apply to you?"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean this. Suppose, in this particular case, the theory doesn't work out. Suppose you find—you and Trull—that you've made a mistake. I don't mean in principle. I mean in fact. Suppose you discover—afterwards—that you aren't congenial. It often happens with married couples—even in the case of love-marriages. It might happen with you."

"But—it couldn't, papa. I'm *sure*!"

"Bessie, people change. They grow. Sometimes they grow out of themselves into quite different people. When you were a child you were sure that you would never stop playing with your big rag doll. Do you remember?"

"Yes. But I'm not a child now."

"What you are now will seem a child to you ten years from now. Then, my dear, it may be that you'll find you've made a mistake. I don't say you will. I say you *may*. And then, I'm afraid, it will be too late."

"For what?"

"For getting back to growing."

"You say such—queer things, papa."

"My dear, I'm trying to express myself. Let me put it this way. I want your happiness more than anything else on earth, and by happiness I mean getting hold of the life principle—which is growth. You're through growing physically. But mentally you've only begun to grow. There's no limit to what the mind can reach to—and I'm afraid—What I'm afraid of is that

your mind will some day turn on you and condemn you. Then what will you do?"

"Do?"

"Yes. We've got to look at everything, Bessie. As it is. You're not a person to—stand alone. Maybe that's my fault. Maybe I ought to have taught you more—how to take care of yourself. I mean economically—in a practical sense. Then if anything happened to your love-life, you'd have something to fall back on. As it is, if that went wrong, you'd be—lost."

"You don't trust Austin!"

"I do him the honor to believe he's sincere. At least, according to his own standards. What I'm not sure of is that his standards will stand trial——"

"But life is so short!"

"It's longer than you think."

"I couldn't give him up, papa."

"I don't want you to give him up."

"What do you want?" There was a note of surprise, almost of curiosity, in Bessie's voice. What a child she was!

Mr. Bowden leaned back in his chair, looking at the lighted end of his cigar.

"The truth is, Bessie, I think you ought to see more of the world before you decide—just what place you're going to occupy in it. I'd been planning for some time to send you abroad—to Europe."

"To Europe!" gasped Bessie.

"Yes. Now here's what I'd suggest. Keep your love for him. Hold on to it. Don't be ashamed of it! But take it with you to Europe and judge it from a distance. Measure it by other standards."

"Europe..." said Bessie. "Why, papa, I didn't know!"

"Think it over, my dear. Think it over. Only I want you to promise not to do anything without letting me know."

"I promise." She got up and went to him, sank down in front of him and cried, her head on his knees.

HE HAD to lie a little to Annie. He told her that the insurance business had been excellent during the past year. "My apparent prosperity has had an effect on the business," he said; which was true to a certain extent. "I've got the money to send you and Bessie abroad, and I want you to go." That also was true.

The lie was by implication. He had not realized the money from his business. He had raised it by borrowing from a friend in business. The five thousand dollars that he had saved for a nest-egg was gone—spent in a year. The loan followed, of necessity.

But Annie didn't know that. He had made up his mind that she wasn't to worry during her trip abroad. As for Bessie, it seemed only natural that her father, once having decided to make money, should continue to do so.

When Bessie told Austin that she was going to Europe, that young man lost control of himself. He accused her father of trying to separate them. It was rather an unfortunate tack to take. It chilled Bessie. "Why, Austin, I should think you'd be willing to wait for me—six months."

"It will be an eternity!" he exclaimed.

"But—dearest—wouldn't you rather have me after I've been—after I've seen things, and been to Europe—and all? I'll be so much more—well, *broad*, Austin!"

"I'm satisfied with you as you are!"

"But I should think you'd be *glad*!"

said Bessie, rather stubbornly; and added: "I'll see you in New York when I come home. Then I'll know—I mean, we'll both know—and everything will be—more wonderful than ever!"

Austin felt himself at a disadvantage. Apparently Bessie's mind was made up. It ended by his kissing her and swearing eternal faithfulness. But his passionate phrases had lost their old ring.

BESSIE and her mother were gone all summer. They went to France, to England, to Italy, and to Switzerland. Bessie's letters to her father revealed a gradually increasing enthusiasm for Europe, a gradually decreasing mention of her future with Austin Trull. She had spoken of him freely at first. One letter had said that she was surer than ever of her love for him.

It had cost Mr. Bowden a bad week, during which it had seemed almost an agony to drag himself about from the office to his empty home, and back to his stuffy office again.

But the week had passed, and there had come another letter from Bessie—eight pages of joyous description of Paris. "Thank God for Paris!" breathed Mr. Bowden, fervently, as he reached the end of it. He glanced at the postscript, smiled, and taking off his spectacles, wiped his eyes with his handkerchief. He was a sentimental person. . . .

The postscript had said that they both missed him terribly. He must surely come with them another time.

Another time——!

"It's working out," Mr. Bowden told himself. "It's working out . . . I'm glad I did it."

He saw a good deal of Johnnie Hargrave that summer. Johnnie was reading religiously such works as the modern wave had carried to Jamestown.

"I don't know whether I'm as comfortable in my mind as I used to be," he said to Mr. Bowden, "but I'm certainly a lot clearer about one thing."

"What's that, Johnnie?"

"My own ignorance."

Mr. Bowden laughed.

"As long as you feel that way I guess you're safe."

Johnnie looked thoughtfully at the older man.

"You know," he said, "there's something in that quotation about man enjoying himself too little." He paused and then added, quite seriously. "I think I'll get a car."

Bessie and her mother reached home in October. Mr. Bowden went to the station to meet them. The train pulled in. He stood at the gate, watching the passengers pouring through the exit. His heart beat painfully.

He would know the moment he saw Bessie's face. . . . Where were they? Why didn't they come——?

"Papa!"

He found himself in the arms of a young woman who was utterly a stranger to him. . . . A beautiful young woman in a Parisian suit and hat, who laughed as she kissed him.

"Papa, darling. How are you?"

"Bessie . . . My, my—I never would have known you. Nor Annie either——"

He embraced his wife, pulled out his handkerchief and blew his nose violently;



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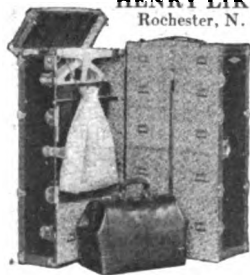
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then hustled off to attend to their baggage—

They rode home, all the way out to James Hill, in a motor cab. Bessie sat between her father and mother, talking volubly, and stopping frequently to laugh and hug her father's arm. At home when she and her father were alone, Bessie said: "Papa, I must tell you. I saw Austin."

She stopped, and a smile touched her lips. Mr. Bowden's impressionable heart missed a beat. "I hadn't written him I was coming, and I—went to his studio. Mama wanted to go with me but I wouldn't let her. It's a good thing she didn't."

"Well?" said Mr. Bowden, simply.

"Papa, he was having a party. Tea—and cocktails. The place was full of people. It was an awful jam. Austin was embarrassed. But I wasn't. I stayed till they were gone. There was one girl—Austin said she was a model—who looked daggers at me. She seemed very much—at home in his studio."

Mr. Bowden said nothing. After a moment Bessie went on:

"He showed me some of his work. I didn't know what to say. It seemed—well, kind of cheap—after what I'd seen in Europe. I left as soon as I could."

"You're sure it hasn't left a scar?" asked Mr. Bowden gently.

"Nothing that won't heal, papa. I may as well tell you the truth. I don't think Austin was worth it."

"No?" said Mr. Bowden.

"No. At least, I don't think—I'm sure I never would have been happy with him. But I would like to know how you knew—?"

"I didn't know, my dear. I only thought—it ought to be tested."

"Well, you're a pretty wonderful sort of person, I think."

"I'm nothing of the kind, my dear. But thank you for saying so."

There was a pause. Then Bessie went to him, in her old impulsive way, but instead of kissing him held out her hand. He shook it heartily.

Mrs. Bowden came into the room.

"Johnnie Hargrave's down-stairs, Bessie. He wants to say hello to you. I understand he's bought a car," said Annie, looking at her husband.

"Yes," said Mr. Bowden, "quite a sporty one, I believe—"

"For Pete's sake!" said Bessie, "what's happened to Johnnie?" And for some reason she laughed.

But at the same time, she began briskly to tuck in the stray locks of hair that showed beneath the smart hat-brim.

"Maybe you're too tired?" suggested Annie, with a touch of guile that caused Mr. Bowden to chuckle inwardly. (Annie was learning!)

"Oh, no! I'd like to see Johnnie. . . . Tell him I'll be down in a jiff— Or aren't you going downstairs, mother?"

"Yes; I'm going. I'll tell him," said Annie, with more haste than finesse. (Annie would never learn—entirely.)

"Good night, papa!" This time she bent down and kissed him; then gave her young laugh. "Oh, isn't it funny? Going joyriding with Johnnie Hargrave!"

When Annie came back upstairs she found her husband working over some papers on his desk.

Six months later Bessie announced her

engagement to Johnnie Hargrave. Annie was the first to hear the news. That was her privilege; but it was to her father that Bessie unbosomed herself.

"It's wonderful, papa," she said, after Mr. Bowden, the incurable sentimentalist, had finished drying his eyes. "Johnnie isn't at all the person I thought he was. . . . He's the most broad-minded man I've ever met. I'm simply crazy about him. . . . And I feel—oh, I don't know—as though I'd be safe."

"I think you will be, Bessie."

The girl mused, standing before him in a pink silk kimono, her hair in a long braid down her back. How young she was, how clean and fresh and unspoiled.

"Papa, if I ever have a child—a girl—I'm going to teach her to—be able to stand alone. I'm going to make her learn something useful and practical."

"Well," said Mr. Bowden, "I think that would be a good idea, Bessie."

"When I think of what might have happened to me! Not that Austin was bad. . . . But he was weak. His ideas came from weakness—not from strength. If I hadn't had you to help me—"

"Did I help you, Bessie?"

"Don't be foolish, papa. But I—if I ever have a daughter she's going to learn how to take care of herself. She's going to learn from the beginning."

"To go on!" said Mr. Bowden, a light breaking on his face. "That's it, Bessie. People must go on."

The wedding was over. The house was empty of its guests. Mr. and Mrs. Bowden sat in the reborn parlor, in the perfume of wilting flowers, under the lights of the crystal chandelier that threw a glow upon the white crash-covered carpet and turned dark the red of the chairs arranged precisely about the walls.

"I'll have to mortgage the house, I'm afraid, Annie."

"You should have told me you were going into debt, Will."

"There was no need of your worrying about it. I'll never deceive you again."

"Oh, Will! It means working the rest of your life—without any change or rest. It doesn't seem right, somehow. Of course I'm glad—I'm happy about Bessie. But it doesn't seem right."

"Maybe it isn't," said Mr. Bowden, staring at the bower of roses under which Bessie had been married. "Maybe it isn't. But it's—a satisfaction."

"It'll be hard work paying off the mortgage, won't it, Will?"

Mr. Bowden did not hear her. He was thinking his own thoughts aloud.

"It has to go on. You can't slip back and have any pride in yourself. I've done a pretty good thing, Annie. . . . Yes, a pretty good thing. I've faced this new life that's got a hold of our country—and by God, I've got something out of it. Something clean and good. Healthy. Bessie's children will have a fair start."

"But—the mortgage—"

"Sometimes you have to mortgage the past to pay for the future. You and I, Annie, we may not be able to live very high, but we can live in peace."

Annie got up and kissed him.

"It's late, Will, and you didn't eat any supper. I watched you. You come out to the kitchen and I'll give you a nice bowl of mush and milk."

# The Sinfulness of Skippy

[Continued from page 66]

then there's Snorky. I've got to save him, too."

"But, Jack . . ."

"I'm not asking for anything more than just your picture, nothing more—nothing that commits you to anything!"

"You will, won't you?"

"I . . . I will think it over," said Miss Tupper finally, remembering the terrific report which her sister had brought her via Snorky Green. "I will give you my dethition after thupper."

That evening, Skippy, excusing himself from Snorky who was taking Margarita to a lecture on the fauna and flora of Yucatan, set out for the parsonage with a thumping heart.

On his way he had built up a dozen eloquent conversations, but all memory of things tender and convincing were forgotten as he ventured over the slippery floor of the parlor and beheld at the side of Jennie a large, blown-up, thin-haired male visitor, who was introduced to him as the Rev. Percy Tuptale.

Intuition is a strange thing that fortunately returns to lovers, drunkards and children in their hour of need. From the first touch of her hand and the first look into her face, Skippy knew that a crisis had arrived. Mr. Tuptale was so placidly and professionally at ease, and Miss Tupper so nervously and unsilently conversational, that the conversation bubbled on like a kettle steaming in a distant room. He nodded once or twice, Mr. Tuptale fingered a magazine, while Jenny ran on.

"Something awful is going to happen," said Skippy, staring at the biblical engravings on the wall. "They're going to try to make me give back that pin."

Miss Tupper stood up. Skippy stood up. Mr. Tuptale stood up.

"Jack, I have taken a therious, a vewy therios thep," said Miss Tupper, flushing. "I do want to help you tho much but, but I have thought, that ith, I am afraid I know tho little how. You may think it dweadful of me . . ."

She paused and Skippy, frozen to the marrow, said icily:

"Yes, what is it?"

"I have gone to Mr. Tuptale . . . to Percy for his advice. I—I had to."

"Excuse me," said Skippy loftily. "Is Mr. Tuptale—are you—is he?"

"Well, yeth," said Jenny, blushing while a smile spread enormously over Mr. Tuptale's features.

"Oh!"

"You thee, that is why," said Jenny hastily, "and, oh Jack, I do want you to talk to him, juth ath you talked to me. Tell him evwything. He ith tho helpful and tho underhanding."

She swayed from one foot to another and glanced from the boy to the man.

"Jenny, dear," said Mr. Tuptale with clerical ease, "I think, ahem . . . suppose you let us talk this over together? It would be easier, wouldn't it?"

"Oh, yeth, indeed!"

The next moment they were alone.

"And now, my boy," said Mr. Tuptale blandly. "Let's have it out man to man." Skippy did not at once comply. He

walked slowly around the red plush rocker and then back to the bamboo fire screer and rested his elbows lightly upon it and glowered at the all-unconscious curate murder in his heart.

"Jenny is very fond of you, Jack," said Mr. Tuptale, caging his fingers. "She has a warm and sympathetic nature, a big heart, and I can quite understand how deeply concerned she is in the brave fight you are making. I want you to accept me as a friend, a real friend. . . . I know men and I know what temptations are, early associations, acquired habits. Jack, my boy, there is nothing really wrong in you. I saw that the moment you came into the room."

"Who said there was . . . pray?" demanded Skippy, whose hands were trembling with rage.

Mr. Tuptale looked up quickly and said, "Jenny has told me all—naturally."

"She told you I gambled."

"She did."

"She told you I drank and smoked?"

"She did, of course, and I consider it was her duty to do so."

"Well, is there anything wrong in that?"

"Anything wrong in gambling, drunkenness, steeping oneself with tobacco until your hand shakes like a leaf?" said Mr. Tuptale, rising.

"Exactly. Do you know your ten commandments, sir?"

"Are you insulting me, sir?" said the curate, yielding to a natural irritation.

"Kindly point out to me in the ten commandments where any habit of mine is forbidden," said Skippy.

Mr. Tuptale's jaw dropped, twice he tried to answer and twice failed.

"You will kindly restore to Miss Tupper this pin," Skippy said, producing it after a struggle with his tie. "Also inform her that I shall immediately send back to her other articles I need not now specify. Thank you for your interest in my case, but it is quite unnecessary—quite. I can stand by the ten commandments. Good night."

He went down the crunching gravel and slammed the gate.

"And there is more, sir," he exclaimed aloud, forgetting that he was now alone.

"One thing more. You can tell Miss Tupper that even among the lowest of my associates, gamblers and drunkards and race track sharks though they be, a promise given is sacred, sacred, sir, and the man who breaks it is—is—is—"

But here rage quite overtook him and he picked up a stone and flung it at an inoffensive tree.

"It's all Snorky!" he said, in the swift progress of moods. "I knew he'd overdo it! Holy Mike, what in Sam Hill did he tell Margarita! He must have—he—" But again imagination failed him.

"And I believed I had met a good woman," he said bitterly. "Faugh, they're all alike. Well, I don't care what does become of me. Serve her right if I went plumb to the bad. And I'll do it, too!"

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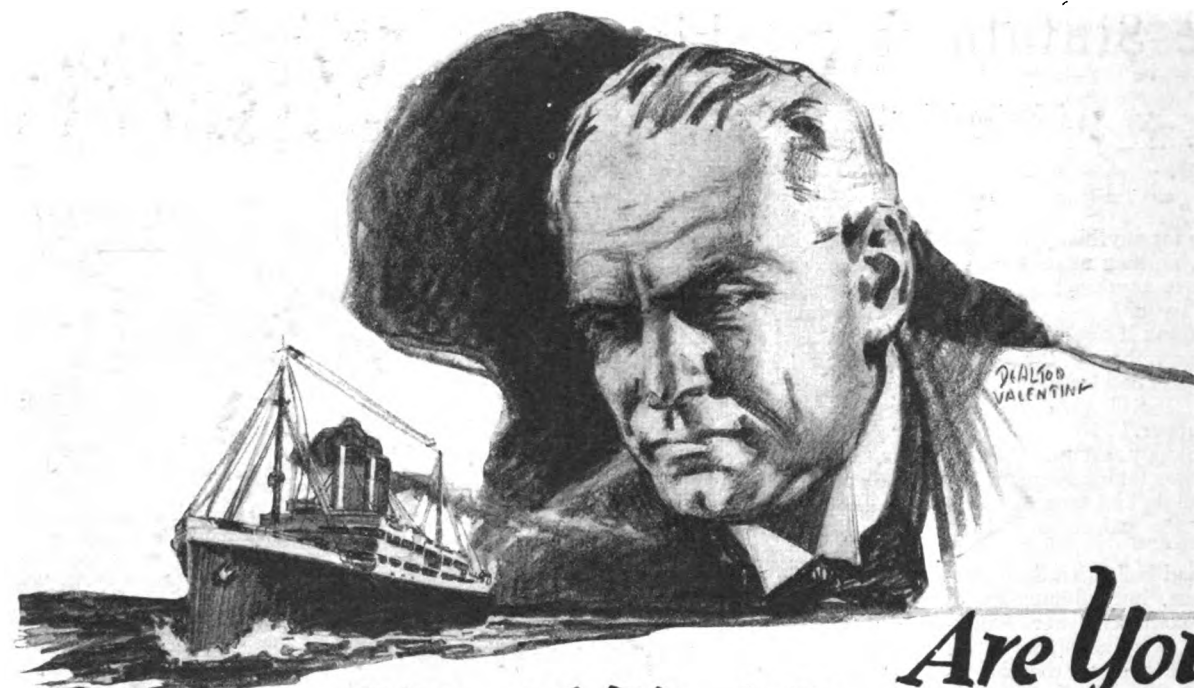
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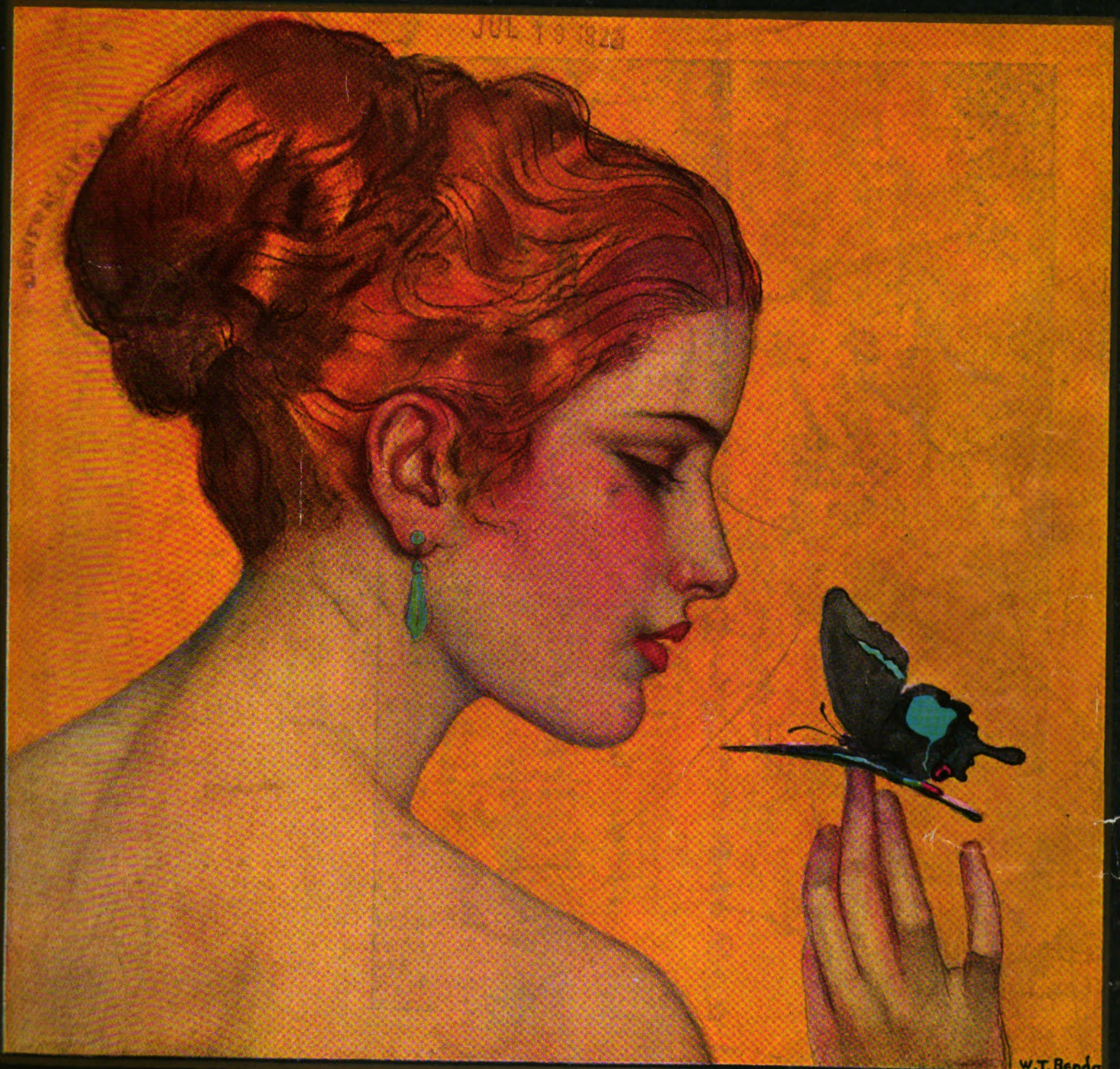
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**W**HEN parents name a boy William Slavens McNutt he can do nothing less than live up to his name and be a natural born story teller. "Another Cobb come to judgment," is the way the Editor put it when he found "The Boy Who Read Dime Novels." Which is praise enough for any writer. Watch for Bill McNutt's first story in September Hearst's International



BILL MCNUTT

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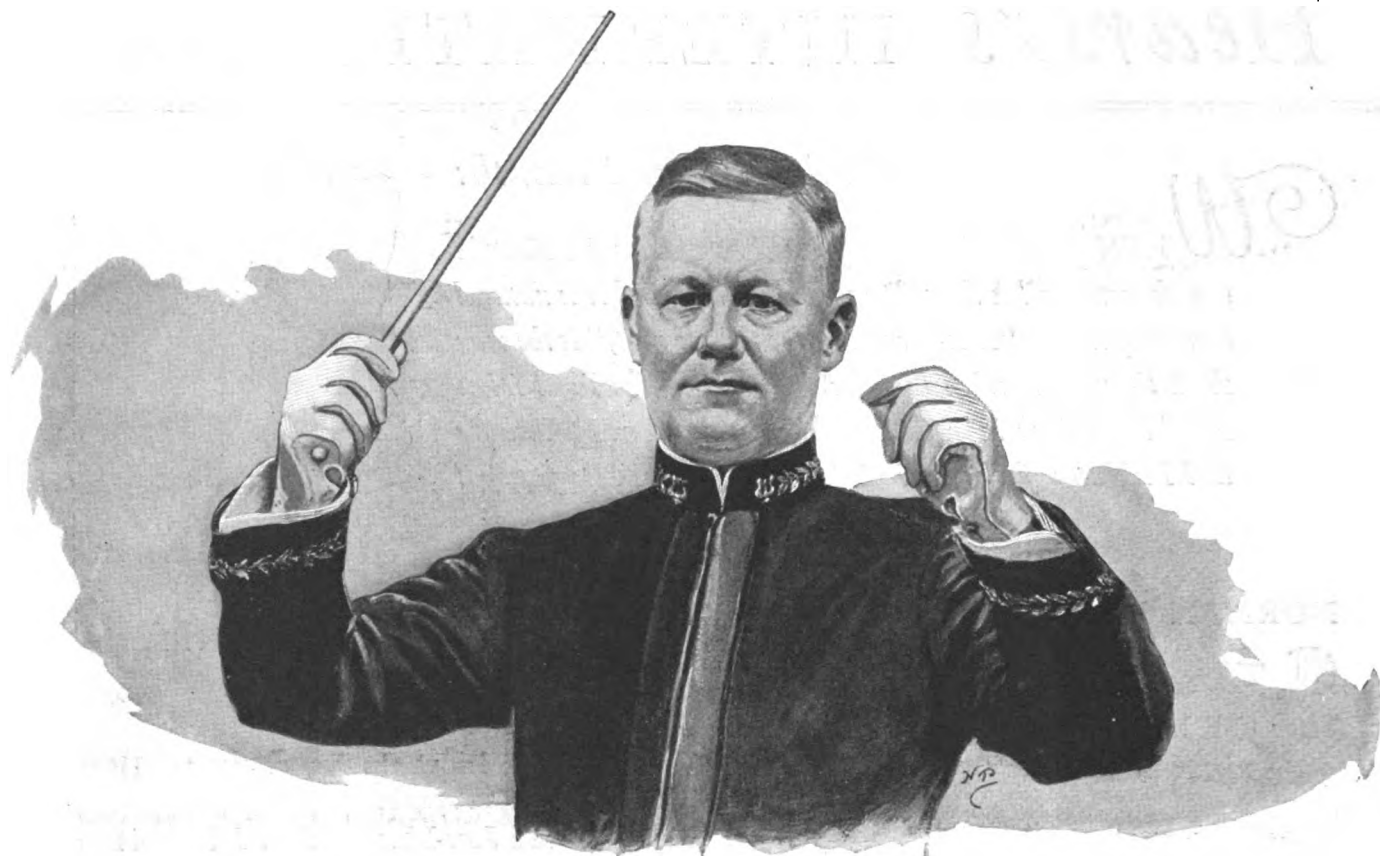
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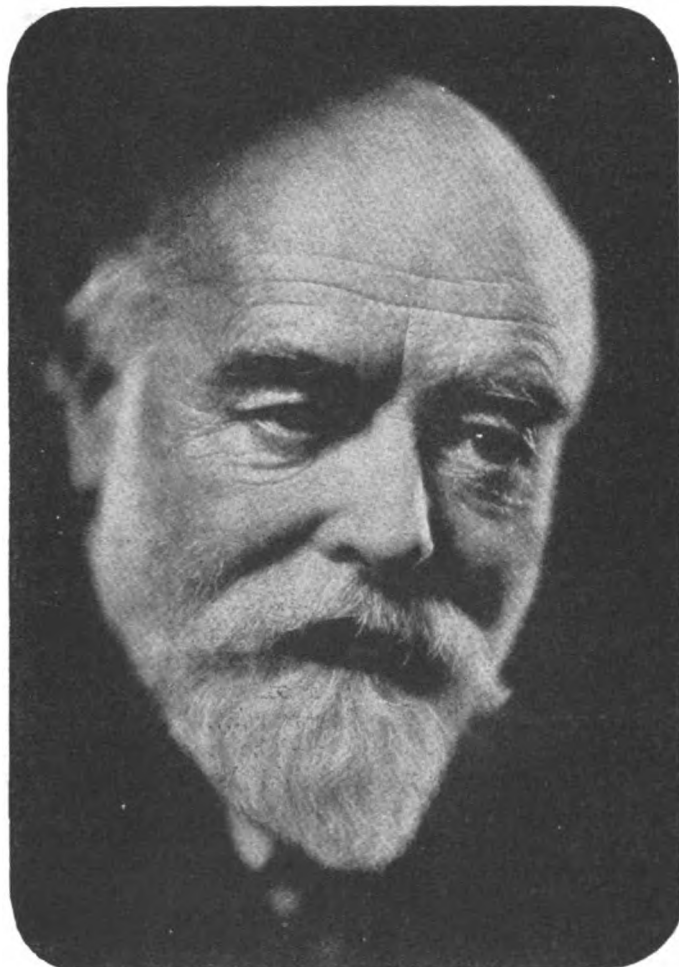
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# *The* FUTILITY of SUICIDE

*By Sir Oliver Lodge*

**T**HROUGH no action of our own we have been accommodated with a material body composed of a varying assemblage of atoms of matter, wherein to develop and grow an individuality, or persistent personal character. The opportunity so afforded us lasts as long as the material instrument continues in good order. It may be shattered by an accident or by a crime, or it may be injured by poisons secreted by those parasitic organisms which are commonly known as disease-germs, or it may simply wear out and cease to work.

Under such circumstances the personality so far developed is set free, and continues as best it can without either help or hindrance from the material vehicle which has served its turn and which was automatically constructed for its availability and training.

This episode of incarnation, this opportunity for terrestrial existence in association with matter, is evidently to be appreciated as one of high importance in the total scheme—of which we know so little—and it is universally regarded as reprehensible in the extreme to do anything that shall curtail the laborious opportunity so provided. Whether a second chance is ever accorded to an undeveloped personality, is a subject open for discussion; but anything like a conclusion is at present very uncertain. Many, perhaps most, think that the opportunity is unique and can not be repeated. On the other hand there are some who think that incarnation is often repeated, and that a gradual rise of the individual in the scale of existence is thus accomplished.

Let us leave the question open. Until we know more, safety

lies in the middle path. It seems to me likely that a second opportunity may be permitted under exceptional circumstances, but that reincarnation cannot be counted upon nor arranged for. All I know is that existence undoubtedly continues; and I suspect that the special opportunities afforded by association with matter are not likely to recur.

If that be so the heinousness of murder is amply accounted for; and self-murder is only one degree less criminal than the murder of another. In either case the period allowed for terrestrial life is violently cut short; and irreparable injury may be done to a growing and developing personality.

**W**HY should anyone attempt such a thing? The usual excuse is a fit of madness. But such madness may be the result of untrammelled long-cultivated passion, and therefore may be essentially blameworthy.

Self-injury is unnatural, though in certain moods it is possible. Surely no one really wishes to injure himself, not his essential self. He may mutilate his body, he may try to destroy it, but it must be because he thinks he sees the way to some higher good or to some lesser evil. Or he may mistakenly think that he can secure eternal unconsciousness and extermination, and thus end both his joys and sorrows. But the unconsciousness sought will only be temporary. A person in violent unbearable pain, or smitten with an incurable disease, or—as we have seen in the war—so shattered as to be a useless and helpless hulk, may seek release from suffering not only [Continued on page 110]



# HAPGOOD *Talks of Wages,*

*A New Party?* LINCOLN in his most casual talks usually said something. That solid book, "City Homes on Country Lanes," quotes from a speech of 1859, scarcely reported at the time: "The most valuable of all arts will be the art of deriving a comfortable existence from the smallest area of soil."

Is not that a mouthful? Lincoln calls this life an "art." The ideal is "comfortable," not luxurious. The area is the smallest.

No third party will amount to much hereafter that does not brood imaginatively on agriculture. The common people recently are showing a few signs of life. Meetings at Chicago, Cleveland, and elsewhere have shown American Socialists beginning to realize they cannot do much with exclusive Marxism. They begin to hold out their hands to labor in general. Brains enough to form a program which forecasts progress for labor and progress for the farm is the only chance for a new party's success.

*Why Not Break Up?* OUR excellent Secretary of Agriculture, speaking of the need of lower freight rates, mentions undoubtedly evil results, but also mentions this: "Gradually to shift industrial enterprises westward, nearer the surplus food producing territory."

Well, what about it? Distribution today adds hopelessly to costs. Among dreams, the most promise is in more independence for localities. Transportation is breaking down. It costs too much. Why not transport less?

There lies before the writer a letter from the Anglo-American Mill Company, of Owensboro, Kentucky, which makes little flour mills that can be operated by one man. That letter says:

"Undoubtedly the high freight rates are stimulating interest in small mills. There is no doubt that if the high freight rates do continue, it will result in making communities more self contained."

Turn back to the preceding editorial and ponder its opening sentences. If Lincoln were alive today he would be educating his hearers to the dangers of size.

*Coal* SOCRATES, in words invented for him by Plato, says: "Perhaps possession of all science, if unaccompanied by knowledge of what is best, will more often than not injure the possessor." Elsewhere, Plato says something to the effect

that too much power in any of us is bad for the soul.

The coal problem does not begin or end with the coal strike. Read Mr. Gleason in this issue. Also keep two ideas clear:

1—Autocratic control of a necessity by a few managers is a contradiction of democracy. Suppose a few air-barons controlled the ozone.

2—The propaganda that wages are unnecessarily high is bunk. Wages have decreased. The next editorial will tell you how.

Even a conservative, once studying the subject, becomes a radical. Senator Freylinghuysen, of New Jersey, says: "We cannot find out what the costs are because the National Coal Association has put out the eyes of the Government by the injunction in the Maynard Coal Case (an injunction that prevents the Federal Trade Commission from investigating costs of coal production). . . . The Coal lobby has tied the Government's hands and poked out its eyes."

It makes small difference whether a person is conservative or liberal. So powerful are facts that all we need is to have them before the public. But the facts are precisely what the coal lobby is determined to have kept out of sight.

*Wages* THE MOST important step to be taken in coal is to force regularity of employment and production. There are ways of doing this, if the operators, the workers, the government, and the public care to do it.

In order to clear the way for such fundamental decisions, it is well for the public to realize that real wages have not gone up either in coal or in the labor world generally. Real wages mean the amount of such necessities as clothes, food, and fuel that a person gets in return for his work.

When the miners struck in 1919, real wages of the pick-miners were the lowest since 1900: thirty-seven per cent less than they had been twenty years earlier. The mine laborers had dropped forty-five per cent.

When the strike of this year began, on April 1, the operators had demanded reductions of from thirty to forty per cent; this at a time when, far from profiting by the advance in mechanics, the men were working about two days a week and thousands were starving. The increase in physical output of the country from 1900 to 1920 was at least thirty per cent per capita. Why did not labor receive any of that increase, to say nothing of receiving all of it?





# Flappers and Baseball

*Time* **B**RAZIL is about to celebrate the hundredth anniversary of her independence. It is interesting to think that we, the first of the large modern republics, are in independent government only forty-six years older than our sister in South America. Perhaps before long new democratic forms in industry will spread as rapidly as shifting of political power has taken place in the last century and a half.

When we measure changes in social institutions, we must remember how short is written history. We think of Jesus of Nazareth as living long ago. If you take a man of the age of Charles William Eliot, Chauncey Depew, or Uncle Joe Cannon, how many such lives would lead back to Jesus? Put twenty-two such lives, preceding the birth of these three Americans, and the first in the chain would have been in old age at the Crucifixion.

*Rumblings* **O**UR HARD-BOILED friends in Washington are worried. The recession of the high wave of 1920 was inevitable but it is annoying to those who sat on it and rode to power. When Beveridge, in the Indiana primaries, beat a choice specimen of the good Indian, tacitly backed by the administration, and openly backed by the regular state machine, worrying focussed. When Gifford Pinchot proceeded to clean up the regulars in Pennsylvania, the old-timers put their heads together still closer. We publish an article this month on the campaign in Wisconsin, where La Follette will walk to victory regardless of the old-fashioned. Even Lodge is alarmed.

The people don't know much about the issues. When Beveridge swept Indiana, it was on no special issue. It was a general preference for a man who had been pigeon-holed as independent against a man who openly proclaimed himself a regular. When Pinchot won his victory, only a few weeks earlier deemed impossible, not many voters studied the issues. They classified Pinchot with the free crowd, and that was enough.

The public usually votes against something. A hundred years from now, it may vote for something.

*Flappers* **T**HE TERM has changed its meaning. When it started in England, taken from shooting, it meant a young girl just beginning to count as a woman. Now, in this country, it has spread over all the attributes and standpoints, ideas and standards,

on the female side, of the young generation. It has gained a meaning of dispraise. In this evolution it has become absurd. A young woman is a woman. A woman is a conserving force. Whatever the flapper may be today on the surface, she is in essence womankind, and womankind protects, as ever, the safety and achievements of the race. Men make most of the progress and also most of the destruction. Woman holds to what is good, and uses all her strength against what is bad. The girls of today will perform that eternal function, even as their granddaughters in centuries to come.

*Money in Baseball* **O**LD CAP. ANSON, shortly before he died, declared that the earlier contests had a more personal interest. Money did not decide. Today, Cleveland or Washington might happen to win a pennant, but the cards are stacked in favor of cities that can spend more money. Huggins or McGraw can purchase everybody in sight. Boston may develop Ruth, but New York buys him. McGraw's "million-dollar infield" was not developed, like the earlier infields of Anson, Cominsky, Chance, and Mack. Two of its members, when already stars, were bought away from contenders. Detroit deserves Ty Cobb, as Providence deserved Radbourne, as Baltimore deserved its champion team. Even as late as Baker, Barry, Collins, and McInness, teams were built instead of made out of the highest prices. There ought to be a limit to the amount of money any team can spend.

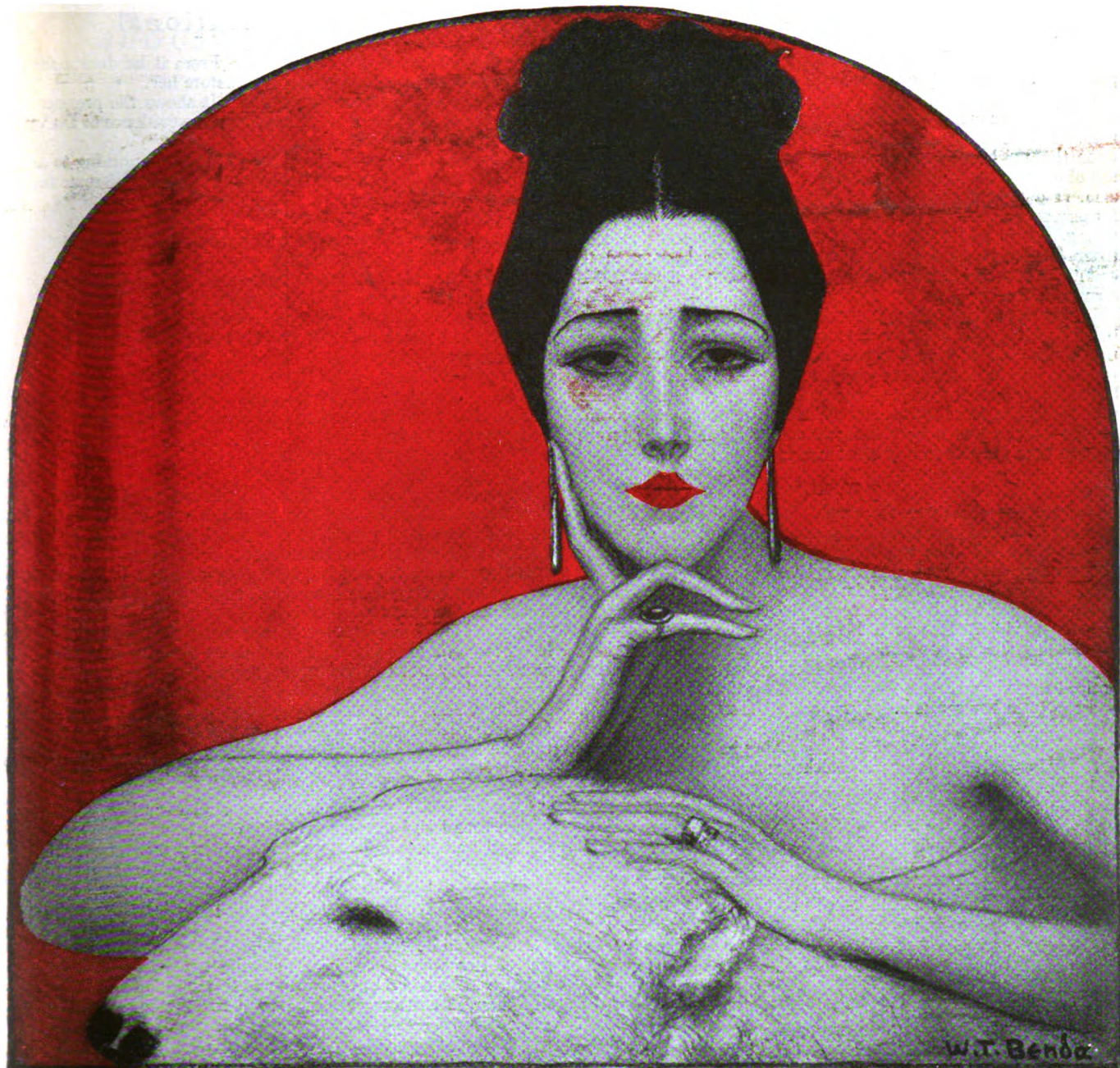
*Kelly* **I**F YOU ask us, which you didn't, who has been the most interesting player in the history of the game, we mention one Mike Kelly. He owed nothing to an accidental circumstance, as Ruth owes half his value to the fact that there are seats and fences to prevent fielders from going back for his long drives. Kelly caught, played right field, frequently pitched, and occasionally took any position. On bases his running made the opposing nine nervous, as did later the running of Ty Cobb. Kelly's high spirit was the life of his own club. His mind was as quick as that of Johnny Evers. His smiling batting of fouls until he got his base on balls led to the foul strike rule. His almost unflinching cutting of third base led to two umpires. His stealing of home was one of the earliest and most frequent. If anybody in baseball has had as many powerful and brilliant qualities as this many-sided Irish-American his name lingers not in our memory.





**Q** "See, Jack," he said, his manner wild and delirious, "you were always a sportsman. If one or the other of us were to drink the contents of this vial it would clear the situation."





# The Nightmare Room

By A. Conan Doyle

*Illustrated by W. T. Benda*

THE SITTING-ROOM of the Masons was a very singular apartment. At one end, it was furnished with considerable luxury. The deep sofas, the low, luxurious chairs, the voluptuous statuettes, and the rich curtains hanging from deep and ornamental screens of metal-work, made a fitting frame for the lovely woman who was the mistress and dominating spirit of the establishment.

Mason, a young but wealthy man of affairs, had clearly spared no pains and no expense to meet every want and every whim of his beautiful wife. It was natural that he should do

so, for she had given up much for his sake. The most famous dancer in France, the heroine of a dozen extraordinary romances, she had resigned her life of glittering pleasure in order to share the fate of the young American, whose austere ways differed so widely from her own. In all that wealth could buy, he tried to make amends for what she had lost.

Some might perhaps have thought it in better taste had he not proclaimed this fact—had he not even allowed it to be printed—but save for some personal peculiarities of the sort, his conduct was that of a husband who has never for an instant ceased to be



a lover. Even the presence of spectators would not prevent the public exhibition of his overpowering affection.

But the room was singular. At first it seemed familiar and yet a longer acquaintance made one realize its sinister peculiarities. It was silent—very silent. No footfall could be heard upon those rich carpets and heavy rugs. A struggle—even the fall of a body would make no sound. It was strangely colorless also, in a light that seemed always subdued. Nor was it all furnished in equal taste. One would have said that when the young banker had lavished thousands upon this boudoir, this inner jewel-case for his precious possession, he had failed to count the cost and had suddenly been arrested by a threat to his own solvency.

It was luxurious where it looked out upon the busy street below. At the farther side it was bare, spartan, and reflected rather the taste of a most ascetic man than of a pleasure-loving woman. Perhaps that was why she only came there for a few hours, sometimes two, sometimes four in the day, but while she was there she lived intensely. Within this nightmare room, Lucille Mason was a very different and a far more dangerous woman than she was in any other room.

**D**ANGEROUS—that was the word. Who could doubt it who saw her delicate figure stretched upon the great bearskin which draped the sofa? She was leaning upon her right elbow, her delicate but determined chin resting upon her hand, while her eyes, large and languishing, adorable but inexorable, stared out in front of her with a fixed intensity that had in it something vaguely terrible. It was a lovely face—a child's face—and yet Nature had placed there some subtle mark, some indefinable expression, that told that a devil lurked within. It had been noticed that dogs shrank from her, and that children screamed and ran from her caresses. There are instincts that are deeper than reason.

Upon this particular afternoon something had greatly moved her. A letter was in her hand which she read and re-read with a tightening of those delicate little eyebrows and a grim setting of those delicious lips. Suddenly she started and a shadow of fear softened the feline menace of her features. She raised herself upon her arm and her eyes were fixed eagerly upon the door. She was listening intently—listening for something that she dreaded, most certainly dreaded to hear.

For a moment, a smile of relief played over her expressive face. Then with a look of horror she stuffed her letter into her dress. She had hardly done so before the door opened and a young man came brightly into the room. It was Archie Mason, her husband—the man whom she had loved, the man for whom she had sacrificed her European fame, the man whom now she regarded as the one obstacle to a new and wonderful experience.

**T**HE American was a man about thirty, clean-shaven, athletic, dressed to perfection in a closely cut suit that outlined his perfect figure. He stood at the door with his arms folded, looking intently at his wife, with a face that might have been a handsome, sun-tinted mask save for those vivid eyes. She still leaned upon her elbow, but her eyes were fixed on his. There was something terrible in the silent exchange.

Each interrogated the other and each conveyed the thought that the answer was vital. He might have been asking, "What have you done?" She in her turn seemed to be saying, "What do you know?" Finally, he walked forward, sat down upon the bearskin beside her, and taking her delicate ear gently between his fingers, turned her face towards his.

"Lucille," he said, "are you poisoning me?"

She sprang back from his touch with horror in her face and protests upon her lips. Too moved to speak, her surprise and her anger showed themselves rather in her darting hands and her convulsed features. She tried to rise, but his grasp tightened upon her wrist. Again he asked his question, but this time it had deepened in its terrible significance:

"Lucille, why are you poisoning me?"

"You are mad, Archie! Mad!" she gasped.

His answer froze her blood. With pale parted lips and blanched cheeks, she could only stare at him in helpless silence, while he drew a small bottle from his pocket and held it before her eyes as grim evidence of her guilt.

"It is from your jewel-case!" he said.

Twice she tried to speak and failed. At last, the words came slowly one by one from her contorted lips.

"At least I never used it."

Again his hand sought his pocket. From it he drew a sheet of paper which he unfolded and held before her.

"It is the certificate of Dr. Angus. It shows the presence of twelve grains of antimony. I have also the evidence of Du Val, the chemist who sold it."

Her face was terrible to look at. There was nothing to say. She could only lie with that fixed hopeless stare like some fierce creature in a fatal trap.

"Well?" he asked.

There was no answer save a movement of desperation and appeal from the beautiful woman.

"Why?" he said. "I want to know why?" As he spoke his eye caught the edge of the letter which she had thrust into her bosom. In an instant, he had snatched it. With a cry of despair, she tried to regain it, but he held her off with one hand while his eyes raged over it.

"Campbell!" he gasped. "It was Campbell!"

She had found her courage again. There was nothing more to conceal. Her face set hard and firm. Her eyes were deadly as daggers as she faced him.

"Yes," she said, "it is Campbell."

"My God! Campbell of all men!"

He rose and walked swiftly about the room. Campbell, the grandest man that he had ever known, a man whose whole life had been one long record of self-denial, of courage, of every quality that marks the chosen man. Yet he, too, had fallen a victim to this siren and had been dragged down to such a level that he had betrayed, in intention if not in actual deed, the man whose hand he shook in friendship.

It was incredible—and yet here was the passionate, pleading letter imploring his wife to fly and share the fate of a penniless man. Every word of the letter showed that Campbell had at least no thought of Mason's death, which would have removed all difficulties. That devilish solution was the outcome of the deep and wicked brain that brooded within that perfect habitation, in the mind of the woman he loved.

**M**ASON was a man in a million, a philosopher, a thinker, with a broad and tender sympathy for others. For an instant his soul had been submerged in his bitterness. He could for that brief period have slain both his wife and Campbell, and gone to his own death with the serene mind of a man who has done his plain duty. But already, as he paced the room, milder thoughts had begun to prevail.

How could he blame Campbell? He knew the absolute witchery of this woman. It was not only her wonderful physical beauty. She had a unique power of seeming to take an interest in a man, in writhing into his inmost conscience, in penetrating those parts of his nature that were too sacred for the world, and in seeming to stimulate him towards ambition and even towards virtue and splendid kindness.

It was just there that the deadly cleverness of her net was shown. He remembered how it had been in his own case. She was free then—or so he thought—and he had been able to marry her. But suppose she had not been free. Suppose she had been married. Suppose she had taken possession of his soul in the same way. Would he have stopped there? Would he have been able to draw off with his unfulfilled longings? He was bound to admit that, with all his New England strength, he could not have done so. Why, then, should he feel so bitter with his unfortunate friend who was in the same position? It was pity and sympathy that filled his mind as he thought of Campbell caught by this wonderful siren.

**A**ND SHE? There she lay upon the sofa, a poor broken butterfly, her dreams dispersed, her plot detected, her future dark and perilous. Even for her, poisoner as she was, his heart relented. He knew something of her history. He knew her as a spoiled child from birth, untamed, unchecked, sweeping everything easily before her with her cleverness, her beauty and her charm. She had never known an obstacle. Now one had risen across her path and she had madly and wickedly tried to remove it in the only way she could think of.

But if she had wished to remove it, was not that in itself a sign that he had been found wanting—that he was not the man who could bring her peace of mind and contentment of heart? He was too stern and self-contained for that sunny, volatile nature. He was of the North and she of the South, drawn strongly together for a time by the law of opposites, but impossible for a permanent union. He [Continued on page 131]





**Q.** "Lucille, why are you poisoning me?" With horror in her face, her blood froze as he drew from his pocket a small vial and the evidence furnished by the doctor and chemist.



IF you were asked  
to name  
the two funniest characters  
in magazine fiction  
the chances are  
you would say  
Abe Potash  
and  
Mawruss Perlmutter  
Now  
Montague Glass has created  
Uncle Ellis November—  
the funniest  
of them all

## Zig-Zag Burlesquers



# No Cards

By Montague Glass

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

“YOU don’t tell me!” Ellis November exclaimed and made little moaning noises through his nose, indicating not only shock and surprise, but grief as well.

“And what’s more, Uncle Ellis, the mother is one of those bleached blondes, too—you know the type,” said his niece, Miss Selina Rossmeyer.

Uncle Ellis nodded sympathetically.

“And what did you say the name was?” he asked.

“Well, as a matter of fact, the name ain’t so bad,” Miss Rossmeyer was obliged to admit. “It’s Wittkowsky.”

“I was afraid you was going to say Kelly or something,” Uncle Ellis said with a sigh of relief, for the matter under discussion was the recent engagement, or at any rate Miss Rossmeyer said it was an engagement, of her cousin Cyril November. Cyril and Selina were the only surviving niece and nephew, and sole heirs-at-law of Ellis November, provided of course that he died intestate. There was, to be sure also the possibility that he might leave a will disinheriting Cyril, in which event Miss Rossmeyer would be the sole legatee and devisee. Hence, in view of this circumstance, she spared no detail of her cousin’s latest escapade.

“Not even in a follies is she,” Miss Rossmeyer continued. “It’s a burlesque show by the name ‘Zig-Zag.’”

“T’phooce!” Uncle Ellis exclaimed.

“Mr. Fischelmann offered to take me to the theayter where the show was—somewheres down on Fourteenth Street, but I wouldn’t lower myself,” Miss Rossmeyer said.

“You done right,” November declared. “And furthermore Fischelmann had his nerve with you, that he should suggest such a thing even.”

Miss Rossmeyer blushed faintly.

“He meant it for the best,” she said. “He says, as your lawyer, and since you was away in Lakewood and everything, he thought it was his duty that one of your relations should see it with her own eyes, in especially as the company would be playing in Union Hill the next week, and it ain’t so easy to get to.”

“Easy to get to or not,” Uncle Ellis announced, “I am going out to Union Hill and see that girl and tell her she should let the boy alone.”

He wiped his bald forehead vigorously with his handkerchief and snorted indignantly.

“I should sit still and see half my property go to a burlesquer yet,” he said, “and only last month I put new stair carpets in the Ammerman house and got an estimate on making over them two cold water walk-ups on 108th Street into new-law houses.”

“Well, that’s the way it goes,” Miss Rossmeyer said.

“Not by me, it don’t,” Uncle Ellis declared firmly, “because if that boy don’t come to his senses, Selina, as sure as there would be sewer and paving assessments on them Throggs Neck lots, which I bought at the Van Voorhis sale, I would make a new will and cut that boy off without a nickel.”

“And believe me, Uncle Ellis, as much as I feel towards Cyril on account of his own father being my Uncle, and everything, I would rather you would give it to an orphan asylum or a Home for Chronic Females or something,” Miss Rossmeyer said, “because I don’t want a button from his share.”

UNCLE ELLIS rose from his seat and flapped his right hand at Miss Rossmeyer.

“Say!” he said. “I ain’t going to burn my bridges till I meet them, which it would be time enough I should talk about changing my will after I seen that girl and hear what she’s got to say.”

“Well, Mr. Fischelmann seen her and he seen also the mother,” Miss Rossmeyer declared as she walked towards the door with Uncle Ellis. “She wanted him he should bring a lawsuit against Benny Lickman, from Lickman & Shift in the cutaway, dress suit and tuxedo business.”

“I know ’em well,” Uncle Ellis said, “and I suppose she claimed Lickman wanted to marry her I suppose.”

“Well, as a matter of fact, the lawsuit was about a four carat



ring she claimed he took back to get made smaller, and she never seen him afterwards," Miss Rossmeyer explained.

"I'm glad he had that much sense," Uncle Ellis said in conclusion, "and all I could say is if Cyril ever gives that girl so much as a German silver safety pin, he need never look to me for a postage stamp even. I'll be through with him for good and all. He better remember that."

He emphasized this statement by clapping his derby hat on his head with such violence that it gave forth a clear tambourine-like sound.

"And in the meantime, Selina," Uncle Ellis added, "if you should happen to see that loafer, y'understand, tell him what I said. I got to collect some rent *once* in a while, or I would go right over to where he works and tell him so myself."

Both as a real estate operator and as an uncle, Ellis November's heart was in the right place. That is to say, it was situated in the normal position, beat regularly and in fact functioned so placidly that when Cyril November's parents died during his fourteenth year, Ellis had immediately put him to work as a packer in the basement of a prominent dry goods store, and had retained all but ninety cents of his weekly wages to defray the expenses of his board and lodging.

As for Selina, she had kept house for Uncle Ellis ever since her sixteenth year, some ten years in all, and during that time had so managed the finances of her uncle's household that by comparison with the table she had set, the inmates of a New Hampshire county poor farm can be said to enjoy a rich unbalanced diet of meat, game and poultry. For instance, her coffee could be distinguished from her tea only by a faint suggestion of the smell of an old briar pipe which was present in the one and absent in the other, and she had by long practice acquired a formula for chicken soup so nicely adjusted to the human palate that it was impossible to say whether the resulting hot water did or did not possess a faint flavor of feathers.

HOWEVER, Uncle Ellis had been a widower so long, that he had entirely forgotten what constituted good cooking, and besides he was much too busy with the management of his tenement property to linger over his meals. Occasionally, in collecting his rents, he had encountered the odor of real food, but he invariably curbed any faint appetite it may have stirred in him by reflecting that it probably came from the kitchen of a tenant in arrears with the rent.

Nevertheless, the human stomach can not be indefinitely put off with vague promises of a square meal, such as were the meals Miss Rossmeyer provided, and in consequence, Uncle Ellis under medical advice had spent two weeks at Lakewood, but after fourteen days at the kind of hotel which

he too modestly estimated to be within his resources, neither Uncle Ellis nor his stomach had benefited by the experience.

Hence when he entered the office of Sam Fischelmann, his attorney, that afternoon, he was in far from an amiable mood.

"Listen, Fischelmann," he said, "what for a lawyer are you that I couldn't turn my back with you in charge of my interests for two weeks, even, when everything gets balled up on me?"

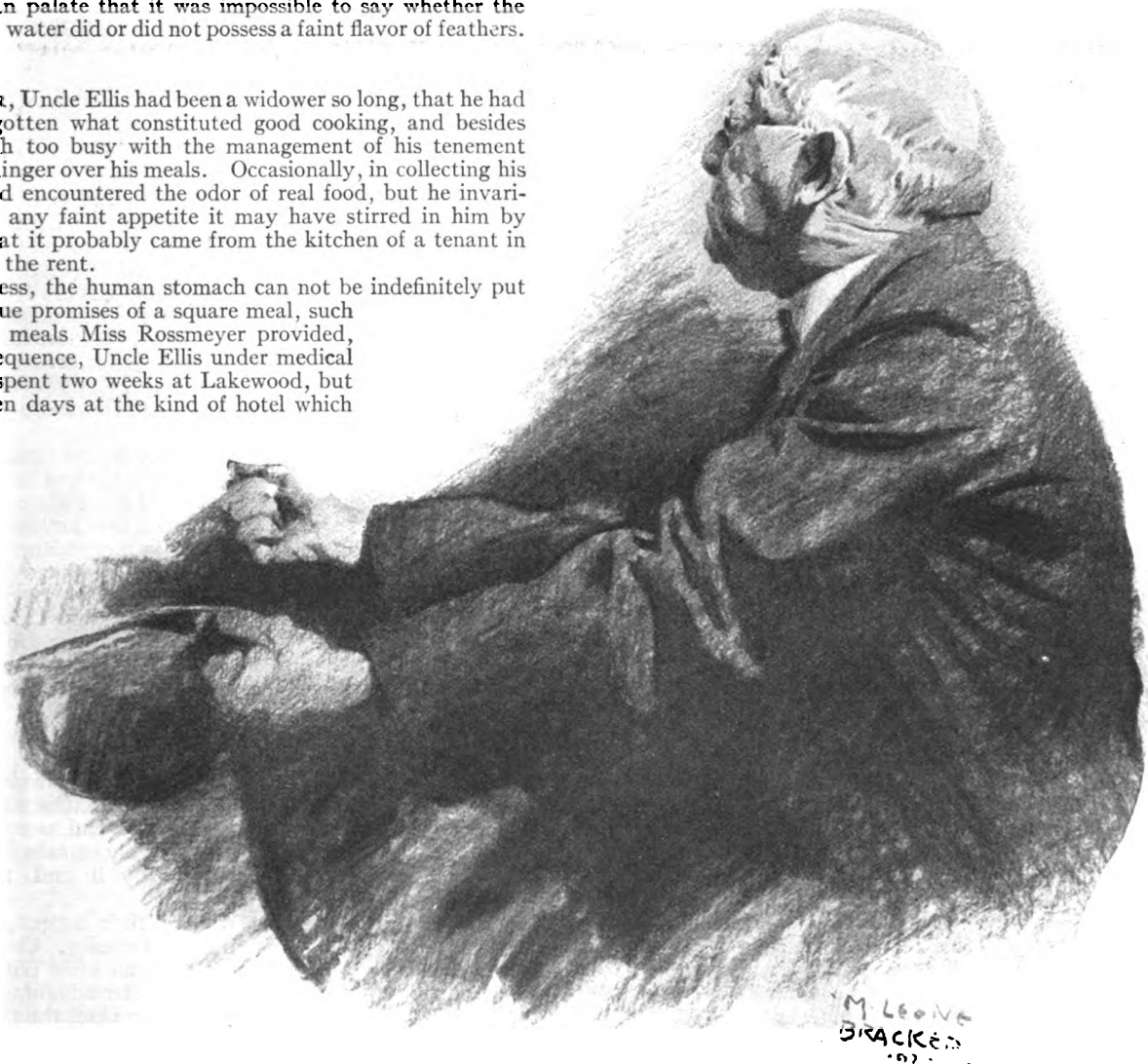
Fischelmann grew immediately quite red in the face.

"Could I help it if your nephew wants to marry a burlesque actress?" he asked indignantly, but in view of the circumstances that he himself had first introduced her to Cyril, and only that morning had given Cyril a letter of recommendation to a client who dealt in diamonds on the wear-them-till-you-pay-for-them system, there seemed but slight basis for his indignation.

"I don't know," Uncle Ellis said as he sank listlessly into a broken seated chair, "sometimes I think it would pay me to hire a good lawyer, Fischelmann—someone who ain't half asleep all the time."

FISCHELMANN could not prevent a smile at what Uncle Ellis intended for an exceedingly cruel thrust. Half asleep, Uncle Ellis had called him, and not five minutes after Selina had telephoned him how Cyril would be disinherited if he bought Miss Wittkowsky as much as a safety pin, he had set in motion the machinery for blasting Cyril's hopes with a three carat engagement ring. Probably Miss Wittkowsky was wearing it for the *matinée* right now, Fischelmann reflected, and his smile broadened as he thought of it.

"This is no laughing matter, Fischelmann," Uncle Ellis said. "What use have I got it for a lawyer which he don't know enough



Q. "I should sit still and see half my property go to a burlesquer yet," said Uncle Ellis. "If that boy don't come to his senses, he need never look to me for a postage stamp even."



C. "That ain't no cash diamond," Miss Wittkowsky told Cyril. "If you feel like you got to go into debt on my account, make it an ice-box or a parlor suit."

to send me for twenty-five cents a telegram to come home in a pinch. Which if you would let me know in time, I could have nicked the whole thing in the bud."

"Is that so?" Sam retorted. "Well, let me tell you something, Mr. November, all you've got to do is to go near that woman and try to bust things up, and the first thing you know, you will have a suit for malicious interference in contract on your hands."

"Well, what am I going to do?" Ellis asked. "Sit down and watch him marry her yet?"

"Don't do anything," Fischelmann advised. "If he wants to marry her, that's his lookout."

UNCLE ELLIS was about to protest but Sam extended his right palm towards Uncle Ellis's nose, as though he were a traffic policeman and Uncle Ellis a taxicab.

"Now, I know what you're going to say," he added. "But you got other relations besides Cyril and you could leave your money to them."

"What do you mean—them?" Uncle Ellis cried. "I've got one other relation, and the chances is if I left my money to her, the best she would do with it would be to marry some no account pinhead, Fischelmann, who would give her A Number One assistance in passing it on to automobile manufacturers."

"Say!" Fischelmann interrupted. "The chances is a level-headed girl like that would marry somebody who would take just so good care of her money as she could herself."

As he had already outlined to her a scheme whereby he intended to put the whole thing in first mortgages on improved real property in the Boroughs of Manhattan and the Bronx only, there was a note of finality to this statement.

"Listen, Fischelmann," he said, "if you've got any such ideas like that in your head, let me tell you that I got other plans for my niece than she should marry a lawyer without prospects."

"Did I say you hadn't?" Fischelmann said. This was neither the time nor place, if indeed there could be any time or place, for breaking it gently to Uncle Ellis that in his absence in Lakewood, there had been another engagement in the family, and as for the offensive implication that he, Fischelmann, was a lawyer without prospects, all sorts of prospects—none of them unpleasing—unfolded themselves for Fischelmann.

First, there was the prospect of marrying Miss Rossmeyer,

and if this failed, then there was the prospect of disentangling Cyril from his alliance with Miss Wittkowsky, for which he could charge Uncle Ellis a fee and Miss Wittkowsky a commission. Finally, if the worst came to the worst, and he were to suffer a breach with Ellis November, there was always the prospect of a suit by Miss Wittkowsky against Uncle Ellis for malicious interference with contract. He could therefore afford to be magnanimous towards Uncle Ellis's rude behavior.

"Believe me, Mr. November," he added, "if I would be thinking of getting engaged to anybody, an old client like you would be the first to hear of it."

"So far as getting engaged to anybody is concerned, Fischelmann, your private affairs don't concern me not in the least, y'understand," Uncle Ellis declared, "but if my niece or nephew is going to get married to anybody, then that anybody has got to match my money with more than just experience, y'understand, or else a lot of orphans is going to get the benefit of it."

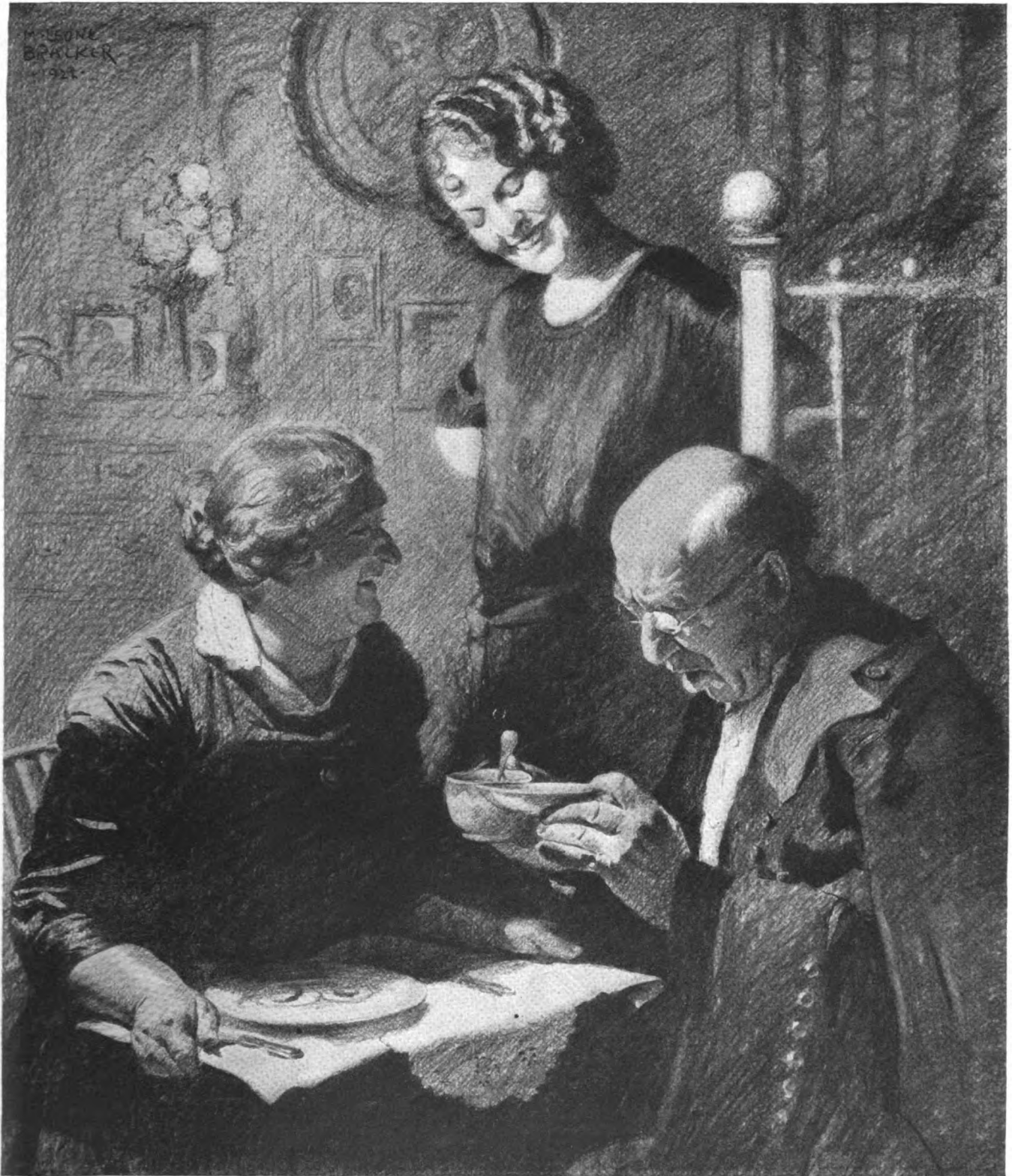
"Then you want to make a new will?" Fischelmann inquired.

"Not yet," Uncle Ellis concluded, "but when I do, Fischelmann, there ain't no lawyers too high priced for me to go to, because you could take it from me, Fischelmann, I ain't going to spare no expense in making it holeproof, with a replacement guarantee from the Supreme Court if necessary."

WHEN Sam Fischelmann and Miss Selina Rossmeyer had evolved the plan for Cyril November's disinheritance by getting him engaged to a burlesque actress, they had considered the matter in all its phases and were absolutely certain in advance that Uncle Ellis would be outraged by it and that Miss Wittkowsky would prove mercenary.

Uncle Ellis had more than realized their expectations, but they were entirely mistaken in Miss Wittkowsky. One need not have been a burlesque actress to find in all Miss Wittkowsky's former engagements to marry, much greater advantage in their breach than their observance; for in every case, the prospective bridegrooms had been bald and fat, and Miss Wittkowsky had always regarded them more in the light of future defendants in actions for breach of promise of marriage, than as partners in the marriage itself.

But Cyril was a different proposition. Cyril was slender, and his black hair waved poetically from a high white forehead. His



**C** "What's this?" Uncle Ellis demanded. "That's coffee," Mrs. Wittkowsky said. "That ain't coffee," the old man insisted. "I don't like coffee but I like this. Must be awful expensive."

features were classic in their regularity and he made twenty-five dollars a week as a bookkeeper in a wholesale millinery business. Even Miss Wittkowsky realized that he was not the timber out of which defendants in breach of promise suits are made, and much as Sam Fischelmann and Miss Rossmeyer would have been surprised by it, she loved him for himself alone.

"Tell me, kid," she said to him as on the following Sunday afternoon they sat in the front parlor of the Wittkowsky apartment on West Forty-eighth Street, "how much did you pay down on this rock?"

She referred to the precious stone in a ring on the third finger of her left hand which Sam Fischelmann's client in the enthusiasm of selling it to Cyril had described as a two and seven-tenths carat brilliant of the first water, blue white and without a flaw.

"What do you mean—pay down on it?" Cyril said, and Miss Wittkowsky patted his flushed cheeks tenderly.

"Don't get sore, kid," she said. "That ain't no cash diamond, it's an instalment diamond, and if you feel like you've got to go into debt on my account, Cyril, why, just make it an ice-box or a parlor suit or something."



"But you've got to have an engagement ring, ain't you?"

"With some people, you bet, and witnesses, too," Miss Wittkowsky said, "but your word is good enough for me, dearie, so don't you go wasting your money on no presents. Just give me the name and address where you bought this, and I'll get you your deposit and your contract."

She smoothed back his hair in a manner almost maternal. In fact, there was just a suggestion of the doting mother in her entire attitude towards Cyril, for while the difference in their ages was negligible, there was a good twenty years' difference in their weights. Furthermore, her salary with Graubart & Schein's Zig-Zag Company had been for the past two seasons one hundred and seventy-five dollars a week, and she naturally felt maternal towards the twenty-five dollar a week Cyril.

Not so Mrs. Fannie Wittkowsky, her mother, however, and when after another hour or so of this semi-maternal alliance, Cyril had gone, Mrs. Wittkowsky immediately opened up.

"Lookut here, Goldie," she said, "how long are you going to fool around and waste your time with this young feller?"

"Who says I am fooling around?" Goldie demanded. "We are engaged."

"Yow, engaged!" Mrs. Wittkowsky exclaimed, with a laugh. "How many hundred times did I hear you say that before?"

"I know you did," Goldie admitted, "but this time I mean it. Honest I do."

"What do you mean, you mean it?" Mrs. Wittkowsky cried, suddenly very serious. "What are you going to live on with such a boy?"

"Listen, Mommer; every time I get engaged, it's the same thing," Goldie protested. "Right away, you want to know the history of his life and everything. Last Wednesday, I met my fiancé for the first time, and you want me I should tell you what we're going to live on yet."

"Sure I know," Mrs. Wittkowsky said, "but them other engagements was just engagements, whereas from the way you look at that young feller, when he is here, I could tell that this here engagement is something else again."

"Well, what of it?" Goldie said not at all abashed.

"What of it!" her mother repeated. "For to do your own laundry work for the rest of your days, you don't got to get married. You could always get a job in a laundry."

"I could always get a job in a burlesque troupe, and besides, his uncle has got all kinds of money," Goldie said.

"And who told you this?"

"Fischelmann, the lawyer," Goldie continued. "He says that Cyril and his cousin, Miss Rossmeyer, is the only heirs of this here Ellis November, and he should ought to know because Fischelmann himself is engaged already to marry the other heir."

"But didn't you told me that Fischelmann himself introduced you to this young feller," Mrs. Wittkowsky said, "and didn't you also told me that he invited him and you to lunch especially on purpose so you should get acquainted with each other, and maybe get engaged?"

"Suppose he did?" Miss Wittkowsky answered her quickly.

Mrs. Wittkowsky shrugged her shoulders and made an

appealing gesture at the enlarged crayon portrait of the late Mr. Wittkowsky which hung on the opposite wall.

"Ai!" she exclaimed, "what did I done that a daughter of mine should be so dumb? A crook lawyer, practically a stranger except for one replevin suit, invites her to go fifty-fifty on this here Ellis November's money and she don't suspect nothing."

"WHO SAYS I don't suspect nothing?" Goldie cried. "I can read that crook lawyer like a book, Mommer. He thinks I would act to any man like I done it to Benny Lickman."

"Or Max Kronacher or Harry Citron, or this here feller in the furnishing business in Akron," Mrs. Wittkowsky interrupted. "Any one of them men would have made you a good husband, Goldie, and what did you done?"

"I got rid of them before they got rid of me," Goldie said; "but this here kid is different. If Fischelmann thinks I'm going to try to shake down that old man, he's mistaken, or if he thinks he can make the old man leave all his money to Cyril's cousin, he can't get away with that too. I don't want his money. All I want is the kid, see? Now go ahead, Mommer, and fix up some coffee. I always tried to be a good daughter to you, didn't I?"

Mrs. Wittkowsky nodded through her tears.

"And Cyril's going to be a good son to you," Goldie said as she patted the old lady's shoulder affectionately. "Other-



C. "You engaged!" Mrs. Wittkowsky exclaimed. "How many hundred times did I hear you say that before." "I know you did," Goldie admitted, "but this time I mean it."

M. LEONE  
BRACKETT  
1922.



“Don't be afraid that I couldn't give you a good home,” Uncle Ellis told Mrs. Wittkowsky. “This year with everything deducted that it was possible to deduct, I paid an income tax on pretty near eighteen thousand dollars.”

wise,” she added fervently, “he's liable to get an awful wollop from me.”

On the following Wednesday morning, while Miss Selina Rossmeyer was preparing breakfast by scraping the more badly charred piece of toast, she was interrupted by a loud exclamation from Uncle Ellis. She removed the coffee pot from the gas stove where it had been simmering for over half an hour and went at once into the dining-room to see what caused the outbreak on the part of her esteemed relative.

“Now what's the matter?” she asked.

UNCLE ELLIS excitedly pointed at the morning paper with a trembling forefinger.

“You shouldn't go near her,” he says. “You should let matters take their course,” Uncle Ellis cried. “Wait till I see that loafer, that's all. I wouldn't show him no mercy at all.”

“Now listen, Uncle Ellis,” Selina said, “if Cyril wants to act this way, what can you do. He ain't been home here for a week, and——”

“Who is talking about Cyril?” Uncle Ellis cried. “I am talking about Fischelmann. ‘She would sue you for interfering in a contract,’ and what is the result? Here! Read.”

He thrust the morning paper at Miss Rossmeyer and once more pointed to the following notice:

**NOVEMBER—WITTKOWSKY.** Mrs. Sarah Wittkowsky of 366 A West 48th Street announces the betrothal of her daughter Goldie to Mr. Cyril November. Reception at home Sunday, March 22nd, 3 to 6 P. M. No cards.

“‘No cards,’ it says, which little did I think that my nephew would marry into a burlesque family where they actually got to advertise no cards so that their friends wouldn't be scared of marked decks being pulled on them,” Uncle Ellis continued.

“And that schlemiel advises me to sit still and do nothing. Not another nickel's worth of business will he get out of me. Not so much as one dispossess even. Today I would get me another lawyer as is pretty near a lawyer.”

Miss Rossmeyer turned pale.

“But Uncle Ellis,” she cried, “he meant it for the best. You don't understand Mr. Fischelmann.”

“I understand him a whole lot better than you do,” Uncle Ellis retorted. “Fischelmann is more than a schlemiel. He is a schemer. By hook or by crook, that feller's got it into his head that he would sooner or later get a hold of some of my money. You don't know him, Selina. His is prepared even if necessary to marry you. He as good as told me so himself.”

By making this assertion, Uncle Ellis did not intend to be gratuitously insulting. It was only that he held no illusions as to his niece's lack of charm and considered the matter to be so self-evident that he took for granted her own acceptance of a situation no woman ever accepts.

“Is that so!” she exclaimed, “even me he is willing to marry.”

“WELL, HE didn't say so in so many words,” Uncle Ellis said mildly upon the principle of a soft answer turning away wrath, “but I actually think he would, Selina, he's that desprit already.”

Miss Rossmeyer laughed mirthlessly.

“I suppose anybody would have to be desperate if they wanted to marry me,” she said, tapping the table cloth with the fingers of her right hand. “Desperate and crazy, you would think, I suppose, such a person must be.”

In all the ten years she had kept house for Uncle Ellis, she had never before indulged herself like this. She had other methods of relieving her feelings, such as putting too much pepper in the soup and not enough in the gedampfte Kalbfleisch, but, up to now, Uncle Ellis had directed his rough criticism towards her housekeeping and her management of the household expenses,

and not towards herself and her dim prospects of marrying.

"Say!" he asked. "Did I say something?"

"Oh no, you didn't say nothing," Miss Rossmeyer retorted bitterly. "Don't consider me at all. If you think I am such a terrible looking person that nobody would want to marry me, just say so. It ain't me that Mr. Fischelmann likes, it's your money. Me, I am nothing."

"Now listen to me, Selina," he began. "I ain't so crazy about orphans, and people which leaves their money to orphan asylums is practically throwing it away in the streets because everybody knows that orphan asylums don't treat orphans too kindly. But just the same, Selina," he said, "if I must got to do it, y'understand, why then I must, so I give you fair warning, Selina, any of my relations can get married to anybody they want to, but if I ain't asked about it first, understand me, I go right straight down to the nearest orphan asylum, and them suckers would be only too glad to draw a holeproof will for me, free for nothing."

Uncle Ellis lived in one of his own flats on One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street, a circumstance which contributed nothing to the comfort or convenience of the other occupants.

For instance on this particular morning the occupant of the sixth floor front east had accompanied him to the subway station and for the entire distance had threatened him with the Department of Health and a summons to appear before a City Magistrate and explain his conduct.

HENCE when Ellis at last found himself swinging on the strap of a downtown express, he was quite breathless. Moreover he had eaten no breakfast, he was sixty odd years of age and this last encounter, coming on top of Miss Rossmeyer's attack, had left him so disturbed that the train had passed Ninety-sixth Street before he began to read his paper. His eye immediately fell once more upon the notice of his nephew's engagement. A pulse beat in his cheek as he read again the names, the addresses and the words No Cards.

"Loafers!" he exclaimed, meaning Miss Wittkowsky and her mother—and the next moment his mind dwelt on Fischelmann.

"A lawyer the feller calls himself," he continued, and tucked his paper into his pocket just as the train passed Eighty-sixth Street. He had made an important resolve in the matter.

"After all," he announced quite loud, "why should I take it laying down?"

He had addressed this rhetorical question to himself, for he had suddenly determined to go to the residence of Miss Goldie Wittkowsky on Forty-eighth Street and have it out with her.

It did not improve matters for Uncle Ellis that Miss Wittkowsky and her mother occupied the top floor of an old-fashioned walk-up apartment house and although he rested in the vestibule for at least two minutes before ringing the bell, he could just about totter up-stairs. In fact, it took him so long to reach the top floor that both Miss Goldie Wittkowsky and her mother were leaning over the banisters as he crawled up the last two flights.

"Old Mr. Kaplan with the bill from the delicatessen, ain't it?" Mrs. Wittkowsky called.

"Shush, Mommer," Goldie said, as Uncle Ellis toiled up the last few steps.

"Miss Wittkowsky," he croaked, and Goldie nodded.

"That's me," she said.

For a few seconds, Uncle Ellis panted helplessly.

"My name," he gasped, "is Mister November."

"Mister November!" Mrs. Wittkowsky cried, and before Uncle Ellis could even nod in reply, his knees gave way and he toppled over senseless.

WELL, you sure could of knocked me on the head with a feather!" Mrs. Wittkowsky exclaimed a half an hour later, as she and Goldie sat in the front parlor waiting for the doctor to come out of the best bedroom where Ellis November lay stretched on Mrs. Wittkowsky's Renaissance bed spread. "That little bit of an old man Cyril's uncle!"

"Shush, Mommer!" Goldie said. "He might hear you."

"Let him," Mrs. Wittkowsky retorted. "Do you think I am afraid he should hear me? And that young feller jollied you into thinking he had a rich uncle yet. Does he look rich?" Mrs. Wittkowsky asked. "If he didn't tell me he was Cyril's uncle, I would of took a chance and schencked him a quarter he should go and buy himself a cup of coffee or something."

"You would have done right, too," said the doctor who had come out of the bedroom unnoticed. "In fact, it wouldn't be

a bad idea to make him a cup of coffee right now and several slices of toast."

"What!" Mrs. Wittkowsky exclaimed.

"And if you've got such a thing as a couple of fresh eggs in the house, let him have them soft boiled," the doctor said, "because if I don't miss my guess, he hasn't had a square meal in a week."

Mrs. Wittkowsky turned to Goldie and made an eloquent gesture with both hands.

"Well, Goldie," she said. "What did I told you!"

"I don't believe it," Goldie said. "He just sold a large apartment house on Southern Boulevard."

"If you don't get him that coffee quick he may pass out on you right here and now," the doctor added.

"I'm going, I'm going," Mrs. Wittkowsky cried. "And she thinks he's a millionaire! Nebich!"

"Is he real sick, doctor?" Goldie asked, after her mother had gone on her errand of mercy.

"I wouldn't say so," the doctor replied. "A little food'll fix him. He's hungry, that's all."

A minute later Goldie went into the bedroom.

"Well, Boss," she said heartily, "how are they coming?"

Uncle Ellis looked at her mournfully.

"Gimme my hat," he croaked, "I got to get down to the office right away."

"Now listen," Goldie said, and drew the wrap around his shoulders, tucking it in with a friendly pat, "you're set till after lunch anyways."

Here Mrs. Wittkowsky entered with a tray on which was a cup of fragrant coffee and two poached eggs.

It was a new experience for Uncle Ellis. Kindness and courtesy were entirely unfamiliar to him. He hardly knew how to cope with them, and for lack of anything else to do, he began to sample the coffee.

"What's this?" he asked after the first two or three spoonfuls.

"That's coffee," Mrs. Wittkowsky said.

"That ain't coffee," he said. "I don't like coffee, but I like this," and he tried it again.

"I can't help what you like," Mrs. Wittkowsky declared. "That's coffee."

"Must be expensive coffee," Uncle Ellis remarked after he had drained the cup.

"Twenty-five cents a pound by the A. & G. stores," Goldie answered with an air of pride.

"You don't tell me!" Uncle Ellis exclaimed as Mrs. Wittkowsky replaced the empty cup with a full one.

"It's all in the way it's made," she said.

"And she can make it, believe me," Goldie added. "She's forgotten more about cooking than Delmonico ever learned yet."

YES?" UNCLE ELLIS remarked, as he began on his third cup of coffee. "Well, some people make gods out of their stomachs—but not me."

Having said this, he ate another poached egg, three in all, and after the tray was removed, he began to think that it was about time to discuss the object of his visit. He found it singularly difficult to make a start, however, and had cleared his throat any number of times only to find himself engaged in friendly conversation.

Moreover, it developed that Mrs. Wittkowsky knew many of Ellis November's old acquaintances and was even able to mention a funeral which she and Uncle Ellis both attended during the panic of 1893.

"And I shouldn't wonder we was to other places together, too," Mrs. Wittkowsky said. "I bet yer you used also to went to them affairs of the Ladies' Fuel and Aid on account of Brody's wife being president, ain't it?"

It had been some time since he had indulged in polite small talk with ladies and he had felt a trifle embarrassed, but now he looked squarely at Mrs. Wittkowsky. Her hair almost justified Miss Rossmeyer's description of it—that is to say it looked as though it were bleached and yet there were enough white strands in it to make it seem natural, and as far as Uncle Ellis could see, Mrs. Wittkowsky was a motherly person in her late fifties, rather well preserved, with regular features, faded blue eyes and a mouth that turned up at the corners.

"I did used to go to them affairs," Ellis admitted.

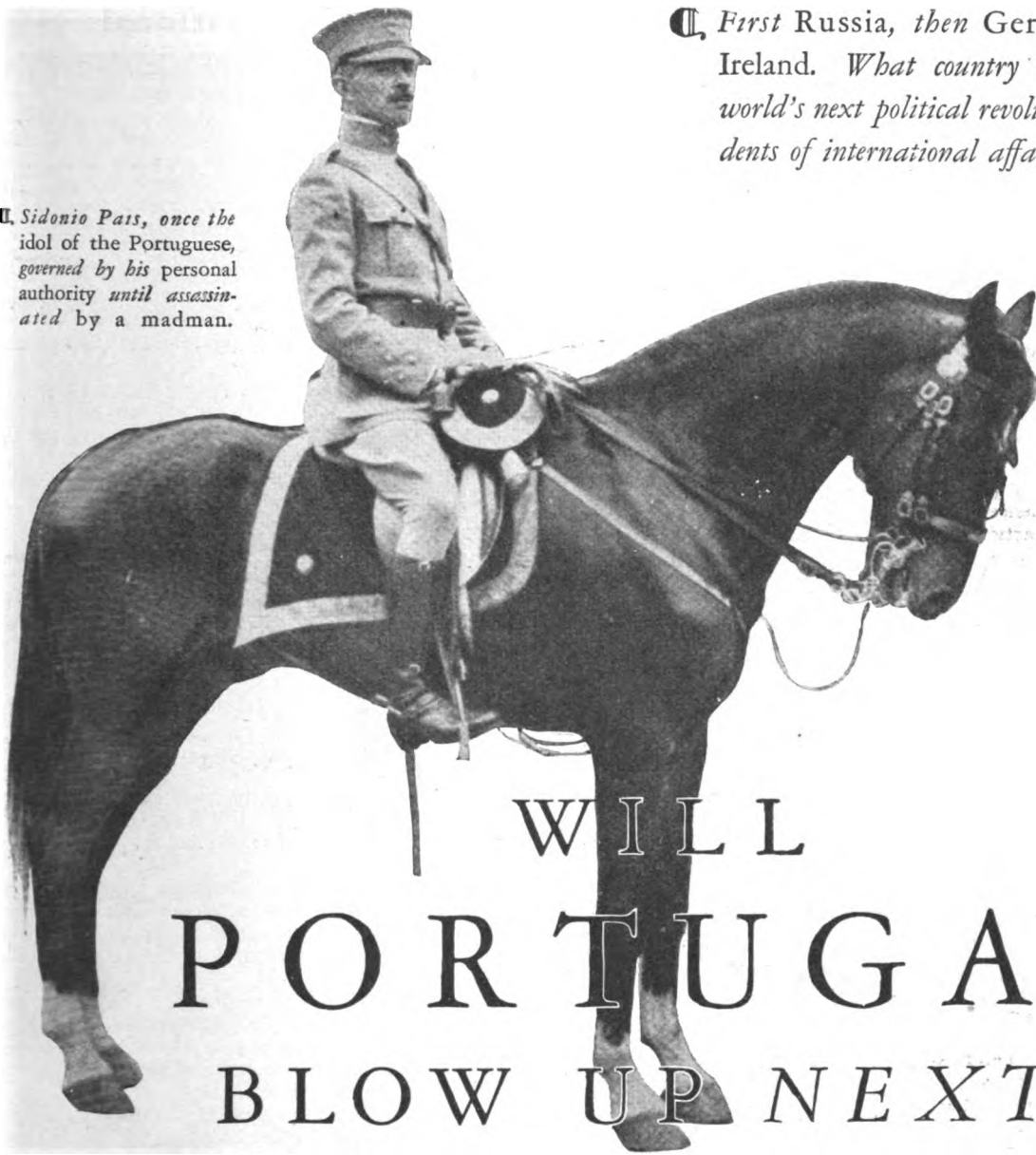
"Well, it's funny I couldn't remember the name November," Mrs. Wittkowsky said, "which it ain't what you would call an ordinary name exactly."

"And if you would excuse me for saying so," Ellis retorted, "it's just so funny that I couldn't re- [Continued on page 129]



Q First Russia, then Germany and now Ireland. What country will furnish the world's next political revolution? Close students of international affairs say Portugal

Q Sidonio Pais, once the idol of the Portuguese, governed by his personal authority until assassinated by a madman.



# WILL PORTUGAL BLOW UP NEXT?

By F. Britten Austin

SOME little time ago, in one of those cafés around the Rocio Square in Lisbon, the political clubs wherein the Governments of Portugal initiate their rise or fall, a well-known politician was seated peacefully sipping his coffee. At another table across the café sat another gentleman, with romantically long hair falling almost to his shoulders—all Lisbon will recognize him from this description. The long-haired gentleman was likewise peacefully sipping his coffee and at the same time reading his newspaper. Suddenly there was a revolver shot. The politician toppled over. Who had fired? Not a soul had moved in the café—until the detonation brought the customers to their feet.

After the corpse had been carried out, the long-haired gentleman smilingly indicated to an excitedly mystified companion a little smouldering hole in the skirt of his coat. He had fired through his pocket while pretending to read his newspaper. "Who is that long-haired man?" "He?—oh, that is so-and-so (I refrain from making him better known than he already is), the chief assassin of the 'Carbonaria'."

And every Carbonario in Portugal will assure you that the Carbonaria does not exist. In the strictest verbal sense, this is doubtless true. But any optimistic individual who should be innocent enough to accept this statement and attempt to govern Portugal without reference to the Carbonaria would speedily find that he had reckoned without his host. It was the Carbonaria that changed Portugal from a Monarchy into a Republic. It is the Carbonaria, veiling its mysterious membership under one name or another, that virtually has governed Portugal ever since.

It is true that officially there is nowadays no such thing as the Carbonaria. It is a name far too unpleasantly familiar in Portu-

guese ears. Long ago, that all-powerful secret society which listened to the secrets of every Portuguese household—and invented them, if necessary—discreetly dropped it. Besides, disintegrated by success, it has split into various sections, not always at peace with one another.

It is the Group of the Thirteen that is most in evidence at the present time. Those days are few when the Portuguese newspapers are without a reference to its activities—nearly always in the form of violent and amazingly impudent aggression. On the day I began to write this article, for example, a number of its agents attacked an ex-Civil Governor of Lisbon, the one before the last, and endeavored to drag him from a motorcycle sidecar in broad daylight and in the central and most frequented part of the city. It may be said with safety that there is no politician in that harassed Republic who is not acutely sensitive, at any given moment, to the state of his personal relations with the Grupo dos Treze.

IF PORTUGAL is to be saved from collapse as a European power, some "strong man," another Porfirio Diaz, must impose a salutary discipline on that little horde of political conspirators who gamble in Portuguese Governments, at a pace which in these past two years has grown faster than ever, for their personal profit.

The Carbonaria is a secret society founded originally as far back as 1823, at the time of the first Miguelite Civil War. Throughout the nineteenth century it continued a somewhat checkered existence, but after the unsuccessful Republic's revolt of 1891 it increased greatly in numbers and influence. Neverthe-

less, it was only in the last years of the Monarchy that it became really formidable. It was then reorganized under the capable triumvirate of Antonio Maria da Silva—Prime Minister of the Republic, not for the first time, at the date this article is written; Machado dos Santos—then a lieutenant in the Navy, and subsequently known as the "Founder of the Republic" (which distinction did not save him from being murdered by his ancient associates the other day); and a certain Luz d'Almeida, who has otherwise failed to achieve any special fame.

A network of espionage covered the country.

The murder of King Carlos and the Crown Prince on February 1, 1908, was certainly the handiwork, direct or indirect, of the Carbonaria. During the short reign of the young King Manoel its numbers and its underground influence increased. It is said to have had a membership of 40,000 in 1910. The Revolution of October, 1910, which abolished the Monarchy, was the achievement of the Carbonaria and virtually the Carbonaria alone.

For the next few years the Carbonaria had things all its own way. It installed a Republican government that was merely a respectably draped simulacrum of itself. It persecuted intolerantly all those who did not belong to its particular party. The prisons were choked with Monarchists, real, suspected, or alleged. The Church, of course, was the object of its especial hatred. All processions and festas were abolished, the churches were shut and the priesthood was virtually driven out of the country. A great deal of this anti-religious legislation was undone in 1918 by Sidonio Pais, but it is still against the law in Portugal to take a child under fourteen years of age to church!

THE excesses of the Carbonaria during the first years of the Republic of course provoked bitter hatred and the inevitable reaction. Nowadays it is found more convenient to hide its light under a bushel. But, under one or another of its aliases, it is still alive—and it is with this formidable network of secret societies that any statesman who would set Portugal's house in order would have to deal.

Closely allied with the secret societies is that well-organized minority of the Portuguese people which calls itself the Democratic Party and which has, from the beginning of the Republic held the dominant position in Portuguese politics. It is led by that somewhat mysterious personality (there is nothing that happens in Portugal that is not ascribed to him) Dr. Alfonso Costa who, after being for some years the political genius of the Republic, was subsequently its representative at the Peace Conference and who, despite reiterated appeals from politicians in difficulty, has since found it preferable to remain in Paris.

Apart from the Democratic Party, and intriguing with or against it for the spoils of office, according to the exigencies of the moment, is a dozen or so of other parties, more or less corresponding to their titles and more or less ephemeral. Politics in Portugal are an affair of personalities and not of principles. Whatever their nominal labels, it may safely be assumed that all these personalities would unite with the Democrats, the Carbonaria, and any other allies who were available, to make life difficult for any "strong man" who proposed to clean the Augean stable of Portuguese politics.

Yet it is for such a "strong man" that the majority of Portuguese crave, even to the extent of hoping that a foreign power or a group of foreign powers will eventually impose a ruler of foreign birth. They are tired and disgusted with the constant succession of governments, born of some obscure cabal, that last a month, a week, or a day. And things are getting worse. There were twenty-seven governments during the first ten years of the Republic; there have been seventeen during the past two. Not a single President since the establishment of the Republic, has accomplished his allotted term of four years. The present President, after two years, is publicly begging to be allowed to resign. It is whispered that he is on the death list of the Carbonaria and he lives in close retirement, his young and beautiful wife, a pathetically romantic figure, who is passionately attached to him, constituting herself his warden and closely scrutinizing every visitor before he is admitted to the presidential presence. Anyone might be the dreaded assassin!

Few of the Portuguese now look to their ancient and exiled Monarchy to rescue them from their troubles. Besides, Manoel has publicly stated that he would not come back, even if they asked him. It is for some new, possibly yet unknown, regenerator of their country that the Portuguese wistfully look.

Is there such a man? There are said to be several individuals who aspire to the perilous honor of the Dictatorship. If this is true, they are discreetly diffident of declaring their ambitions.

Twice there have been Dictators, and the would-be Cromwells of the present day doubtless meditate on the object lesson afforded by their predecessors.

The first of these Dictators was General Pimenta de Castro. In the reaction against the excesses of the youthful Republic, a military pronunciamento brought him into power in 1914. For the next few months, he governed Portugal with a firmness and a moderation that were gladly received by the majority of his countrymen, but that were highly distasteful to the Carbonaria and the politicians, who, of course, intrigued against him, hand in hand. On May 14, 1915, the troops revolted and Lisbon found itself being bombarded from the river. The unfortunate Dictator was arrested, dismissed from the army, and exiled to the Azores.

THE NEXT Dictator, Sidonio Pais, was a much more picturesque figure—one of the most picturesque figures that have appeared in Europe for generations. Originally a colonel of artillery, he had been Republican ambassador to Berlin, but few people knew anything of him until, quite suddenly and unexpectedly, on December 5, 1917, he took the center of the stage as the leader of a completely successful military revolt.

General Pimenta de Castro had been content to make himself Prime Minister under the existing President. Colonel Sidonio Pais proclaimed himself President and Dictator. He then referred the fait accompli to the electorate, for once free to vote as it liked. The Portuguese—and it is significant of their attitude to this or any other man who showed them that he meant to rule—confirmed him by the biggest ballot, some sixty percent; in the history of the Republic.

Sidonio Pais became the idol of the Portuguese people. It was openly suggested to him that he should make himself King. He governed by his own personal authority, with a Ministry from which the politicians were excluded. But he gave Portugal the best and most popular government it had had for many years—at once firm and liberal.

The excluded politicians and the Carbonaria kept him busy, however. He had to deal with a constant succession of plots that twice developed into armed but unsuccessful risings. At last, in December, 1918, he was assassinated by an alleged madman at the Rocio railway station in Lisbon.

Never was more manifest the divorce between the Portuguese politicians and the Portuguese people. The people gave themselves up to an extraordinary frenzy of grief, the houses of Lisbon were draped in black, for days a procession of weeping men and women passed before his body laid out in state.

They have nowadays a "Red" movement, liberally subsidized from foreign sources, among the underpaid, bitterly discontented working population of Lisbon and Oporto.

The Bolshevik agitators—known to be in league with the secret societies—are trying to bring about a bakers' strike in the hope that the famished mob will rise in desperation.

NINE OUT of ten of the Portuguese whom I asked whether they could indicate any personality who might yet save the Portuguese Republic shrugged their shoulders and said—with the diffidence of many disillusionments—"Perhaps Cunha Leal."

Senhor Cunha Leal enjoys the distinction of being one of the youngest Prime Ministers of modern times. He has been called the "Michael Collins of Portugal." It was the Revolution of October 19, 1921, where he bravely tried in vain to save the life of the Premier Senhor Granjo, that first brought him to the forefront in Portugal.

As Prime Minister, Cunha Leal made himself felt. He announced, in a public speech: "It is for me to give orders. It is for the nation to obey them." This is the kind of talk the Portuguese people like. The country wondered whether he was about to make himself Dictator. He did the reverse. He held the elections and, being defeated by the Democratic machine, resigned the Premiership.

As far as is known, he is absolutely independent of the political parties and of the secret societies. Yet if there is one thing of which the average Portuguese is firmly convinced, it is that Cunha Leal is the man of the immediate future.

Something in him, too, has caught the eyes of foreign countries. There is no legation in Lisbon that has not reported voluminously upon him to its chancellery.

The first time I met him was in the Chamber of Deputies at Lisbon.

"What, in your opinion, is Portugal's greatest need today?" I asked him.



**C.** *A monarchist party is at work in Portugal, but ex-King Manoel, shown here with his consort, declares he will never return as the ruler of his people even should they request it.*

"Obviously, a strong and stable Government—one that remains long enough in power to establish a continuity in policy and is powerful enough to enforce reforms."

"Then a dictatorship is the solution?"

"A dictatorship, yes—but a dictatorship must have a loyal organization, military or otherwise, to support it. Where among the mutual jealousies which convulse the country is such a firm support to be found? I agree that the country needs a single strong man—a modern Napoleon. But such a man must carefully prepare his organization in advance. It can not be improvised."

"The era of Revolutions in Portugal is presumably not at an end?"

"Unfortunately not." Sr. Cunha Leal was emphatic. "There will certainly be more revolutions before a stable government is attained. Personally, I am all against these revolutions—made, most of them, to satisfy personal ambitions—which leave, each

one of them, the country in a worse state than it was before."

"And the financial situation?"

"It is of the first and most urgent importance to us that we should have a foreign loan. Portugal is the only one of the smaller countries that suffered through the war, which has not received any assistance from the richer Allies. Such a loan would benefit the country that granted it—America or England—as it would re-establish our purchasing power. Portugal could give ample security."

"It has for many years been suggested, outside Portugal, that the best way for Portugal to relieve herself of her financial embarrassments would be for her either to sell or lease some at least of that colonial empire which is no source of profit to her."

"There is no Portuguese Government of whatever party," he said, "that would dare to suggest to the country that it should either sell or lease any part of its colonial empire. We have been a great people. We founded a great [Continued on page 125]



# *If He Should Come*

By Edwin Markham

**I**F JESUS should tramp the streets tonight,  
Storm-beaten and hungry for bread,  
Seeking a room and a candle light  
And a clean though humble bed,  
Who would welcome the Workman in,  
Though He came with panting breath,  
His hands all bruised and His garments thin—  
This Workman from Nazareth?

Would rich folk hurry to bind His bruise  
And shelter His stricken form?  
Would they take God in with His muddy shoes  
Out of the pitiless storm?  
Are they not too busy wreathing their flowers  
Or heaping their golden store—  
Too busy chasing the bubble hours  
For the poor man's God at the door?

And if He should come where churchmen bow,  
Forgetting the greater sin,  
Would He pause with a light on His wounded brow,  
Would He turn and enter in?  
And what would He think of their creeds so dim,  
Of their weak uplifted hands,  
Of their foolish prayers going up to Him  
Out of a thousand lands?

C. Decoration by Franklin Booth



Franklin Booth

A  
Novel of the  
Second  
Coming

By the author of  
"The Jungle"



They  
Call Me Carpenter

By Upton Sinclair

Illustrated by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

Q. "Tell me, Mr. Carpenter!" said Mary Magna, "have you ever been in love?" "Mary," said Carpenter, "I have been in grief."

Q. Which tells how the Figure came out of the stained-glass window and was whirled into a fatal automobile accident.

INTO THE COOL safety of St. Bartholomew's Church, fled the rich young man. The mob had beaten and chased him when he came out of the theater at which was being shown a German-made moving picture. Secure in the great church, he sank down into a pew and rested his throbbing, bleeding head upon his arms. A moment later a hand touched him and he heard: "Don't be afraid. It is I." Raising his eyes, he saw that the man at his side had stepped out of the stained-glass window and where he had been was a great hole with the sun shining through. At the touch of the hand, the pain and the rage died away. Then those two, the mob's victim and the stranger who said, "They call me Carpenter," went out into the roaring Broadway of Western City. At Madame Planchet's Beauty Parlor, whither they were dragged by a moving picture critic whom they encountered on the street, they met Mary Magna, the star of the movie world and Mr. T-S, the magnate of the film. Of course T-S saw in Carpenter a great movie actor, and insisted upon taking him and the rich young man to dinner, along with his wife and Mary Magna. At the fashionable Prince's, they ran into another mob, this time of waiters on strike, and Carpenter was narrowly saved from serious injury. Mrs. Stebbins, a society leader, knew the rich young man and wanted to know Carpenter. So she approached the table and, accepting an invitation to go to T-S's studio to see some night scenes shot, asked Carpenter to ride in her car. Her son drove. The car was halted by a traffic jam and as young Stebbins had told T-S he would beat him to the studio, he paid little atten-

tion to the speed laws as they swept along. Once or twice Mrs. Stebbins asked, "Bertie dear, aren't you driving rather fast?" To her warning, the young man paid no attention. As they drove recklessly through a crowded street, there was a sudden grinding of brakes, the bumping of something under the car, a scream from the sidewalk, and Mrs. Stebbins cried out.

THE accident had happened in an ill-chosen neighborhood; one of those crowded slum quarters, swarming with Mexicans and Italians and other foreigners. Of course that was the only neighborhood in which it could have happened.

There was one child under the front wheels, crushed almost in half, so that you could not bear to look at it, to say nothing of touching it; and there was another, struck by the fender and knocked into the gutter.

The first person out was Carpenter. He took one glance at the form under the car, and saw there was no hope there; then he ran to the child in the gutter and caught it into his arms. The poor people who rushed to the scene found him sitting on the curb, gazing into the pitiful, quivering little face, and whispering grief-stricken words. There was a street-lamp near, so he could see the face of the child, and the crowd could see him.

There came a woman, apparently the mother of the dead child. She saw the form under the car, and gave a horrified scream, and fell in a faint. There came a man, the father, no doubt, and other relatives; there was a clamoring, frantic throng, swarming about the car and about the victims. I went to Carpenter, and asked, "Is it dead?" He answered, "It will live, I think." Then, seeing that the crowd was likely to stifle the little one, he

rose. "Where does this child live?" he asked; and someone pointed out the house, and he carried his burden into it. I followed him; and it was fortunate that I did so, because of the part I was able to play.

I saw him lay the child upon a couch, and put his hands upon its forehead, and close his eyes, apparently in prayer. Then, noting the clamor outside growing louder, I went to the door and looked out, and found the Stebbins family in a frightful predicament. The mob had dragged Bertie and the chauffeur out of the car, and were yelling menaces and imprecations into their faces; poor Bertie was shouting back, that it wasn't his fault, how could he help it? But they thought he might have helped coming into their quarter with his big, rich car; why couldn't he stay in his own part of the city, and kill the children of the rich?

A man hit him a blow in the face and knocked him over; his mother shrieked, and leaped out to help him, and half a dozen women flung themselves at her, and as many men at the chauffeur. There was a pile of bricks lying handy, and no doubt also knives in the pockets of these foreign men; I believe the little party would have been torn to pieces, had it not occurred to me to run into the house and summon Carpenter.

Why did I do it? I think because I had seen how the crowd gave way before him with the child in his arms. Anyhow, I knew that I could do nothing alone, and before I could find a policeman, it might be many times too late. I told Carpenter what was happening, and he rose, and ran out to the street.

IT WAS like magic, of course. He called to the crowd, stretching out his arms, and they gave way before him, and he walked into them, and when he got to the struggling group he held his arms over them, and that was all there was to it.

Except, of course, that he made them a speech. Seeing that he was saving Bertie Stebbins's life, it was no more than fair that he should have his own way, and that a member of the younger generation should listen in unprotesting silence to a discourse, the political and sociological implications of which must have been very offensive to him. Bertie listened; I think he would not have made a sound, even if he could have done so, after the crack he had got in the face.

"My people," said Carpenter, "what good would it do you to kill these wretches? The blood-suckers who drain the life of the poor are not to be killed by blows. There are too many of them, and more of them grow in place of those who die. And what is worse, if you kill them, you destroy in yourselves that which makes you better than they, which gives you the right to life. You destroy those virtues of patience and charity, which are the jewels of the poor, and make them princes in the kingdom of love.

"Let us guard our crown of pity, and not acquire the vices of our oppressors. Let us grow in wisdom, and find ways to put an end to the world's enslavement, without the degradation of our own hearts. For so many ages we have been patient, let us wait but a little longer, and find the true way! Oh, my people, my beloved poor, not in violence, but in solidarity, in brotherhood, lies the way! Let us bid the rich go on, to the sure damnation which awaits them. Let us not soil our hands with their blood!"

He spread out his arms again, majestically. "Stand back! Make way for them!"

Not all the crowd understood the words, but enough of them did, and set the example. In dead silence, they withdrew from the sides and front of the car. The body of the dead child had been dragged out of the way and laid on the sidewalk, covered by a coat; and so Carpenter said to the Stebbins family, "The road is clear before you. Step in." Half dazed, the intruders obeyed, and again Carpenter raised his voice. "Drinkers of human blood, devourers of human bodies, go your way!"

WHEN he stopped speaking, it was because a woman pressed her way through the crowd, and caught one of his hands. "Master, my baby!" she sobbed. "The little one that was hurt!" So Carpenter said to the crowd, "The sick child needs me. I must go in."

They started to press after him, and he added, "You must not come into the room. The child will need air." He went inside, and knelt once more by the couch, and put his hand on the little one's forehead. The mother, a frail, dark Mexican woman, crouched at the foot of the bed, not daring to touch either the man or the child, but staring from one to the other, pressing her hands together in an agony of dread.

The little one opened his eyes, and gazed up. Evidently he liked what he saw, for he kept on gazing, and a smile spread over his features, a wistful and tender and infinitely sad little smile, of a child who perhaps never had a good meal in his lifetime. "Nice man!" he whispered; and the woman, hearing his voice again began sobbing wildly, and caught Carpenter's free hand and covered it with her tears.

"It is all right," said he; "all right, all right! He will get well—do not be afraid." He smiled back at the child, saying, "It is better now; you will not have so much pain." To me he remarked, "What is there so lovely as a child?"

The people thronging the doorway spread word of what was going on, and there were shouts of excitement, and presently the voice of a woman, clamoring for admission. The throng made way, and she brought a bundle in her arms which, being unfolded, proved to contain a sick baby. I never knew what was the matter with it; I don't suppose the mother knew, nor did Carpenter seem to care. The woman knelt at his feet, praying to him; but he bade her stand up, and took the child from her, and looked into its face, and then closed his eyes in prayer.

When he handed back the burden, a few minutes later, she gazed at it. Something had happened, or at least she thought it had happened, for she gave a cry of joy, and caught the hem of his garment with one hand and began to kiss it. The rumor spread outside, and there were more people clamoring. Before long, filtering into the room, came the lame, and the halt, and the blind.

I had been reading not long ago of the miracles of Lourdes, so I knew in a general way what to expect; and yet, somehow, I could not watch it without being startled, thrilled in a strange, uncomfortable way.

Later on I had company in these unaccustomed emotions; the crowd gave way, and who should come into the room but Mary Magna! She did not speak to either of us, but slipped to one side and stood in silence—while the crowd watched her furtively out of the corner of its eyes, thinking her some foreign princess, with her bold, dark beauty and her costly attire.

I went over to her, whispering, "How did you get here?" She explained that, when we did not arrive at the studios, she had called up the Stebbins home and learned about the accident. "They warned me not to come here, because this man was a terrible Bolshevik; he made a bloodthirsty speech to the mob. What did he say?"

I STARTED to tell; but I was interrupted by a piercing shriek. A sick and emaciated young girl with paralyzed limbs had been carried into the room. They had laid her on the couch, from which the child had been taken away, and Carpenter had put his hands upon her. At once the girl had risen up—and here she stood, her hands flung into the air, literally screaming her triumphant joy.

Of course the crowd took it up—these primitive people are always glad of a chance to make a big noise—so the whole room was in a clamor, and Carpenter had hard work to extract himself from the throng who wished to touch his hands and his clothing, and to worship him on their knees.

He came over to us, and smiled. "Is not this better than acting, Mary?"

"Yes, surely—if one can do it."

Said he: "Everyone could do it, if they knew."

"Is that really true?" she asked, with passionate earnestness.

"There is a god in every man, and in every woman."

"Why don't they know it, then?"

"There is a god, and also a beast. The beast is old, and familiar, and powerful; the god is new, and strange, and afraid. Because of his fear, the beast kills him."

"What is the beast?"

"His name is self; and he has many forms. In men, he is greed; in women, he is vanity, and goes attired in much raiment—the chains, and the bracelets, and the mufflers——"

"Oh, don't!" cried Mary, wildly.

"Very well, Mary; I won't." And he didn't. But, looking at Mary, it seemed that she was just as unhappy as if he had gone on with his startling recital.

He turned to an old man who had hobbled into the room on crutches. "Poor old comrade! Poor old friend!" His voice seemed to break with pity. "They have worked you like an old mule, until your skin is cracked and your joints are grown hard; but they have not been so kind to you as to an old mule—they have left you to suffer!"

To a pale young woman who staggered towards him, coughing,





**C**arpenter closed his eyes in prayer. Suddenly he cried, "Walk!" The lad stared at him while the people caught their breath; then with a little choking cry, he took a step.

he cried: "What can I do for you? They are starving you to death! You need food—and I have no food to give!" He raised his arms, in sudden wrath. "Bring forth the masters of this city, who starve the poor, while they themselves riot in wantonness!"

But the members of the Chamber of Commerce and of the Bankers' Association of Western City were not within hearing, nor are their numbers as a rule to be found in the telephone book. Carpenter looked about the place, now lined pretty well with cripples and invalids. Only a couple of hours of spreading rumor had been needed to bring them forth, unholy and dreadful secrets,

dragged from the dark corners and back alley-ways of these tenements. He gazed from one crooked and distorted face to another, and put his hand to his forehead with a gesture of despair. "No, no!" he said. "It is of no use!" He lifted his voice, calling once more to the masters of the city. "You make them faster than I can heal them! You make them by machinery—and he who would help them must break the machine!"

He turned to me; and I was startled, for it was as if he had been inside my mind. "I know, it will not be easy! But remember, I broke the empire of Rome!"



*C. In dead silence, the crowd obeyed Carpenter and fell back from the car. Half dazed the Stebbins family and their chauffeur entered the machine.*

That was his last flare. "I can do no more," he whispered. "My power is gone from me; I must rest." His voice gave way. "I beg you to go, unhappy poor of the world! I have done all that I can do for you tonight."

Silently, patiently, as creatures accustomed to the voice of doom, the sick and the crippled began to hobble and to crawl from the room.

HE SAT on the edge of the couch, gazing into space, lost in tragic thought; and Mary and I sat watching him, not quite certain whether we ought to withdraw with the rest. But he did not seem aware of our presence, so we stayed.

In our world, it is not considered permissible for people to remain in company without talking. If the talk lags, we have to cast hurriedly about in our minds for something to say—it is called "making conversation." But Carpenter evidently did not know about this custom, and neither of us instructed him. Once or twice I stole a glance at Mary, marveling at her. All her life she had been a conversational volcano in a state of perpetual eruption; but now, apparently, she passed judgment on her own remarks, and found them not worth making.

In the doorway of the room appeared the little boy who had been knocked down by the car. He looked at Carpenter, and then came towards him. When Carpenter saw him, a smile of welcome came upon his face; he stretched out an arm, and the little fellow nestled within it. Other children appeared in the doorway, and soon he had a group about him, sitting on his knees and on the couch.

They were little gutter-urchins, but he, seemingly, was interested in knowing their names and their relationships, what they learned in school, and what games they played. I think he had Bertie's football crowd in mind, for he said: "Some day they will teach you games of love and friendship, instead of rivalry and strife."

Presently the mother of the household appeared. She was distressed, because it did not seem possible that a great man could be interested in the prattle of children, when he had people like us, evidently rich people, to talk to. "You will bother the Master," she said, in Spanish. He seemed to understand, and answered, "Let the children stay with me. They teach me that the world might be happy."

But after a while, one of the children began to rub his eyes, and the mother exclaimed—it was so late! The children had stayed awake because of the excitement, but now they must go to bed. She bundled them out of the room, and presently came back, bearing a glass of milk and a plate with bread and an orange on it. The master might be hungry, she said, with a humble little bow. In her halting English, she offered to bring something to us, but it was evident that she did not suppose we would care for poor people's food but Carpenter ate hungrily.

MEANTIME he tried to get the woman to sit on the couch beside him; but she would not sit in his presence—or was it in the presence of Mary and me? I had a feeling, as she withdrew, that she might have been glad to chat with him, if a million-dollar movie queen and a spoiled young club-man had not been there.

So presently we three were alone once more; and Mary, gazing intently with those big dark eyes that the public knows so well, said, "Tell me, Mr. Carpenter! Have you ever been in love?"

I was startled, but if Carpenter was, he gave no sign. "Mary," he said, "I have been in grief." Then, thinking, perhaps, that he had been abrupt, he added with a strange tone in his voice, "You, Mary—you have been in love?"

She answered, "No." I'm not sure if I said anything out loud, but my thought was easy to read, and she turned upon me. "You don't know what love is. But a woman knows, even though she doesn't act it."

"Well, of course," I replied; "if you want to go into metaphysics—"

"Metaphysics be damned!" said Mary, and turned again to Carpenter.

Said he, "A good woman like you—"

"Me?" cried Mary, and she laughed, a wild laugh. "Don't hit me when you've got me down! I've sold myself for every job I ever got; I sold myself for every jewel you saw on me this afternoon. You notice I've got them off now!"

"I don't understand, Mary," he said, gently. "Why does a woman like you sell herself?"

"What else has she got? I was a rat in a tenement. I could have been a drudge, but I wasn't made for that. I sold myself for a job in a store, and then for ribbons to be pretty, and then for a place in the chorus, and then for a speaking part—so on all the way. Now I portray other women selling themselves. They get fancy prices, and so do I, and that makes me a 'star.' I hope you'll never see my pictures."

I sat watching this scene, marveling more than ever. That tone in Mary Magna's voice was a new one to me; perhaps she had not used it since she played her last "speaking part!"

Said Carpenter, "What are you going to do about it, Mary?"

"What can I do? My contract has seven years to run."

"Couldn't you do something honest? I mean, couldn't you tell an honest story?"

"Me? Good heavens! Tell that to T-S, and watch his face! Why, they hunt all the world over for some new kind of clothes for me to take off; they search all history for some war I can cause, some empire I can wreck. Me play an honest woman? The public would call it a joke, and the screen people would call it indecent."

CARPENTER got up, and began to pace the room. "Mary," said he, "I once lived under the Roman empire——"

"Yes, I know. And I was Cleopatra, and again I was Nero's mistress while he watched the city burning."

"Rome was rough, and crude, and poor, Mary. Rome was nothing to this. This is Satan on my Father's throne, making new worlds for himself." He paced the room again, then turned and said: "I don't understand this world. I must know more about it, if I am to save it!" There was such grief, such selfless pity in his voice as he repeated this, "I must know more about this world!"

"You know everything!" exclaimed Mary, suddenly. "You are all wisdom!"

But he went on, speaking as if to himself, pondering his problem, "To serve others, yet not to indulge them; for the cause of their enslavement is that they have accepted service without return. And how shall one preach patience to the poor, when the masters make such preaching a new means of enslavement?" He looked at me, as if he thought that I could answer his question. Then with sudden energy he exclaimed: "I must meet those who are in rebellion against enslavement! Tomorrow I want to meet the strikers—all the strikers in your city."

"You'll have your hands full," I said—for I was a coward, and wanted to keep him out of it.

"How shall I find them?" he persisted.

"I don't know; I suppose their headquarters are at the Labor Temple," I answered uncertainly.

"I will go there. Meantime, I fear I shall have to be alone. I need to think about the things I have learned."

"Where are you going to stay?"

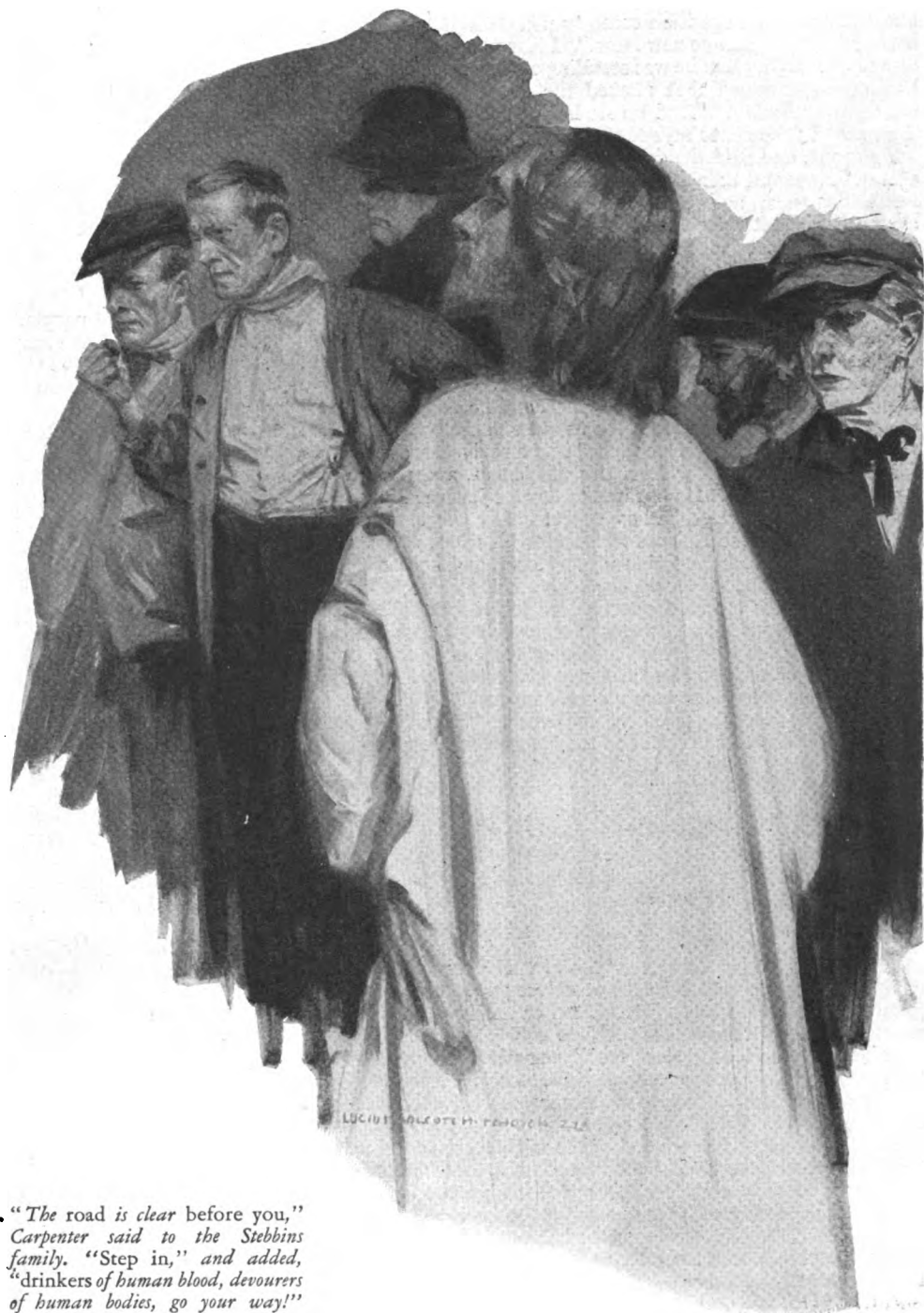
"I don't know."

Said Mary, hesitatingly, "My car is outside——"

He answered, "In ancient days I saw the young patricians drive through the streets in their chariots; no, I shall not ride with them again."

Said I, "I have an apartment at the club, with plenty of room."

"No, no, friend. I have seen enough of the masters of this city. From now on, if you want to see me, you will find me among the poor."



¶ "The road is clear before you," Carpenter said to the Stebbins family. "Step in," and added, "drinkers of human blood, devourers of human bodies, go your way!"

"If I may meet you in the morning," I said, "to show you to the Labor Temple——" Yes, I would see him through!

"By all means," said he. "But you must come early, for I can not delay."

"Where shall I come?"

"Come here. I am sure these people will give me shelter." He looked about him. "I suspect that some of them sleep in this room; but they have a little porch outside, and if they will let me stay there I shall be alone, which is what I want now." After a moment, he added, "What I wish to do is to pray. Have you ever tried prayer, Mary?"

She answered, simply, "I wouldn't know how."

"Come to me, and I will teach you," he said.

I WENT early next morning, but not early enough. The Mexican woman told me that "the Master" had waited, and finally had gone. He had asked the way to the Labor Temple, and left word that I would find him there. So I stepped back into my taxi and told the driver to take the most direct route.

Meantime I kept watch for my friend, and I did not have to watch very long. There was a crowd ahead, the street was



blocked, and a premonition came to me: "Good Lord, I'm too late—he's got into some new mess!" I leaned out of the window, and sure enough, there he was standing on the tail-end of a truck, haranguing a crowd that packed the street from one line of houses to the other. "And before he got half way to the Labor Temple!" I thought to myself.

I got out, and paid the driver of the taxi, and pushed into the crowd. Now and then I caught a few words of what Carpenter was telling them, and it seemed quite harmless—that they were all brothers, that they should love one another, and not do one another injustice. What could there have been that made him think it necessary to deliver this message before breakfast? I looked about, noting that it was the Hebrew quarter of the city, plastered with signs with queer, spattered-up letters. I thought: "Holy smoke! Is he going to convert the Jews?"

I pushed my way farther into the crowd, and saw a policeman, and went up to him. "Officer, what's this all about?" I spoke as one wearing the latest cut of clothes, and he answered accordingly, "Search me! They brought us out on a riot call, but when we got here, it seems to have turned into a revival meeting."

I got part of the story from this policeman, and part from a couple of bystanders. It appeared that some Jewish lady, getting her shopping done early, had complained of getting short weight, and the butcher had ordered her out of his shop, and she had stopped to express her opinion of profiteers, and he had thrown her out, and she had stood on the sidewalk and shrieked until all the ladies in this crowded quarter had joined her. Their fury against soaring prices, and wages that never kept up with them, had burst all bounds, and they had set out to clean up the butcher-shop with the butcher. So there was Carpenter, on his way to the Labor Temple, with another mob to quell!

"You know how it is," said the policeman. "It really does cost these poor devils a lot to live, and they say prices are going down, but I can't see it anywhere but in the papers."

"Well," said I, "I guess you were glad enough to have somebody do this job."

He grinned. "You bet! I've tackled crowds of women before this, and you don't like to hit them, but they claw into your face if you don't. I guess the captain will let this bird spout for a bit, even if he does block the traffic."

WE LISTENED for a minute. "Bear in mind, my friends, I am come among you; and I shall not desert you. I give you my justice, I give you my freedom. Your cause is my cause, world without end. Amen."

"Now wouldn't that jar you?" remarked the policeman. "Holy God, if you'd hear some of the nuts we have to listen to on street corners! What do you suppose that guy thinks he can do, dressed up in Abraham's night-shirt?"

Said Carpenter, "The thrones of the mighty are tottering, and the earth shall belong to them that labor. He that toils not, neither shall he eat, and they that grow fat upon the blood of the people—they shall grow lean again."

"Now what do you think o' that?" demanded the guardian of authority. "If that ain't regular Bolsheviki talk, then I'm dopey. I'll bet the captain don't stand much more of that."

Fortunately, the captain's endurance was not put to the test. The orator had reached the climax of his eloquence. "The kingdom of righteousness is at hand. The word will be spoken, the way will be made clear. Meantime, my people, I bid you go your way in peace. Let there be no more disturbance, to bring upon you the contempt of those who do not understand your troubles, nor share the heartbreak of the poor. My people, take my peace with you!" He stretched out his arms in invocation, and there was a murmur of applause, and the crowd began to disperse.

I pushed my way forward, by virtue of my good clothes, and got through the press about Carpenter, and took him by the arm, saying in my most persuasive manner, "Come on now, let's see if we can't get to the Labor Temple."

There was a crowd following us, of course; and I sought to keep Carpenter busy in conversation, to indicate that the crowd was not wanted. But before we had gone half a block, I felt someone touch my arm, and heard a voice saying, "I beg pardon, I'm a reporter for the Evening Blare."

Now, of course, I had known this must come; I had realized that I would be letting myself in for it if I went to join Carpenter that morning. I had planned to warn him, to explain to him what our newspapers are; but how could I have foreseen that he was going to get into a riot before breakfast, and bring out the police reserves and the police reporters?

"Excuse us," I said coldly. "We have something urgent——"

"I just want to get something of this gentleman's speech——"  
"We are on our way to the Labor Temple. If you will come there in a couple of hours, we will give you an interview."  
"But I must have a story for our first edition, which goes to press before that."

I HAD Carpenter by the arm, and kept him firmly walking. I could not get rid of the reporter, but I was resolved to get my warning spoken, regardless of anything. Said I, "This is a matter extremely urgent for you to understand, Mr. Carpenter: This young man represents a newspaper, and anything you say to him will be read in the course of a few hours by perhaps a hundred thousand people. If it is found especially sensational, the Continental Press may put it on its wires, and it will go to several hundred papers all over the country——"

"Twelve hundred and thirty-seven papers," corrected the young man.

"So you see, it is necessary that you should be careful what you say—far more so than if you were speaking to a handful of Mexican laborers or Jewish housewives."

Said Carpenter, "I don't understand what you mean. When I speak, I speak the truth."

"Yes, of course," I replied. Meantime I was racking my poor wits figuring out how to present this strange acquaintance of mine most tactfully to the world. I knew the reporter would not tarry long; he would grab a few sentences, and rush away to telephone them in.

"I'll tell you what I'm free to tell," I began. "This gentleman is a healer, a man of very remarkable gifts. Mental healing, you understand."

"I get you," answered the reporter. "Some religion?"

"Mr. Carpenter teaches a new religion."

"I see. A sort of prophet! And where does he come from?"

I tried hard to evade. "He has just arrived——"

But the bloodhound of the press was not going to be evaded.

"Where do you come from, sir?" he demanded of Carpenter.

To which Carpenter answered, promptly, "From God."

"From God? Er—oh, I see. From God! Most interesting! When, may I ask?"

"Yesterday."

"Oh! That is indeed extraordinary! And this mob that you've just been addressing—did you use some kind of mind cure on them?"

I could see the story taking shape; the headlines flamed before my mind's eye—streamer heads, all the way across the sheet, after the fashion of our newspapers:

#### PROPHET FRESH FROM GOD QUELLS MOB

I came to a sudden decision in this crisis. The sensible thing to do was to meet the issue boldly, and take the job of launching Carpenter under proper auspices. He really was a wonderful man, and deserved to be treated decently.

I addressed the reporter again. "Listen. This gentleman is a man of remarkable gifts, and does not take money for what he does. If you are going to tell about him at all, do it in as dignified a manner as possible."

"Of course! I had no other idea——"

"Your city editor might have another idea," I remarked, dryly. "Permit me to introduce myself." I gave him my name, and saw him start.

"You mean *the* Mister——" Then giving me a swift glance, he decided it was not necessary to complete the question.

Said I, "Here is my card," and handed it to him.

He glanced at it, and went on, "I'll be very glad to explain matters to the desk, and see that the story is handled exactly as you wish."

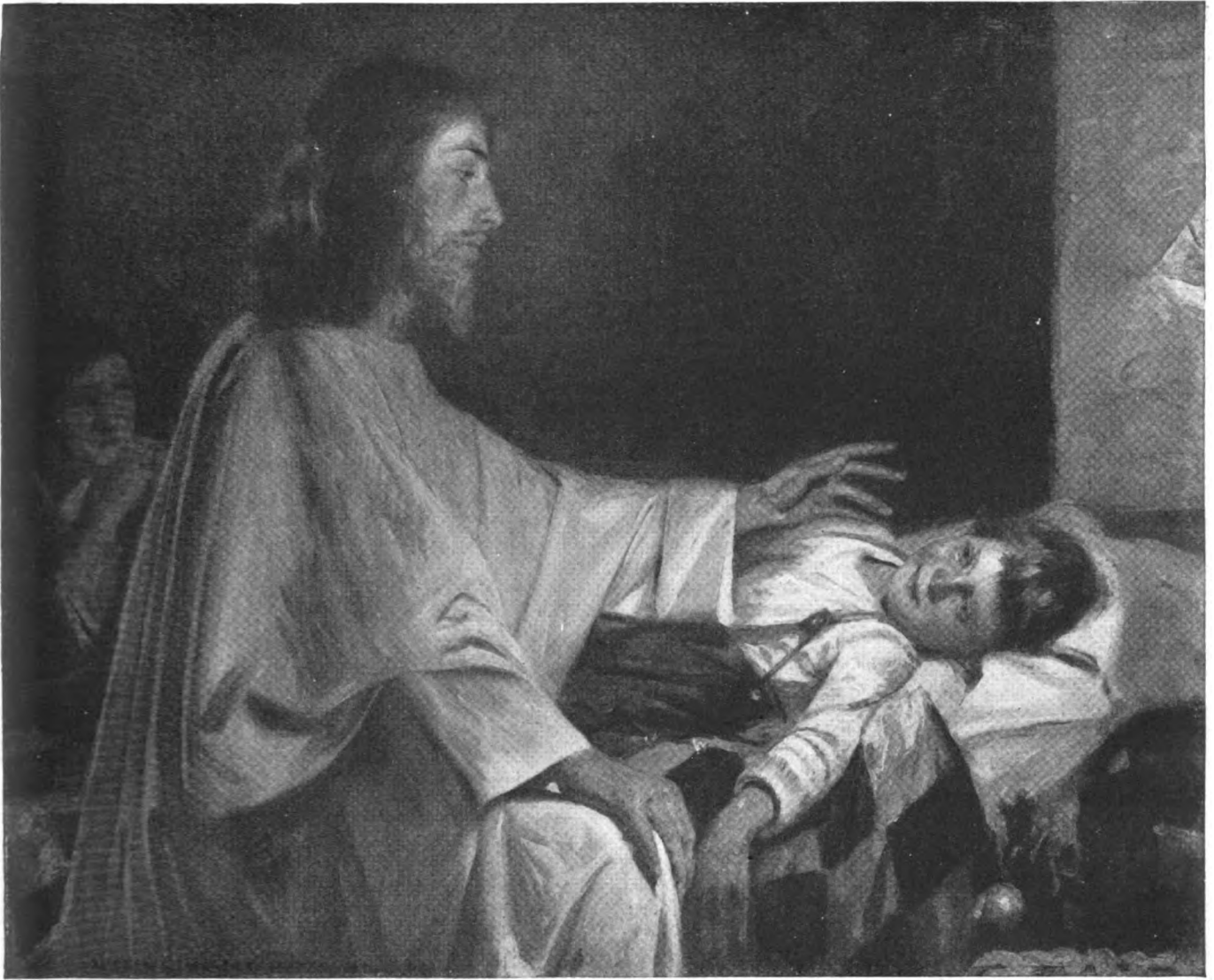
"Thank you," I replied. "Now, yesterday I was caught in that mob at the picture theater, and knocked nearly insensible. This gentleman found me, and healed me almost instantly. Naturally, I am grateful, and as I find that he is a teacher who aids the poor and will not take money from anyone, I want to thank him publicly, and help to make him known."

"Of course, of course!" said the reporter.

I thought that was sensation enough, and that the interview would end; but alas for my hopes! Said that bloodhound of the press, "Will you give public healings to the people, Mr. Carpenter?"

To which Carpenter answered, "I am not interested in giving healings."

"What? Why not?" asked the reporter.



**C.** *The little one opened his eyes and a wistful, tender smile spread over his features. "Nice man!" he whispered. "It is all right," Carpenter said. "You are better now," and he added, "What is there so lovely as a little child?"*

"Worldly and corrupt people ask me to do miracles, to prove my power to them. But the proof I bring to the world is a new vision and a new hope."

"Oh, I see! Your religion! May I ask something about it?"

"You are the first; the world will follow you. Say to the people that I have come to understand the nature and the causes of their mobs."

"Mobs?" repeated the puzzled young bloodhound.

"I wish to understand a land that is governed by mobs; I wish to know who lives upon the madness of others."

"You have been studying a mob this morning?" inquired the reporter.

"I ask, why do the police of Mobland put down the mobs of the poor, and not the mobs of the rich? I ask, who pays the police, and who pays the mobs?"

"I see! You are some kind of radical!"

I hastened to break in, "Mr. Carpenter is not a radical; he is a lover of man." But then, I realized, that did not sound just right. How the devil was I to describe this man? How came it that all the phrases of brotherhood and love had come to be tainted with radicalism? I tried again. "He is a friend of peace."

"Oh, really?" observed the reporter. "A pacifist, hey?" I thought, "Damn the hound!" I knew, of course, that he had the rest of the formula in his head: "Pro-German!" Out loud I said, "He teaches brotherhood."

But the hound was not interested in my generalities and evasions. "Where have you seen mobs of the rich, Mr. Carpenter?"

"I have seen them whirling through the streets in automobiles, killing the children of the poor."

"You have seen that?" asked the bright reporter incredulously. "I saw it last night."

Now, I had inspected our Times and our Advertiser that morning, and noted that both, in their accounts of the accident, had given only the name of the chauffeur, and suppressed that of the owner. I understood what an amount of social and financial pressure that feat had taken; and here was Carpenter about to spoil it! I laid my hand on his arm, saying, "My friend, you were a guest in that car. You are not at liberty to talk about it."

I expected to be argued with; but Carpenter apparently conceded my point, for he fell silent. It was the young reporter who now spoke.

"You were in an auto accident, I judge? We had only one report of a death, and that was caused by Mrs. Stebbins's car. Were you in that?" Then, as neither Carpenter nor I replied, he laughed. "It doesn't matter, because I couldn't use the story. Mr. Stebbins is one of our 'sacred cows.' Good day and thank you for what you have told me."

HE STARTED away; and suddenly all my terror of newspaper publicity overwhelmed me. I simply could not face the public as a guardian of a Bolshevik! "Young man," I said, "I tell you, Mr. Carpenter is not a radical. Get that clear!" And to the young man's skeptical half-smile, I explained, "He's a Christian!" At which the reporter laughed out loud.

We got to the Labor Temple and found the place in a buzz of excitement over what had occurred in front of Prince's last night. I had suspected rough work on the part of the police, and here was the living evidence—men with bandages over cracked heads, men pulling open their shirts or pulling up their sleeves to show

black and blue bruises, which were the result of police attention.

In the headquarters of the restaurant workers, we found a crowd jabbering in a dozen languages about their troubles; we learned that there were eight in jail, and several in the hospital, one not expected to live. All that had been going on, while we sat at a table gluttonizing—and while tears were running down Carpenter's pale cheeks.

The arrival of Carpenter attracted no particular attention. The troubles of these people were too recent for them to be aware of anything else. All they wanted was someone to tell their troubles to, and they quickly found that this stranger was available for the purpose. He asked many questions, and before long had a crowd about him—as if he were some sort of government commissioner, conducting an investigation. It was an all-day job, apparently. I hung around, trying to keep myself inconspicuous.

TOWARDS NOON, came a boy with newspapers, and I bought the early edition of the Evening Blare. Yes, there it was—all the way across the front page; not even a big fire at the harbor and an earthquake in Japan had been able to displace it. As I had foreseen, the reporter had played up the most sensational aspects of the matter: Carpenter announced himself as a prophet only twenty-four hours out of God's presence, and proved it by healing the lame and the halt and the blind—and also by hypnotizing everyone he spoke to, from a wealthy young clubman to a mob of Jewish housewives. Incidentally, he denounced America as Mobland, and called it a country governed by madmen.

I took the paper to him, thinking to teach him a little worldly prudence. Said I, "You remember, I tried to keep out that stuff about mobs—"

He took the sheet from my hands and looked at the headlines. I saw his nostrils dilate, and his eyes flash. "Mobs? This paper is a mob! It is the worst of your mobs!" It fell to the floor, and he put his foot on the flaring print.

Said he, "You talk about mobs—listen to this." Then, to one of the group about him: "Tell how they mobbed you!" The man thus addressed, a little Russian tailor named Korwsky, narrated in his halting English that he was the secretary of the tailors' union, and they had a strike and a few days ago their offices had been raided at night, the door jimmied and the desk rifled of all the papers and records. Evidently it had been done by the bosses or their agents, for nothing had been taken but papers that would be of use against the strike. "Dey got our members' list," said Korwsky. "Dey send people to frighten 'em back to verk! Dey call loans, dey git girls fired from stores if dey got jobs—dey hound 'em every vay!"

Carpenter turned to me. "You have mobs that come at night, with dark lanterns and burglars' tools!"

I HAD noticed among the men talking to Carpenter one who bore a striking resemblance to him. He was tall and not too well nourished; but instead of the prophet's robes of white and amethyst, he wore the clothes of a working-man, a little too short in the sleeves; and where Carpenter had a soft and silky brown beard, this man had a skinny Adam's apple that worked up and down. He was something of an agitator, I judged, and he appeared to have a religious streak.

"I am a Christian," I heard him say; "but one of the kind that speaks out against injustice. And I can show you Bible texts for it," he insisted. "I can prove it by the word of God."

This man's name was James, and I learned that he was one of the striking carpenters. The prophet turned to him, and said:

"Tell him your story." So the other took from his pocket a greasy note-book, and produced a newspaper clipping, quoting an injunction which Judge Wollcott had issued against his union. "Read that," said he; but I answered that I knew about it. I remembered hearing my uncle laughing over the matter at the dinner table, saying that "Bobbie" Wollcott had forbidden the strikers to do everything but sit on air and walk on water. Now I got another view of "Bobbie," this time from a prophet fresh from God. Said the prophet, "Your judges are mobs!"

Soon after the noon-hour, there pushed his way into the crowd a young man, whom I recognized as one of the secretaries of T-S. He was looking for me, and told me in a whisper that his employer was downstairs in his car, and wanted to see Mr. Carpenter and myself about something important. He did not want to come up, because it was too conspicuous. Would we come down and take a little drive? I answered that I should be willing, but I knew Carpenter would not—he had been in an

automobile accident, and had positively refused to ride in a motor again.

Then, said the secretary, was there some room where we could meet? I went to one of the officials, and asked for a vacant room where I could talk about a private matter with a friend. I managed to separate Carpenter from his crowd and took him to the room, and presently Everett, the secretary, came with T-S.

The great man shook hands cordially with both of us; then, looking round to make sure that no one heard us, he began: "Mr. Carpenter, I told you I would give a t'ousand dollars to dees strikers. Don't you remember?"

The other's face, which had looked so gray and haggard, was suddenly illumined as if by his magical halo. "I had forgotten it! There are so many hungry in there; I have been watching them, wondering when they would be fed."

"All right," said T-S. "Here you are." Reaching into his pocket, he produced a wad of new shiny hundred-dollar notes, folded together. "Count 'em."

Carpenter took the money in his hand. "So this is it!" he said. He looked at it, as if he were inspecting some strange creature from the wilds of Patagonia.

"It's de real stuff," said T-S with a grin.

"The stuff for which men sell their souls, and women their virtue! For which you starve and beat and torture one another—"

"Ain't it pretty?" said the magnate, not a bit embarrassed.

The other began reading the writing on the notes—as you may remember having done in some far-off time of childhood. "Whose picture is this?" he asked.

"I dunno," said the magnate. "De Secretary of de Treasury, I reckon."

"But," said the other, "why not your picture, Mr. T-S? You are the one who makes the money, and enables everyone else to make it."

IT WAS one of those brand new ideas that come only to geniuses and children. I could see that T-S had never thought of it before; also, that he found it interesting to think of. Carpenter went on:

"If your picture were on it, then everyone would know what it meant. People would say: 'Render unto T-S the things that are T-S's!' When you were paying off your mobs you would pay with your own money, and wherever they spent it, the people would bow to Caesar—I mean to T-S."

He said it without the trace of a smile; and T-S had no idea there was a smile anywhere in the neighborhood. In a business-like tone, he said, "I'll t'ink about it." After a pause he went on, "You give it to de strikers—"

But Carpenter interrupted. "It was you who were going to give it. I can not give nor take money. Your promise was that you would come and give it. Now do so."

"But, Mr. Carpenter, if I vas to do such a t'ing, it would cost me a million dollars. I vould git into a row vit de Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association, dey vould boycott my business dey vould give me a black eye all over de country. You dunno vot you're askin,' Mr. Carpenter."

"I understand then—you are in business alliance with men who are starving these people into submission, and you are afraid to help them? Afraid to feed the poor!" The far-off, wondering look came again to his face. "The world is organized!" he said, to himself. "There is a mob of masters! What can I do to save the people?"

T-S was unchanged in his cheerful good-nature. "You give dem a t'ousand dollars and you help a lot. Nobody can do it all."

But Carpenter was not satisfied; he shook his head, sadly. "Please take this," he said, and pressed the roll of bills back into the hands of the astounded magnate!

HOWEVER, T. S. had come there to get something that day and I thought I knew what it was. He swallowed his consternation, and all the rest of his emotions. "Now, now, Mr. Carpenter! Ve ain't a-goin' to quarrel about a t'ing like dat. Dem fellers is hungry, and de money vill give dem vun good feed." Suddenly he had an inspiration. "I know. I git Mary Magna to give it! She's a voman!"

Carpenter turned with wonder. "Then women are permitted to have hearts?"

"Shoost so, Mr. Carpenter! Ha, ha, ha! Ve business fellers—my Gawd, if you knew vot business is, you'd vunder that ve got hearts enough to keep our blood movin'." [Continued on page 126]



*You need not fear  
for the future of  
American literature  
when we are developing  
young writers of the type of  
Bernice Brown.  
Here is her first story for  
Hearst's International*

# The Big Clumsy Swede

By  
Bernice Brown

Illustrated by  
Douglas Duer



*C. Vanda drew up sharply to  
avoid running into a man.  
They looked at each other  
and there was something  
searching in the gaze.*

IT WAS a quarter of six by the clock in the station lunch room and the train for Duluth was due in sixteen minutes. Vanda Terschak scrutinized the counters as the hostess of a smart dinner party might satisfy herself of the rightness of her table. In sixteen minutes, fifty hungry travelers would pour out of the day coaches and devastate her counters with the thoroughness of a visitation of locust. But now, the room gave her a genuine esthetic satisfaction.

She liked the white squares of paper napkin laid neatly upon the rough, scoured wood, the precision of each knife and fork and spoon and the jaunty fan of napkin that sprang, triumphant, from each heavy, polished tumbler. Then she inspected the water gauge on the new nickel coffee boiler.

"Gee whiz," she said, "he is boiling like fit to kill already." With quiet fingers, she adjusted the valves. Vanda Terschak was the only one of the girls Gus Lieber allowed to tamper with the mysterious new percolator. "The rest of you Bohunks all thumbs." Gus Lieber's tack was Prussian. "The both hands of Vanda sind right hands once."

It was true that Vanda handled everything with the nice precision of an artist. Her movements were never hurried and she gave little impression of the physical strength most Bohemian girls possess. Her whole body still moved with the unconsciousness and grace of a child and yet she was a woman. To the power of her physical charm, she appeared as unawakened as a girl of twelve though she was essentially maternal.

At five minutes of six, the door from the waiting room was pushed open and a big man in a mackinaw jacket blocked the doorway. His cap was off and his tousled blond hair fell over his forehead. His shoulders were heavy and he stooped as do most men physically overdeveloped. Vanda turned around and the man's blue eyes rested on her shyly.

"I ban hurt a little." He made an awkward gesture with his left hand to the hand that hung stiffly at his side. "Get burn by

welding machine. Boss say you put something on. Please——" He smiled at her but his face was gray under the weather beaten bronze of his skin.

Vanda took his wrist and examined the burn. "Gee whiz." Her brow contracted with concentration. "He sure hurt, eh, big Swede?" She looked up into his face and smiled. Then she pushed him into a chair by the counter. "Seena," she called, "fetch the soda and a glass of water." From a cracker box under the counter, she selected a frayed clean napkin and tore it into strips. Seena brought the water, slopping a little on the floor as she walked.

Then he held out his hand to Vanda and he watched her daub on the soda and wrap the narrow white strips around his big calloused fingers. The white of the bandage made his skin as dark as an Indian's. He was ashamed suddenly of his great blunt hand. He was the biggest man in the Northern Pacific Wrecking Gang No. 27. He had earned for himself the title of the "Terrible Swede" but now every inch of his height appalled him.

SUDDENLY, the warning shriek of an engine at the crossing shrilled into the room. It was the 6:01 for Duluth. Vanda led him to the corner and pushed him gently into a chair by the stove. "Wait," she said. Then she went back to the counter. Gus Lieber elbowed open the door from the kitchen, a pie in each hand.

Vanda nodded to him. "That old train ahead tonight, gee whiz," she said. Her cheeks were glowing with the excitement of having to meet an emergency and her eyes looked black. "Quick, Seena, two pitchers of water. There is no time for star looking."

From his corner by the stove, Waldemar Jenssen watched. Sometimes he could not see her as the crowd of men from the train clustered dense around the counter. Dishes clattered, men

barked out their orders and Gus Lieber's commands became more German and more guttural. There was something barbaric in the ruthless eagerness of this hungry pack. They gulped their coffee and swallowed their buns as though food were something they had not known for days instead of hours. In ten minutes, the fury abated.

Vanda cleared away the dishes, great piles of them adroitly balanced in her arms. Behind her, the swinging door into the kitchen flicked back and forth like an aspen leaf in midsummer. Finally, the counter was reset for tomorrow and Gus Lieber mopped up the wet floor. Then Vanda came back to her patient.

"Hurt now?" she asked.

He shook his head. "Very fine now. I t'ank you." He stood up awkwardly. "I go now. Good-by." But he did not move.

Vanda Terschak smiled up at him. "Eat a bite here," she said, "with me. I save out something good for you."

A FLUSH of pleasure and embarrassment reddened the bronze of his cheeks. "No," he repeated doggedly, "I go now." Again he did not move.

This time Vanda laughed. "You big bluff," she challenged. "Come here."

He followed her to the counter and she set before him a piece of steak, a great mound of mashed potato and an oatmeal dish full of apple sauce. "There," she said. "Better than the grub at camp, eh?" It was a candid bid for admiration, as naïve and as charming as a little girl's.

The man's eyes lifted to hers slowly and in them burned the defeated longing of one who would speak and has been cheated of words. "It's fine and dandy," he said at last, but Vanda Terschak looked away suddenly from the speech that was rising rapidly in his eyes.

"Here," she said, "I cut him for you. You are like a leetle baby." She laughed delightedly and her elbow touched his coat as she leaned over to reach his plate. "Shall I feed you too?"

He blushed at her raillery. "You t'ink 'big awkward Swede' maybe," he said, "but I ban strong. See." He doubled up his arm in childish defiance.

Vanda pursed her lips and laughed again. "Boo," she said. "You think to scare me?"

He shook his head. "Not scare but make you like me a little."

Again she looked away from the yearning in his eyes. "You talk nonsense, big Swede," she said. "It is time you go now. I close up," she added convincingly.

He rose obediently and followed her to the door. It was February outside, bitter cold and starlight. Across the road, the wind had driven great barricades of snow and the ground between lay bare and stark as a crater. He waited a moment in the doorway, his cap in his hand.

"I see you again, sometimes?" he asked finally.

She shrugged her shoulders. "If you have eyes!" Then she smiled up at him, repentant. "Sure t'ing, big Swede."

"Sunday," he said, "I get whole day off." He waited a moment, twisting the rough cap with his fingers. "I take you snow-shoeing in birch forest, if you let me. We see big wolf track, maybe," he said by way of inducement.

"O-oh," she laughed and pretended to be impressed. "Well, perhaps I go, perhaps. Now, beat it."

For five days he remembered her as she stood there, laughing. But her eyes had not laughed. Her eyes were kind, as kind as her hands had been. A thousand times, he admired the dexterous bandage. All week, he wore it. It became grimy and torn, in spite of the care he took, but he would not remove it.

FINALLY, Sunday came and he called for her at the lunch room. They walked to the edge of the village before he suggested they put on the snow shoes. Then Vanda sat down on a log, her head bent over, her eyes intent on his awkward fingers that struggled to fasten the straps.

"Here," she said, "go way." Their hands touched as she seized the narrow thongs of buck's hide. "You no good at this business. N. G."

Still kneeling before her in the snow, he watched. "There," she said and she laughed down at him. "Now show me a wolf track, big clumsy Swede."

The snow was as fine and as soft as dust, the snow of the bitter cold. It shook down into their faces from the branches of the spruce and fir trees. Overhead was a sky blue as July's with long streaks of white cloud across it.

They had little to say to each other. It was not necessary to speak words in order to fend off the embarrassment silence brings upon the less unsophisticated. For miles they tramped and the shadows grew bluer.

"Gee whiz," she said, "it is late."

So they turned around and followed their own trail back to the village. At the station door, he stopped. "Our camp moves on tomorrow, seventeen miles up the road. A bridge, she is busted. But I come back again next Sunday?"

"All right," she said and laughed. "Next Sunday we hunt for lion tracks, eh?"

Next Sunday Waldemar Jenssen came again and the next and the next. Timidly, stupidly he told her about the farm back in Sweden. There had been too little land and too many sons, so Waldemar had been pushed out. He went to sea then, on the *Nun*, but the Jenssens were no sailors. At New York, he skipped his boat but he signed on again, this time at Buffalo, on one of the old-fashioned whale-backs that used to carry cargo up and down the Great Lakes. At Duluth, he again skipped ship. A labor scout for the Northern Pacific picked him up in a Finnish saloon down on the point and hired him. For two years, he had followed the railroad south across the desolate prairie still charred and blasted by the great fire that had swept it twenty years before.

Waldemar Jenssen hated the railroad as he had hated the ocean. He belonged to a race of farmers and he wanted a farm. All around him lay the little estates of his countrymen, patches of sandy potato land and thin pastures through which showed the red clay of the soil.

Often he had talked with these farmers and they explained to him how the country was homesteaded. It seemed at first he could never understand them. Finally, he understood and in March he filed his claim.

A fellow countryman in the village of Black Cloud trusted him for the lumber and he started to build his barn. Life is simple up in the north country. Only a hundred miles from the city of Minneapolis lies a country as remote, as foreign as the Steppes of Russia, owned by people who seem to have come, some way, blindfolded from a village in Russia or in Sweden or in black-hilled Bohemia. The sons and daughters of these strangers go to the state's university and, later, some of them go to the senate.

BY JULY, Waldemar had finished his house, he owned two milk cows and the sandy ground had been sowed to potatoes. The last Sunday in June, he drove back to the village for Vanda.

Vanda laughed as he lifted her over the wheel but there was something appealing in his clumsy tenderness. She bent over and rubbed her ankle elaborately where he had scraped it against the side of the box. "You are too damn' strong, big Swede," she said, still laughing. "Next time I help myself in."

After a while they came out of the forest and passed miles of barren pasture, stretching east and west forever and north towards the low curved hills. Finally Waldemar pointed.

"See!" he said.

Vanda wrinkled her nose and squinted. "That black dot?"

He nodded and his eyes glowed with pleasure. "My house that I build. See, too, another dot? My barn and the yellow is my potato patch."

"Gee whiz," she said, "so tiny. How could a big man like you get in that house and your barn is built for one small chicken."

He smiled down at her. "You will see. He is not so damn small as he looked from here."

They did not speak again until they drove into the farmyard. The house was unpainted and the sward in front still blotched with the red clay from the excavation.

Waldemar was like a mother exhibiting a precocious but homely child. "He not very nice yet, I t'ink." But his eyes pleaded for her approval.

Again she laughed. "Pretty good for you. Now I go inside," and she made a comic grimace. "That will be fierce, eh?"

In the doorway, she looked at the one room. The floor was swept and the air was still sweet with the smell of the lumber. In one corner stood a bed and she knew he had tried to draw the rough blanket up smoothly. In another corner, was a cook stove, cluttered with pans and crocks. On the rough deal table by the window, were a Mason jar with a branch of wild cherry, a mail-order house catalog and a Catholic prayerbook printed in Bohemian. Vanda picked up the prayerbook with curious fingers. She knew he was watching her but she did not look at him. After a while she put the book back on the table.

"Now show me the barn," she said.



¶ "He ban here," said Seena, "the new boss of the construction gang. He ban swell fellow." A little apart from the group near the door, Vanda saw the stranger, his cab off, his hands in his pockets.

He explained to her where he was going to store the hay and he led her around to the shed for the plow and the cart and that galaxy of curious, shapeless things one finds only around farmers' barns and the use for which seems obscure.

Behind the barn was a hen tied to a log by a tangled piece of cord. The man's cheeks flushed with embarrassment. "She gad about like a silly woman," he said. He knelt down to unfasten

the string, bound tight now around the hen's legs. The bird struggled and fought, beating her wings against the ground in an agony of terror at his roughness.

It was a ridiculous scene and they both knew it, but Vanda Terschak did not laugh. When the bird at last was free, he looked up at her and there were tears in her eyes.

"Vanda," he whispered.



For a long moment, they gazed at each other. Finally, she walked over to him. He was still on his knees, his hands at his sides. A second, she stood there, then she put both hands on his head and drew it gently against her. Timidly, his arms were lifted around her. She knew he was afraid of the strength that lay in them.

"Big, clumsy Swede," she said. "I come. You need me, eh? Yes, I come and help you."

VANDA TERSCHAK gave Gus Lieber, at the lunch counter, one week's notice and she and Waldemar were married in the little Catholic chapel by the Bohemian priest. Late in the afternoon, they drove out again to the farm. Twilight had melted sky and land into a common gray, soft as a pigeon's breast, and the hills to the north were as thin as the pasteboard back-drop of some tremendous, empty playhouse. Birds still chirruped in the underbrush and against the sapphire of the evening sky swerved and curled a flock of swallows.

Waldemar watched them in silence. Finally he spoke. "They are for good luck, the swallows." Shyly, he reached over and touched her hand. "They know you come."

Vanda patted the calloused hand in her lap but her eyes were on the reins, one of which had been crudely mended in a clumsy man's way with a piece of wire.

"You are my good luck," he said, "my swallow. Look at me once, little luck bird."

For an instant, she faced him but the yearning, the dumbness of his pleading choked her. He was so humble, so timid in his great strength. Then she saw that the seam of his sleeve was torn and that he had mended it with great, rough stitches. At once she was glad she had come.

Waldemar was still on his knees, his hands at his side. A second Vanda stood there and then she put both hands on his head. "Big Clumsy Swede," she said, "you need me. Yes, I come and help you."



"Tomorrow I fix that," she thought, "and the harness and we put up some shelves in the kitchen."

In the six weeks that followed, Waldemar thought he had been right. She was his luck bird. Everything she touched prospered. Under her direction, he finished the house, rehung the doors, closed up the cracks in the barn. She discovered, too, how the blade of the plow should be adjusted so that it would cut less deeply into the sandy earth.

The first Sunday in August, Vanda drove alone into the village to go to mass. She had on her wedding dress of white percale and a big white hat with red roses. The skin of her face and throat was wind bronzed and red with health and her teeth were very white. In her eyes and mouth lay a sort of unawakened and wholly unexpected contentment.

Seated high on the driver's seat, her body yielded to the rough jolting of the wagon with something that was almost grace. At the corner by the Lutheran church, she drew up sharply to avoid running into a man. For an instant, they looked at each other and there was something amazed and searching and baffled in that gaze.

With hands that trembled for the first time, Vanda drew in the reins. "Gee whiz," she said. "Better look where you're goin', eh?"

The young man took off his cap and smiled up at her. He was tall and straight and good-looking. Brown curls, cropped short, fitted close to his head which was beautifully modeled. His eyes were blue, his mouth large and turned up a shade at the corners and his teeth were as white as hers.

"Yes," he said. "I shouldn't want to be laid out—now." His cap was still off and she saw the way the sun glinted in his hair and was reflected in his eyes.

Another moment, they stared at each other, then Vanda's horse, impatient of the delay, started on. She did not draw in the reins to stop him nor did she look back. At the church, she got out of the wagon and tied the horse with a rope halter to the wooden paling of the fence.

Inside the church, she knelt down and her lips said over the Hail Mary but it was as though someone else had said it. All through the mass, she did not look behind her but she knew he was there—watching. She did not feel self-conscious, or excited, but when she knelt for the benediction, she knew it was of her he was thinking.

AT THE fence by Vanda's horse, stood the stranger. He was as well dressed as any man from Minneapolis who ever came into Gus Lieber's lunch room and his manner proclaimed his assurance. Again from the driver's box, she looked at him.

"There is a dance tomorrow night at the Rudolf's barn raising." His words were neither command nor entreaty. He knew simply that she would be there. Then he took off his cap again and the sun once more turned the close-cropped locks into glinting bronze.

They did not even say good-by, for his presence did not leave her. All the way back to the farm, it seemed as though she were powerless to move and her eyes saw nothing. She thought, suddenly, of a fairy tale of her childhood and she smiled to herself. "I bet I am enchanted," she whispered finally. "Gee, how funny."

When she came into the one room of the farmhouse, Waldemar looked up suddenly and blushed. He was sitting at the little deal table and before him lay a dozen pieces of paper, torn and ink blotted. It was coarse-grained paper and the pen he used tripped maliciously and left little sprays of ink in its trail. Waldemar's brow was wrinkled and beads of perspiration stood on his upper lip.

"Oh," he said, "you are back too soon." He was like an honest child, caught at a knavish trick. "It was to be a surprise."



**C**, "It is true. I am not coming," Vanda said. Her face was white but her eyes were calm. "I love you. But you do not need me. To some women it is more to give than to have given to. You I love but him I can help."

Vanda stepped nearer and looked at the arduous scrawls. "What is it?" she asked in perplexity.

"I write those folks in Minneapolis, like you read about in paper—that send you little chicks that are just hatched so you not have to wait for old hen to lay and hatch them herself," Waldemar laboriously explained to Vanda.

"Oh——" Vanda slowly took off her hat and unbuttoned her dress. She stood there before him in her petticoat, her arms and neck bare. "Oh——" she repeated.

The next afternoon, Vanda put on a clean blue gingham dress, shimmery with starch, and harnessed the horse to the spring wagon. She walked to the edge of the potato patch where Waldemar was working and called to him. With questioning eyes, he came towards her. She met his look squarely.

"Look," she said. "I take the clock into town to get fix and then I buy sugar and tea and coffee."

He nodded his assent dumbly.

"Then I have supper at Gus Lieber's and I go to the dance in the Rudolf's new barn. I think I stay all night with Seena afterwards. It will be late."

Again he nodded.

Vanda smiled at him pityingly. He would be lonesome without her. She was sorry for him.

"I have not seen the folks since—since I come here," she said. "Tonight by Rudolf's, we have two fiddles and a zither, like in the old country." A far away look came into her eyes. She was homesick, not for the dirty village in Bohemia that she scarcely remembered, not for the gaiety and excitement of the lunch counter, she was homesick for something intangible, nebulous, something she had never known. She felt oppressed and at the same time exhilarated.

**W**ALDEMAR rubbed the sleeve of his shirt across his face. He was embarrassed at the contrast between her trimness and his grime. He did not want her to go but it would never occur to him to prevent her. She was young and he was thirty. He must remember that.

"Tell Seena she must come here some times, eh?" He wanted her to believe he understood, that he shared her social cravings. "Soon you can show her your chicks. You will be proud then, eh?" he beamed.

Vanda smiled and nodded. "You will see tonight there is clean straw for the cows, and the door to the chicken coop is fastened tight, and plug up the weasel hole beneath the fence."

He smiled slyly at the unflattering minuteness of her direc-

tions. "I will try to be as smart like you," he finally told her.

Some way, the hours passed until all the girls at Gus Lieber's piled into Vanda's wagon and started for the dance. They were a noisy crowd, as fresh and light-hearted as though they had not already worked since six o'clock in the morning. Vanda was more plainly dressed than they but at once she was glad. She was no village flirt at a street fair. She would not coquette for his attention. But beneath her hauteur lay another reason. She knew that, for him, her beauty would shine through a thousand dresses of gingham.

Along the fence at the Rudolf's there stood already a half a dozen farm wagons and a pretentiously shiny new roadster. Seena noticed it and pointed.

"See," she said, "he ban here. The new boss of the construction gang." Then she turned to Vanda. "Woof—" and she made a comic, extravagant gesture. "he ban swell guy. A fellah told me he been in Chicago and Minneapolis and Winnipeg and China. And he ban *rich*." Her voice shrilled with emphasis.

VANDA looked at the girl beside her. "Oh." So he worked for the railroad. Well, she supposed he had to work for someone. It was strange. Perhaps Isolde never wondered either what it was Tristan did. "Come on," she said, but she walked more slowly than the other girls.

A little apart from the group near the door, was the stranger. His hands were in his pockets, his cap off, and his eyes watched the doorway. He stood apart not from snobbishness but from preoccupation. He was like a man on a crowded city corner who catches a memory of April trees and broiling trout stream. When Vanda entered, he came over to the giggling, pushing group of country girls. He and Vanda looked at each other but they did not speak. When the fiddles struck up a noisy folk tune, he slipped his arm around her and led her into the dance.

Vanda and the young man danced as though out of all the millions of people in the world, they alone possessed reality. Their response to each other was as simple, as complete, as the joining of two raindrops on a window pane. After the dance, they followed the others out into the moonlight but they did not loiter near the door so that they might come trooping back the instant a new dance was begun. Instead, they walked on across the pasture, blanched and still in the moonlight. It did not occur to them they had come far, that the dance tunes reached them only as crippled melodies from which distance had shorn all but the accented middle notes. Vanda could supply the lost notes from memory but Michael Collins had been raised on other tunes in another land.

Finally they stood, their eyes looking out over the prairie.

"I have seen the sea like that," he said. "Once I shipped to Rio. I was sixteen. When we started I was the boy that was there to let the cook bedevil him. When we came back, there wasn't a mast I couldn't reach the top of. It's great business, bein' up there with nothing but the sea and the sky and St. Anthony to keep you from plungin' headlong." He shrugged his shoulders cynically but his smile was as ingratiating as a boy's. "Not that I count much on the Saints."

She looked up at him gravely.

"No," he went on, "the world's a fine rose growing on a thistle. It's yours for the picking." He stretched out his hands towards her. "See, my fingers are agile and strong. I can get you the rose—without a scratch, without a thorn prick." They looked at each other in silence. The wind stirred the long grass of the pasture, it caressed their cheeks like the touch of a phantom lover. "Vanda, Vanda—"

SUDDENLY, her arms sought the curve of his shoulders, her temple pressed against his cheek, the smell of her hair was in his nostrils. They never knew how long they held each other. Three tunes were begun and finished in the Rudolf's ballroom and they still stood there. Finally, his lips touched her hair, her eyes.

"Vanda," he said.

She lifted her face to him and their lips met. It was as though all their lives had been nothing but a preparation for this moment. Nothing before had mattered, nothing to come mattered. All the reality of existence was crowded into a moment.

"Listen," he said at last. "Next week I go up to Winnipeg and from there to Quebec. I'm the boss of the division." He held her away from him and looked at her. "I'm always going to be the boss. You're either born that way or you're not. I knew it that first trip I shipped to Rio." This was no theatrical bravado. He was as honest with her as though he were in con-

fessional. "Come with me to Winnipeg. It's a big world and I can show it all to you. I can give you everything you want. I'll take you to San Francisco and maybe to China. There'll be big ships and big cities and big oceans. It's the keys to the world I've got here in my pocket."

For a long moment, they looked at each other. She did not move and her arms hung motionless at her sides.

"I'll come." She held up her hand suddenly. "No, first listen." He was standing close to her but he did not touch her. "It is not because of the big cities, or the things you could give me. It is, I don't know—" she lifted her shoulders with a quaint wistfulness, "—it is as though the sun told the willows it was April. Is it a big foolishness that I speak?"

Suddenly, they heard voices across the pasture. She wondered idly whether they had been missed, but neither was oppressed either by regret or embarrassment.

"Come," she said, "it is late."

Slowly they turned and walked back towards the barn, their hands holding fiercely to each other.

"Sunday," he said, "after mass I shall tell you where to meet me."

She nodded. "Sunday. That is six days from now. Six years." She laughed softly, happily. "What if I hadn't nearly run over you, eh?"

He shrugged his shoulders and drew her against him with a sort of desperate tenderness. "What if there hadn't been any world whatsoever?" he asked, laughing lightly.

They clung to each other.

"I love you," he whispered. She pressed her cheek against his and their arms held each other with the fierceness that has in it the knowledge of parting.

"Gee whiz, gee whiz," she whispered. Perhaps there is a providence that hears and interprets even such prayers as this.

ALL THAT week on the farm, Vanda went about her work with a sort of feverish intenseness. She baked and scoured and churned. She even tried to show Waldemar how the curded cheese of the Bohemians was made.

"Why for should I learn?" he demanded. "Is it not enough that you are a master?"

Afternoons, she helped him with the potatoes. She showed him how to raise the oat bin so that the rats could not molest it. She had a hundred plans and Waldemar humored her.

"Next spring," she said, "you should dig a ditch the length of the potato field. The soil to the east is better. Can you remember that?"

He looked down at her and smiled. "Next spring you can remind me," he told her while his eyes smiled.

That Sunday they drove in together to the village. At the door to the church, Waldemar drew up the horse. "I come back when the mass is over."

Vanda puzzled a moment. "No," she said, "meet me at Seena's. I walk a little way with the folks."

He nodded but he did not drive on. For a minute they looked at each other. "Vanda," he said, "there is no one so pretty like you in all Minnesota."

A flush stained her cheeks and crept painfully down her throat. "Oh, go on," she said with an effort. Strange how difficult it was to smile then.

After the service, Collins was waiting for her on the sidewalk. Quite as naturally as though he had been her brother, she left the Rudolf's and went to him.

"Tomorrow night," he said, "I shall leave here at seven o'clock and drive out to your place." He waited a moment but she did not interrupt him. "I shall wait for you at the edge of the pasture where the red rock is. We can make Duluth by morning. You can buy all you want there. Then we'll go on to Winnipeg." He was speaking as calmly as though he were telling her the weather would be fine for the harvest. They did not even shake hands. "Vanda," he said, "it will be tomorrow the beginning of the world for me and I hope for you."

Their eyes burned into each other. "I know," she said.

Then they said good-by and neither one looked back.

As soon as Vanda returned to the farm, she put on her work dress and started for the potato patch. Waldemar, returning from the barn, met her half way. "Vanda," he protested, "you work too hard. Leave a leetle for a big man like me, eh?"

But she shook her head grimly. "Today he is fine weather. Tomorrow?" She shrugged her shoulders. "Go in the house now and smoke." She turned him around, as one would a child, and gave him a little push. "Shoo—" [Continued on page 112]



**Q. Some Men**  
*still imagine they*  
*have a hand in selecting*  
*a Wife.*  
*That's why Royal Brown*  
*gave this title*  
*to his story*



# Men Are Such Screams

By Royal Brown

Illustrated by David Robinson

**L**OVE of adventure sends some men to those far corners of the earth where civilization has established its last outposts; love of woman exiles as many more. For instance, Malcom Coe. In the glow of an August full moon, a certain girl had murmured "No" after she had given him every reason to believe she would murmur "Yes." Straightway somewhere east of Suez, where a lack of any Ten Commandments offers emotional diversion such as Kipling described, seemed fitted to his mood. East of Suez or south of Gehenna, he did not care much which. That the Caribbean should have claimed him was mere coincidence. Mileage was, after all, what counted most.

Now, on this May night almost two years later, he stood gazing down at a little harbor where the lights of a steamer twinkled as vivid against the velvet fabric of the night as the tropical stars themselves. But his thoughts were on neither the lights nor the stars.

These be degenerate days. No matter how far a man goes, sooner or later his mail overtakes him. Advertisements and bills, class reunion notices and club dues; even now and then, a stray wedding invitation. In Malcom's right hand, thrust into the pocket of trim linen riding breeches, was one such. . . .

"Mr. and Mrs. Francis Edward Ballou request the pleasure of your company at the marriage of their daughter

Lyle Louise  
to—"

Exquisitely engraved, impeccably correct to the last formal period was this. But below, a swift impulsive pen had added:

"Please, please come!"

In the light of the August moon Lyle had lifted her eyes to his, eyes as guileless as were Eve's when she met her lord and master after partaking of the apple.

"Oh, Malcom!" she had breathed, "I'm so sorry! If I had ever dreamed—"

The tropic night with its hot, too unctuous trade wind, its throbbing stars and its great moths beating their wings against the porch lamp, were forgotten. Memory had opened a vista two thousand miles long. The man Lyle was to marry, he did not know even by name. It didn't matter anyhow. He was thinking of that impetuously-penned message—and of Lyle.

"That," he mused, "is like her."

Once he would have been powerless to resist. Now he merely smiled, without bitterness. He was no longer the impulsive, hot-

headed youngster who, rejected by Lyle, had risen so impetuously to the challenge a printed page had offered him.

This had taken the form of a newspaper advertisement.

The rubber plantation development to which he found himself committed was all that the newspaper advertisement promised, a tropical forest to be combated, a native village to be organized and made sanitary, all to the end that a little strip of jungle be conquered to serve civilization. The tropics had bronzed him, the daily schedule kept him lean and fit. But the change in him went further than that.

**I**N THE TROPICS a white man either becomes stronger or is utterly submerged. To Malcom there had come a new and crisper manner of speech, little lines of self-repression and decision had been etched in around his mouth and eyes. But for this his environment and the responsibilities it brought was not wholly responsible. There had been the business of forgetting Lyle.

Love and hate seemed inextricably mixed, and woven through this a thread of sick self-disgust when suppressed emotion surged anew. Days when he forgot Lyle, forgot her twenty times an hour, definitely and finally. Nights when struggling against an incredible loneliness, he realized that, had she been near, he would have humbled himself unspeakably. Then, finally, the blessed day when, handling what had threatened to blaze into a native insurrection he had realized, in the tropic dawn, that he had not had a single thought of Lyle for all of twenty-four hours.

Not once, in all this time, had he been back North, and only once had any of his old friends penetrated his isolation. This had been Billy Pryce, who had dropped in without warning.

"I had an idea that you lived in a Spanish hacienda, surrounded by a colorado, madura harem," Billy had announced. "And here you are in a tin-roofed shanty with about three sticks of furniture. I'm disappointed."

Malcom had smiled. "Sorry, perhaps you'll have better luck next time."

They had talked most of the night—tobacco and reminiscence in the naked light of an unshaded lamp. In the morning, Billy had resumed his trip north on the steamer. But before he went, he had taken several pictures.

From the steamer came a burst of jazz, played on the ship's phonograph. Normally, Malcom would have gone down for dinner and chit-chat with the ship's officers. But tonight he had a guest. The *Velasquez*, arriving just before sunset and sailing at noon tomorrow, had brought Preston from the home office and he, at the moment, was busy at Malcom's desk with the statis-

tical stuff that was a part of Malcom's daily routine. He must, Malcom thought, be about through, and he turned and entered his quarters.

Preston looked up. He was a big man, with a shining bald head about which a great moth fluttered fascinatedly.

"I'm taking you North with me, Coe," he announced, abruptly and with no introduction.

This was breath-taking, for Malcom realized its significance.

"Well?" demanded Preston, with a grin.

Malcom recovered himself, and answered, "I might say that this is so sudden and unexpected and all that sort of thing."

"It didn't take me long to pack when the news came," retorted Preston.

Malcom nodded. Irrelevantly he remembered that Lyle was to be married on the twenty-ninth, and this was the sixteenth. . . .

"They kept me sweating for three years," Preston continued, feelingly. "You're damned lucky to be pulled North so soon, Coe."

"I know I'm lucky," he acknowledged, "and yet in some ways—"

"Wait until you see the bright lights!" prophesied Preston enthusiastically.

In New York there were bright lights, color and motion—all that Preston had hinted at. To a man back from the tropics, there was chance for infinite diversion. But Malcom was to see a lot of New York anyway and as a prelude to promotion he had been presented with a long deferred vacation which he was now eager to enjoy.

Standish, situated on the north shore of Cape Cod, had never been his home, but it had been his playground in other years. That, doubtless, was adequate explanation of why his thoughts turned thither. Lyle was probably there, but no emotion, save perhaps curiosity, stirred at the thought of seeing her again.

The motors were whirring. A girl in a white Fiat looked up at him, their eyes met. She smiled, half-maliciously, half-amusedly, and he recognized her.

"The man," she murmured, offering him a small and very much tanned hand, "actually remembers me. I'm flattered!"

"Of course I remember you! You're Penelope Ballou—"

"Penelope—always raveling and unraveling!" she quoted. "May I have my hand back again? I'm not Lyle, remember—only her little sister."

"You're terribly tanned," she went on, mercilessly, "but you still blush as becomingly as ever. Are you coming to Lyle's wedding?"

"I don't know. I'm only here for a few days—sort of a vacation before I go to work again."

"It would please Lyle immensely—she hopes to have a long line of mourners present, you know. But then, every girl does!"

THE MEMORY of the three words penned on his invitation made him color anew. He wondered now to how many other suitors of other years Lyle had sent that same message and, in spite of his indifference, he felt subtly deflated. He remembered, too, that Penny—for so everybody called Lyle's sister—had ever had that effect on him. She had been only sixteen when he had been mad about Lyle, but she had had a barbed tongue even then.

"Where are you putting up?" she demanded.

"At the Inn," he replied and, glancing around, saw the Inn's bus about to depart. He turned back to Penny. "I'm glad to have seen you—"

"I doubt it!" she retorted and, without pause, added, "Let the bus go. I came to meet dad but he's not here. I'll drop you at the Inn myself."

Malcom acquiesced. As he seated himself, she set one trim pump on the starter and, further busying herself with the instrument board, offered him chance for a swift appraising glance. She was not the least bit like Lyle and she had no suggestion of her sister's beauty.

This far had he got when she glanced up at him—the direct, candid-eyed glance of a very modern young person who, having thoughts of her own, is never averse to speaking them.

"Have I changed much?" she demanded.

"Very little."

"What a blow! In stories, you know, the long leggy little sister always develops into a raving beauty."

"You were never long and leggy," he reminded her.

That was the truth.

"And Lyle inherited all the beauty there was in the family anyway," she finished coolly, with another direct glance.

"Who is she going to marry?" Malcom asked.

"Oh, Robert comes from Philadelphia—but he's not so slow at that. Forty, madly in love with Lyle and rotten with money. She'll be happy."

Her eyes were ahead again. Lovely as Lyle she never would be, but she *did* have a fine, straight little nose and a purposeful chin.

"I rather think myself," she observed, "that my profile is the best part of me. But it's so darn difficult to always keep it in evidence."

Malcom started, then smiled. "I've heard," he countered, "that it's the latest thing for debs and sub-debs to discuss themselves as if they were

bills of merchandise or something of that sort."

The Fiat, which she handled with cool and careless competency, turned into the main street of Standish. Here she slowed down a little and looked up at him again.

"You haven't changed such an awful lot yourself," she observed. "I'm disappointed. I suppose it's because you lack the tropical setting and the spiffy soldiers-of-fortune suit you wore while disporting yourself there."

"How did you know about that?" he demanded.

"Billy Pryce showed everybody the snaps of you," she explained. To that she added, without the quiver of an eyelash, "I made him give me one and I was mad about it—for almost a month. Aren't you flattered?"

SO THIS was the modern method! Confronting it, Malcom felt absolutely antiquated. But he managed to smile at her. "Terribly!" he confided.

"I only told you because Lyle would have anyway. She found it in my bureau drawer where she had no business."

The negotiation of a passage between two cars engaged her for the fraction of an instant. Then:

"Besides," she went on, "I'm supposed to be still having a mad, hopeless crush on you. That's what makes Tommy Judd so determinedly attentive to me."

"And who is Tommy Judd?" asked Malcom, seeking change of subject.

"Harvard, twenty-three. He dances rather well and is sort of cute, too. And you see, it's time I had some sort of a man. Lyle says —"

Malcom braced himself against a collision that seemed inevitable as the Fiat took a corner.

"Good Lord!" he murmured, as the danger passed and he relaxed a little.

"He should have blown his horn!" defended Penny.

"You didn't blow yours!"

"I was thinking about Tommy—men are such screams. I had to invent some way of getting his interest—I'm not Lyle, you know. Your reappearing this way is rather a blow. But—if I do look languishingly at you—" she paused apparently to practice—"he'll be just darn jealous enough to propose—"

"Look here," protested Malcom, "I'm not sure that I—"

Penny gave him a cool amused glance. "Don't get excited!" she advised. "It won't hurt you and I'd like being engaged to him. It would be great fun, especially as dad raves and froths



*In the glow of an August full moon a certain girl had murmured "No."*

at the mouth every time his name is mentioned in the house."

The Inn, an old Colonial mansion that had been remodeled and enlarged, was at hand. Penny brought the Fiat to a standstill at the curb.

"It would help some if you seemed interested," she suggested, rather casually. "But don't, of course, if it's too much trouble."

A bell-boy shot out and captured Malcom's bag and lingered for the owner who stood looking at his smiling companion.

"Thank you for the lift," was all Malcom could say, with this audience at hand.

"One good turn deserves another," she quoted, and added, "I'll warn Lyle that you're back. A woman always wants to look her best when a rejected lover reappears, you know. You'll receive a royal summons to the throne just as soon as she has made herself utterly adorable."

**I**N WHICH Penny proved herself a true prophet. Malcom found himself directed to the telephone just as he finished with dinner.

"Penny told me you were here—such a very pleasant surprise!" came Lyle's voice. "Are you going to be at the Pierce's tonight?"

"No. I've just arrived. Nobody knows I'm here—"

"Do come over then. I'll hurry my dressing, if you will. Robert isn't to come for me until nine—we'll have time for a few words anyway if you get here at a quarter before. I'm just dying to hear all about you—"

The old, old Lyle! Malcom reflected, swiftly, that he must meet her sooner or later—and it might as well be sooner. Phrasing this more flatteringly, he assured her that he would be most happy to come. At a quarter before nine, as he walked up the path towards the Ballou summer place, a voice called out to him from the brick-paved porch that, flanking the east end, overlooked the sea, a voice whose tone had often thrilled him.

"I'm here!" it said carrying a note of genuine command.

No, Lyle had not changed. The dusk left her all but indistinguishable as she offered him her hand, but he realized that she was ready for the dance at the Pierce's and memory limned in her features.

"You've been very successful, haven't you?" she ventured, in that voice which, deliberately patterned after Ethel Barrymore's, had once stirred him so.

"Oh, I wouldn't say that. I—"

"And I think that you ought to be a little grateful to me!" she went on. She placed slim fingers on his arm and looked up at him. "Aren't you—just a little bit?"

This was unsettling, bewildering. In spite of himself and his absolute belief that the old feeling was dead, something as old as Adam stirred in him. But she did not wait for him to answer anyway.

"You ought to be!" she announced. Then, her voice almost wistful, she added, "I—I think it was well you went so far away, Malcom. If you had stayed we both might have been a little foolish. I knew it wasn't for our happiness, and yet—"

A motor turned into the drive. As its searchlights swung an arc, they illuminated the porch—and the speaker's face.

"Penny!" he gasped.

The light lingered on her face long enough to reveal her smile.

"I did get away with it, didn't I?" she demanded, serenely

enough. "I thought I could. I think I could be an actress if I were better looking—I am a born mimic! I used to mimic you to Lyle—you'd have died if you could have heard her laugh. And I think you ought to be grateful to me at that. Because otherwise she might have married you."

Malcom, however, hardly heard that. "Was it you that telephoned?" he demanded.

"No, that was Lyle. I overheard her. She'll be down herself in a minute, but—oh gosh, I did have you going, didn't I?"

The motor had come to a standstill.

"Just a moment, Tommy," Penny called. Lowering her voice, she added, "He'll ask me if I was with you and I'll tell him I was, and he'll be a riot the rest of the evening. He'll never guess I was just stealing Lyle's stuff."

Expertly and with a profound disregard for evening wrap and high-heeled slippers, she vaulted the rail and joined the waiting Tommy. The motor having whirled away, it dawned upon Malcom that Lyle was probably waiting for him inside.

The butler informed him that Miss Lyle was "hin the library, sir," and there Malcom discovered her, very beautiful in décolleté. She was standing, pensively, beside the table. As he entered, she looked up, with that quick vivacious smile he remembered so well.

"You are late!" she reproached. "But—" she offered her hand.

"I'll forgive you because you've come so far to my wedding."

Never a quiver of an eyelash as she said that. If anything she was more beautiful than he remembered.

"I hoped," she went on, "that you would, Malcom, if only to be sure that you had forgiven me. I've often wondered just how you felt."

**T**HEY were, however—thanks to Penny—to have literally just a moment together after all, for the bridegroom-elect appeared then. Lyle, with an instant lapse into the formal, turned to introduce him.

"You've heard me speak of Malcom Coe many times, Robert," she suggested to that gentleman.

"Of course," agreed Robert Frazer—although he hadn't.

Lyle picked up her wrap and Robert sprang to drape it over her shoulders.

"Can't we drop you at the Inn?" she asked Malcom.

But Malcom said he'd prefer to walk, and so they said good-by.

"It was good of you to drop in informally," Lyle added graciously. "Please come again."

Everything considered, this was nevertheless, Malcom, as modest as the average man can be expected to be, suspected that Lyle would have developed that other note had not Frazer appeared.

Now this may have done Lyle an injustice. On the other hand, Penny herself would have bet anything on the fact that Lyle would do just that.

"The more standoffish he is the harder she'll try to get him started," she mused. Then she glanced at her wrist-watch. "Darn Tommy, I wonder where he is!"

This was the next morning. She and Tommy were to play



Q. "Tommy needs a jolt. He promised to meet me at ten and it's five minutes past now."



Q. They were literally, thanks to Penny, alone for just one minute.



nine holes. She, hatless as usual, sat on the steps of the club house at the Country Club.

"I'll give him just one minute more," she thought and, looking up, saw Malcom. "Hello, there, Malcom!" she said, in her most nonchalant manner. "Are you going around this morning?"

"If I can find somebody to get a guest card——" he answered.

Penny rose with effortless grace. "I'll get you one—provided you'll play with me," she said.

Malcom hesitated. He was already a little afraid of Penny. It had become apparent to him that one never knew what she would say—or do—next.

"I'm way off my game," he evaded. "The opportunity to practice has been slight."

"I don't mind. Tommy needs a jolt. He promised to meet me at ten and it's five minutes past. And that will never do"—she grinned boyishly—"even if I really ought to be ashamed of myself."

"Did Tommy say that?"

"Last night. Isn't it funny how men get that way. He's so darn jealous that he raves every time I mention your name. So I mention it often."

"I'd feel flattered if it weren't that——"

"You needn't be. Tommy is just approaching that condition where any man I talk to is a menace. Funny part of that is that he told me only a week ago that it was a relief to meet a girl a man could be just friends with, without a lot of nonsense, for once."

"Is that why you're reducing him to pulp?" ventured Malcom.

Penny gave him a quick glance. "Gosh, but you are intelligent—for a man!" she approved. "Of course no girl wants to be told that she's as bad as that—or that what he likes about her is that she's got brains. That is almost too much to stand."

"Did he say that?" he asked.

Penny nodded. "I'm the first member of my sex who has ever been able to meet him on the lofty intellectual plane he lives on. He told me that he wasn't the marrying kind—but I'll bet he'll eat that yet!"

This seemed probable. Tommy appeared just as Malcom and Penny were driving from the first tee. He vouchsafed them a distant nod that was intended, obviously, to indicate an entire lack of interest, but which, nevertheless, carried the suggestion of a glower.

"I'll bet anything that he invites Mildred Malloy to go around with him," Penny prophesied. "He told me only yesterday that he thought she was an awful fluff, but he'll think I'll be jealous just the same. Men are such screams!"

Expertly she stooped and prepared a tee. Then, with the same careless competency that seemed to feature everything she did, she drove straight and true for a surprising distance.

"You do that darn well!" he exclaimed, with real appreciation.

"Too darn well!" she retorted. "Most men don't like to play with me. What they want is a girl who fozzles and looks helpless—oh, they do!"

"I had no intention of disputing you, I assure you!" interposed Malcom, mildly.

He drove in turn, watched the ball and then looked at her to see what she thought of it.

"You are off your game!" she agreed.

Of that there could be no question. She beat him unmercifully.

"I suppose you'll never forgive me," she observed, as they returned to the club house. "Men never do."

"Don't you ever beat Tommy?" Malcom questioned her. "Egypt's Queen, no! I always go to pieces at the crucial moment. Still I'm not as much of a hypocrite as Mildred Malloy—look at her now."

Malcom looked at Mildred to whom, even as Penny had prophesied, Tommy was devoting himself.

Penny grimaced. "Can't you hear her say, 'Oh, I'd give anything if I could drive the way you can, Tommy! But I know I never will.'"

Then with a swift change of expression, "Egypt's Queen, here's Lyle! I'm off," she cried, and immediately left him.



David R.

Q. "Darn Tommy—where is he?" Penny demanded.

ONCE he would have thanked her for this. Now he felt abandoned. The smile with which Lyle greeted him failed to give him reassurance. She was in colorful sport trappings but she confessed that she had come for luncheon and not for golf. Robert was to meet her—he must, she felt quite sure, be around somewhere. But when Malcom offered to search him out about the club house, she merely gave him a half-bantering, half-provocative glance from under carefully treated lashes.

"There was a time," she murmured, "when you wouldn't have been quite so anxious to find him."

The lightness of her tone made that permissible. There being no escape short of boorishness, he played the game very well, until Robert arrived to set him free.

"Sally Some told me that she was sending you a card to her dance this evening," Lyle told him then. "I'll see you there, of course. You won't fail to come?"

With that she went off, leaving Malcom to recover.

"Whew!" he thought, "I think that on the whole I prefer Penny's directness."

Of that he was at least to get more samples. Sally Some, not content with the card for her dance, telephoned him and exacted from him a promise that he would appear.

He kept this promise and Penny promptly fell upon him—Penny ecstatic-eyed, and wearing a gorgeous bunch of violets.

"Thank you!" she breathed. "So much!"

"For what?" he asked, utterly bewildered.

"For these," she touched the violets. "It was sweet of you, after I beat you at golf. I'll take back all I ever said about men."

"But," protested Malcom, ineptly, and then something in her eyes silenced him. He glanced about and there, sure enough, stood the fiercely glowering Tommy.

"It was sweet of you to wear them," he retorted, in a voice intended to carry to Tommy's ears.

This she did not at once answer. Then her eyes came back to his.

"You are a duck!" she said breathlessly. "Tommy's gone out looking as if he'd

like to commit murder. If you'll just absolutely insist upon about five dances—it won't be so awful, I dance rather well—I can see Tommy's finish."

Malcom surprised even himself—strange it is how swiftly men can slip into old habits—by countering with, "Only five!"

Penny gave him a swift glance. "Gosh, but you are a glutton for punishment," she said. "But I've only five left—including this one," she added significantly.

As she had said, she danced very well. He told her so, when the music stopped after the last encore.

"Thank you," she said, demurely. "Do—do you mind very



D.R.

Q. "You're a duck!" Penny told Malcom.

much if I look at you adoringly. Tommy says that the way I look at you makes him sick——"

The cymbals crashed, the saxophone shrieked and so, with the other instruments striving to make themselves heard, the orchestra plunged anew into what is called dance music these days. The first bars brought Tommy towards them. He nodded ever so curtly to Malcom and austere reminded Penny that this dance was his. As they departed, Malcom remembered that he must ask Lyle for a dance. She, her smile mocking him, displayed a full card and looked for his disappointment.

"You should have come sooner, Malcom," she said.

"Better late than never," retorted Malcom, and coolly erased a "Robert" from the space beside the next fox-trot and wrote down his own name.

When he returned the card, she lifted her eyebrows. "Oh well, Robert won't mind," she acquiesced. "He's a dutiful, rather than enthusiastic, partner."

"I," said Malcom gallantly, "can't quite believe that!"

Eventually he claimed Penny again. "Well?" he demanded, as she surrendered herself to him and they swung out into the floor, "How's Tommy now?"

"Oh, he begged my pardon for running off with Mildred this morning. And he asked me to play with him tomorrow morning. But I told him I couldn't."

"Why not?" demanded Malcom.

"Have you forgotten that I'm playing with you?" she asked with great directness of gaze and purpose.

Malcom missed a step. "Sorry," he apologized contritely.

"All my fault," she assured him sweetly. "And I told him I couldn't go sailing with him tomorrow afternoon because you had already asked me. But he'll never know if—if you ask me now," she suggested with little subtlety.

MALCOM came to. "I do," he said. "I ask you now, and I feel very much flattered——"

"You look—startled!" she commented. "But I'll try not to bore you and anyway it will protect you from Lyle. She can't bear the thought that you have got over it and I warn you she'll vamp you every chance she gets. Oh, don't drag Robert into it. Lyle is Lyle, you know!"

Lyle herself was to furnish fresh proof of that. She chose deliberately to sit out her dance with him on the porch. If she blushed—which is doubtful—the dusk hid her blushes. She worked towards her end in the same indirect, insidious way, letting her voice rather than the words she used, point her meaning.

"You have," she murmured, "got over it—after all, haven't you? I knew you would, and yet——"

She let it hang there, to his discomfort. She had managed at once to strike a note that was almost hypnotic, so obvious was his cue and her desires with reference to the trend of the conversation into which she was determinedly forcing him and from which, at a glance, Malcom saw no easy way of escape.

"And if I should say that I hadn't," he thought grimly, "she'd open her eyes wide and say, 'Why, Malcom—have you forgotten that I'm to be married?'"

Robert's approach was, therefore, a relief to him. Malcom

made up his mind, definitely, to avoid tête-à-têtes with Lyle.

That which occurred two days later on the porch of the Country Club was therefore not of his seeking. The more so in that he suspected, from her manner, just what she was about to say.

"Penny," she announced maliciously, "was having a lover's quarrel with Tommy when I left the house. But I think she'll be here soon."

The shot went home. Malcom was indeed waiting for Penny. "What," Lyle went on, in a drawl that had once quickened him so, "are you trying to do to Penny, anyway, Malcom?"

"What," retorted Malcom, ruefully, "is Penny trying to do to me I'd like to know?"

This was a tactical mistake. He laid himself open to Lyle's swift thrust.

"Make you rather ridiculous, I should say," she assured him, too sweetly.

This he did not doubt. In Standish there were many of the old crowd, but he had seen little of them, except ever so casually. The most of his time had been monopolized by Penny. He had

golfed with her, swam with her, sailed with her and danced with her. He had, in brief, been maneuvered into a position where he was being used by a sub-deb to further what he had at first whimsically dubbed her own nefarious ends. But Standish, of course, didn't know that and he was beginning to feel a bit conspicuous—and ridiculous.

"Here she is now," murmured Lyle, and lifted expressive eyebrows as Penny slid herself out of the white Fiat without pausing to open the door. "The funny part of it is that in the old days she never missed a chance to poke fun at you."

"I think," retorted Malcom, goaded to it, "that in the old days I must have been very funny, Lyle."

Lyle smiled. "You were!" she assured him. "But not half so funny as you are now. Can't you see that she's just using you to make Tommy jealous?"

This was a good exit line and Lyle was preparing to use it so, but Malcom surprised her by saying, "So she herself told me," he assured her.

Lyle paused. "She did!" Then she lifted expressive eyebrows in lieu of spoken comment, and moved off as Penny came up to the porch.

"Sorry I'm late," she apologized. "But Tommy's been throwing fits——"

"Isn't it about time that you took pity on Tommy?" interposed Malcom quickly. "It seems to me that you're treating him pretty rotten, if you'll pardon——"

Penny gave him a swift, inscrutable glance. "The worse Lyle treated you the faster you crawled back for more," she reminded him.

Without waiting for an answer to that she added:

"I don't know what Lyle was saying to you just now—but I'll bet I could guess. I've had a good many years in which to study her and I'm sure I've learned a few things about my beautiful sister and her methods."

"I'm not so sure. What she said," Malcom hesitated, and then plunged—"was that I was always funny—but that now I'm funnier than ever."

"That was rather clever of her. And of course you hated

Q. "I told him you weren't the least bit—in love with me—but he thinks you are."

Q. "The worse Lyle treated you the faster you crawled back for more," Penny coolly reminded Malcom.

the very idea of it. Particularly when it came from her."

"I don't particularly care for it," he admitted ruefully.

She did not answer at once. Her eyes went out over the links leaving her profile, with its fine short nose and its purposeful chin towards him, and he again studied it carefully.

"I'm sorry," she said, presently, with an air of repentance.

"Don't be!" he answered. "It doesn't matter. I'm going tomorrow anyway."

"Tomorrow?" Her eyes, wide with incredulity, sought his. "You're not going to stay until the wedding?" she asked.

Malcom shook his head. He had not, up to the instant that he spoke, had the slightest idea of going on the morrow, but the idea had come to him and it had seemed an inspiration. He could very easily finish his vacation elsewhere or even return to New York at once. He realized that she was waiting for an explanation and he promptly fell back on that which all women hate because it is one they can not question.

"It's unexpected," he admitted. "But business——"

"If you're going tomorrow, Malcom," she cut in, swiftly, "you must come to the picnic with me tonight."

"Picnic?" he asked in a tone of genuine surprise.

"I promised Tommy I'd go. We're going out to Captain Kidd's Island in the motor-boat with Mildred Malloy and one of Tommy's friends to have dinner there. The moon will be full tonight and just glorious."

"I'm sorry, but I can't. I've got to pack, you see," he answered, rather lamely.

Penny seemed about to protest but evidently changed her mind. The picnic was not again mentioned during their nine holes of golf. Malcom was back on his game now—nor did she say anything more about his going. When they returned to the club house, she offered him a lift to the Inn and this he accepted. The two miles were swiftly covered, but even so conversation lagged. He, considering her, realized that he was going to miss her mightily. The impulse to put that into words came as the Inn appeared. "This is good-by, I suppose," he began. "I probably won't see you——"

Penny stepped on the accelerator and the Inn flashed by.

"I'm going to kidnap you," she announced, her eyes on the road. "You must come. And—please don't tell Tommy you're going! I've told him that you aren't the least bit—in love—with me, but he—he thinks you are. And that helps. I think that tonight's my—last chance," she added.

SO MALCOM found himself, acquiescent in the party that Tommy's swift thirty-footer just landed at sunset at Captain Kidd's Island—so named because of the inevitable legend. He already wished himself anywhere but there, not because he was an obvious fifth in what would otherwise have been a perfect foursome, and not—surely—because Penny had permitted Tommy to monopolize her all evening.

The explanation he gave himself was that, for the first time, he was seeing swift and twenty, as typified by Milly Malloy, in action. Penny had not prepared him for this, she at least had always been amusing. Milly was not.

"I wish I'd brought my bathing suit," Milly was announcing

to Tommy's friend. "It would be gorgeous to take a swim in the moonlight after dinner."

"Why bother about a bathing suit?" demanded Tommy's friend in a casual tone.

In Malcom's old days a man who dared that would have been promptly read out of polite society. But Milly only giggled.

They had their picnic in a sheltered stretch between great dunes. A fire was built and to this Malcom devoted himself, glad for that much diversion. He felt as old as the everlasting hills and he wondered if he had ever seemed as crassly ignorant and cocksure as Tommy and his friend were.

"You ought to see my old man trying to play golf," Tommy's friend was saying to Mildred. "Say, but that bird is a scream. He asked me to give him a lesson, but once was enough. Solid ivory above the ears!" Malcom knew the boy's father by reputation. He had started with nothing and achieved so greatly that bigger men than his son would ever be, hung on his nod. But that did not save him from his son's satire.

"He's got nothing on the governor," Tommy chimed in. "I'll bet your old man could give mine a stroke a hole and beat him."

Tommy's friend did not answer that. He turned to Milly.

"I'll say you're some curly pig," he was assuring her, in the free manner of a modern youth. "Let's park."

Malcom rose. "I'm going to take a walk," he announced.

THE BREEZE was off the sea. To Malcom, who had lived so long in the tropics, it seemed crisp and clean washed, grateful. Presently he swung to the top of a great dune. The moon's rim, like

a huge iridescent orange all but submerged in the sea, shone against the eastern horizon. He stood and watched it, but his thoughts were elsewhere.

The picnic fire had been permitted to die out. From behind him came a squeal from Milly.

"A pretty party!" he thought.

The picture that presented did not involve Milly at all. Without warning he felt a sudden surge of emotion that startled him and left him utterly agast.

"Good Lord!" he exclaimed presently. "I'm not going to be that kind of a fool twice, I hope."

Nevertheless, the thought of Penny—and Tommy—

The coast lights twinkled and glowed in the distance. The revolving light at the harbor's entrance, making its long

swing, flashed its benignant beam on him. Finally he glanced at his watch. It was almost ten. The tide was on the make, but it would not be full for four hours yet. He recalled that up to half-tide it was possible to walk dryshod along the sandbars to the mainland. From that point it was ten miles into Standish but—

The moon had encountered a low lying bank of cloud and its light was masked, but Tommy's voice guided him to where the last embers of the picnic fire glowed.

"Either you care for me or you don't," Tommy was saying. "It's come to a show-down. Penny——"

Eavesdropping was not Malcom's intention. He would have



1. Lyle chose deliberately to sit out her dance with Malcom on the porch.



2. "Gee, but you are a glutton for punishment," Penny cried approvingly.



retreated had not Penny realized his presence even as he saw them.

"Shh!" she warned Tommy.

Once again Malcom felt that sudden, surprising surge of emotion. But he fought it down determinedly.

"Sorry to interrupt," he apologized, his voice determinedly light. "But I'm going to walk in, if you don't mind. I can just make it before the tide covers the bars."

"Why, it will take you hours, Malcom!" protested Penny.

"I feel like walking," he replied—and started then and there.

The moon, riding free in all its beauty, was paling the stars, but he was plainly in no mood to enjoy the beauty of the night. Vigorous exercise was giving him the sole emotional outlet he craved. He did notice, however, that the running lights of Tommy's thirty-footer passed back into the harbor as he reached the mainland.

Now and then, as he strode swiftly along the road that fringed the harbor, the searchlights of on-rushing motors spotlighted him and he stepped aside to let these whirl past. He had covered half the distance to the Inn when one of these motors, instead of speeding by, slowed down and finally came to a full stop as he came abreast of it.

"I ran out to give you a lift the rest of the way," explained Penny's voice.

"I prefer to walk, thank you," retorted Malcom. Taken unawares he spoke without stopping to consider, and even he was surprised at the ungracious sound of that.

Penny, however, merely silenced the motor and stepped forth.

"All right," she said. "I'll walk, too."

Malcom stopped short and, against his will, looked at her.

Her little face was—or at least it seemed so to him—almost lovely there in the moonlight.

"Why," she asked quickly, "are you angry with me?"

"I'm not," he assured her, as quickly.

"You—you didn't mind my inviting you and then hardly speaking to you?"

**T**HIS took Malcom by surprise. "Why should I?" he asked.

Ever so briefly she hesitated. Then, "I thought—you might—if—you—if you loved me just a little."

The words sank to almost a whisper, but her eyes did not falter. They became

deep, mysterious, compelling, she seemed all eyes. He felt a swift and heady impulse that all but swept him off his feet before he chilled to a swift suspicion.

"Are you trying to vamp me now, Penny?" he asked and marveled at the lightness of tone he achieved.

She gave him a long, long look. Then, "Thank you!" she murmured and would have turned away had he not caught at her.

"What are you trying to do to me, then?" he demanded, and there was no lightness in his tone now. "You told me that you were using me to make Tommy jealous. You've got Tommy—what more do you want?"

"Nothing," she replied. But then she added impetuously—

fiercely almost, "Do—do you think that I'd go to all that trouble for Tommy? Tommy—oh, Tommy makes me sick!"

"Makes you sick?" he echoed, in his dense masculine way.

"Why, you said—"

"I suppose," she cut in, scornfully, "that it was because of Tommy that I worked so darn hard to prevent Lyle from

marrying you two years ago. She might have if it hadn't been for me. And I suppose it was because of Tommy that I stole one of Lyle's wedding invitations and wrote 'Please, please come,' on it and sent it to you—"

"You wrote that, Penny?" he gasped, incredulously.

The moonlight was merciless; it did not spare her swift blush. But:

"I did," she confessed, dauntlessly. "I half hoped you would come, and half hoped you wouldn't—because I knew it would be only because you thought Lyle wrote it."

Then I did what I said I was doing except that—that I was using Tommy to try to make you jealous. I told you that I felt that tonight was my last chance—" She broke off and for the first time her eyes fell. "Oh, I know what you're thinking, and, and I wouldn't marry you now for anything."

"Penny—" he began, "you don't realize what you're—"

"I know," she rushed on, heedlessly, "that you think I'm absolutely shameless. But if you think that girls nowadays are going

to sit around with their hands in their laps, waiting for some man to fall in love with them, you've got another guess coming. Especially when they're as hopelessly homely as I am—"

"You're not homely," he challenged quickly. "You're—"

He broke off abruptly, making one last supreme effort for self-mastery.

"Say it!" she commanded.

"Adorable!" he blurted out.

"Gosh!" she breathed, and her uplifted eyes were mysterious once more, "why you—you must be even more in love with me than I'd suspected, to think

that! I—oh, Malcom—what are you waiting for now?"

The man in the moon found his vision momentarily veiled by a malicious little cloud, but he hastily brushed this aside.

"Ah!" said he, with an immense and—considering the times he has witnessed that very sight—incredible satisfaction.

"They'll accuse me of cradle robbing," Malcom was saying. "And yet I never had the slightest intention of falling in love with you—"

"Men are such screams!" murmured Penny. "I don't care what you intended as long as you have. You have—haven't you, Malcom?"

Of that he left in her mind and his—not the slightest doubt.



C. "Gosh!" Penny breathed, "Why—You must be more in love with me than I suspected!"



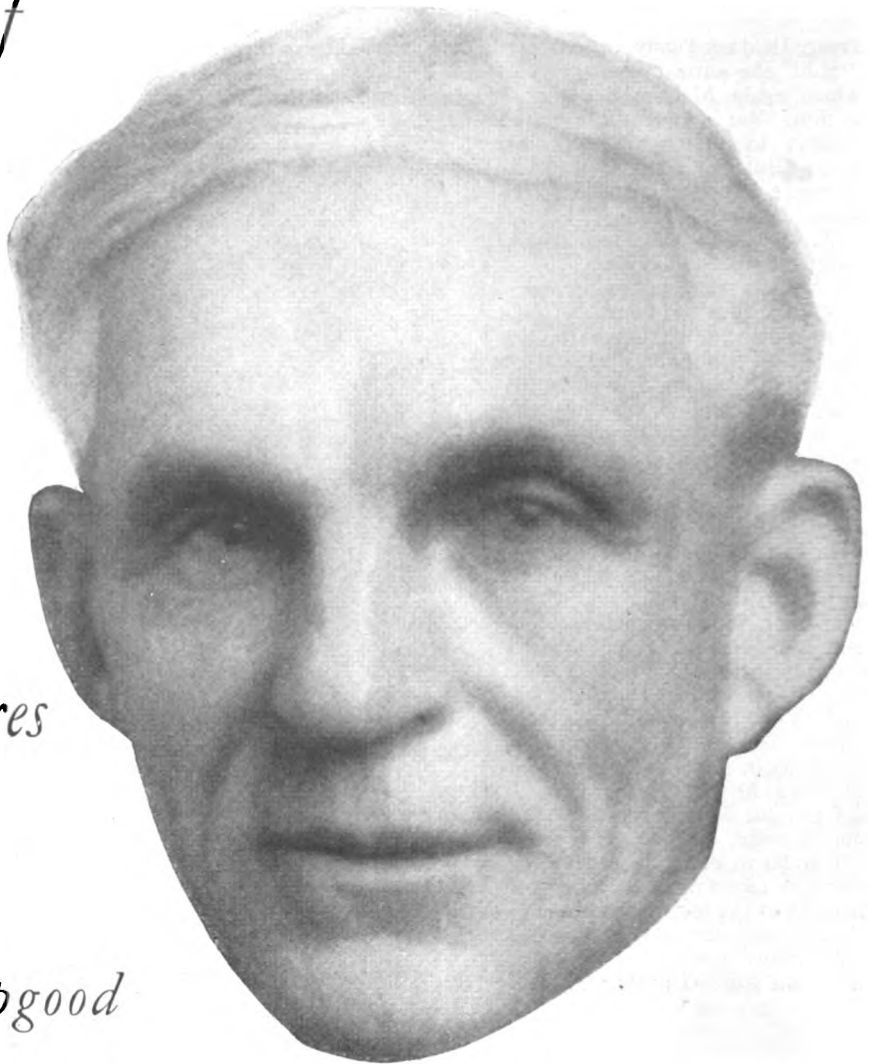
C. "Either you care for me or you don't," Tommy was saying. "It's come to a show-down Penny."

# *The Inside Story of*

## HENRY FORD'S JEW- MANIA

### *The Strange Adventures of No. 25 H*

By  
*Norman Hapgood*



#### PART THREE

**S**TEP UP, Ladies and Gentlemen, and meet investigator No. 25 H. He has a leading rôle in this instalment.

If this farce-tragedy had not its serious side, I should wish for the style of Alice-in-Wonderland. That master of grotesque dreams, Sir John Tenniel, who drew for Lewis Carroll the pictures we all know of the White Rabbit, the March Hare, and the Cheshire Cat, would exactly meet our purpose.

In our tale are many elements that intermingle and affect one another. When last month I exhibited the counter-protocols, that were forged to get even with the people who were marketing the anti-Jew Protocols, I expected this month to set forth the original forgeries. But other quaint doings claim priority and the Protocols go over to next month. This month 25 H and the other heroes appear in their brilliant rôle of protecting the country against thinkers of the type of Miss Jane Addams, Col. House, and Mr. Justice Brandeis.

Let the reader keep in his gigantic brain the fact that it is not the Jews primarily who are being defended in this exposure. Unsuspected by Ford himself, there exists a special law of history that when you start to persecute one race or one religion you inevitably begin a crusade against the principle of freedom itself. Hence always the drive

against Jews becomes a smoke-screen for a drive against free thought.

I go rather often to Paris. To this day, thinkers in Paris divide people as pro-Dreyfus and anti-Dreyfus. The famous case has long since lost its original significance of forged evidence against a Jew. It has long since come to stand rather for the acid test of liberalism. The anti-Dreyfusites mean the stand-patters and militarists and monarchists; the Dreyfusites, the uncompromising liberals.

So it is with the Beiliss case. That ignorant Russian peasants can be stirred up to believe Jewish ritual requires Christian blood is not the main point. The point is the mob-psychology used by the Tsars to keep the masses in subjection.

Thus it is that the Ford-Daniels pseudo-detectives inevitably combined not only with the Russian monarchists but with reactionary American organizations like the American Defense Society and the Civic Federation, and put bodies like the Civil Liberties bureau under suspicion. The crime of this bureau

is that it regrets to see abstract thought corrected by imprisonment in our country, as before the war it used to be in the three despotic monarchies overthrown in the war. It is headed by a youngish man named Roger

The Ford International Weekly  
**THE DEARBORN  
INDEPENDENT**

**M**R. WILSON, while President, was very close to the Jews. His administration, as everyone knows, was predominantly Jewish. As a Presbyterian elder, Mr. Wilson had occasional lapses into the Christian mode of thought during his public utterances, and was always checked up tight by his Jewish censors.

That is the story of William Howard Taft's efforts to withstand the Jews, and how they broke him. It is probably worth knowing in view of the fact that he has become one of those "Gentile fronts" which the Jews use for their own defense.

**C.** Above is a clipping from Mr. Ford's paper showing how the manufacturer sees two Presidents as Gentile fronts

Baldwin, one of the few examples of a man socially and financially well-placed who nevertheless concerns himself with things of the spirit: getting, as it were, through the eye of a needle. The Ford-Daniels sleuth, 25 H, reported against the Civil Liberties Union a leaflet which opened thus:

"Our fight is to help secure unrestricted liberty of speech, press and assemblage, as the only sure guaranty of orderly progress.

"It is time enough for the rightful purpose of civil government for its officers to interfere when principles break out into overt acts against peace and good order."—By Thomas Jefferson.

"The struggle for freedom today centers around the activities of the organized workers and farmers. Everywhere that struggle involves the issues of free speech, free press, and peaceful assemblage. Everywhere the powers of organized business challenge the right of workers to organize, unionize, strike and picket. The hysterical attacks on 'red' propaganda, on radical opinion of all sorts, are in substance a single masked attack on the revolt of labor and the farmers against industrial tyranny."

WHEN he discovered this dynamite 25 H was highly pleased with himself. A less enterprising brain would have thought it irrelevant, since most of the signers were Christians. But 25 H knew a "Gentile Front" when he saw one. Jeanette Rankin of Montana, ex-Congresswoman, was vice-chairman. Mr. Baldwin was director. Miss Addams, James A. Duncan, John A. Fitch, Andrew Furuseth, John Haynes Holmes, Frederick A. Howe, Helen Keller, Robert Morse Lovett, Allen McCurdy, Grenville S. McFarland, Vida D. Scudder, Helen Phelps

Personal ...

Chicago, Illinois.  
July Twenty-Seventh.  
Nineteen Twenty.

Thank you for your letter of July twenty-fourth.

I regret exceedingly that a circular such as you enclose, one headed "LEONARD WOOD - Jew Finance, masquerading as the Old Guard, has nominated Senator Harding, etc., etc.", has been circulated. Your letter brings me the first information I have concerning it.

I have done everything possible to build up a spirit of national solidarity and to prevent the rise of racial or religious animosities.

I shall be very glad to have you send this communication to the American Legion Headquarters, Indianapolis, for such use as they choose to make of it.

OFFICE OF  
CHARLES STEWART DAVISON  
Chairman, Board of Trustees  
AMERICAN DEFENSE SOCIETY  
59 WALL STREET, NEW YORK

August 23, 1920.

Dear Sir:-

Have you received through the mails recently a small printed book (with paper cover) Anti-Bolshevist entitled "The Protocols". We are informed that such a book was sent you and without regard as to whether it be authentic or not it deals with matters of importance and should be closely read that each may form his own judgment.

CHARLES STEWART DAVISON  
Chairman Board of Trustees  
American Defense Society

Here you find a hint as to how intensely the American Defense Society pushed the Protocols. The lack of authenticity obviously did not worry the Standpatters.

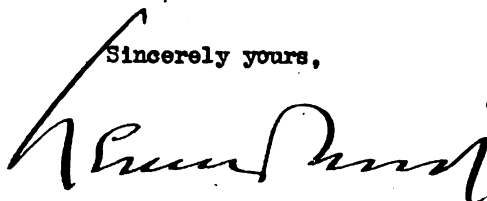
Stokes, Norman Thomas, William S. U'Ren, Oswald Garrison Villard, and George P. West were well-known Christians, but on the other hand, the eagle eye of 25 H observed such Jewish names as Felix Frankfurter, Ernest Freund, and Morris Hillquit.

Still 25 H was no tyro. He behaved as a real detective should behave. He did not send in his visiting card. I remember once a female detective, evidently new at the business, bursting into my cabin on an ocean liner in war-time, and proclaiming, "I am a detective." "Good," I said, "sit down." "No," said she. "Where is your luggage?"

There was no such candor in the Ford-Daniels sleuths.

Irwin St. John Tucker, one of the prominent liberals of

Sincerely yours,



C. Leonard Wood flatly denies any indorsement of the widely discussed racial or religious animosities.

America, was visited in Chicago, the third week in April, 1921, by one of the Jew-chasers. Mr. Tucker will learn first when he reads these lines that a man who called on him, and had a long chat with him on that April day, was a no less formidable figure than 25 H.

Mr. Tucker evidently trusted the masquerading 25 H. He did what other authors have done before him. He showed the visitor a manuscript. On April 23, Operative 124 X sent this memorandum to Mr. Daniels:

"At Chicago last week 25 H spent considerable time with Irwin St. John Tucker, and was told by Mr. Tucker that he had begun a book on the Jewish problem; and he showed 25 H his manuscript of the introduction so far as he had written it. He asked 25 H to obtain him a copy of the Jewish Protocols. Mr. Tucker appeared to be inclined to place great credence in the Independent articles, largely for the reason that he had great confidence in the personal integrity of Mr. Ford. Of course 25 H did not reveal his mission, nor did he lead the conversation."

A little note of question, a tiny rift in the



lute, creeps in occasionally. Is it possible any of the Sherlocks lied? Operator 124 X, who reports the activities of 25 H, finishes his memorandum on a note of doubt. "The information contained in this report," he adds, "is, of course, furnished by 25 H."

AS THE worst of all Jews, in Mr. Ford's brain, are Jewish bankers, it is not strange that the sleuths were excited about the famous dinner which Otto H. Kahn gave at his home to the Prince of Monaco on the evening of May 2, 1921. This function engaged the attention of Operator 123 X. On the morning of the next day, he made a report to Daniels. It was a grand report. Operator 123 X actually named all of the guests present. Several of these guests, boldly declares 123 X, are known to be in favor of the cancellation of all war debts. Just think of that!

There were newspaper editors at the dinner, the report alleges. I hope it is not libelous to repeat that among them were Frank A. Munsey, owner of the New York Herald and the Evening Sun; Arthur Brisbane, of the Hearst newspapers; Herbert Swope, executive editor of the New York World; and Louis Wiley, of the New York Times. The report says so. I have not had time to ask Mr. Brisbane if the international Jewish bankers succeeded in persuading him that he and Mr. Hearst are wrong, and I am right, in our views about the value of war-debts.

Judge Julian Mack, of the Federal Circuit Court, is a distinguished figure in the judiciary. His excellent reputation is founded only in part on his judicial standing. It is founded in part also on his work for the conciliation of labor and capital, and in part on the active rôle he has taken in the Zionist movement. This admirable American citizen puzzled our detectives a good deal. They put their heads together.

When the judges of one circuit court take their vacations, judges from elsewhere take their places. These arrangements are made by agreement. Now, Watson, why did this Chicago judge appear so often in New York? Hah! Why did he? This must be looked into—carefully, stealthily, with numerals. They sleuthed him in New York. They sleuthed him in Chicago. Admirers of Babe Ruth have all heard of Judge Landis. Judge Landis is a good man at headlines. Let us see, thought the sleuths, if we can work out a comparison between the Jew Mack and the Christian Landis.

This would be of special excellence because Mr. Ford's paper charges baseball frauds, along with Benedict Arnold's treachery, to the Jews of all the ages.

So Mr. Daniels writes William Cameron, the editor of Ford's paper, under date of September 9, 1921:

"Dear Mr. Cameron:

"Enclosed find report of 124 X on Judge Mack. My judgment is that 124 X ought to go to Chicago and check up Mack's record there, and, at the same time, make comparisons between his record and that of Judge Landis. I would like to have your advice on this before sending him to Chicago. If he goes to Chicago, would you like to have him stop at Dearborn to talk things over with you?"  
Dictation mark CCD/WK.

AS AN illustration of the kind of literature that was circulated around the country, attacking the Jews and the liberals at the same time, we reproduce part of a weekly business letter sent out to a large number of clients by Taylor, Oberg & Company, of Colorado Springs, Colorado.

While the sleuths were busy making Woodrow Wilson a tool of a Jew of the Supreme Court, and through him of the Jews ruling the world, they had time to keep track of other movements of cosmic importance. For example, I happened to go to a dinner myself, at which the principal address was made by Dr. Weissman, the head of the World Zionist organization. It was a spiritual and high-

minded address in German, and I was so enthusiastic that I was glad, as the next speaker, to say what I could about the 6,000 years during which the Jewish ethical spirit has embodied itself in some of the most permanent moral writings that literature possesses. It never occurred to me at the time that sleuths were around trying to turn this great ethical movement into a crime, nor did it occur to me that any detective who might be wandering around the place would be an employe of Henry Ford. The letter reproduced on this and the following page, however, will show that the Zionist movement was not overlooked by our high protectors of Christian civilization.

Unhappily for me, I was not able to hear Mr. Einstein, who spoke about the same time. I had wanted to hear him, having a curiosity to get an impression of what may be the greatest scientific mind since Darwin. This same letter will show, however, that again I was mistaken. Instead of its being a noble occasion, an occasion that people might look back to with pleasure all their lives, to have heard and seen this pioneer in one of the great sciences, it was something to be looked upon with suspicion, because Mr. Einstein happens to be a Jew.

THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT got into the game and told us that the Einstein theory amounted to nothing. It has not yet told us that, because Jesus was a Jew, Christianity amounts to nothing.

That Mr. Ford did not intend his campaign against the Jews to develop into a general campaign against liberalism is probable, and indeed is indicated by the fact that most of the anti-liberal material collected by his trailers failed to find its way into the Dearborn Independent.

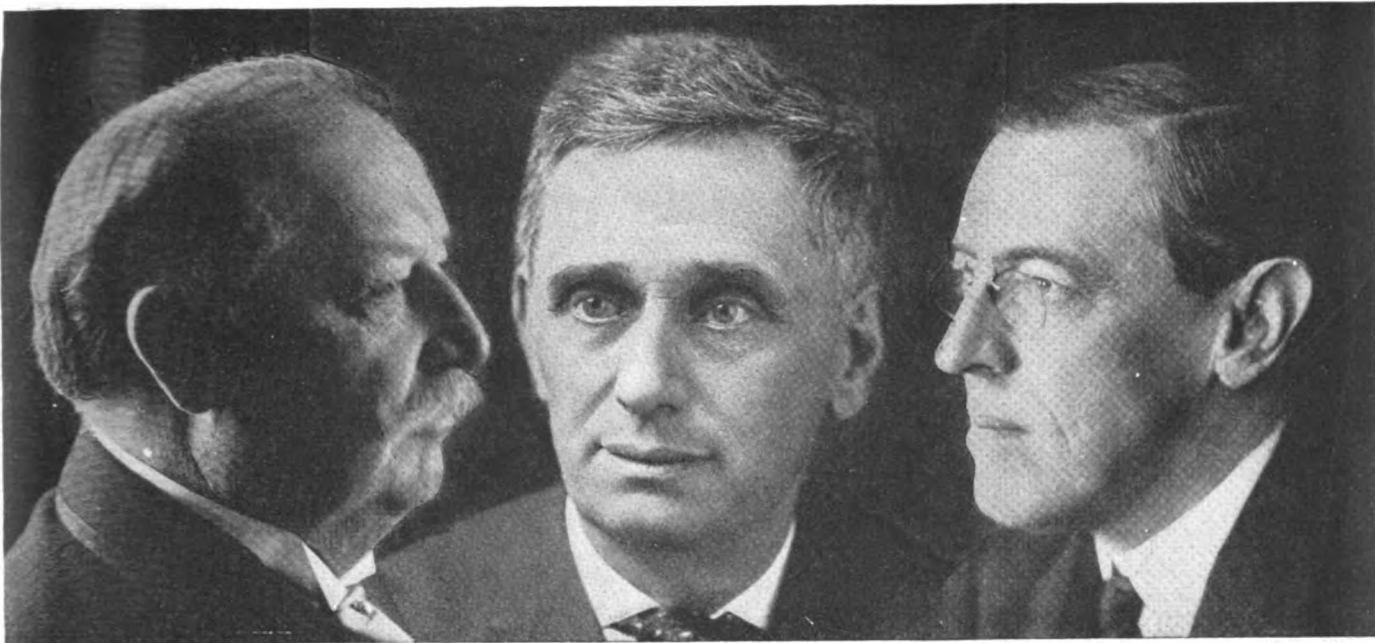
But that it is impossible to exculpate Ford and his publishing company entirely from encouragement of this campaign against libera's is shown on page 40, where his special secretary, Liebold, encourages the Daniels aggregation to go after one of



The Washington  
Washington, D.C.

*Saturday  
5/28/21.  
Dear Mr. Daniels:  
Things now  
are going very nicely  
and getting some good  
material. Will stay  
over here for the  
big Mass Meeting*

Ⓐ This letter shows the Ford investigators getting



Q. The World Conspiracy, as seen by Mr. Ford and represented by William Howard Taft, Justice Brandeis and Woodrow Wilson.

the most valuable spiritual leaders in the country, a Christian, Rev. John Haynes Holmes.

Now let us glance at an episode that shows how these evil examples fit together and spread. Technically, Ford is, of course, responsible only for what is done by him and his em-

ployes, but from the point of view of higher politics and history he must be judged as having set loose a malicious force that added fury to similar forces already in existence. One of Mr. Ford's contemporaries and fellow-workers against liberalism, including Union labor, was Leslie Frey-Shismareff. In the town of Scranton, Pa., in the heart of the coal district,

this person with a hyphenated Russian name is conducting a weekly newspaper known as the Gentile Tribune. It is apparently intended for distribution among the dissatisfied coal miners. In this weekly, Leslie Frey-Shismareff has attacked many of the liberals in the United States, including a number of those who have been mentioned in the Ford detective reports. In almost every number Henry Ford and his campaign against Jews and against liberalism are praised. Incidentally, not a few numbers contain articles addressed to coal miners, telling them not to listen to men on soap boxes and not to give any heed whatever to men who attempt to tell them about the labor situation in the mines of America. This Russian editor points out that every person who stands on a soap box and tries to tell the American miner that he is being abused is in all likelihood a Jew who is only trying to upset affairs in the United States. Frequently it is pointed out that thousands of striking coal miners are sitting in their homes, satisfied that the coal strike, so far as they are concerned, is of Jewish origin and of Jewish maintenance for the furthering of Jewish aims.

**B**UT LET US not postpone longer the most important of all the fields covered by our sleuths, namely the nation's capitol, Washington, D. C. Of the Washington operators, F. H. Creech, a Washington lawyer, and C. W. Smith were the chiefs. Smith was once a star government detective, who had worked with Daniels, when Daniels, as a government employe, had, under the Department of the Interior, investigated the Chippewa Indian land question in Minnesota. These chief detectives paid small sums to assistant "operators" which sums they reported in their personal expense accounts.

2  
for Einstein & Aliezman  
next Wednesday at the  
Poli Theatre. Think  
it may prove very important.  
Have the check for  
\$50.00 today, but it  
should not get in before  
Wednesday, as I sent it to  
Jen & Co., and got Winters  
to cash a Fairbanks check.  
Sincerely,  
F. Hunter (Creech)

after the greatest living scientist because he is a Jew.

Informants of ours in whom we have the greatest faith, bring us the startling revelation that the Bolshevik movement in general has been fostered and financed by the Jews. Trotzky - whose real name is Bronstein - is a Jew, and all down the list are shown substitutions of the same sort. We have in our possession the complete translation of "The Protocols" showing the deliberate patience of the Jewish race over centuries, and containing some of the most astonishing and astounding statements.

The very evident intent is, through the power of money, to bankrupt the world!

The failure on our part to awaken interest at the time the Non-Partisan League was in its infancy here, dampens our enthusiasm to present this new and startling revelation to our readers, but to anyone sufficiently interested we heartily recommend the reading of "The Protocols and World Revolution."

Yours very truly,

Second Floor,  
Exchange National Bank Bldg.

TAYLOR, OBERGE & COMPANY.

**PUBLISHING Co.**

or  
**Independent**  
Daily Weekly

CH.

Feb  
22nd  
1921

*A certain civic standpatters' society, it was said, furnished the material for this business letter sent to its clients by Taylor, Oberge & Co.*

They proceeded straight to the top. Having the premise that President Wilson was a Gentile "front," they had to prove it and they took steps to do so.

One of the most logical pieces of information that came their way was when they visited a certain mild-mannered little man who lived in Brooklyn. Their quest was not in vain. From him they received the convenient "information" that the son-in-law of Colonel House, Gordon Auchincloss, was a Jew. This gave a scientific foundation for what was otherwise reasoning that the philosophers call deductive reasoning.

**I**F IT had only been true that Mr. Auchincloss was a Jew, it would have been clear that Colonel House was a Gentile "front." Granted that, the step to the President was simple, for all through the war, as well as before, the world had been taught to identify the beliefs of Mr. Wilson with those of the distinguished citizen from Texas. Why suppose that President Wilson was in control of the international Jews? The psychology is easy, once you get going.

So this idea traveled and traveled in the brain of Ford and naturally wound up with his agents trying to prove the Jewish influence of Colonel House and President Wilson.

For weeks, the detectives tried to trace out a private telephone line leading from the home of Justice Brandeis, one of the two greatest brains of the United States Supreme Court.

Where was this private telephone line supposed to lead? Consider this, Watson. A telephone has two ends. The other end of this telephone was supposed to lead to the White House. And in that White House the President lay broken and gravely ill. Around the home of Justice Brandeis the detectives were sneaking.

MR C C Daniels  
20 Broad St  
New York City

Dear Mr Daniels:

Sometime, at your convenience, will you kindly have someone drop over to the Arbitrator, Post Office Box 42, Wall Street Station and ascertain just who and what this outfit is!

I might say that Rev John Haynes Holmes appears to be connected in some way with the organization.

Very truly yours

THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.

*E. J. E. BOND*  
General Manager Z

ENC 2

*A. John Haynes Holmes gets dragged into the controversy, though his connection with the Jewish movement is never made clear.*

The report on this wire-seeking enterprise reads:

"Have made connection with my friend, the police sergeant, to ascertain as to whether or not there [Continued on page 119]"

Daniels himself has told one of my friends:

"We thought we had a pretty good lead to the White House from the Brandeis home. Our theory was that this wire lead to the White House."

At this time, Josephus Daniels, brother of C. C. Daniels, was a member of President Wilson's Cabinet.

We offer a portion of a report to Daniels, from an operator in Washington, on this wire-seeking. We assume, being more Sherlock Holmes than Watson, that the "our friend J" means "our friend, the Justice." "Mr. Carr" was often applied to mean Mr. Ford—a merry pun. You see: Mr. Carr—Mr. Ford—Car.





**Q.** *You women who split hairs on questions of honor consider the problem Marge Campbell had to face when she learned her husband was a murderer*

*Photographic Illustrations by  
Baron de Meyer*

# PAUL & RUTH & Solomon.

By Donn Byrne

**S**O IT was her husband who had killed Miles Hanlon, him they called "the gombeen man." So it was he who did it! Curiously enough, Marge Campbell felt no shock or terror or great shame now. Could she have known it subconsciously all these weeks? Of course not. Yet where was the shock, the pain, the horror? There was none. Yet something inside turned to chilled steel.

From the drawing-room of the terraced house she could see, from the edge of the Irish coast, the dun hills of Scotland across the

Channel—purple somehow, and only one steamer on the broad waters, half way out, slipping northward, from Belfast to America most likely. In the garden outside, a maid in white was going here and there among the rose bushes, gathering flowers for a table decoration, her Ulster voice humming a folk-song:

I know where I'm going,

I know who's going with me,

I know who I love,

But the de'il knows who I'll marry.



*Q. Marge was aglow with life and love when she married Rory. "My Star of Antrim! Your hair is as red as gold, and your eyes are as deep as the sea," he sang and kissed her slim soft hands.*

Yes, she had known something was wrong for a few weeks now. There had been a shadow on her husband's very handsome, somewhat common face, and a strange nervousness about him. She had not connected it with the murder of the local money-lender—how could she? She knew he was in debt over card games, horse races, and the like, but so he always was, and he never spoke to her of them. Yes, he had been nervous, strange, haunted as it were, but that he had killed Miles Hanlon, the gombeen man—that she never suspected until the little Catholic priest had come visiting her that morning.

"You are certain of this, Father Gray?"

"As certain as that I'm alive, Miss Marge," he said, calling her by the name under which the Glens of Antrim knew her. "Your husband met Hanlon coming late at night from the Ballycastle. Where your husband was, I don't know. They met on the bridge over the Owendarragh. Your husband had his loaded riding-crop. Hanlon was found a mile down the river, on the rocks. How I know it I don't choose to say. I am breaking no seal of secrecy," he added.

"I know that, Father Gray," Marge Campbell said quickly. Though her Ulster tradition was inimical to the priest's belief, yet she knew him for a gentleman. Some peasant had witnessed it and told him, fearful of what was to be done under the circumstances. Or, perhaps, the clergyman had seen the thing himself, returning from some late sick-call.

"But why do you tell me?" she had asked him. "Why don't you tell my husband? Why don't you speak to my brother, Sir Colin Fraser?"

"To tell it to Rory Campbell would do no good. To tell it

to Sir Colin would mean that Sir Colin would arrest your husband. There would be nothing else for him to do. I tell it to you because your family should know of it. And for another reason: after this speech, there will never be heard one other word of this. I promise you that."

"You will not communicate with the authorities?"

"I am not an officer of the peace, Mrs. Campbell. I am only a servant of God, needing the inspiration of His infinite wisdom."

So it was her husband who had killed the gombeen man. She should be shocked, numb with terror, white with fear. Her head had become suddenly alert and quick as a whippet, cold and stubborn as the Ulster steel.

SHE HAD to think now, rapidly, clearly, fully. There was a big issue to be faced, and so little time. Everything about her blotted out for an instant—the solid drawing-room, the great French windows, the garden and the singing girl in it, and she was in a world of cold gray facts.

Did she love her husband? She hardly knew. She was fond of him. That was as far as she could say—but she was intensely sorry for him, the poor fellow, the poor, poor fellow.

She remembered him as she had known him four years ago, before they were married—a great hulk of a man with black curly hair and blue eyes and a rollicking laugh—a figure to make any woman glad. Perhaps he followed horse racing too much, drank too much, gambled more than was good for him, but he had nothing to do beyond draw his income from the Belfast linen mill his people had left him and ride to hounds and shoot in the autumn.

"He's a roaring lad, is Campbell of Cairngorm," the country-





“I have a trust to that dead man that his murderer shall pay,” Colin Fraser told his sister. His was an upright, meticulous sense of honor, as definite and terrible as a drawn sword.

side spoke of him, “but he’ll quiet down when he gets married. They all do.”

But contrary to the rule, Campbell of Cairngorm did anything but calm down on his marriage to her. A good thing for him that marriage had been—Margery Fraser, the belle of the Nine Glens—the Star of Antrim, the countryside parts called her; a sister of Sir Colin, deputy-lieutenant of the county to His

Majesty, the King, the national grand-master of the Orange lodges; and Marge’s own fortune, which was not little.

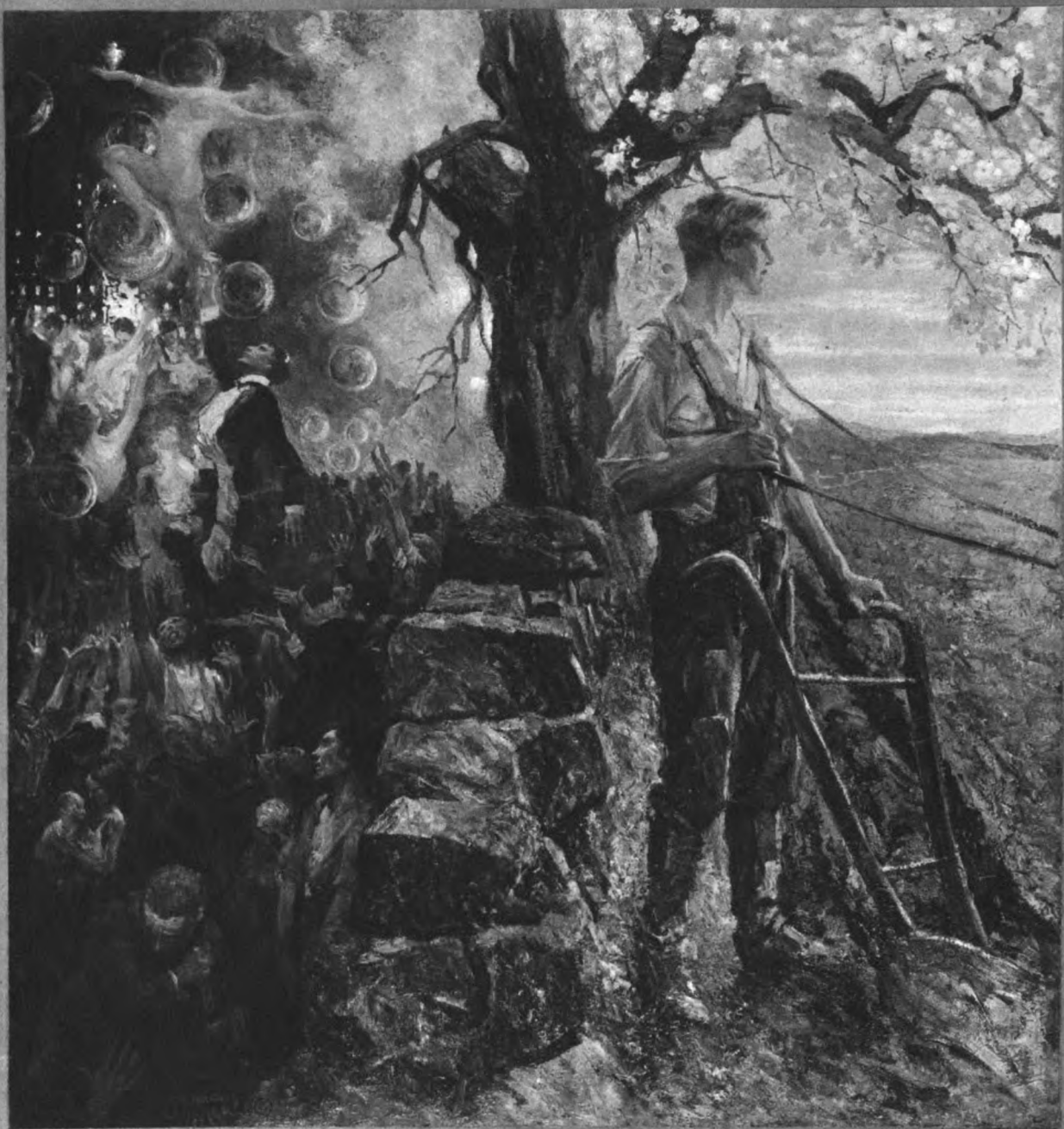
“You ought to bless this day,” someone had told Rory on his wedding morning. “It’s you are lucky.”

“Sure the devil’s children have the devil’s luck,” he laughed back in his wild, rollicking way.

That’s how he had treated that mar-

(Continued on page 117)





Q. Painting by Arthur E. Becher.

## IN BABYLON

By Harry Kemp

**W**HILE to the sky's astonishment  
The sea grows golden with the dawn,  
The people herd in Babylon  
With windows closed and curtains drawn.

The people talk in Babylon  
Of what is right and what is wrong;  
The people talk in Babylon  
Of art and music, life and song. . . .

In Babylon the music plays,  
While all night long the dancers heave  
To cymbal, drum, and saxophone;  
The swarming dancers interweave

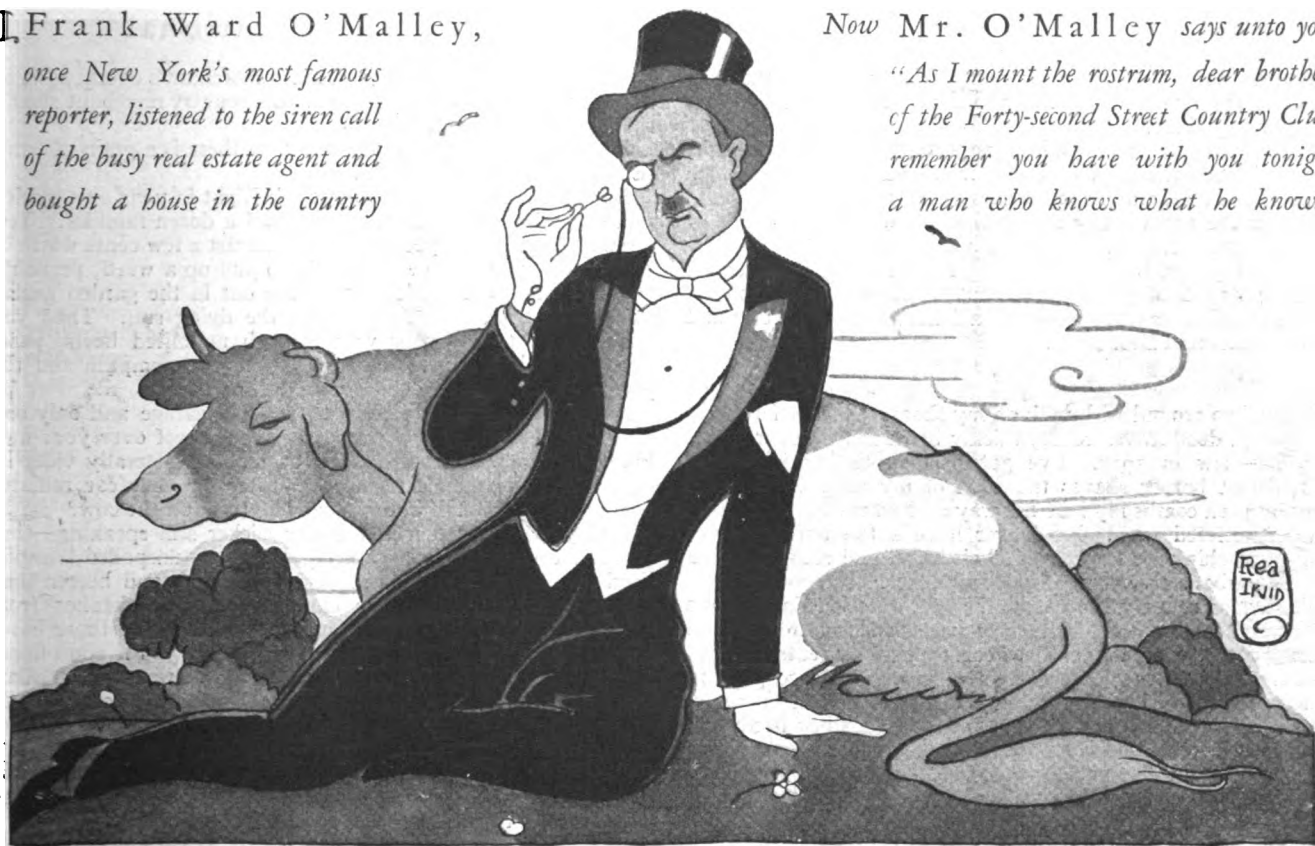
Like savage hordes at tribal rites;  
They shuffle by in seething droves—  
They make small words of this and that  
And palter at their maudlin loves. . . .

Yet, when the brain-sick dark has gone,  
I find it good indeed to know  
That, beyond roaring Babylon,  
The fruits of earth and labor grow.

That long and clean the furrows fall  
Unhindered by the builded height  
Where pleasure spins her golden top  
In citadels of vain delight!

Frank Ward O'Malley,  
once New York's most famous  
reporter, listened to the siren call  
of the busy real estate agent and  
bought a house in the country

Now Mr. O'Malley says unto you:  
"As I mount the rostrum, dear brothers  
of the Forty-second Street Country Club,  
remember you have with you tonight  
a man who knows what he knows"



# From BROADWAY Back to Buttercups

By Frank Ward O'Malley

Illustrated by Rea Irvin

**I**N THE EARLIEST days of the Great War I, like so many other Broadwayites, took only an academic interest in the big European riot. Our grocer brought its horrors home to me. He greeted me, sad-eyed and apologetic, one day when the head of our household dragged me along on her morning marketing trip. From generalized apologies about the rising prices of necessities of life our grocer finally stuttered forth a concrete statement. Gordon gin, he said, had jumped to ninety cents!

Even in those days there was little consolation in the fact that arriving dinner guests always, before entering our city apartment house elevator, played safe by dropping in at the oasis nearest the apartment and gulping a fast one or two over the bar by way of precaution. A big item of city-life overhead is friends. Even back in those days, when cautious guests could arrive at your door already partly primed, they expected you, almost as much as they do in these days of bone dryness, to shake 'em up some more.

Passable rye leaped to one dollar and sixty cents. The more saving housewives were now bargaining in the cut-rate grocers' shops, but still they were unable to get good Scotch for quiet domestic consumption under two dollars a bottle. The war at last had entered our own domicile. Fortunately our two tiny children were not yet old enough to sense the shadow settling on our home. They romped and played as in the departed days of good sixty-cent gin.

Over night Gordon gin vaulted to one dollar and ten cents a bottle! Already in the more cultured bars in Manhattan's midriff they were beginning to ask from thirty to fifty cents for

a single Bacardi cocktail. They were getting it, too. I know this of my own knowledge.

It is when the ordinary staples of life start to hurdle beyond the city man's control that he begins to intimate to his friends that he is thinking about moving to the country for his children's health and happiness. If he is childless, he announces instead that he and the Little Woman pine to leave the noisy, fêted, crowded city and move out to the wind-swept open spaces—return to the soil—live in the way the Almighty intended a man to live, close to throbbing old Nature.

Nightly our city apartment seemed sodden with second lieutenants. Table Scotch zoomed to two-fifty a bottle. I had a sad hour one day reading the monthly grocery bill. We broke the news to our metropolitan intimates that at last we had come to the definite conclusion that a city apartment was no place to bring up children. We were moving to the country for the children's sake, we told the world.

**I**CAN take a drink or let it alone, but a second lieutenant's power of self-control never gets beyond taking a drink. At a time when second lieutenants had more leisure than they were to have a few months later we moved from the city to a house in New Jersey. It was situated half way between the aviation training camp at Little Silver and Camp Dix. Ours was the half-way house. Now in these post-bellum days, we find that a second lieutenant returned to store clothes is still a second lieutenant at heart. As I shall show you in a few minutes, a

man does not appreciate how many friends he has until he moves to the country—especially to the State whose chief crop is Jersey applejack.

"Yes—" so I argued back in my apartment-house days—"the way to reduce the high cost of our friends' high living is to move to the still, wide, open spaces of New Jersey." It would be nearer the truth today to say the still wide-open spaces of New Jersey, perhaps. Anyway, we've been here now for almost five years, but it seems longer than that since I ended the long stretch of years throughout which—clad always in a white carnation, mauve spats and a fresh shine—I by day and night ornamented Broadway.

Now I go around with milk on my shoes. Between autumn and spring, dead leaves collect thickly beneath the collar of my overcoat—new in 1917. I've got past protesting when our Main Street barber shaves the back of my neck to the bald spot and then combs my hair the way all barbers will comb hair unless interfered with. No longer have I the universal city habit of reaching for the barber's hair-brush and ruining with a dab the barber's arty rococo front hair effect.

What does country life get you? The question daily grows more important; and it is no new urge resulting from urban housing conditions today and the consequent city rents.

Go as far back as the dead days when the standard price in Gilligan's place of business round the corner was fifteen cents, or two for a quarter, for Gilligan's best private stock hardware; when draught beer was fifteen cents per coal hod; when you got potted plants in the apartment-house lobby and nine rooms for a hundred dollars a month or less. Back in that golden age a citified seer named Don Marquis described the typical New Yorker in effect as follows:

"The typical New Yorker is a man who moved from the country to the city and slaves in the city to make enough money to move from the city to the country."

There you have a description that includes a big percentage of the inhabitants of all the country's important express-train ports of call. Perhaps I should except the city of Washington. Alone among the country's city slickers, the heart of the Washington nation-saver is where his Government job is. To get him back to the soil, you have to shoot him.

Not high rents alone, but a generalized belief in the city slicker's heart that everything costs less in the country, urges him to telephone for the long-distance moving van. Possibly, probably the city man was born and raised in the country and should know. He doesn't. He came to the city in his callow unmarried days. In those days Pop, who never had the urban urge, alone made a scientific study of the family living expenses—not forgetting the cost of the one-way railroad ticket that brought Son from the but-tercups to Broadway.

But give one of these lads a stretch of twenty uninterrupted years in a city flat that pinches across the shoulders and he knows as much about rural problems as a Secretary of Agriculture. Just about as much.

Listen while briefly he raves of what he knows.

Once you've bought a country house you're free for life from the unholy item of apartment house rent—what? And listen! With a cheap box of a garage in the back yard, you save the forty to sixty bucks a month the city garage bandits heartlessly set you back—huh?

Meats, milk, eggs, vegetables—as man to man, aren't things cheaper when

bought at the source? The country merchant's overhead is so much less than the city merchant's, the country merchant should sell cheaper, shouldn't he?

Let me break in here to observe that there is a grain of truth in that thought. He should.

But let the city economist proceed: Right in your own garden you can raise enough stuff to feed half a dozen families. You dig up a little patch; you sprinkle broadcast a few cents worth of seed; finally you stoop occasionally to pull up a weed, probably while you and the Little Woman are out in the garden gazing full souled between rose petals at the dying sun. Then you begin freely to eat your way through unlimited beets, peas, lettuce and beans until the frost is on your pumpkin and the pumpkin's in the pie. Oh, great stuff, people!

And listen again! With a little two-car garage and only one car, what's to prevent you from keeping a roof over your own kindly cow, eh? Have to water a cow and generally valet it, of course, but when carrying out water for your car radiator why not carry enough water in one trip to water the cow?

And you can't tell me—the city slicker still speaking—that when it comes to the servant question the unspoiled, simple, good old American native stock isn't cheaper and better than these European savages or chronic brunette mistakes from Jamaica that infest city kitchens. Must be lots of these hard-working, decent country jays that would kiss you if you offered to house and feed them and gave them all of twenty-five dollars a month besides for their very own! Untrained, perhaps, but never mind the style and fancy gewgaws. Wholesome country cooking on the table three times a day—that's the stuff!

No swarms of so-called friends invading the flat day and night, bringing with them to warm their welcome, only their own pretzels to increase their thirst. No—

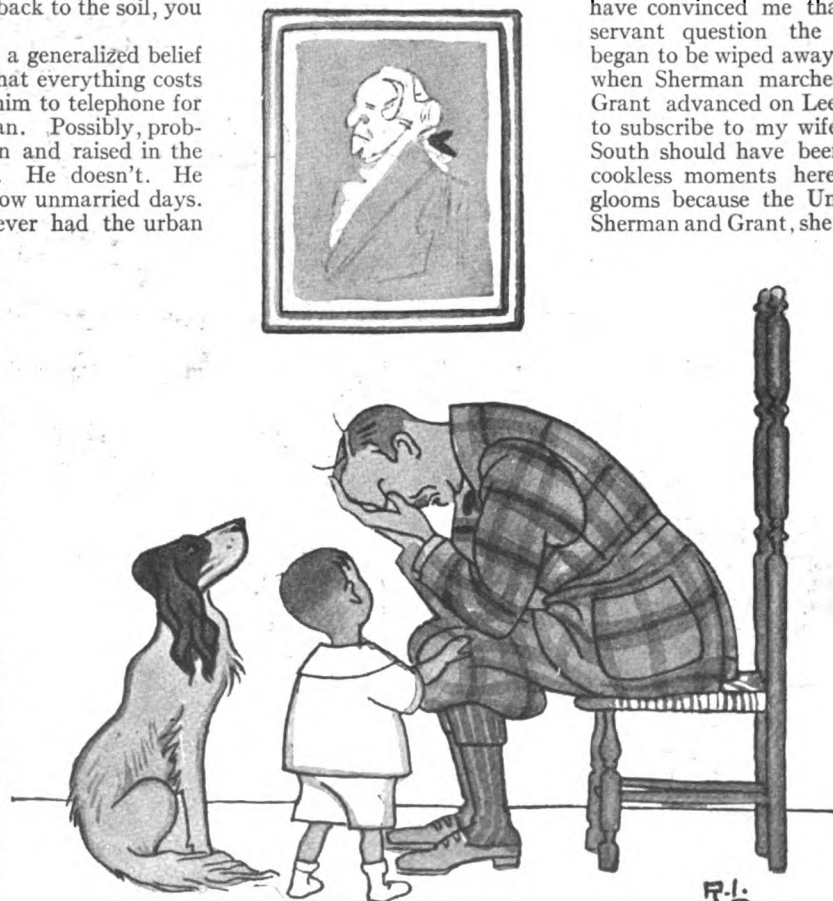
**CITY SLICKER**, hush! As man to man, shut up! As I now mount the rostrum, dear brothers of the Forty-second Street Country Club, remember I discuss no academic theories. From this on, gentlemen, we have with us tonight a man who knows what he knows.

Let us begin at random with the ever-present servant problem.

Intimate experiences in the city and country have convinced me that in the matter of the servant question the perfect state rapidly began to be wiped away, forever beyond recall, when Sherman marched through Georgia and Grant advanced on Lee. I don't go so far as to subscribe to my wife's contention that the South should have been allowed to win. In cookless moments here in the country, she glooms because the Union was not disrupted. Sherman and Grant, she feels, quite overstepped themselves.

Often, however, when I am helping her wash the dishes in the silences of a country night I find myself looking not unkindly on the servant situation as it existed in the old South before the Civil War. One can't help seeing some good in the general idea of being able to buy a good cook outright, as one buys a car, and, if heart taps or joint squeaks develop, turning her in and getting a new one.

Often while scraping a plate or shaking the tablecloth from the porch, the porch—in my mind's eye—becomes suddenly Southern Colonial.



**Q. Table Scotch zoomed to two-fifty a bottle. I had a sad hour over the grocery bill one day. Then we told our intimates that we were moving to the country for the children's sake.**



In fancy I hear coming across the fields the banjos and singing of my three hundred and sixty-seven faithful servants—their souls their own or the devil's, but their bodies mine, mine! As I read the Richmond Rooter my wife steps out and remarks lightly that Palmyra, the cook, has just quit without notice.

No excitement about the matter as there would be today.

"Here, Nip! Here, Tuck!" I call casually towards the kennels. "Doggies, the cook's left. Get her. And don't mess her. Git!"

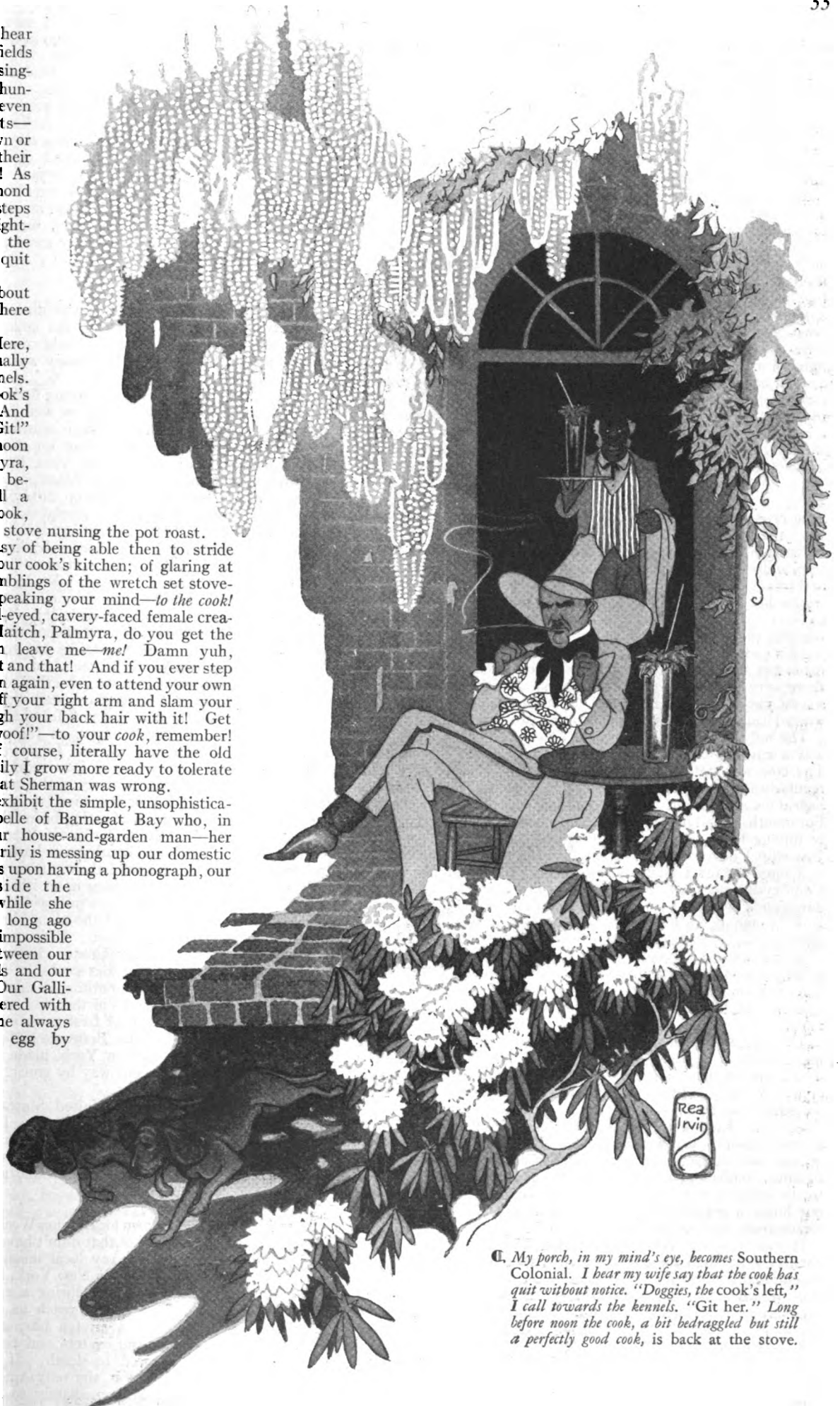
Long before noon good old Palmyra, chastened, a bit bedraggled but still a perfectly good cook, is back beside the stove nursing the pot roast.

Fancy the ecstasy of being able then to stride terrifyingly into your cook's kitchen; of glaring at her until the tremblings of the wretch set stove-lids rattling; of speaking your mind—to the cook!

"Why, you wall-eyed, cavery-faced female creature! Where in Haitch, Palmyra, do you get the big idea you can leave me—me! Damn yuh, take that and that and that! And if you ever step out of this kitchen again, even to attend your own funeral, I'll tear off your right arm and slam your front teeth through your back hair with it! Get me, you!! Grrrrr-woof!"—to your cook, remember!

I would not, of course, literally have the old order back, but daily I grow more ready to tolerate my wife's belief that Sherman was wrong.

I submit as an exhibit the simple, unsophisticated, native-bred belle of Barnegat Bay who, in collusion with our house-and-garden man—her husband—temporarily is messing up our domestic affairs. She insists upon having a phonograph, our phonograph, beside the kitchen range while she cooks. The heat long ago made it next to impossible to distinguish between our Werrenrath records and our Sousa's Bands. Our Galli-Curci's are spattered with bacon grease. She always times a boiling egg by



C. My porch, in my mind's eye, becomes Southern Colonial. I hear my wife say that the cook has quit without notice. "Doggies, the cook's left," I call towards the kennels. "Git her." Long before noon the cook, a bit bedraggled but still a perfectly good cook, is back at the stove.

putting on "Cohen on the Telephone." She costs about ten dollars a month more than a sound Jamaica.

Her gifted husband's wants run to the scientific. His latest mandate ran to the effect that it looked like he and Ma would be more content about staying with us throughout the lawn mowing season if I got me one of these here new wireless radio telephone dinguses, like his son Asher's got down to Tuckerton. Him and Ma could sort of set in the kitchen and kind of chat with the boy nights.

The lightest requests of the simple souls are commands. Today our side yard looks like a gallant five-masted schooner scooting along under bare poles.

Taking native stock American cooks, by and large, there is only one thing I can say in their favor. They are economy itself in their demands for equipment. Their only necessary tool is the frying-pan. They can fry soup, cake, tea, hors d'œuvres. It's a special gift. Sometimes a particularly thick roast of beef takes infinite patience and Al Jolson's entire repertoire on the kitchen phonograph; but give our cook time, a four-rib roast and enough records and she can fry a roast. Often a stack of her wheatcakes gets mixed up with a stack of phonograph records, owing to the similarity in texture and color. Our teeth tell us when we are biting into John McCormack's "Kil-larney," but our cook's musical ear seems to tell her nothing as she calmly plays one side of one of her wheatcakes on the phonograph and then turns it over and plays the other.

I SUPPOSE it is only fair to add also that country-bred waitresses have the art of serving a meal without maddening stage waits between courses. The bird we have first puts the entire dinner from soup to coffee—all fried—on the dinner-table in one clump and lets it cool properly while she next dons her cap and apron, frizzes her hair and generally dolls up until she really is very fetching. Finally she joins us and our city slicker guests and remarks pleasantly, "Well, folks, are you ready to set up?"

This ends her day. In return the poor, deluded, unsophisticated nut asks only for her working clothes, lodging, light, heat, three very full meals and eight to ten additional daily coffee souses and fifteen dollars a week. Fifteen was all she was asking when I came upstairs here an hour or two ago, at least.

The only other livestock we have ever had around the place was a cow we acquired shortly after moving to the country. The cow was only a temporary success. The cow gave milk regularly for some months but—if I may go into certain physiological details without being accused of vulgarity—she went dry. For months we all but flooded her with wholesome water, patiently forcing her to drink liquid to excess. She still stayed dry. Just why I never learned. There is nothing in keeping cows.

A moment ago I made a brief allusion to city slicker guests. Country life does not, I find, save us much on the high cost of our friends' living. From any Friday to Monday in the summer and throughout all holiday seasons and many week-ends in the autumn, winter and spring, our flivver meets all trains.

In the city, a guest really is a guest. In the country, the word guest comes to be looked on somewhat as a metropolitan hotel man looks on the word guest. There is, however, one vast difference. In the country it is the host who pays and pays and pays.

The only noticeable difference between our winter and summer guest business is that in winter our local bootlegger's delivery man stops at our kitchen door for the market list only about once a week. Between June and Labor Day he delivers on Tuesdays and Fridays.

We now have numbers painted on the outside of all our bedroom doors. Our family name and address are stamped on all our coat-hangers and towels, and in each bedroom the hair-brushes, combs and a volume of religious literature are attached to the walls by neat brass chains. All we lack, in fact, to make our house a regular New York hotel is a dancing floor in the dining-room and an occasional suicide in Thirteen Front.

It goes without saying that the big item of overhead to the country gentleman these days is guest hootch. Occasionally an exceptionally sensitive week-end guest elaborately opens a suitcase when he arrives on Friday and makes a ceremony of presenting to us a small bottle of synthetic gin. It lasts the donor himself almost until the Friday night dinner. We have him with us until the following Monday.

His little squirt of gin wouldn't so much as give tang to the average country house week-end cocktail batch of these dry days. In rush seasons we find that it saves time and labor to mix 'em up in the ice-cream freezer. In the harder press of big

holiday seasons, we have to shake 'em up in the electric washing-machine, a good, fair capacity machine.

Back in the simpler days of legal alcoholism in the city, I remember, our guests never expected us to begin to ply them with liquor until just before the dinner hour. In these Volstead days, you get talked about unless you make at least one round of the bedrooms before breakfast with a tray tinkling with stiff pick-me-ups. Then you have to send up their breakfasts—always if your week-end guest is a woman. She may have to get up at dawn to rustle up the family breakfast in the city, but when visiting in the country, she always breakfasts in bed. It is a practice demoralizing to our country servants. You cannot convince a pure, simple native Jersey maid that a female who breakfasts in bed is a good woman.

KEEP in mind that gin is now nearer nine dollars than ninety cents—oh, far nearer! I came to the country with a vague notion that, of all places, I surely could come out ahead in the hooch game in New Jersey. My theory was fairly sound but it didn't work out.

"Look, children," I used to say to my little ones as we roamed under our apple trees the first year we were here. "When these apples are ripe daddy will have them crushed and let the juice stand while nature takes its course for daddy. Then when Aunt Louise or Uncle Charley or Aunt Emmy"—all friends, even mere acquaintances, must be listed as aunt or uncle to all children these days—"swoop down on daddy he will have apple-jack for all. One sniff of daddy's pretty red apple up in the tree so high there and, if first properly handled, it will lay back its ears and kick even big Uncle Charley backward across a room the size of the Ocean Grove Auditorium."

The idea, I say, didn't work out. No Jersey native now has time to handle odd jobs of applejack making. All native Jersey experts now are too busy selling applejack. It is not made now. It is only sold. Can you explain the phenomenon? Neither can I.

You can, however, raise vegetables for your guests at little cost right in your own yard. If you plant at the proper season, you begin to gorge on tender yet powerful young onions late in May. Then there is a long stage wait before anything else ripens. Finally, all the peas ripen on July fifteenth, all the limas on July sixteenth, all the tomatoes on July eighteenth and all the green corn, carrots and beets on July twenty-first.

During harvest week we have four vegetables for breakfast and enlarge the vegetarian variety of the meals as the day progresses. Daily for a week or ten days, we give baskets of lima beans, baskets of tomatoes, of string beans to our neighbors to north and south. Nightly, under cover of darkness, sneakily, our neighbors to north and south leave baskets of tomatoes, of lima beans, of string beans from their gardens on our back porch.

For days following the morning upon which all our tomatoes ripen simultaneously, every porch rail, window ledge, fence top, even the tops of bookcases and the piano, are strung with ripe tomatoes perched cheek to jowl. Midsummer heat does not deal kindly with a plucked ripe tomato. In fact, when it comes to death, I know of nothing that dies so absolutely as a ripe tomato cut off in its prime. There is nothing in raising vegetables.

During the other fifty weeks of the year, the country resident has a choice of canned corn or fresh vegetables that spent the fashionable season in Florida, Bermuda or Southern California, then traveled first-class to New York, made a visit in the city, and finally motored down our way by truck. We pay for their outing and traveling expenses.

Of all the counties in the United States, this Monmouth County, New Jersey, is second only to Lancaster County, Pennsylvania, in the value of its annual crop of flossy table vegetables—or was the last time I saw the statistics a few years ago. Onions, for instance, run riot around us.

BUT EXCEPT during our own local Onion Week, I have never met an onion in our village market that didn't have a sort of cockneyish Bermuda air about it. Any local onion which the Jersey native does not promptly ship to New York, he sells, I suppose, in the Bermuda market. Once during a railroad strike, the fish train from New York didn't reach us down here on the Atlantic Coast throughout a stretch lasting three Fridays in Lent. If it were not for the oysters and clams we dug up at low tide, we'd have starved to death. If our neighborhood runs true to the general form, the only American farm or sea-shore products not shipped immediately to New York for the city slickers are sea-gulls and poison ivy. [Continued on page 137]

A Novel  
of  
REGENERATION

by the  
Man Who Wrote  
"The Wild Goose"

The  
Better  
Wife

By  
Gouverneur Morris

Illustrated by  
Henry Raleigh



C. Mary, living  
on the beach  
and in the  
water, grew  
stronger and  
prettier every  
day. She  
found it a  
wonderful  
thing to be  
thought pretty.

**I**<sup>C.</sup> *Setting Mr. Morris's Big Problem of a Good Wife and Beginning the Answer*  
T WAS hard for the newly awakened Captain Highland to believe. The bedraggled sick girl told him flatly she was his wife. He stared at his amazement. It was true, she insisted; they had been married the evening before at Greenwich, Conn., and were united for better, for worse. Worse, was the only thing of which Bud Highland could think. The girl was not only sick—she, he discovered, belonged to the most wretched sisterhood. To Bud, a promise was a promise and he had sworn to love and protect. He determined, after the first flush, to keep his promise to protect. But not in New York—at that his pride rebelled. At once, he made plans to take his new wife, his first wife had divorced him for the other man and gone away with the two boys, to the West where he and she were unknown and where she might win back squandered health and youth. Strength and happiness came to the second wife but the past crept after them and they were forced to flee farther West, to the coast—in the effort to escape the inescapable. Gradually, there emerged the real woman back of the sick creature who was now Mrs. Highland and from whom Bud was losing his desire to escape. Retrospection threw into fine relief the graces of the

present Mrs. Highland. He had remembered how the first Mrs. Highland, though a lady, had fumed at slight annoyances, had been unwilling to play the game in a square companionship of give and take. It was this recollection that awakened in him slowly an appreciation of the real qualities of the woman he now called wife—a recurring thought coming often during the long-dragging months of enforced idleness.

**O**NLY FUSSY men know how to pass time without working; and with them it is not really knowledge, but rather character and instinct. With women it is different.

A woman can always manage to be up and dressed in time to catch a given train; but if she must leave her house at eleven o'clock to catch it, still she will not be up and dressed until one second before eleven. She knows how to kill time. If she had had to leave at nine, she would have had a second to spare.

It was a slow, long winter for Bud. It was a swift, short one for Mary. She was learning so much; swimming, how to cook and preserve, how to embroider, how to work a sewing-machine. She was not only getting prettier every day, but their bedroom contained a becoming mirror, there was another in the Gothic



hat-rack (it took the place of the rose window in a cathedral) and still another in the parlor.

It was a wonderful and a beautiful thing to be good looking. Don't you think having her head chopped off would have been a lot harder for poor Marie Antoinette if she had had to stand up and lie down before all those people looking like an old frump? The girls who sit in little cages in front of the movie palaces exchanging money for tickets, do you think they could stand it, if they were pimply and had bulbous noses? All day in a cage? Not much they couldn't if they hadn't their good looks!



1. The Jessups found Mary good and sweet—brimming with youth and real kindness.

Nothing makes a woman quite so happy and self-satisfied as being admired for those qualities for which she deserves no credit whatever. The man who sets out to be a Lothario gets no where if he seeks to undermine his intended victim's defenses by telling her how good she is, how honest, how worthy, how skilled in needle work, how sensibly dressed, how good at pies. His success will depend on how pretty he thinks she is, and on the degree to which he is able to make her think that he understands her and is in close sympathy with her.

Why women want to be understood is another matter. The need seems commensurate with her looks. If she is average, she can do with a lot of misunderstanding; if she is really pretty, she can't. But if she is beautiful, she needs only someone to tell her so. Of course, the text only refers to such women as have no

brains or sense of honor, duty, decency or obligation, and in these matters the reader, before she feels herself insulted, must judge for herself.

With her return to health and prettiness, it is not to be doubted, that there germinated somewhere deep in Mary Highland's sub-consciousness, the first faint flutterings of the need for being understood. But these were things that she would not have disclosed, or talked about, not at this time, with anyone, even had that faint fluttering need been a strong loud-crying necessity.

She had reached that point in her mental evolution when she wanted to know why it was out of the question for her to feel just like anyone else; because she wondered if she didn't actually feel pretty much like anyone else. The horrors of those five years, between her enforced corruption and her marriage with Bud, were no longer vivid like a nightmare from which one has just awaked. Rather one knew that things had happened because one had an actual remembrance of their having happened; but they were vague and far away. Months of real illness and real pain soon become a negligible memory.

MARY was beginning to feel a merciful renewal of her spirit, and the hope that she might live things down.

Then one day, she came back from the beach snuffling; and was down the next day with a miserable red-nosed cold. Being in fine condition, she soon threw it off, but was left with a dry, persistent cough. This was most distressing at night. It distressed Highland too. It distressed him not only because he thought that it must hurt her, in spite of her denials, but because it wakened him and kept him awake. Sometimes, but not when he was really wide awake, he felt very impatient with her. He thought at such times that perhaps she gave way to it a little too easily, and that with a little more resolution, she might have done more to keep it in check.

What Dr. McMahon had said about her tonsils coming out some day, had lain long dormant in his head. It waked now, and got itself remembered. He had never spoken to her about it and he did not now. He merely announced one morning that there was no use letting a cough like that run on and on, and that they were going to Los Angeles, the nearest big city, to consult a throat specialist.

They might be gone a week Highland told the Jessups; and learned for the first time that their son, of whom they were inordinately proud, was coming home for a brief visit, and that they had counted on showing him off to the Highlands in all his perfect satisfactoriness, and were disappointed.

He had a big position with the Southern Pacific. They had kept it open for him while he was in the war. He had been in the Rainbow Division. He earned eighty-five dollars a week. He had been wounded slightly. He would have graduated from California if it had not been for the war. Once when he was little he had saved a woman from drowning. It was too bad they were going away. He would have made things lively. He could mimic people and sing, and tell funny stories.

"Oh," said Mary when she was alone with her husband, "they are so disappointed. And they are so kind and good. What does a day or two matter one way or the other."

"He may be something awful," Bud protested, but in the end, sooner than mar the Jessups' pleasure in their son's return, he made concessions.

"He blows in tomorrow night," he said. "We'll arrange not to go till the next day."

When that next day came he was sorry that he had not agreed to wait longer before going to Los Angeles.

His parents had told the truth about their son. He was an extremely satisfactory young man. He could mimic people and he could sing and he could tell funny stories; but he didn't much, and then so shyly and with such sweet temper, that he was delightful to his small audience.

Highland loved the way he waited on his mother and deferred to his father. His quiet voice had some quality that pierced the mother's deafness. If he looked straight at her, she missed no syllable of what her son said.

They had thought her a kind, nondescript little person; but she was not. She was a personage. She had brought this splendid big boy into the world, this strong handsome, shyly whimsical, gifted creature, and, to him, hers had always seemed the right way of doing things, and the right way of thinking things, and always would seem so.

"When you going to bring me home a daughter?" she asked

beamingly at supper. The subject having been suggested by her catching some of the youth in Mary's voice as she asked Farmer Jessup for water. Having asked, she arose, and in her simple, spick white dress, swept into the adjoining pantry to fetch a bottle of forgotten Worcestershire, and returned in time for his answer.

"When I find someone just like Mrs. Highland, Mother," he said, "and that's never."

"Well," said the old lady, "there's something in that. T'ain't often you find one that's as good and sweet and always wanting to be helping in the kitchen, as she is; but if there is another, you find her, and you tell her for me that I want her to come home with you and be here always."

So that was the impression that his wife made on people, thought Bud who had heard the question and the answer. He would be jiggered! She was the kind of woman whom a young man could select, if only to be courteous and agreeable, as representing the type of woman that he wanted for his wife, one day; and whom a mother could admire. Oh, their saying so didn't mean much and all that; but if they didn't think pretty well of her, their thoughts would have traveled into some other channel when they talked of a wife for the son.

To make even more astonishment for him, Highland now learned the sort of impression he himself had made.

"And if she's a good wife to him," piped Mrs. Jessup, "he's an all-fired good husband to her, though I do say it, as ought to



"When you going to bring me home a daughter?" Mrs. Jessup asked. "When I find someone just like Mrs. Highland, Mother," Jessup told her, "and that will be never."

stand up for my sex, and help 'em to keep on thinkin' they are down-trodden by the men. He's got more thought for her in a day than your paw ever had for me in all the long years we was keepin' company. He's up the minute she comes into the room, and stays up till she sets, and when she goes out, he jumps up and holds the door open. And if she drops her thimble he's down and after it before you can say 'Jack Robinson,' same as our old Ben would jump into the creek to fetch out a stick before it hit the water."

"WELL, MA," shouted Farmer Jessup, "and don't he act the same way by you?" Since Highland's good manners were natural and unconscious, he deserved no credit for them. Nevertheless, the credit that he was receiving was very pleasant to him and he drank it avidly.

What sweet old people the Jessups were! What a splendid boy that was of theirs! Any father could be proud of such a son. How pleasantly the home coming was going off! It might have been so awkward and such a bore.

Bud sat for a while with young Jessup after the old people and Mary had gone off to bed. Then it might have been noticed, that they were entirely lacking in that reticence which is so marked among the men, old and young, who have come home from the war. They swapped experiences with a will, and touched the psychology of



fear, and unbent to each other as they could never have unbent to men who had not suffered what they had suffered, and who, consequently, could not have understood what they were talking about as they told of their life in the army.

"Yes," Highland agreed, "the old commandments weren't made for soldiers. The big sins are Treason and Disloyalty."

After a long silence, young Jessup laughed. "And if it hadn't been for the way I sailed into that supper of mother's," he said, "I'd add Gluttony."

"There was a man in my company . . ." began Highland . . .

Mary was not asleep, but she was lying with her back turned so that the light should not shine in her eyes. But Highland did not know that she was awake, and until she told him, went about the work of undressing in a cautious tip-toe manner. But when he knew that she was awake he spoke enthusiastically about young Jessup.

"He's a peach of a fellow," he said. "I don't know when I've taken such a shine to a young man."

"Nor I," said Mary. "He said he'd be up to drive us to the station. I wish he wouldn't. He's such a lot out on the road trying to sleep in upper berths, I know his mother'd want him to sleep late and rest."

She heard her husband's pumps drop lightly to the floor, one after the other, and knew that in a moment he would turn out the light. She waited until the light was out, and the bed had given that pained and astonished series of creaks that it always gave when it felt his weight upon it. Then she said: "It was funny at supper, wasn't it?"

"What was?"

"About us."

"Oh. . . . Why, I don't know. Mary; was it?"

"Ye-es," she said in a queer little mixture of voice and snuffle.

HE WAS afraid she was crying. He wanted to say something that would help her to stop. He could think of nothing. But if she was crying, she managed to be ever so quiet and tactful about it, and he couldn't be sure. Then just as he was dropping off to sleep, she had a coughing fit. The sounds she made and the behavior of the bed clothes told him that she was sitting up to stop it. She often did that, sat bolt upright, and clenched her hands and tried to stop coughing.

The fit passed, and she lay down again.

Highland drew a long breath of relief and in a few moments had dropped off to sleep.

But Mary did not sleep for a long time.

She had cried a little. True, she had cried because of facts. She had done her duty. Now she was imagining things. Suppose she hadn't married Bud. Suppose she had got hold of a little money somehow, and had got her health back, and had come to—well, just such a place as the Jessups—and just such a man as their son had come home to visit them, and had fallen in love with her, and his mother thought she was good and sweet and always wanting to help in the kitchen—He would never have known unless she told him. If he never knew, and his mother never knew, and if she was a good wife to him, and always good and sweet, and always wanting to help, couldn't things like that be right? Not ever?

But she didn't even feel like a bad woman! If she was good and sweet it was because it was natural to her; if she was contented with very little, it was because it was natural to her. Why, yes, if things were as she was supposing, she would take a chance, she would take a chance. How pretty he thought her! She couldn't help knowing that. It was such a warm, pleasant, innocent thing to be glad because someone thought you were pretty. It was the kind of thought that nobody could blame you for smuggling up to, and hugging a little if you wanted to.

She was sitting bolt upright in the bed. She was speaking in a flat, colorless voice. She had never done anything like that before to Bud's knowledge. He knew that you mustn't startle them when they were like that. Best not speak to her even—unless, of course, she got out of bed and tried to climb out the window, or something like that.

"Yes," she repeated in the same flat, passionless voice, "it is quite, quite true, Mrs. Jessup. I wasn't a good woman before I married my husband; but I am a good woman now. And I hope you will let us stay on; because we like it here."

After a while she lay down again.

"You had a nightmare last night," Bud told her in the morning, "and you talked in your sleep."

"What did I say?"

"Oh, just a lot of rubbish," he assured her lightly.

When they had said good-by to young Jessup at the station, and were on their way to Los Angeles, she said suddenly:

"Do you think we ought to go back?"

"How do you mean—ought to go back?"

"They are such dear, kind people, and I think it would kill me, if they found out."

"There's not one chance in a million, Mary. It's bad enough to run away from facts; and I think we ought to draw the line at running away from all the remote possibilities we can think of or imagine," he said firmly.

MARY proceeded then to have one of her ridiculous coughing spells. It would stop, and then begin again. People who were trying to read began to look at her, and one old man who was too near-sighted to see that she was pretty, scowled.

Bud went to the end of the car and returned presently with a cup of water.

"I spoke to the conductor," he said, "and he says the drawing-room isn't taken. Drink this and we'll go in there."

How thoughtful he was, and tactful! Always looking after one, and being courteous and so matter of fact and quiet about it. Being taken to Los Angeles to consult a specialist—it was just like a real wife. But maybe it was because he hoped the specialist would say that she had something the matter with her that would kill her quick. She dismissed this disloyal and unjust thought.

He was the kind of man who does his best to take good care to the end, of whatever is given him to take care of. She knew that perfectly well. She knew that his sense of duty would cause him to stand any amount of pain, and to make any amount of personal sacrifice, if her welfare demanded it.

The specialist made her put back her head and open her mouth. He wore a round mirror in the middle of his forehead. This reflected a light into your throat, and then—g-a-g—g-u-g—splutter and Mary could hardly breathe.

Both her husband and the specialist were laughing at her. She had not been hurt, only surprised.

"It's your soft palate that makes you cough," said the specialist. "Too long. Both your tonsils are bad, but the right one is very bad. And you've got an adenoid as big as that!" He made a shape in the air with his thumb and forefinger. "It won't hurt you a bit." He went on, "You won't feel anything, and after a few weeks, when you find how much better you feel, you'll be my friend for life."

"When could you do it, Doctor?" asked Highland.

"Tomorrow morning at 9:30. I've a patient moving out tonight, and that gives me just one spare room. Only keep you twenty-four hours—never had any trouble yet—except with a bleeder. And I'll bet you are not that."

He tested her; drawing blood from the ball of her thumb into a glass tube not much bigger than a hair, and thereafter breaking off bits of the tube from time to time and looking at his watch to see how long it took her blood to coagulate, and when it had coagulated, he gave an exclamation indicating that her coagulation was a little quicker than normal, and with his thumb and forefinger, he triumphantly drew from what was left of the tube a dark, hair-like formation of the coagulated blood, and said, "Splendid! Couldn't be better."

"Well, my dear," said Highland, "how about it?"

He was smiling to give her confidence. She smiled back, and nodded her approval of the plan.

"All right then, Doctor," said Highland, "tomorrow morning at 9:30 we'll be on hand for the job."

"Better be here by nine. Give you time to get undressed." And he shook his finger at her playfully as if she had been a child. "Don't you dare eat any dinner tonight or any breakfast tomorrow morning. You can have a swallow of water if you really need it. But nothing else." The playfulness and banter went out of his manner, and he said gravely, "That part is really very important, so please don't forget."

When they were outside in the street, she thanked her husband as if he had given her a pretty present. It made her feel so very grateful to be taken such good care of even if it was going to hurt like anything.

Of course the operation being decided on, she didn't cough even once more, between that moment and the next morning.

She had waked very early with a presentiment of evil, and of misfortune which she was unable to throw off.

When Bud came upstairs from his breakfast, she was dressed and had her bag packed. He laughed, and was rather noisy and boisterous for him.

"Bet you wish you'd had the real breakfast I had!" he said.





**C** Mary was sitting bolt upright in bed, speaking in a flat, colorless voice. "Yes," she said, "it's quite true, Mrs. Jessup. I wasn't a good woman before I married my husband; but I am a good woman now. I hope you'll let us stay."

Bud's breakfast wouldn't have helped her any, even if she had been hungry. He hadn't been able to eat any breakfast. He had felt that he would never want to eat.

There was quite a long wait after she had undressed. A nurse gave her a shot from a hypodermic to quiet her nerves and to make the going under part a little less struggling and choky. Then Bud came in and sat by her. She had been told to keep quiet and to talk very little so that the morphine or whatever it was would have a good chance to work.

Bud did the talking. He affected an indifference which he did not feel. He felt like the devil. He felt very much as he had felt when his boys were going to be born, only not so much so. They had been through this tonsil and adenoid business, too. But he had not gone through it with them. He had been in France at the time they had their operations.

"Care to see the operating room, Mr. Highland?" the nurse asked in her effort to be considerate.

He shook his head, and told the nurse that he had seen it.

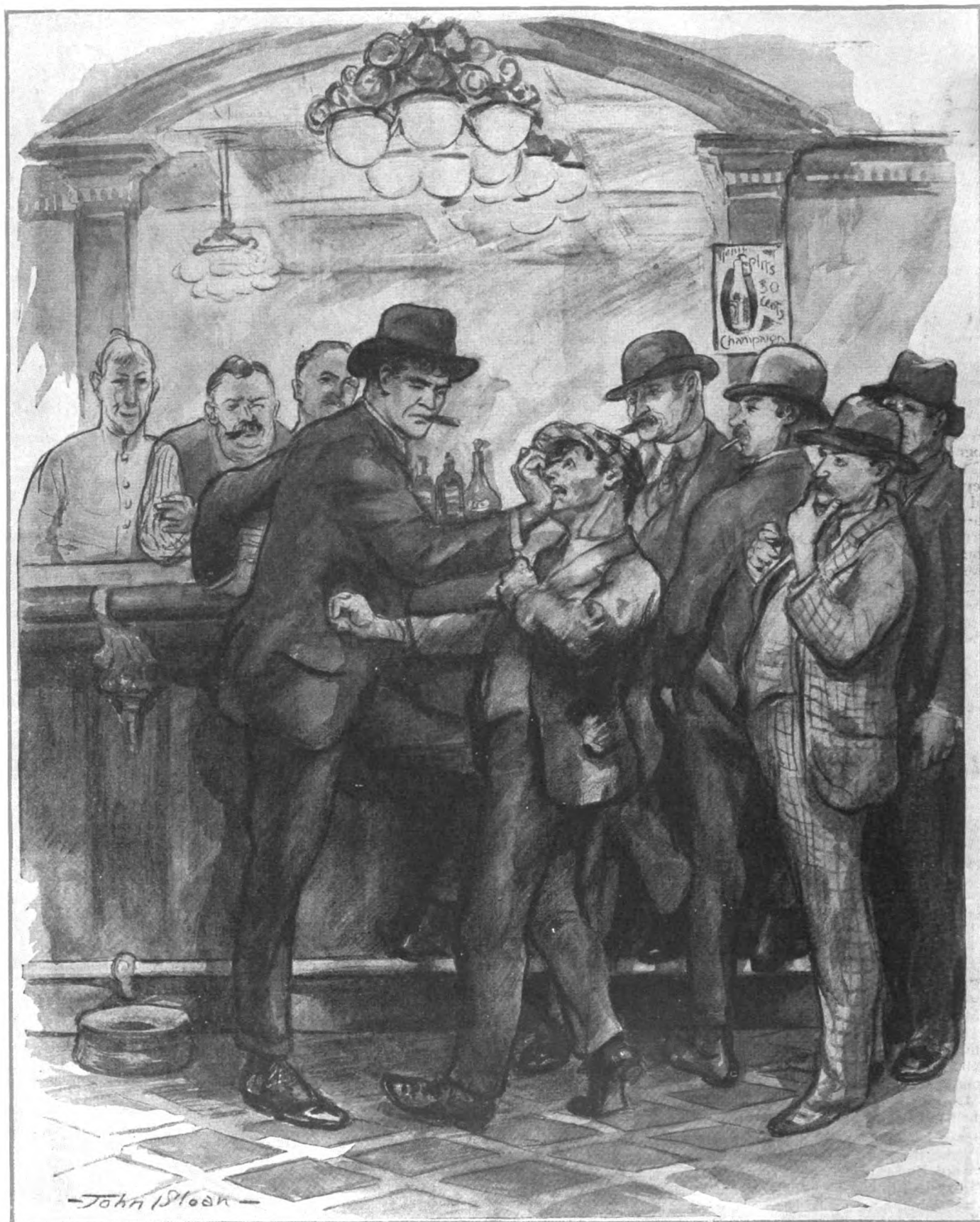
"The doctor showed me. Never saw a better. A-i."

It was the only one he had ever seen, and he had backed out of it as quickly as he could. It was all glass and white enamel, and skylight, and shining instruments behind glass. Horrible!

The morphine had begun to work. The pupils of Mary's eyes had enlarged. This made her eyes look very dark and soft. She was blissfully comfortable. She could have dropped off to sleep with the utmost ease.

It seemed to him that he was very, very old, and that she was very, very young. It seemed natural to reach out, and pat her relaxed, loose-lying hand. She smiled.

It was just the way he himself would have tried to smile if he had been going into a disagreeable experience and had wanted to make somebody who was anxious about him feel reassured. It was just so he had smiled at his first wife when he left for France—thinking that she cared a little for him. [Continued on page 136]



**Q.** *Mr. Dew was annoyed and showed it by applying the heel of his right hand suddenly under Mr. Smith's nose, nearly scraping that promontory off Mr. Smith's map.*

Mr. William B. Dew, better known as Honey Dew, believed that a good big man was better than a good little man. Then he learned that a six-shooter made all men equal. But he never learned what you will recognize as perhaps the biggest lesson of life, that you cannot transplant happiness

# Brothers Under the Sod

By Clifford Raymond

Illustrated by John Sloan

MANY YEARS before this writing, Mr. William B. Dew—Honey Dew—had been taught a principle of life by running his head into it with his eyes closed.

Frequently, it is the man who has a principle applied to him and not the man who discovers or first applies it who profits and progresses by it. This was so with Mr. Dew.

The Chinese say they discovered gun-powder. If they did they made it pretty soft for the Japanese. Because of Orville and Wilbur Wright of Dayton, Ohio, American aviators in France were able to borrow airplanes from the French to fight the Germans. We believe our Mr. Lake gave the Germans the submarine—or was it a colonial revolutionist?—and gave us a war because of it.

Mr. Dew's principle in life, before this showing up of his errors, had been:

"A good big man is always better than a good little man."

With that idea Mr. Dew ran his head into another principle.

Snit Smith was five feet, two inches and weighed 126 in front of the bar. Mr. Dew was six feet, one inch, and weighed 180. Mr. Smith was called Snit, and thus described because he resembled one of the thimble glasses of beer with which the hale and genial saloon-keeper used to pay the rent and the license.

Mr. Dew was in Grogan's saloon in Polk, east of Ashland, telling Grogan, two bartenders and ten citizens who admired him because he was buying drinks, how he had made a big bum out of a flat-foot from headquarters. He was telling it when Snit Smith came in and annoyed him.

Energetic small men often have genius in this. Snit was irritable this particular evening and the sound of any voice but his own distressed him. He made himself intimate to Mr. Dew's circle. He entered it under the elbows of the circle of citizens surrounding Mr. Dew until he lay alongside that bulk.

HE ASKED Mr. Dew where he got that stuff, the big cheese. His old brain was just as clear as a dumbbell, Mr. Dew's old brain was, and Mr. Dew would be complimented to be called a cheap steen.

Mr. Dew's number was generally known, Mr. Smith said. He was a stiff, a big stiff, a cheap bum and he, Smith, was there telling it. If he, Dew, thought he could make a bum out of anybody, even a bum from headquarters, he had another think coming and Mr. Smith wanted him to know it.

Mr. Dew was annoyed and showed it by using the heel of his right hand which he applied suddenly under Mr. Smith's nose, nearly scraping that promontory off Mr. Smith's map.

As Mr. Smith winced, with his eyes watering and his scraped promontory bleeding, Mr. Dew beat him up. He grasped the little man by the ears and kneed him in the stomach. He tried to insert his thumbs in Mr. Smith's mouth and rip his cheeks open, but Mr. Smith got one thumb between his teeth and nearly bit it off.

That made Mr. Dew dislike mayhem and he used his powerful punch to knock Mr. Smith down three times. He kicked him in the head twice, hauled him to the door and threw him far and wide into the gutter.

He then had Grogan dip his handkerchief in ice-water and he bound up the hurt thumb. Thus far he had proceeded ac-

ording to his proved formula—a good little man was no match for a good big man.

There were some fifty patrons in the saloon and they all were grateful for a diversion.

Within fifteen minutes, Snit returned. He re-entered the front door with a whoop and uttered the following profound declaration which thereupon changed Mr. Dew's life:

"Smith and Wesson made all men equal."

Then he began shooting.

Mr. Smith shot up the place. Two bartenders, who could have handled him with ease, if he had been unarmed, were flattened down behind the bar. Grogan was in hiding. Mr. Smith was shooting up the place when Mr. Dew was on his way home with a considerable congregation only two jumps behind him in its eagerness to get away.

IN THIS obscure way and in the modest surroundings of Grogan's place the city gunman made his first appearance, a dramatic event and a portentous advent, but inconspicuous. It was an advent of a new type. The almost harmless but romantic gunman of the west—the west of fiction and of fact—had been transplanted to the alleys and the rat holes, to the dives and dope joints, to the feuds and saloon quarrels, to the industrial and labor controversies of metropolitan life.

Little old Snit Smith did all this. Honey Dew, rapidly on his way home, knew that something had indeed entered his life. There was something wrong with his idea that a good big man must be better than a good little man. It was all wrong. He recalled Mr. Smith's pregnant words, preliminary to the shooting:

"Smith and Wesson made all men equal."

They did and they didn't. Contraptions for equality constantly increase but they all arrive at the same conclusion: You can't keep a good man down. But he need not be a big man, physically, in order to be good.

Mr. Dew, running rapidly, thought rapidly. He had intelligence. The good man need not be a big man. The age of chivalry was gone. Snit had shot it to pieces.

Mr. Dew was a gunman by the time he reached his door knob. He bought himself a revolver and a packet of cartridges the next morning.

When he definitely in his own mind had changed his status from that of slugger to that of gunman, he knew that as he had more force he had more power, and as he had more power he ought to have more profits. That was mere justice to himself.

Honey's next big idea did not come all at once. He looked about a good deal and thought a good deal but when he got the idea he knew it was good. It was great.

Honey's reasoning went thus: There were the hod-carriers. Hod-carrying might be a skilled trade, but still any able-bodied man could put bricks in a hod and carry them up a ladder.

Hod-carriers unionized, were powerful. Mr. Dew realized that common labor could be unionized, by someone with a gun.

Window-cleaners, street-sweepers, janitors, ash-men, any body of men in any labor could be unionized and could enforce demands if force was behind them.

They did not need the integration of special skill in their work. All they needed was the integration of force which said





**Q** In his early slugging days Honey Dew had taken a girl across the lake on a night boat to St. Joe and she objected strenuously and successfully to his tactics which certainly could not be called those of a gentleman.

that their demands had to be regarded with serious attention. Upon this principle Honey Dew could have organized school children, grasshoppers, spring chickens or flying fish.

It was a great idea. Honey knew it. It had come slowly but he knew it was sound. It would not work out all at once but it would work out. He had to establish a little terror with his gun and the less he used it the better.

He set out on his way and the scheme worked. He organized unions of the unskilled with his gun and controlled them with it. He bullied and blackmailed. He instigated murder and did some necessitous shooting himself. His extortions made him wealthy.

**H**ONEY DEW was married. In his early slugging days, he had taken a girl across the lake on a night boat to St. Joe and she objected strenuously and successfully to his tactics which certainly could not be called those of a gentleman. He left her to shiver out the night wherever she could on the boat while he enjoyed the stateroom.

He did not speak to her again for two months but then he demanded that she marry him and she did. He had confidence in her, and he egotistically figured that it was comfortable to have confidence in one's wife.

Ella Mellon found that marriage with Honey Dew was coarser than it had occurred to her to imagine, but she was not hurt morally thereby, because she knew that marriage was a righteous state and she did not question a righteous thing. She had two babies, sang a great deal, saved money out of her allowance, cooked excellent meals and kept house so immaculately that Honey Dew was impressed.

Ella made him uneasily reverential in spite of his coarseness. When he first realized this emotion he rebelled. He certainly was not going to stand in moral awe of a woman who was his by legal right. He tried to degrade her. He could not do it. She was singing and clean. She knew she was his wife.

Before this Honey Dew had not had many complexities but some now had their origin in his confused emotions. He began to respect a woman. Even when he was first married and at

that time not earning much money he had given Ella regularly an allowance for the house and it was fair in proportion to his earnings. He began to have another admiration for Ella when, after a year, he found that she had saved \$200 and had it banked. She told him she had it and said that although she hoped to add to it, if he ever needed it he could have it.

She did not know exactly what his employment was from time to time. When his affairs began to get into the newspapers, he explained that it grew out of labor troubles and that the newspapers lied. Ella thought God was good to them.

Honey and Ella lived in the west side region where they had been raised, the region which means the Jefferson Street fish and fowl markets, Hull House, the hospitals and medical schools, Ashland Avenue which thought once it was competing with Prairie Avenue in the beau world—that was when Christine Nilsson was singing at the Old Columbia and the Auditorium, when Billy Boyle had a chop house in Calhoun Place. It also means Halsted Street and Blue Island Avenue. Blue Island Avenue used to mean imported Pilsner beer.

**E**LLA thought they had a nice flat. It had six rooms and had been wired for electric light. Honey thought it was good enough until he began to know that he had money and authority. His affection for Ella and love of himself asked that she look like a Christmas tree and live in a marble mausoleum.

When they went to the gas workers' ball where Honey Dew was presented with a diamond studded gold watch, they led the grand march.

Ella was very wholesome in her simple home-made finery, but Honey knew she was not the Queen of Sheba. She did not impose on the eyes. Their home did not demand reverence for solvency and Honey Dew knew it.

"We got to cut this," he said to Ella. "This isn't getting us anything. This is a bum part of town. If you live here you don't amount to anything."

"I like it, Will," said Ella. "It's good enough for me. We're comfortable and you've made so much money. We've done



**C.** Honey Dew did not speak to Ella again for two months but then he demanded that she marry him and she did. He had confidence in her and he, egotistically, figured that it was comfortable to have confidence in one's wife.

better than I ever expected. Maybe we'd better let well enough alone and live comfortably here."

"Now, Ella," said Honey, kindly, "you take that to J. B. Forgan and see what he'll lend you on it. You don't know people. I do. I've been up against them. You've got to tell them what you are. Then they'll believe it. We ain't telling anybody anything living like this. People take you on your clothes and a house is a part of your clothes. You've got to make a front."

"I'm happy," said Ella. "I've got you and Stella and Arthur. People aren't going to like us where we go. We'll not know anybody there and maybe they won't want to know us. And our friends here won't ever go over there to see us."

"Yes, they will. I'll give them a big party once just to show them how we're fixed. But I don't want them to come much. I want the swells to come. Everybody goes where money is and we're going to show money because I've got it and can show it. Speed, Ella. That's what we're going to show, and class and that's what counts most with folks."

**H**ONEY bought a house in Grand Avenue. It cost him \$40,000. The price proved his solvency—his respectability.

Ella went to a Michigan Avenue dressmaker and was helpless in her hands. She was frightened by her sudden vision of prospects with her husband, a big, strong, wealthy man wanting a woman lovely enough to be his complement. She sensed enough of Honey Dew's accomplishments to know that he must be powerful and he wanted her to share his power.

Any man of her acquaintance who earned so much as \$100 a week was extraordinary, and her husband, the way he gave her money, wanted her to spend money, and the way he spent money himself indicated him as a person of great opportunity and power in which she had little share.

This alarmed her because she did not believe she could rise with him. If he had a good job and she had the two children and they all had a comfortable flat, always with enough money to pay the bills promptly and to put enough aside against illness and the probable injuries to life, that would be happiness.

They, then, could have for ambition the education and bringing up of the children, live renewed in the youth, courtship and marriage of the children and again in their grandchildren. They might also build a house and have chickens. Such were rational prospects—but this of living up to a big man and being worthy of all his money was terrifying.

Whether because of lack of conscience or comprehensiveness of vision, the dressmaker made a Christmas tree of Ella, who was pleased and felt more confident. Mr. Dew, seeing her various gowns, was impressed. Ella, to him, was regal. She was some girl. He could be proud of her anywhere.

The clothes question, as Ella thought of it, was not so difficult as the moving from her comfortable neighborhood into the Grand Avenue home. She wished she dared try to persuade Honey against it. Again there was the fear that she might fail him and he might want another woman.

They moved. The daughter, being the mother again, shared the mother's apprehensions. The son was undisturbed. He had exhausted the old neighborhood and wanted a wider field.

Honey took the new surroundings merely as scenery. They did not mean his social life. He went as he always had done, in his car with his gunman chauffeur and his gunman companion, covered the west side, stopping at his accustomed time at the saloons where he always had stopped, saw all the men he was accustomed to see, and changed his life only as he was driven to the Grand Avenue house for dinner or, later, when he was driven there for a night's sleep.

"We're fine now, mother, ain't we?" he asked, as he looked about at the brilliant house.

"It is very grand, Will," she said, "but I'm lonesome."

"I'm not lonesome," said Stella, "but I am mad."

"What are you mad about, kid?" asked Honey Dew. "You ought to be mad! What more do you want? That's a grand piano, ain't it? Did you ever see anything but an instalment plan upright over on Forquer Street?"

Honey had started brightly and was ending pathetically.

"Stella doesn't mean she's mad," said Ella. "I think she's lonesome, too, and says it another way. I know it's wicked.



**E**lla was a wash-tub woman. She loved plain cleanliness. "You ought to look like something," said Honey. Ella's thought was rapid and comprehensive. He might be wanting another woman.

There are so many people who haven't got anything and we have so much more than we ever expected to have."

"Maybe I am lonesome," said Stella, "but I don't think it's that. I'm sorry, Pa, if you're hurt, but you can't make a home for mother and me just by buying a house over here on Grand Avenue. We had a home where we were, but we've only got a house here."

"How do you get that way?" Honey asked, in an almost timid uncertainty. "You always wanted to get ahead and be somebody ever since you were old enough to think. Your ma and I always wanted you and the lad to be more than we were, didn't we, honey? Now you are in a swell neighborhood and going to a swell school and you are just as good as anybody."

"FATHER," said Stella, "you've tried to do more than any man can do. You can't do everything for me and Arthur. You can do more for him than you can for me. He's strong and can make all the teams in his school. He plays football and baseball and basketball and hockey. There's a colored boy does the same thing just as well as Arthur. He and Arthur are about the best in the school and the other boys just take them as they are. In my school the girls don't take me for what I am."

She paused in an effort to make her father understand.

"I mean there are some things you can't do for us," she went on. "I want to do it for myself if I can. I want to be a doctor or a lawyer. Where we were, we could have been honestly something ourselves, but over here people just despise us. I can stand it because I just know I can be something useful some day."

"Stella, you cut that out," said Honey Dew. "You don't need to do anything for yourself. If you want to be a doctor go on and be a doctor. If you want to be a lawyer go on and be a lawyer. You and ma go and give a party. Invite everybody. They'll all come. Don't you worry. I'll see that they come."

Ella went to Stella's room, after Honey Dew, in a fur coat—two revolvers in the pockets—had gone in his car to a meeting.

"Arthur's so often not home to dinner," said Ella, "and doesn't come in till late."

"You don't go to sleep until he comes in," said Stella reproachfully. "You mustn't worry about us, mother. Arthur's bound to be all right."

"But I care as much about you as I do about Arthur, Stella."

"I'll be all right," said the girl. "I don't want any sympathy, but it's a little harder for me. I could work out of Forquer Street easier than out of Grand Avenue, but father can not know that and it's no use trying to tell him!"

THE ILLINOIS NATIONAL BANK was building a new home. The new bank building went ahead towards its twenty-story magnificence and then it stopped. It stopped almost dead. One day the steel workers were at work and the next day they were not. If they were, the terra cotta men were off. The wiring wasn't being done or there was trouble with the plumbers and steam fitters. Finally everything came to a standstill and nothing could be budged.

Mr. Angus McLloyd, president, did not understand things that could not be budged and he gave everyone in charge of construction such a bad time that it finally was important to let him get in close contact with circumstances himself. Mr. McLloyd was impatient and incredulous. He met Honey Dew at his own request.

Mr. Dew was ushered into his office, shook hands with him and sat down so innocently and awkwardly that Mr. McLloyd wondered how anyone ever had dared tell him that this man was holding up the \$4,000,000 building investment of the Illinois National Bank.

"What, exactly, seems to be the trouble, Mr. Dew?" Mr. McLloyd asked.

"Nothin'," said Honey Dew. "What kind of trouble? Is there trouble?"

"I thought you knew," said Mr. McLloyd. "We don't seem to be able to go ahead with our building."

"I hadn't noticed," said Honey Dew, "except I thought you were getting along pretty well, considering."

"Considering what?"





**E**lla was so grand that she thought it might be difficult for anyone to take Honey away from her. Mr. Dew was impressed—Ella, to him, was regal. She was some dame. He could be proud of her anywhere

"The weather and the jams the men always get into—the jurisdictional jams. You're doing pretty well."

"We aren't doing anything."

"I noticed that," said Mr. Dew.

Mr. McLloyd thought he knew how to deal with his fellow men but he did not know how to deal with a man who was apathetic, who contradicted himself, who did not seem to want anything, who had not sought a loan, who did not need Mr. McLloyd or the Illinois National.

**H**ONEY DEW had the half of a dead cigar in his mouth. He was bulked stolidly in his chair and he merely batted his eyes at Mr. McLloyd.

"It is outrageous that a great public improvement should be stopped for no reason," said Mr. McLloyd. "I don't understand it. Possibly if I did, some arrangements could be made."

Mr. McLloyd thought this was significant but Mr. Dew did not seem to perceive or receive fact, intimation or nuance.

"I wondered what you wanted to see me for," he said.

"To get these strikes stopped," McLloyd said. "You can do it. How is it to be done?"

"That's what you want to know, is it?" Mr. Dew asked. "Why talk to me? I'm not a builder."

"Let's suppose I have some information and some intelligence."

"Maybe you have, but why talk to me?"

"Because I know you can break or settle these strikes."

"Oh, you know that, do you?"

"I think I have been correctly informed," said Mr. McLloyd.

"Maybe you have been," said Mr. Dew. "I'm not saying that you haven't. What's it worth to you?"

Mr. McLloyd, thus approached, morally became an amphibious Christian trying to take to the water and at the same time remain on land. He used both hands in moral gestures of deprecation while he tried to find words that smothered his scruples but expressed his meaning.

"I'll deal with you," said Honey Dew suddenly, throwing the unsmoked half of his cigar on the rug. "I want something. I

want Mrs. McLloyd to call on my wife and I want you and her to come and have a meal with us."

Mr. McLloyd looked at Mr. Dew with a composure which only a Scotch ancestry could have produced. That composure enabled him to keep silent without seeming to be awkward. Mr. McLloyd had taken a hard punch on the jaw and did not seem to be aware of it. This was defensive strategy at its best.

"I prefer to make this a business rather than a social matter," he said, when he felt that his head was nearly normal again. "Mrs. McLloyd would be pleased to know Mrs. Dew, but I couldn't tell her that it was the settlement of a strike."

"My woman does what I tell her," said Honey Dew.

Suddenly Angus McLloyd did not give a damn whether the Illinois Bank Building ever was built.

"Mrs. McLloyd," he said, "is not my woman. She is Mrs. McLloyd. You can get the hell out of here and I tell you I'll bust you and your whole damned system."

**Y**ES YOU WILL," said Honey Dew. "When I talk to you again, you'll not be invited to my house. We'll be invited to yours, Mr. McLloyd."

He walked out with his hat on his head and Angus McLloyd was so infuriated that for ten minutes he did not trust himself to push a button. When he did trust himself, he asked for Mr. Allen. Mr. Allen was the building manager and he believed in direct action.

"You may do as you like," Mr. McLloyd said. "I want this situation ended."

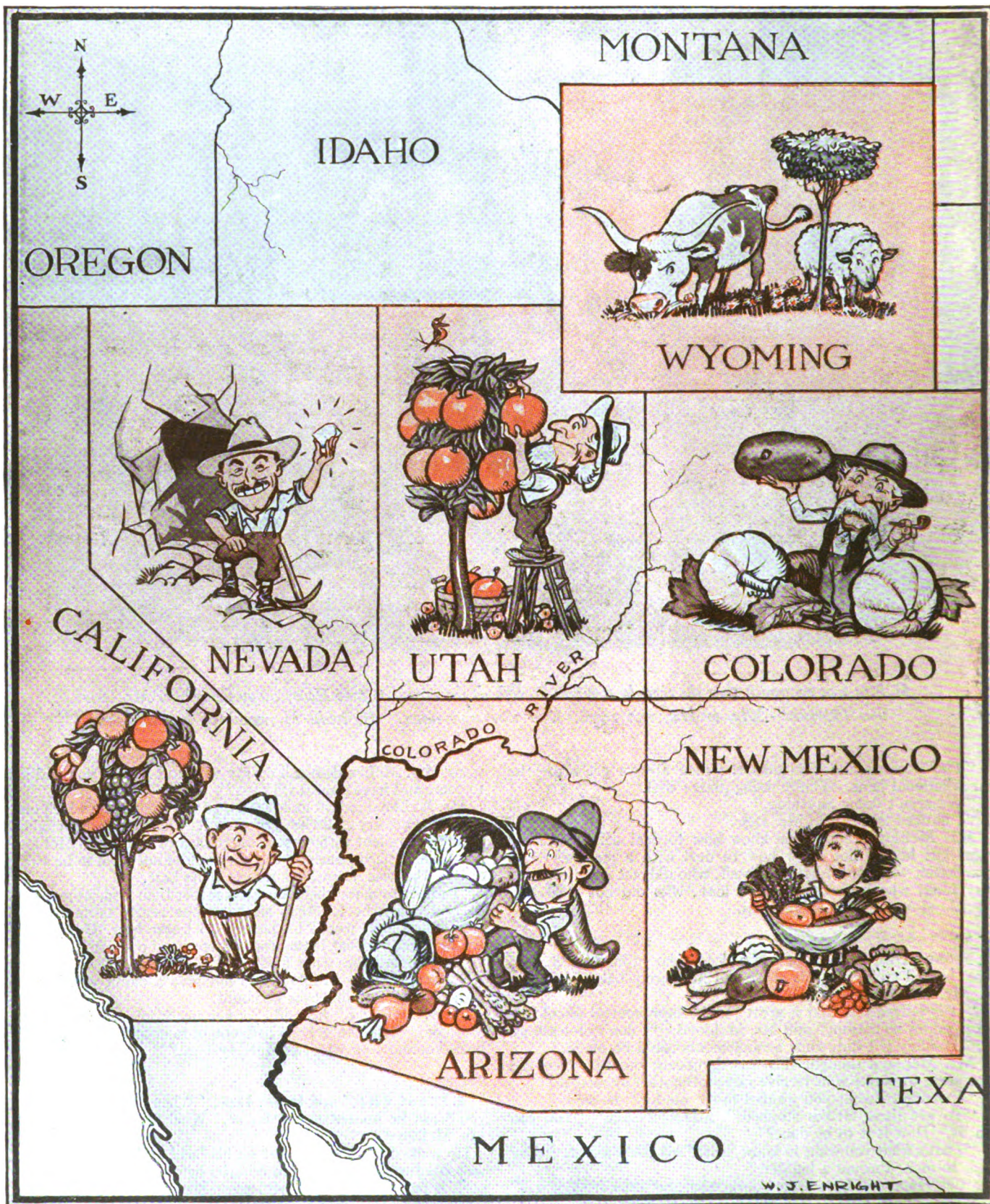
"Very well," said Mr. Allen. "All we have needed was your consent."

Mr. McLloyd was angry but Mr. Allen's casual attitude towards so great a question, an attitude intimating a certainty of settlement, aroused an alarmed curiosity.

"What are you going to do? What do you mean?" he asked. "I want you to settle it, but how are you going to do it?"

"I'd rather not tell you," said Mr. Allen. "It won't be pleasant and I don't know any reason why [Continued on page 124]





Q. Drawn by Walter J. Enright

Q. Seven states now contend for the use of a river which touches or drains each of them.

Q. They want a dam that arid spots may become fertile, but they don't want to sacrifice local interests to benefit another state

Q. Back of them all is the United States with far-reaching rights of its own, overlapping and complicating the rights of the original seven



# Seven STATES &

# A Big RIVER

By William Hard

**S**EVEN states within the United States are trying to agree on a treaty among themselves, sharing up a river. They are California, Arizona, Nevada, New Mexico, Colorado, Utah and Wyoming.

This river flows through—or alongside—six of them. It draws much water from many sources out of the seventh. It flows seventeen hundred miles from the head of its longest tributary to the sea.

It begins in lakes that are fed from snows that no summer ever wholly melts. It ends traversing a plain that no winter ever congeals. It comes from cold as of the Arctics to heat as of the Tropics. It passes through bare canyons, and when it leaves the canyons it passes through barren sands. By nature its course is a course of sterile desolation. By artifice when its waters are stopped by dams and led aside by ditches, it can create 7,000,000 acres of crops. It already creates some 2,000,000 acres.

After the irrigation project is carried out, these states probably will specialize on the following crops:

- |             |   |
|-------------|---|
| Arizona:    | Fresh vegetables such as celery and asparagus; cotton; oranges; grapefruit; lemons. |
| Nevada:     | Very small acreage for agriculture; mostly will be power for mines.                 |
| New Mexico: | Soya beans; potatoes; cauliflower; cantaloupe; sugar beet; hay; alfalfa.            |
| Colorado:   | Potatoes; melons; lettuce; berries; grazing.  |
| Utah:       | Apples; peaches; cherries; grazing land.  |
| California: | Dates; oranges; lemons; grapefruit; garden vegetables.                              |
| Wyoming:    | Grain for feed; grazing for sheep and cattle.                                       |

The size of the job can be indicated thus: the Colorado River could run for nearly two years, at its normal flow, without filling up the basin that would be created by the dams.

**W**ITHOUT the dams, the river threatens the lives of 50,000 to 100,000 people. If it breaks away from its bed, they may be drowned. More likely, as they all own motors, they will escape to Los Angeles in their Fords. If you look at the accompanying map, you will see why Los Angeles thinks the engineering work will make her one of the most important cities in the United States.

The dam in Boulder Canyon will be seven hundred feet high. Some people want to build it by boring great tunnels in the



**O. Oliver H. Sharp**, Governor of Colorado, is one of those most interested in the big reclamation project.

**Q.** Uncle Sam has told seven states to get together on the great new wealth from the biggest dam in the world. Such a question among seven foreign countries would often mean war

walls of the canyon and by then blowing avalanches of rock out of those tunnels into the river below. Other people want to build it by the more customary method of going down to river bottom and building it up from there in solid concrete from foundation to parapet. It will be very narrow relatively to its height. Seven hundred feet high, it will be at its top only twelve hundred feet wide.

It will store enough water to prevent all danger of floods in the Imperial Valley below. It will store enough water to supply the people on the lower reaches of the Colorado with all the water they could reasonably need to supplement the water they now get from the normal flow of the Colorado in the dry season. It will store enough water to make the contract for developing the electric power from it a great national political question.

The bill introduced into Congress by Senator Johnson and Congressman Swing makes the whole of the Colorado River from the middle of the State of Colorado down to the Mexican border a national possession. It provides that along that whole stretch the Federal Government shall have the exclusive right to construct all dams and all reservoirs and all irrigation diversion works.

Here then are seven states moving towards a treaty for partitioning and apportioning the Colorado and here

is the Federal Government moving towards an exclusive jurisdiction in much of the Colorado district. Between the treaty and the bill, this river ought at last to find out who owns it. The basin which it drains will then some day be the home of great multitudes of people who will make it seem much more reasonable to the rest of us that the Senate of the United States should consist of two Senators from each state. We now see the beginning of the final peopling of the basin of the Colorado.

The river is the possession of these seven states: Wyoming, Colorado, Utah, New Mexico, Nevada, Arizona and California, and the United States. It belongs to seven sovereign states and one super-sovereign state.

The seven sovereign states are now trying to put their thoughts about it into an interstate document. They have gone in for diplomacy. They have appointed delegates. The delegates have met. They have exchanged credentials. They have brought experts. One of them remarked the other day at the end of several hours of testimony:

"If the treaty would hurt my state, I am against it; if not, I am for it."

He is a patriot. If his state had an army and could use it, he might die in his boots defending the right of his state to every drop of rain that falls upon it and preventing the forces



of the cruel foe from asserting any claim to any equality of consideration whatsoever in reference to any water flowing down from his land to theirs.

His monument might say:

"Here lies the man because of whom the brave men and virtuous women of our state can use up all the water in the Colorado River on their thrifty farms and in their God-fearing homes if they want to."

The super-sovereign state at Washington is able to head him off from that fame. The United States has appointed a delegate to be the presiding delegate in the interstate conference for the apportioning and partitioning of the flow of the Colorado.

The flow of the Colorado, besides creating 7,000,000 acres of crops, can create 6,000,000 horsepower of electric current.

The area drained by that flow is four times the area of New England. The city of Los Angeles, on the Pacific Ocean, wants some of the electricity that will be made in Colorado River power-houses. The city of Denver drinks water from hills that send part of their rainfall down towards the sites of those power-houses to help light the city of Los Angeles.

Denver lies near the north-eastern edge of the basin of the Colorado. Salt Lake City lies near its north-western edge. In the South and East, its limiting line is not far from El Paso, Texas. In the South and West, it approaches San Diego, California. Those four points—Denver, Salt Lake City, El Paso and San Diego—can roughly be said to be the points that pin the basin of the Colorado to the map.

**P**EOPLE in Wyoming, at the head of the Green River, which is the Colorado's most northerly tributary, live at an altitude of 7,500 feet. People in California, in the Imperial Valley, which is watered from the Colorado by means of a ditch that makes an international detour through Mexico, live at what can not really be called an altitude at all. It might be called a profunditude. It is a level 250 feet below the level of the sea. These people are sub-aquatic.

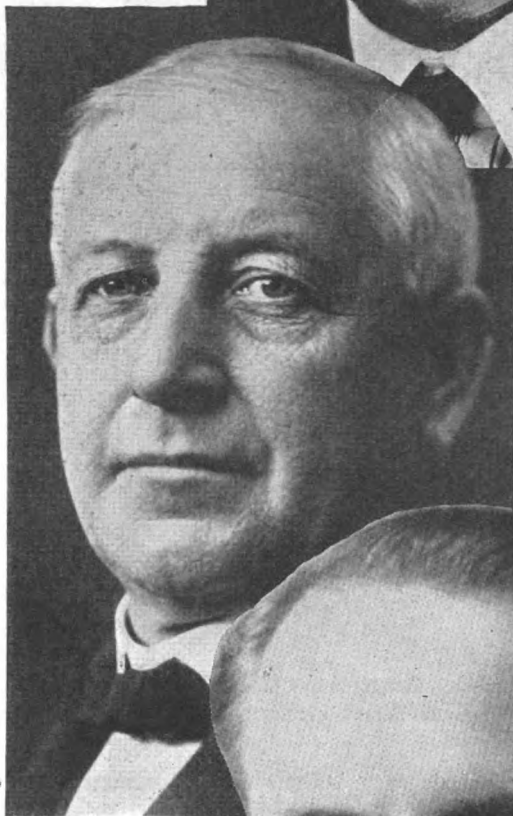
The Colorado impends over them. It casts its shadow upon them. They are not secured against it by the great ridge which it has built for itself with its silt. They are not secured against it by the levee which they themselves have built. The great river is too great—and too wayward.

It tires of its channels. With its silt, it makes new channels. It carries great quantities of this silt to its delta at its outlet across the Mexican border in the Gulf of California. It lashes it there into always shifting shapes.

The people of the Imperial Valley live at the river's mercy. Their works and they are in the power of a shift of silt in a river's bank. As a Greek chorus might say, and often did say, without ever getting contradicted, "Man is a bold and woeful animal."



*Utah has designs on the Colorado River and Governor Charles R. Mabey is constantly on the job.*



*So is Governor Thomas E. Campbell, of Arizona.*



*William D. Stephens, Governor of California, has his eye on the project.*

The people in Wyoming in the basin of the Colorado are given to driving cattle on forest ranges and they want water from the Colorado River in order to have irrigated spots on which they will grow green forage for more cattle, which they will drive out for the remainder of their feeding on more forest ranges. This is their sort of need.

**T**HE PEOPLE in California in the basin of the Colorado want water from the Colorado in order to have irrigated spots on which they can grow (for instance) long staple cotton; and it is their additional desire that what water they do not want from the Colorado shall stay within the banks of the Colorado and leave the Imperial Valley unvisited.

They therefore are very willing that all other people in the basin of the Colorado—in Wyoming and in all the rest of the seven states—should join with them in a brotherly spirit to apportion the waters of the Colorado and to catch those waters, store them, subdue them, control and regulate them.

It happens thereupon that some of the other people on the upper reaches of the river are inclined to say:

"If our brothers along the lower reaches of the river should get large amounts of water in reservoirs down there, they will draw upon that water. Today they have barely enough water for their present fields. With new reservoirs, they will lay out new fields and they will file new claims on the flow of the Colorado for watering those fields.

"Then when we want to make new fields of our own along the upper reaches of the Colorado, we may find that we may have to go into court somewhere and defend ourselves against these brothers, who may then say that they have taken out 'prior appropriations' on the water which we want to use—water that runs right by our homes and hearths. Whose water is it? We must think."

It would be extremely unnatural if they did not. They do. But to encourage them to think faster, the Federal Government enacted a statute under which Mr. Hoover was chosen to preside over the Colorado River Commission and its delegates from the seven states, with a provision ex-

pressed or understood that the seven states must sign a treaty before this year is out.

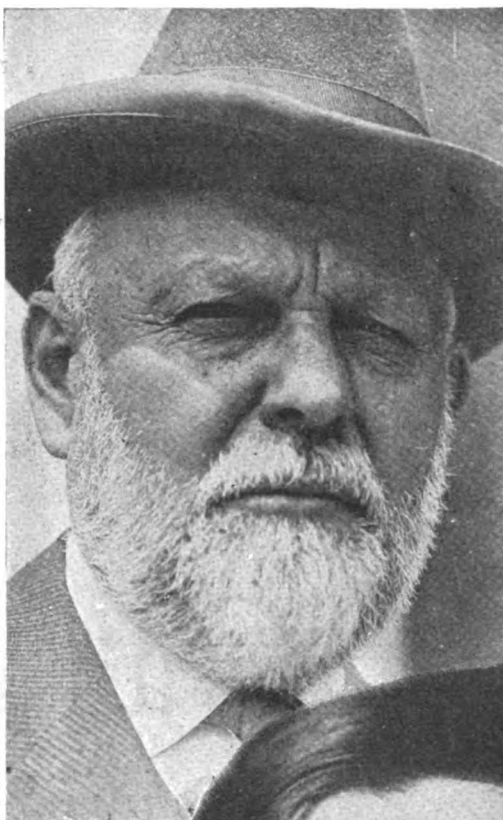
What is now attempted in the case of the proposed treaty regarding the waters of the Colorado is that the delegates of seven states shall freely and independently sign it and that then the legislatures of seven states shall freely and independently ratify it and that then the Federal Government shall approve it.

MEANWHILE Senator Johnson, of California, and Congressman Swing, of California, approaching this field of brotherhood by a flank movement and stationing themselves for legislative purposes at a spot called Boulder Canyon on the course of the Colorado River, where it forms the frontier between Arizona and Nevada, have declared that there at that spot, according to a bill which they have introduced into Congress, there shall be a dam and a reservoir and a power-house for the control of floods and for the development of irrigation projects and for the manufacture of electricity on a scale commensurate with the grandeur of the Colorado, which has a mean annual run-off of 17,000,000 "acre feet."

The Colorado River lived without knowing its acre feet for many decades after white men first saw it. An acre foot is the amount of water that will cover an acre to the depth of one foot. The Colorado now blesses its upper reaches with cantaloupe and lettuces. We know now the number of acre feet that the Colorado carries with it along in its abyss from the region where the talk may center on the vegetable market to the region where the talk may swing to the long staple cotton market of Egypt. We sometimes think that romance and gages can not go together. We like the place that Samuel Taylor Coleridge found:

Where Alf the sacred river ran  
Through caverns measureless  
to man  
Down to a sunless sea.

This idea of being "measureless" is fascinating to us. The Colorado is measured now to just about its last drop of water and its last grain of silt. It is scientifically known. Yet trainload after trainload of people come all the time in this



G. Governor Robert Davis Carey, of Wyoming, will see that his state doesn't get the short end of it.



G. Governor Emmet D. Boyle of Nevada is watching the river bank in the southern part of his state.



G. The development of the big dam scheme is being followed by Governor Mechem of New Mexico.

scientifically knowing age to the brink of the canyon of the Colorado to do nothing but look down and draw back and look down again.

Who knows if the people who look down over the brink of the canyon of the Colorado today are more awed or less awed by it than Francisco Silvestro Velez Escalante, who set foot on the rim of the Grand Canyon some sixty years before the British set foot on Plymouth Rock?

What we do know is that in the year of the ringing of our Liberty Bell in Philadelphia, Escalante went clear across the abyss and the basin of the Colorado and came to the lake that is now called Utah Lake, not very far from the city that is now called Salt Lake City, before he turned back and left the brilliant colors of the northern rocks and descended the staircase of vertical cliffs to the brilliant colors again of the desert flowers in the southern sands from which he started.

Thirty-two years later—in 1808—a certain other man came into the basin of the Colorado. He did not come from the South. The peculiarity of this man was that he came from the East. He came from the East and he made his entrance into the basin of the Colorado at a point in the region which is now the state of Wyoming. His name was Andrew Henry.

From that time on in the basin of the Colorado the names like Andrew Henry began to overlie the names like Francisco Silvestro Velez Escalante.

Then came the slow glacial pressure of the men from the East and the North. They went by inches and when they explored they measured and they took and they stayed. From them came Johnson and Swing with their dam and reservoir.

To return to the dam, then, it will be the tallest dam in the world.

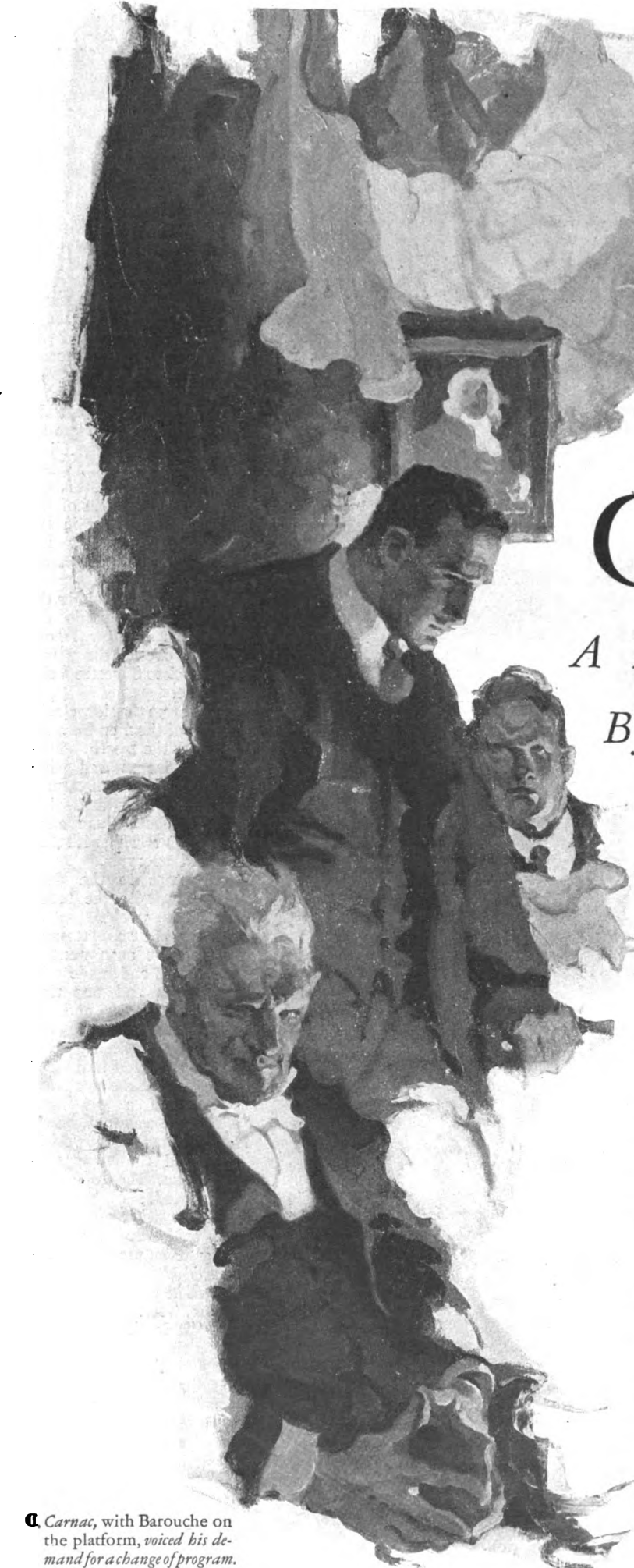
An eastern statesman says that he once went to Los Angeles and made a lot of speeches and was tired in the afternoon and lay down to sleep; but a committee of hospitality woke him up and took him sight-seeing. He came to a stand in front of a gas tank. "That," he was told, "is the largest gas tank in the world."

He told the story to a Californian. The Californian was puzzled.

"That's what they told me," said the statesman. "They took me out there and said, 'That's the largest tank in the world.'"

"But," said the Californian, "it is the largest gas tank in the world."

Behind the boast about the tallness of the dam lies the fact that a new empire, complete in itself, is to be created when a few men in overalls, with an oil can and a drill, a bunch of mules, some gravel, and a box of concrete, crawl along the sides of those bristling rocks, and hang a while in space.



# Carnac's

## *A Novel of Canada*

By Sir Gilbert Parker

**C** Carnac, disinherited by old John Grier, enters politics against Barode Barouche

**O**LD JOHN GRIER was dead. That was surprising, but the real shock lay in the will he left. Luke Tarboe, his new right-hand man, inherited the Canadian lumber king's business. True, there was twenty thousand a year for his widow, but for Fabian and Carnac, his sons, there was nothing. After all, it was no more than should have been expected. Fabian had quarreled with his father and gone over to the enemy, the Belloc lumber concern. Carnac had insisted upon being an artist, in spite of his father's bitter opposition. It was the quest for art that took him to New York and it was there that he had been tricked into a marriage with his model, Luzanne Larue. True, he had never lived with her, but the marriage stood, barring his way to Junia Shale, whom he loved. Of his marriage, he told only his mother. Then, quite surprisingly, Carnac decided to go into politics—to oppose for a seat in Parliament—the big man of the province, Barode Barouche, not knowing that, because of his mother's one mistake, Barode Barouche was his father. So, unwittingly, it was son against father. Eager for the fight, Carnac wrote at once to Headquarters, offering his services and asking for an appointment.

**B**EFORE THE day was done, headquarters had accepted Carnac as the solution in part of their own difficult problem. The three applicants for the post each hated the other; but all, before the day was over, agreed to Carnac as an effective opponent of Barouche.

One thing seemed clear to all—that Carnac's policy had elements of seduction appealing to the selfishness of all sections, and Carnac had an eloquence which would make Barouche uneasy. That eloquence was shown in the speech Carnac made in the late evening to the assembled executive. He only spoke for a

**C** Carnac, with Barouche on the platform, voiced his demand for a change of program.



# Folly

## *and the Right of Youth*

*Illustrated by Walt Louderback*

quarter of an hour, but it was long enough to leave, upon all who heard him an impression of power, pertinacity, picturesqueness, and appeal. He might make mistakes, but he had qualities that would ride him over errors with success.

"I'm not French," he said at last in his speech, "but I used to think and write in French as though I'd been born in Normandy. I'm English by birth and breeding, but I've always gone to French schools and to a French University, and I know what New France means. I stand to my English origin, but I want to see the French develop here as they've developed in France, alive to all new ideas, dreaming good dreams.

"I believe that Frenchmen in Canada can, and should, be an inspiration to all the rest of the country. Their great qualities should be the fibre in the body of public opinion. I will not pander to the French; I will not be the slave of the English; I will be free, and I hope I shall be successful at the polls."

CARNAC went to bed with the blood of battle throbbing in his veins. In the morning, he had a not unreasonable joy in seeing the headlines of his candidature in the papers. At first, as he looked at them, he was almost appalled, for never since he began life had he seen his personality so displayed. It seemed absurd that before he had struck a blow, he should be advertised like a general in the field. Yet commonsense told him that in standing against Barouche, he became important in the eyes of those affected by Barouche's policy, and who might agree to the program Carnac had arranged.

He had had luck, and it was for him to justify that luck. Could he do it? His first thought as his eyes fell on the headlines—he flushed with elation so that he scarcely saw—was for the thing itself. Before him there flashed a face, how-

**C.** A rude, wilful fellow demanded, "M'sieu' Carnac Grier, where's your woman?" Carnac caught his breath and then said: "Isn't that a leading question to an unmarried man?"

ever, which at once sobered his exaltation. It was the face of Junia, a face from which there was no escape.

"I wonder what she will think," he said to himself, with a little perplexity.

He knew in his heart of hearts, she would not think it incongruous that he, an artist, should become a politician. Good laws helped to make life beautiful, good pictures ministered to beauty; good laws helped to tell the story of human development; good sculpture ministered to the imagination and strengthened the soul; good laws made life's conveniences greater, enlarged activity, lessened the friction of things not yet adjusted; good laws taught their makers how to balance things, how to make new principles apply without disturbing old rights; good pictures increased the well-balanced harmony of the mind of the people. Junia would understand these things. As he sat at his breakfast, with the newspaper spread against the teapot and the milk-pitcher, he felt satisfied he had done the bold and right, if incomprehensible, thing.

But in another hotel, at another breakfast, another man read of Carnac's candidature with sickening surprise. It was Barode Barouche, father of his opponent.

So, after twenty-seven long years, this was to be the issue! His own son, whom he had never known, was to fight him at the polls! Somehow, the day when he had seen Carnac and his mother at the political meeting had given him new emotions. His wife, to whom he had been so faithful in one sense since she had passed into the asylum, had died, and with her going, a new field of life seemed to open up to him. She had died almost on the same day as John Grier. She had been buried secludedly, piteously, and he had gone back to his office with the thought that life had become a preposterous freedom.

So it was that, on the day when he spoke at the political meeting, his life's tragedy became a hammer beating every nerve into emotion. He was like one shipwrecked who strikes out with a swimmer's will to reach his goal. All at once, on the platform, as he spoke, when his eyes saw the faces of Carnac and his mother the catastrophe stunned him like a huge engine of war.

There had come to him at last, a sense of duty where Alma Grier was concerned. She was nearly fifty years of age, and he was fifty-six; she was a widow with this world's goods; she had been to him, how near and dear, for the brief hour of one exasperatingly joyful summer month, and then—no more. He knew the boy was his son, because he saw his own face as it had been in his youth, though his mother's look was also there—transforming, illuminating.

He had a pang as he saw the two at the close of his meeting filtering out into the great retort of the world. Then it was that he had the impulse to go to the woman's home, express his sorrow, and in some small sense wipe out his wrong by offering her marriage. He had not gone.

He knew of Carnac's success in the world of Art; and how he had alienated his reputed father by an independence revolting to a slave of convention. He had even bought, not from Carnac, but from a dealer, two of Carnac's pictures and a statue of a riverman. Somehow, the years had had their way with him. He had, at long last, realized that material things were not the great things of life, and that imagination, however productive, should be guided by uprightness of soul.

ONE THING was sure, the boy had never been told who his father was. That Barouche knew. He had the useful gift of reading the minds of people in their faces. From Carnac's face, from Carnac's mother's face, had come to him the real story. In the first days after that ill-starred month, he had gone to her, only to be repelled as a woman can repel whose soul has been shocked, whose self-respect has been abused.

It had been as though she thrust out arms of infinite length to push him away, such had been the storm of her remorse, such the revulsion against herself and him. So they had fallen apart, and he had seen his boy grow up independent, original, wilful, capable—a genius. He read the newspaper reports of what had happened the day before with senses greatly alive.

After all, politics was unlike everything else. It was a profession recruited from all others. The making of laws was done by all kinds of men. One of the wisest legislators in river-law he had ever known was a priest; one of the best advisers of the legislation of the medical profession was a woman; one of the bravest ministers who had ever quarreled with and conquered his colleagues had been an insurance agent; one of the sanest authorities on maritime law had been a man with a greater pride in his verses than in his practical capacity; and here was

Carnac who had painted pictures and made statues plunging into politics with a policy as ingenious as his own, and as capable of logical presentation.

This boy who was bone of his own bone, and flesh of his own flesh, meant to fight him. He threw back his head and laughed. His boy, his son, meant to fight him, did he? Well, so be it! He got to his feet, and walked up and down the room.

There came a tap at the door. Presently, it opened and a servant came in.

"A woman has called," he said. "She wants to see you, m'sieu'. It's very important, she says."

Barouche shook his head in negation: "No, Gaspard."

"It ain't one of the usual kind, I think, m'sieu'," protested Gaspard. "It's about the election. It's got something to do with that—" he pointed to the newspaper propped against the teapot in front of Barouche.

"It's about that, is it? Well, what about that?"

He eyed the servant as though to see whether the woman had given any information.

"I don't know. She didn't tell me. She's got a mind of her own. She's even handsome, and she's well dressed. All she said was: 'Tell m'sieu' I want to see him. It's about the election—about Mr. Grier.'"

BARODE BAROUCHE's heart stopped. Something about Carnac Grier—something about the election—and a woman! He kept a hand on himself. It must not be seen that he was in any way moved.

"Is she English?"

The man shook his head. "She's French, m'sieu'."

"You think I ought to see her, Gaspard?" said Barouche.

"Sure," was the confident reply. "I guess she's out against whoever's against you."

Barouche smiled maliciously. "Well, show her up, Gaspard." Presently the door opened again, and Gaspard stepped inside.

"A lady to see you, m'sieu'," he said.

Barouche rose from the table, but he did not hold out his hand. The woman was young, good-looking; she seemed intelligent. There was also an element of cruelty in her face which only an experienced student of human nature could have seen quickly. She was a woman with a grievance—that was sure. He knew the passionate excitement, fairly well controlled; he saw her bitterness at a glance. He motioned her to a chair.

"It's an early call," he said with a smile. Smiling was one of his serviceable assets; it was said no man could so palaver the public with his cheerful good nature.

"Yes, it's an early call," she replied, "but I wished not to wait till you go to your office. I wanted you to know something. It has to do with Mr. Carnac Grier."

"Oh, that—eh!"

"It's something you've got to know. If I give you the means to win your election, it would be worth while—eh?"

The beating of Barouche's heart was hard, but nothing showed in his face. There he had control.

"I like people who know their own minds," he said, "but I don't believe anything till I study what I hear. Is it something to injure Mr. Grier?"

"If a lawfully married man went about as a single man and stood for Parliament against you, don't you think you could use that against him?"

For a moment, Barouche was silent. Evidently here was an impeachment of his own son, but this son was out to bring his own father to the ground. After a moment's study of the face with the fiery eyes and a complexion like roses touched with frost, he said slowly:

"Well, have I the honor of addressing Carnac Grier's wife?"

A look of relief crossed the woman's face. "I'll tell you everything," she said.

Then Luzanne told her story, avoiding the fact that Carnac had been tricked into the marriage. At last, she said: "Now I've come here to make him acknowledge me. He's ruined my life, broken my hopes, and—"

"Broken your hopes!" interrupted Barode Barouche. "How is that?"

"I might have married someone else. I could have married someone else."

"Well, why don't you? There's the divorce court. What's to prevent it?"

"You ask me that—you a Frenchman and a Roman Catholic! I'm French. I was born in Paris."

"When will you let me see your papers?"



**C**, Suddenly a strange expression crept over Luzanne Larue's face. "There's something of Carnac about you," she told Barode Barouche. "It's some look! It's something—but I don't know what it is."

"When do you want to see them?" the girl asked quietly. "Today—if possible today," he answered. Then he looked her steadily in the eyes. "To whom else here have you told this story of your marriage to Carnac Grier?"

"No one—no one at all. I only came last night, and when I took up the paper this morning, I saw. Then I found out where you lived, and here I am, bien sûr. I'm here under my maiden name, Ma'm'selle Luzanne Larue."



"That's right. That's right. Now, until we meet again, don't speak of this to anyone. Will you give me your word?"

"Absolutely," she said, and there was revenge and passion in her eyes. Suddenly, a strange expression crept over her face. She was puzzled.

"There's something of him about you," she said, and her forehead gathered. "There's some look! Well, there it is, but it's something—I don't know what."

A moment later, she was gone. As the door closed, he stretched his hands above his head.

"Nom de Dieu! what a situation!" he remarked.

TO most people, Carnac's candidature was a surprise; to some, it was a bewilderment, and to one or two, it was a shock. To the second class, belonged Fabian Grier and his wife; to the third class, belonged Luke Tarboe. Only one person seemed to understand it—by intuition; that was Junia.

Somehow, nothing Carnac did, changed Junia's views of him, or surprised her, though he made her indignant often enough. To her mind, however, in the big things, his actions always had reasonableness. She had never felt his artist-life was to be the only, and the final note of his career.

When, therefore, she read a telegram in a newspaper of the West announcing his candidature, she guessed the suddenness of his decision. When she read it, she spread the paper on the table, smoothed it as though it were a beautiful piece of linen, then she stretched out her hands in happy benediction. Like most of her sex, she loved the thrill of warfare.

There flashed the feeling, however, that it would be finer sport if Carnac and Tarboe were to be at war, instead of Carnac and Barouche. It was curious, she never thought of Carnac but the other man came throbbing into sight—the millionaire, for he was that now.

In one way, this last move of Carnac's had the elements of a master stroke. It was original; it was picturesque. She knew how strange it would seem to the rest of the world, yet it did not seem strange to her. No man she had ever seen had been at home in the world of men, and also at home in the secluded field of the chisel and the brush as Carnac.

She took the newspaper over to her aunt, holding it up. The big headlines showed like semaphores on the page. As the graceful figure of Junia drew to her aunt—her slim feet, in the brown, well-polished boots, the graceful figure, the flexible charm of the body, the long, full neck, and then the chin, Grecian, shapely and firm, the straight, sensitive nose, the wonderful eyes under the well-cut, broad forehead, with the brown hair, covering it like a canopy—the old lady reached out and wound her arms round the lissome figure. She read the telegram, and then the old arms gripped her tighter.

Presently the whistle of a train sounded. The aunt stretched out an approving finger to the sound. She realized that the figure round which her arms hung trembled, for it was the "through" daily train for Montreal.

"I'm going at once, auntie," Junia said.

"WELL, I'm jiggered!" These were Tarboe's words when Carnac's candidature came first to him in the press. "He's 'broke' out in a new place," he added.

Tarboe loved the spectacular, and this was, indeed, spectacular. Yet he had not the mental vision of Junia who saw how close, in one intimate sense, was the relation between the artist life and the political life. To him it was a gigantic break from a green pasture into a red field of war. To her, it was a supreme resolution which, in anyone else's life, would have seemed abnormal; in Carnac's life, it had naturalness.

Tarboe had been for a few months only; the reputed owner of the great business, and he had paid a heavy price for his headship in the weighty responsibility, the strain of control; but it had got into his blood, and he felt life would not be easy or interesting without it now.

Besides, there was Junia. To him, she was the one being in the world worth struggling for; the bird to be caught on the wing, or coaxed into the nest, or snared into the net; and two of the three things he had tried without avail. The third—the snaring? He would not stop at that, if it would bring him what he wanted. How to snare her! He looked at himself in the mirror.

"A great bulking figure like that!" he said in disapproval. "All bone and muscle and flesh and physical bombast! It wouldn't weigh with her. She's too fine. It isn't the animal in a man she likes. It's what he can do, and what he is."

Then he thought of Carnac's new outburst, and his veins ran cold. "She'll like that—but yes, she'll like that: if he succeeds, she'll think he's great. Well, she'd be right. He'll beat Barouche. He's young and brave, careless and daring. Now, where am I in this fight? I belong to Barouche's party and my vote ought to go for him."

For some minutes, he sat in profound thought. What part should he play? He liked Carnac, he owed him a debt which he could never repay. Carnac had saved him from killing Denzil. If that had happened, he himself would probably have gone to the gallows.

He decided. Sitting down, he wrote Carnac the following letter:

"DEAR CARNAC GRIER:

"I see you're beginning a new work. You now belong to a party that I am opposed to, but that does not prevent me offering you support. It's not your general policy I support, but it is you, the son of your father, that I mean to work for. If you want financial help for your campaign—or after it is over—come and get it here—ten thousand or more if you wish. Your father, if he knew—and perhaps he does know—would be pleased that you, who could not be a man of business in his world, are become a man of business in the bigger world of law-making. You may be right or wrong in that policy, but that doesn't weigh with me. You've taken on as big a job as ever your father did. What's the use of working if you don't try to do the big thing that means a lot to people outside yourself! If you make new, good laws, if you do something for the world, that's wonderful, it's as much as your father did, or, if he was alive, could do now. Whatever there is here is yours to use. When you come back here to play your part, you'll make it a success—the whole blessed thing. I don't wish you were here now, except that it's yours—all of it—but I wish you to beat Barode Barouche.

"Yours to the knife,  
"LUKE TARBOE."

He read the letter through, and coming to the words, "When you come back here to play your part, you'll make it a success—the whole blessed thing," he paused, reflecting. . . . He wondered what Carnac would think the words meant, and he felt it was a bold, and, maybe, a dangerous play; but it was not more dangerous than facts he had dealt with often in the last two years. He would let it stand, that phrase of the hidden meaning. He did not post the letter yet.

FOUR DAYS later he put on his wide-brimmed Panama hat and went out into the street leading to the center of the city. There was trouble in the river reaches between his men and those of Belloc-Grier, and he was keeping an appointment with Belloc at Fabian Grier's office, where several such meetings had taken place without accomplishing anything.

He had not gone far, however, when he saw a sprightly figure in light brown linen cutting into his street from a cross-road. He had not seen that figure for months—scarcely since John Grier's death, and his heart thumped in his breast. It was Junia. How would she greet him?

A moment later, he met her. Raising his hat, he said:

"Back to the firing line, Miss Shale! It'll make a big difference to everyone concerned."

"Are you then concerned?" she quizzed, with a faint smile.

"I'm one of the most concerned," he answered with a smile not so composed as her own. "It's the honor of the name, that's at stake."

"You want to ruin Mr. Grier's chances in the fight?"

"I didn't say that. I said, 'the honor of the name,' and the name of my firm is 'Grier's Company of Lumbermen.' So I'm in it with all my might, and here's a letter—I haven't posted it yet—saying to Carnac Grier where I stand. Will you read it? There's no reason why you shouldn't." He tore open the envelope and took the letter out.

Junia took it, after hesitation, and read it till she came to the sentence about Carnac returning to the business. Then she looked at him with searching eyes.

"What does that mean?" she asked, pointing to the elusive sentence.

"He might want to come into the business some day, and I'll give him his chance. Nothing more than that."

"Nothing more than that!" she said cynically. "Well, it's



**C.** *"The thing I want most in the world doesn't come to me," Tarboe told Junia, while his voice grew emotional. "I don't know what you are trying to tell me, and anyhow this is not the place—" Junia said and left him.*

bravely said, but how could he become a partner if he can't buy the shares?"

"That's a matter to be thought out," he answered with a queer twist to his mouth.

"I see you've offered to help him with cash for the election," she said, handing back the letter.

"I felt it had to be done. Politics are expensive—they sap the purse. That's why."

"You never thought of giving him an income that would represent a little of what his father failed to do for him?"

There was asperity in her tone. She had a gift of acid speech. "He wouldn't take from me what his father didn't give him." Suddenly, an idea seized him. "Look here," he said, "you're a friend of the Griers, why don't you help to keep things straight between the two concerns? You could do it. You have the art of getting your own way. I've noticed that."

"So you'd like me to persuade Fabian Grier to influence Belloc, because I'd make things easy for you!" she said briskly. "I don't think I'll take a hand in this game, chiefly because—" she suddenly paused.

"Yes; chiefly because—"

"Because you'll get your own way without help. You get everything you want," she added with a little savage comment. A flood of feeling came into his eyes, his head jerked like that of a bull-moose.

"No, I don't get everything I want. The thing I want most in the world doesn't come to me." His voice grew emotional. She knew what he was trying to convey, and as the idea was not new, she kept composure. "I'm not as lucky as you think me," he added with a straight look.

"You're pretty lucky. You've done it all as easy as clasping your fingers. If I had your luck!" she paused.

"I don't know about that, but if I could reach out and touch you at any time, as it were, I think it'd bring me permanent good luck. You'll find out one day that my luck is only a bubble the prick of a pin'll destroy. I need someone to show me how to spend the money coming from the business. What is wealth unless you buy things that give pleasure to life? Do you know—"

He got no further. "I don't know anything you're trying to tell me, and anyhow this is not the place—"

With that she hastened from him up the street.

Tarboe had a pang, and yet her very last words gave him hope. "I may be a bit sharp in business," he said to himself, "but I certainly am a fool in matters of the heart. Yet what she said at last had something in it for me. Every woman has an idea where a man ought to make love to her, and this open road certainly isn't the place. If Carnac wins this game with Barouche, I don't know where I'll be with her—maybe I'm a fool to help him." He turned the letter over and over in his hand. "No, I'm not. I ought to do it, and I will."

AS ELECTION affairs progressed, Mrs. Grier kept withdrawn from public ways. She did not seek supporters for her son. As the weeks went on, the strain became intense. Her eyes were aflame with excitement, but she grew thinner, until at last she was like a ghost haunting familiar scenes. Once, and once only, did she have touch with Barode Barouche since the agitation began. This was how it happened:

Carnac was at Ottawa, and she was alone in the house in the late evening. As she sat sewing, she heard a knock at the front door. Her heart stood still. It was a knock she had not heard for over a quarter of a century, but it had an unforgettable touch. She waited a moment, her face pale, her eyes shining with tortured memory. She waited for the servant to answer the knock, but presently she realized that the servant probably had not heard. Laying down her work, she passed into the front hall to the door. There for an instant she paused, then opened it.

It was Barode Barouche. Then the memory of a summer like a terrible dream shook her. She trembled. Some old quiver of the dead days swept through her. How distant and how bad it all was! For one instant, the old thrill repeated itself and then was gone—forever.

"What is it you wish here?" she asked.

"Will you not shut the door?" he responded, for she stood with her fingers on the handle. "I can not speak with the door open and the night looking in. Won't you ask me to your sitting-room? I'm not a robber or a rogue."

Slowly, she closed the door. Then she turned, and in the dim light she said: "But you are both a robber and a rogue."

He did not answer until they had entered the sitting-room.

"I gave you that which is out against me now. Is he not brilliant, capable and courageous?"

There was in her face a stern duty.

"It was Fate, monsieur. Carnac does not know who his father is. When he and I went to your political meeting at Charlemont, it had no purpose. No blush came to his cheek, because he did not know. No one in the world knows—no one

except myself, who must suffer to the end. Your speech roused in him the native public sense, the ancient fire of the people from whom he did not know he came. His origin has been his bane from the start. He did not know why the man he thought his father seemed almost a stranger to him. He did not understand and so they fell apart. Yet John Grier prized his ability and would have given more than he had to win the boy to himself. Do you ever think what the boy must have suffered? He does not know. Only you and I know!" She paused for a moment.

He thrust out a hand as though to stay her speech, but she burst out again:

"Go away from me. You have spoiled my life; you have spoiled my boy's life, and now he fights you. I give him no help save in one direction. I give to him something his reputed father withheld from him. Don't you think it a strange thing?" her voice was thick with feeling, "that he never could bear to take money from John Grier, and that, even as a child, gifts seemed to trouble him? I think he wanted to give back again all that John Grier had ever paid out to him or for him; and now at last, he fights the man who gave him life! I wanted to tell John Grier all, and I did not tell him because I knew it would spoil his life and my boy's life. It was nothing to me whether I lived or died. But I could not bear my boy should know. He was too noble to have his life spoiled."

BARODE BAROUCHE drew himself together. Here was a deep, significant problem, a situation that needed more expert handling than he had ever shown. As he stood by the table where her sewing lay, the dim light throwing haggard reflections on her face, he had a feeling that she was more than normal. He saw her greater than he had ever imagined her. Something in him revolted at a war being waged between his own son and himself. Also, he wanted to tell her of the danger in which Carnac was, how Luzanne had come, and was hidden away in the outskirts of the city, waiting for the moment when the man who rejected her should be sacrificed to her will.

Now that Barouche was face to face with Alma Grier, however, he felt the prodigious nature of his task. In all the years, he had taken no chance to pay tribute to the woman who, in a real sense, had been his mistress of body and mind for one short term of life. They were both advanced in years, and life and time had taken toll. She was haggard, yet beautiful in a wan way. He did not believe the vanished years had set up between them an impassable barrier.

He put his chances to the test at last.

"Yes, I know—I understand. You remained silent because your nature was too generous to injure anyone. Down at the bottom of his heart, cantankerous, tyrannical as he was, John Grier loved you, and I loved you also."

She made a protest of her hand. "Oh, no! You never knew what love was—never! You had passion, you had hunger of the body, but of love you did not know. I know you, Barode Barouche. You have no heart, you have only sentiment and imagination. You could not be true. You never knew how."

Suddenly a tempest of fire seemed to burn in his eyes, in his whole being. His face flushed; his eyes gleamed; his hands were thrust out before him with passion.

"Will you not understand that were I as foul as hell, a woman like you would make me clean again? The wild sin of our youth has eaten into the soul of my life. You think I have been indifferent to you and to our boy. No, never, never! That I left you both to yourselves was the best proof I was not neglectful. I was sorry; with all my soul, that you should have suffered through me. In the first reaction, I felt that nothing could put me right with you or with eternal justice. So I shrank away from you. You thought me just the brazen roué, who seized what came his way, who ate the fruit within his grasp, who lived to deceive for his own selfish joy. Did you think that? Then I say, if you did, I do not wonder you should be glad to see my son fighting me. It would seem the horribly right revenge Destiny should take." He took a step nearer to her. His face flamed, his arms stretched out. "I have held you in these arms. I come with repentance in my heart, with—"

Her face now was flushed. She interrupted him.

"I don't believe in you, Barode Barouche. At least my husband did not go from his hearthstone looking for what belonged to others. No, no, no, however much I suffered I understood that what he did not feel for me at least he felt for no one else. I had that consolation. To him, life was his business, and to the end it mastered his emotions. [Continued on page 123]





# The Scalp Hunter

By Owen Johnson

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

Ⓐ Skippy thought love was something—well, sacred, if you know what he meant. But that was before he met a charming summer-girl, heart-breaker extraordinary of vacation time

SKIPPY in his sentimental progress had now reached the point where, if he could not control the impulses of his sentiments, he could at least review the past with some instructive profit.

"Girls are queer things, aren't they?" he said ruminatively to Snorky Green, for the mood of confidence was on him.

"Queerer and queerer," said Snorky, considering the bosom of last night's dress shirt with a view to future service.

"They get you before you know it and as soon as they get you, they worry the life out of you. One way or the other they start to making you miserable just as soon as you show them you've fallen for them. Now why?"

"Woman has no sense of gratitude," said Snorky.

"And you can't be friends with them—well, just friends."

"I know," said Snorky, heavily.

"What gets me," said Skippy, "is why we fall and fall and fall."

"Habit."

"Well, perhaps."

"Sure, habit, that's all."

"But this is the queerest of all," said Skippy, yawning and stretching his arms deliciously. "How darned fine you feel when it's all over. You go to bed thinking the bottom's been kicked out of things and you wake up feeling so Jim-dandy rip-

roarin' chuck full of happiness that you wonder what's happened, and then you remember that you're cured! Your time's your own. You can wear, do and say what you like, spend your money on yourself. You're free! Now it is queer, isn't it?"

"Like having a tooth out?" said Snorky.

"Exactly."

"Say what story did you cook up about me to Margarita Tupper?" said Skippy, tying the white cravat for the sixth time.

"Bygones is bygones," said Snorky, evasively.

"YOU MUST have had me robbin' a coach or skinning a cat," said Skippy, encouragingly.

"You were throwing yourself away there, old top," said Snorky, avoiding the direct answer. "Why in another week you'd 'a' been reading little Rollo and taking to crocheting—a girl who lisps like that, too! Whatever was eating you, anyhow?"

"She talked like a shower bath," said Skippy, unfeelingly, "but her eyes were lovely. Well, that's over."

"What's the use? You'll fall again."

"Never," said Skippy, firmly. Then he qualified it. "That is, not in the same way."

"There ain't no two ways," said Snorky with great firmness. "Sure there is. It's like swimming. You can dive in or you can sit on the bank and splash with your toes—savvy?"

"Ha, ha!"

"Wait and see. I know a thing or two."

Twenty minutes later, having assumed the full glories of evening dress, they departed for dinner at the Balons' across the way, in quest of new triumphs.

"**S**AY, PUT me on," said Skippy, who like all artists of the imagination was seized with an uncontrollable nervousness before facing an audience. "Who's in the party?"

"Only Charlie and Vivi."

"Vivi?"

"Real name's Violet, but she's dressed it up."

"What's she like—what's her line?" he asked seriously.

"Stiff as a ramrod—prim as an old maid, conversation strictly educational."

"Well, what does she look like?"

"Flabby as a cart-horse."

"Say, what the devil!"

"Grub's O. K. and there'll be fun after," said Snorky, by way of justification.

This being in a way a new experience in strange waters, Skippy's nervousness got the better of him. He ran over his conversational ammunition. There was of course Maude Adams to begin with and he tried hard to think of some book he had read—some work of sufficient dullness to serve up to this blue stocking atmosphere.

"Stop shootin' your cuff," said Snorky, applying his finger to the bell. "Don't you know anything about society?"

"Who's nervous?" said Skippy, indignantly.

His backbone stiffened to the consistency of the white manacle that imprisoned his throat, he shot back his cuffs for the twentieth time, and slid behind Snorky Green as he entered the parlor.

Something that was neither prim nor stiff nor in the least resembled a cart-horse bore down on them with a swish of ruffled skirts.

"Hello, Arthur. How nice of you to come. Dad and Mumsey are out so we're all to ourselves," said Miss Vivi Balon. "Mr. Bedelle? Oh, I've heard a lot about you!"

"Really now, what do you mean?" said Skippy with a long breath of relief.

Miss Balon held his hand just an extra minute as she said this, looking up into his face with an expression of the greatest interest. She was just over five feet, of the dreaded species of brunettes, with a thin upward-pointing little nose and the brightest of eyes.

"**O**H, I know a terrible lot," she said, giving to her mischievous glance just the slightest, most complimentary shade of apprehension imaginable.

Mr. Skippy Bedelle grew two inches towards the ceiling and looked for a mirror.

Two strictly plain young ladies, roommates of Miss Balon's from Farmington, were introduced as Miss Barrons and Miss Cantillon.

"Elsa Barrons is perfectly wonderful with dumbbells; look at her forearm. And Fanny isn't good-looking, but awfully clever," said Miss Balon, in a whisper which was already graded to the confidential pitch.

Brother Charles now sauntered in and shook hands with the magnificent condescension of a sophomore.

"Have a cigarette before dinner?"

He flashed a silver case and tendered it to Snorky who, being unprepared, hesitated and took one.

"Cigarette?"

"Love to, but I'm in training," said Skippy, quickly.

Charles, having arrived at the age when everything should weigh heavily upon a sophisticated appetite, bored with his

sister, bored with sister's plain looking friends, and bored with sister's beaux, retired to the fireplace, draped himself on the mantelpiece and looked properly bored with himself.

The arduities of the opening conversation were fortunately interrupted by the announcement of dinner and Skippy, with Maude Adams in reserve, found himself at table between Miss Balon and the swinger of dumbbells.

"You're a Princeton man?" said Miss Barrons, after several long breaths.

Skippy apportioned the compliment to his manly air and the magnificent lines of the dress suit.

"No, I'm Yale. That is, I'm preparing," he said carelessly, and hoping that Snorky wasn't listening, he added: "Family didn't want me to go in too young, you know. So I'll take my time."

"Oh, yes, I know," said Miss Barrons, with an appreciative glance at his precocious brow. "I think that's much better, too. You don't have half as good a time if you go to college too young."

The subject being exhausted, Skippy counted up the forks while his companion, to appear at ease, asked for the salt to put in her soup.

"Do you know Jim Fisher?" she said, suddenly. "He's going to Yale next year."

Skippy did not know Jim Fisher.

"I wonder if you know a perfectly dandy girl?"

"Who's that?"

"Alice Parks."

Skippy did not know Alice Parks though she lived in New York City. Likewise, with a growing feeling of his profound social ignorance, he successively admitted that he did not know Cornelia Baxter,

Frances Bowe or Harry Fall. Whereupon Miss Barrons abandoned him to converse with Charles who did know Alice Parks, who was so attractive, and Harry Fall who had such a strong character and seemed otherwise remarkable.

"**W**HAT the devil is there to talk about?" said Skippy to himself. There was Maude Adams, but how was he to get to her with any success?

"I'm just crazy about harps," said Miss Cantillon, who was clever. "I think they're wonderful."

"Harps—oh yes," said Charles Balon.

"Do you like them better than violins?" said Miss Barrons doubtfully.

"Oh, much better!"

"They're too big," said Snorky, wisely.

"Yes, that is the trouble. They are too big to carry round, but they are so melodious. I don't like the piano—it's so cold—and all, don't you think?"

While the conversation raged on the proper classification of musical instruments, Miss Balon turned from Snorky to Skippy and looked him once more in the eyes with her interested glance.

"Yes, I've heard a lot about you," she said.

"Really now?"

"You're a perfectly ghastly flirt," she said, lowering her voice.

"You give a girl a terrific rush for a week or two and then pop off without even saying good-by. Never mind, though. I'm warned in advance, you see."

Again the look, the intended look of trying to discover the secret of his fascination. It was quite unlike the way any other girl had ever looked at him. Other girls looked at you sidewise or averted their eyes when they met yours. But this was different. It was mocking, impertinent, insinuating, but it did not displease him. He saw that he had made an impression, an instantaneous impression. He mystified her perhaps, but he interested her intensely. For the first time, he had conquered with a look.

"Who told you?"

"That's telling."

"I'll bet I know."

"Bet you don't."

"Bet I do," Skippy insisted manfully.



Q. "Girls are queer things, aren't they?" Skippy said to Snorky, for the mood of confidence was on him.



"What'll you bet?" Miss Balon demanded, intent on winning.  
 "Two pounds of chocolates against a necktie."

"Done! Who is it?"

"Someone here."

"Nope. You've lost."

"Who, then?"

"Someone who knows Dolly Travers," said Vivi with a mocking smile.

"Oh!"

"Brute," said Vivi, in the greatest admiration.

"Really I——"

"Now don't be modest—I hate modest men. It makes it twice as bad. She's very attractive, isn't she?"

"Very," said Skippy, feeling every inch a man.

"But she's rather young—for you, isn't she?" said Vivi, artfully suggesting his great age.

THEY put glasses on cows in Russia," said Miss Cantillon importantly. She had a reputation as a brilliant conversationalist to uphold.

This assertion woke up the table.

"Cows?"

"Glasses?"

"Fanny dear, how excruciating!"

Even the sophomore was surprised into expressing his incredulity.

"Colored glasses on account of the glare of the snow," said Miss Cantillon.

"Fanny!"

"Fact, in Siberia, of course. I read it in the papers."

"Cows can't live in the snow."

"But Siberia, isn't all snow?"

"Most of it is."

"Isn't it wonderful, the things she knows?" said Vivi, admiringly. "Do you like brainy women?"

"That depends," said Skippy, while he stopped to consider. "I don't know any."

"Oh, what a dreadfully cynical remark!" said Vivi, with another admiring look. "Heavens, I shall be frightened to death what I say to you. I'm sure you're awfully clever yourself. Perhaps I'll have a chance. Clever men hate clever women, don't they?"

"There is certainly something about my particular style of beauty that's bowled her over," thought Skippy to himself.

"Oh, I don't know," he said, fatuously unconscious of the virtues he conceded to himself.

"Dolly Travers was quite clever, you know."

"Brute!" said Miss Balon for the second time.

"Oh, come now——"

"Do you know what I think about you?"

"What do you think?"

"I think you'd be lots of excitement at a house party," said Miss Vivi, shaking her head. "Just for a few days. I imagine you'd give a girl the grandest sort of a rush, but as for believing a word you said—never! Not a word!"

"What do you mean?" said Skippy, immensely puffed up.

"It shows in your eyes," said Vivi, with a look of having at last deciphered a mystery. "Besides girls have spoiled you. You have had things too easily. No wonder you're conceited."

Miss Cantillon was discoursing brilliantly on a crowd that had been struck by lightning in Oklahoma and had fallen into a wheat field and set fire to the grain, which had precipitated a conflagration which had necessitated the calling out of the fire departments of two counties.

"You're offended now," said Vivi, in a contrite whisper.

"Someone's given you an awfully bad opinion of me," said Skippy, stiffly, frowning to show the displeasure he did not feel.

"Well it's true, isn't it?"

"It is not!"

"How about Jenny Tupper?"

"Oh that!" said Skippy, with a wave of his hand.

"You see you *are* a brute! Well, I don't mind. I like your hands."

Skippy took a precautionary glance at the end of his baseball fingers and then allowed them to come to rest on the tablecloth.

"Now you're trying to jolly me," he said, astutely.

"No. I always notice hands the first thing. They tell so much about your character. I saw yours at once."

"You can read hands?" said Skippy, who knew this much of the etiquette of the game.

"Yes, but not now," said Vivi, in a promissory tone.

Skippy's attitude towards social functions underwent a change of front. He began to feel confidently, vaingloriously at ease. He joined in the general conversation determined to rout the brilliant Miss Cantillon, who knew so many things. Now the rule for such pre-eminence is simple and some acquire it by cunning and others by instinct. Deny the obvious. Reputations have fattened on nothing else. When inevitably the moment arrived to discuss Maude Adams, and her latest play, Skippy announced that he did not like Maude Adams.

"Not like Maude Adams?"

There was a sudden silence and all eyes were turned expectantly towards him as to a manifestly superior intelligence. Finally the swinger of dumbbells voiced the question.

"But why?"

"Too much like Maude Adams," Skippy said, cryptically.

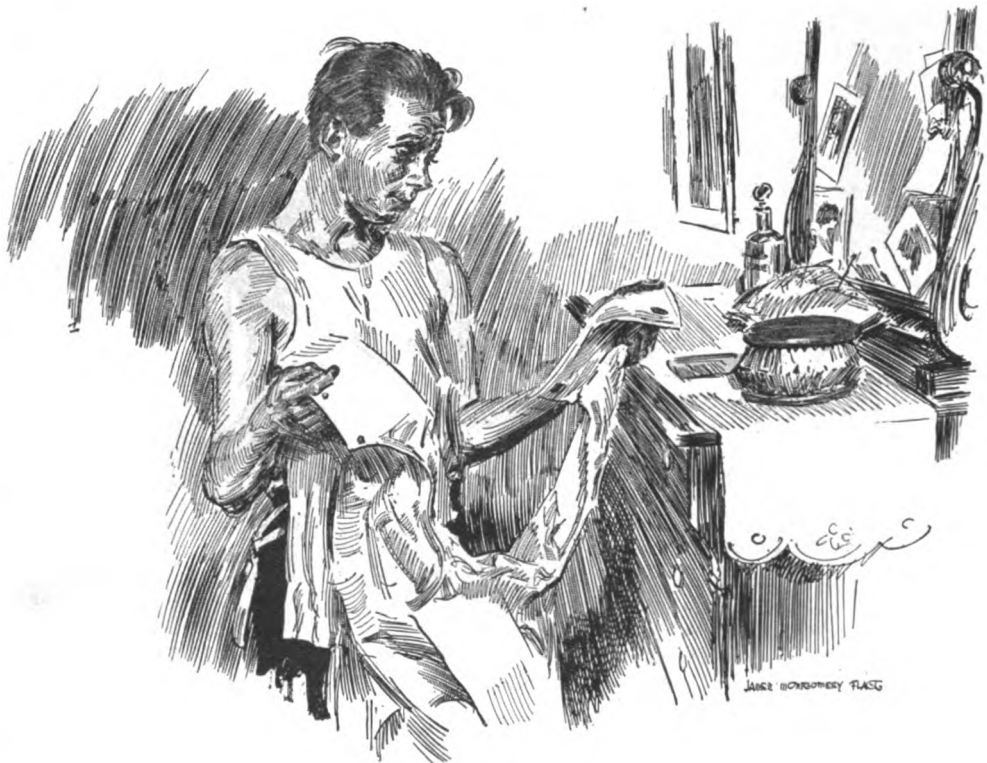
Vivi looked at him in admiration.

"How clever, I never thought of that."

"Well, I'm just frantic about Maude Adams!" said the athletic Miss Barrons, stubbornly.

"Because you like Maude Adams," said Skippy, as a clincher.

By ONE bold stroke he had become a personage and what is more, perceived that he had become one. Different topics were served up for his judgment. He pronounced flatly against colleges for women, woman suffrage and bobbed hair. Even Snorky Green was impressed; as for Miss Cantillon, she tried to stir up a little commotion by introducing the subject of the Lady from Narragansett who had removed freckles by water-melon rinds, but the effect was tepid and she relapsed into a listener as Skippy continued his eloquence.



U. "Queerer and queerer," said Snorky, considering the bosom of last night's dress shirt with a view to future service.



"Say, where did you get it?" said Snorky, in a whisper as they passed out to the veranda.

"Get what?"

"All this bright boy stuff!"

"I'll tell you how it's done, some time," said Skippy, magnificently to his bewildered chum.

"Do you like views?" said Vivi, coming to him as a moth to the brightest flame.

"That depends," said Skippy, who being still in a mood of negation was unwilling to concede anything.

MISS VIVI accepted this as an acquiescence, and it being early moonlight and dangerous underfoot, took his hand to lead him safely around the flower beds. Skippy, having just discovered the secret to success, encased himself in indifference and waited developments.

"Isn't it romantic! Don't you love it?" she said, arrived at a little summer house that jutted out over the darkling waters.

"It's rather nice," said Skippy, sternly repressing his emotional tendencies.

Vivi now ostentatiously disengaged her hand.



Q. "Splash your toes, old horse," said Snorky. "Vivi's an old stager. She collects 'em." "What?" asked Skippy. "Scalps!" said Snorky significantly.

"Is it safe now?" said Skippy, anxiously as soon as he was freed.

"How perfectly horrid of you," said the young lady in pretended indignation. "You make fun of everything, even the most sacred things."

The relevancy of this was lost on Skippy, who condescended to say to his romantic companion:

"View isn't half bad if the moon weren't so dreadfully lopsided."

"Unsentimental wretch! I suppose you want to go back?" said Vivi, reproachfully.

"Are there mosquitoes?"

"Just for that I'll keep you here until you're eaten up," said Vivi, plucking a spray of honeysuckle and inhaling it with a sigh.

"Isn't it wonderful? Don't you adore honeysuckle in the moonlight?" she added, transferring it to his inspection.

Skippy inhaled it loudly and announced that it was all right.

"Jelly-fish," said Vivi, throwing it away indignantly.

Skippy resented "jelly-fish."

"Well, you are! I never saw such a cold, calculating, unemotional brute. You're nothing but a great big icy brain."

"Better pull in on the infant phenom—Snorky might hear of it," he thought.

"Oh, I like it here," he said in a more romantic tone.

"Really?"

"Yep."

A long silence, and Vivi inhaling another sprig of honeysuckle and devouring the moon.

"How long you going to stay?"

"About a week."

"Oh!"

Another silence.

"You're so different."

"How do you mean?" Skippy demanded.

"Don't know, but you are—quite, quite different. You seem so much older than Arthur."

"Well that all depends," said Skippy, ready to draw on his imagination.

"You've seen a lot of life, haven't you?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"I saw that—in your hands."

"I say, how about reading my character now?"

"No, not now; some time later, perhaps."

"Perhaps?"

"Well, I don't know if I'd dare. What are you doing tomorrow?"

"Nothing particular."

"Suppose we get up a hay ride and a picnic? The moon will be glorious."

"Bacon and roast corn? Hurray!" said Skippy, most unromantically.

Vivi got up suddenly.

"Let's go back."

"All right, but it's awfully dark," Skippy said.

"Follow me."

Skippy walked purposely into the first flower bed.

"Help, I'm lost!"

Vivi stood considering.

"Are you sorry?"

"Dreadfully. Ouch, I'm in a rose bush!"

"And you promise not to be cynical and aloof?"

"Cross my heart and hope to die," said Skippy, very well pleased with himself

IMMEDIATELY the hand was offered and retained. To be magnanimous, he gave it a little extra squeeze.

"That's not fair," said Vivi.

"All's fair in love and war," said Skippy, who, under the influence of outward conditions, momentarily forgot his rôle.

"My aunt's cat's pants," said Snorky, enviously, when they had departed. "You're getting to be a rapid worker, old top, you certainly are!"

"Oh, I've learned a thing or



“Sacred to the memory of —” Skippy wrote in the sand, and wriggled away just as Miss Balon and Mr. Charles Brownrigger came up the beach.

two,” said Skippy, pompously and well satisfied with himself. “Splash with your toes, old horse,” said Snorky, shaking his head. “Look out, Vivi’s an old stager. She collects them.”

“What?”

“Scalps,” said Snorky significantly.

“Just watch me.”

“You don’t say so.”

“I’ve got her feeding out of my hand, gentle as a lamb,” said Skippy, remembering with a pleasant tickling sensation the mystified fascination of her way of looking at him.

“Cheese it,” said Snorky, shaking his head.

“Snorky, old gal,” said Skippy, “it’s easy when you know how.”

“And what’s the secret?”

“Don’t get tagged.”

“Elucidate.”

“Keep ’em running after you. It’s the first one who runs who wins every time.”

“Oh, simple as that?”

“Sure, that’s all there is to it.”

“Let ’em love you, eh?”

“Oh, well,” said Skippy modestly, but as he sought his bed he stole a satisfied glance into the mirror.

FOR THE next six days, Skippy was a very busy young man. He had a reputation to sustain. Miss Balon had given it to him and Miss Balon must not be disappointed.

Skippy borrowed a bicycle and departed from the home of his chum directly after breakfast, having likewise borrowed various brilliant bits of manly luxury which flashed from his ankles, his neck and his breast pocket. At exactly nine o’clock, as though by accident, Miss Vivi’s trim figure, daintily balanced on the smartest of Safety bicycles, appeared from the Balon driveway and then some such brilliant opening as this occurred:

“Why, Jack! What are you doing up so early?”

“Can’t you guess?” he asked with an appearance of wisdom.

“Where are you going?” Miss Balon would then demand.

“Same place you’re going.”

“Who asked you?”

“You’re going to.”

“How d’you know?”

“Somebody’s eyes have told me so,” said Skippy, growing bold.

VIVI WOULD pretend to be immensely offended, Skippy immensely concerned that she should be offended. There would be a long discussion whether he had really offended, whether he should be really forgiven and whether he really intended to renounce such airs of proprietorship.

By this time the two bicycles were close together with Skippy’s hands on her handlebars and the terms of peace were concluded by the young lady condescending to return to his appreciative gaze from beneath the brim of her hat whither she had taken refuge during the brilliant exchange.

For the twelve hours consecrated to each other’s society each day, Skippy denied what Vivi affirmed unless it happened that Vivi doubted what Skippy stated as a fact. Of course, nothing that was said really mattered, and each knew it. Words were only so many verbal flounders in the most fascinating of duels. Each played at the undying passion with open parades and each was only secretly concerned with tearing away a scalp.

They canoed together, walked together, picnicked together. When they came to the clubhouse, they came late and danced together on the porch to escape the exigencies of society. It was all very serious business, strenuous as training for the football team—but Skippy never relaxed. He had a reputation to sustain. Snorky gave him up for lost. He no longer sought to warn him.

Came the last day. Came the end of languid siestas on drowsy beaches, end of balmy moonlight [Continued on page 120]



*THE* HERE is no harder fighter than Bob La Follette.  
The primaries are held September 5th.  
Will his enemies get him this time?  
The answer is, **No!**

# THEY'RE Out to Get La Follette

*By Richard Barry*

THE PRESIDENT-ELECT, just resigned, was saying farewell to his late senatorial colleagues, and paused at the seat on the aisle in the front row where sits the sentinel from Wisconsin.

"Well, Bob," smilingly remarked Harding, on his way to the White House, "I hope in the future you'll be good."

With as kindly a smile, La Follette replied, "I'm afraid not. Instead, I'll keep on trying to make you good."

Within fifteen months we find La Follette, first on the floor of the Senate, then in that cockpit of the nation's politico-economic theories, Wisconsin, squarely against his titular chief on nearly every current issue—the railroads, the Four Power Treaty, the tariff, the soldier's bonus, and the Senator Newberry case.

It used to be "watch Maine in September to see how the nation is going in November." This year a cross drift is early in the political sky. On September 5th, the Wisconsin primaries will determine who is to have that state—La Follette or the administration.

There the economic policies of the Harding régime will be most sharply attacked and defended.

An ex-official of the Northwestern Life Insurance Company of Milwaukee said to the writer, "Some of us who fought La Follette in the early days became his beneficiaries after his insurance and railroad regulation acts got to working. I doubt if any responsible insurance or railroad official today in Wisconsin would like to go back to the conditions we fought so hard to maintain and which La Follette forcefully wrested from us. When big business is at the mercy of paid lobbyists, it is as bad for big business as for the people; we can see that now, but we didn't see it then."

THIS IS ALSO true of manufacturers who stubbornly opposed as "socialistic," La Follette's workmen's compensation act.

The present American system of direct primaries was invented by La Follette in 1897. Later he had the scheme written into a law, which, as Governor of Wisconsin, he signed.

Reaction can justly say that direct primaries have not proven to be a panacea for political ills. The writer asked La Follette recently how he now regards the idea which he originated.

"Every generation has to fight to maintain its political liberty," he replied. "This generation has at least one advantage over the last; it has the direct primary, a weapon forged for the use of the voter in that never ceasing contest he must wage if he will be free. Direct primaries have not failed, because people sometimes have failed to use them. The direct primary is not an automatic guarantee against corruption. Like any piece of machinery it must be used; disuse will bring rust and ruin."

Bryan paralleled much of La Follette's early progressivism, or democracy. Sometimes one; sometimes the other thought of a reform. Frequently they exchanged ideas. Bryan adopted the direct primary after La Follette had suggested it for the use of the Wisconsin voters.

One of Bryan's early original ideas was the direct election of United States senators, now accepted, country-wide, as the correct procedure. Although La Follette owed his public place to intense Republican partisanship, Wisconsin having always been an extremely strong Republican state, he immediately adopted the then despised "nostrum" of the nation's chief Democrat.

IN EVERY Republican convention since 1908, La Follette has presented a minority platform, one rejected by the convention. Yet observe what time, the healing of men's minds, and the spirit of change or progress have done to those measures.

In the recent words of





La Follette to the writer: "I consider nothing worthy the absorbing attention of a United States senator that does not bear on the economic life of the people, and this does not exclude either their constitutional rights or international affairs."

Here are extremely short résumés of the La Follette platforms:

1908. Twelve of the 13 planks of the La Follette platform offered to and rejected by the Republican national convention are now law, 9 via Republican congresses. The other plank has been partially adopted.

1. Give initiative to Interstate Commerce Commission. Now law.
2. Suspend freight rate increase when challenged. Now law.
3. Establish railroad rate classification. Now law.
4. Make governmental valuation of railroads. Now law.
5. Create Tariff Commission. Now law.
6. Exempt labor organizations from anti-trust laws. This is the only one not fully legalized, though it has been partially so.
7. Direct election of U. S. Senators. Now law.
8. Publicity of campaign expenditures. Now law.
9. Regulation of telegraph and telephone rates. Now law.
10. Remedy mis-use of injunction in labor disputes. Now law.
11. Create Department of Labor. Now law.
12. Extend 8-hour law to government employes. Now law.
13. General employers' liability act. This finally got into the Republican platforms of '12 and '16 and is now law.

1912. Eighteen propositions were presented by La Follette to and were rejected by the Republican convention. Fourteen were new; 4 had been in the '08 platform. In the intervening 10 years 15 have been written into federal statutes, by either Democrats or Republicans; 2 have been partially adopted. The new planks then were:

1. Concerning definition of trusts. Paralleled in Clayton act.
2. Exempt coöperative farmers from anti-trust law. Now law.
3. Government railroad in Alaska. Now law.
4. Create parcels post. Now law.
5. Income tax admendment. Proposal modified in present law.
6. Woman suffrage. Now law. Got in '16 and '20 platforms.
7. Federal inheritance act. Now law.
8. Improvements in congressional library. Now law.
- 9-13. Concerned Federal Trade Commission. All but one now law.
14. Principal plank; concerned banking and currency; some of its provisions are now found in Federal Reserve Bank Act.
1916. The La Follette minority platform for this year, rejected as usual by the Republican national committee contained 17 planks; 15 had to do with the war.
1920. The broad highway again. Bear in mind that his slogan always has been, "the remedy for the ills of democracy is more democracy."

Ask this question, "how much of this program will be effected in ten or fifteen years?"

This minority platform was submitted to and rejected by the Republican National Committee at Chicago. It had 18 planks. Eight were aftermath of the war. Three reiterated previously desired legislation. Then he plunged boldly into the future with these:

1. Government ownership of stock yards, packing plants and all natural resources in which there is inherent natural monopoly.
2. Revise tax schedules to place greater exactions on wealth.
3. Popular election of all federal judges.
4. Initiative and referendum in national legislation.
5. Recall for senators and representatives.
6. A soldier's delayed payment.
7. A deep waterways from the Great Lakes to the Gulf.

**B**OIES PENROSE, so an intimate told the writer, was attached to La Follette through the human devotion of one strong man to another, yet they seldom agreed politically. When, early in the present Congress, some insurgents declared they would depose Penrose from his finance committee chairmanship, La Follette refused to join them. Penrose sought out his colleague from Wisconsin and expressed appreciation.

"Before you thank me," said La Follette, "let me explain my position. If I thought the thing you represent would be removed from the chairmanship by opposing you, I would be for it; but, if you were defeated, McCumber would succeed you, and, if

McCumber were removed Smoot would succeed him. In my opinion there is no difference between you and McCumber and Smoot, and it is impossible to remove all three of you. Now, the public has been aroused with the prospect of seeing you go, and, if you did go, it would be lulled into a temporary satisfaction falsely believing good had been accomplished. Therefore, I am against any attempt to depose you as that would be deceiving the public."

**P**ENROSE listened gravely. "A good argument, from your viewpoint," he admitted, "but, I want you to know, I am grateful just the same. So, now, tell me what I can do for you."

Realizing that Penrose's underlying feeling was kindly, and that he was speaking the only tongue he knew, that of political barter, La Follette replied simply, "You can't do anything for me."

"But I want to do something," Penrose insisted. "For instance, there is this disloyalty charge. Let me help you in that."

It should be noted, lest La Follette be judged as ungracious, that he was even then enduring his baptism of vitriol; that a nationwide torrent of execration, such as few men ever survive, was seething about him. (In fact, of the six senators whom Wilson had just denounced as "a little group of wilful men,"

he is at present the only one who was able to remain in public life.)

"If you attempt to assist me in that trouble or in anything else," replied La Follette to Penrose, in his deadly, quiet tone which seethed with suppressed violence, "I shall find a way to prevent it. I shall not permit your assistance, thank you."

Third majority place on the finance committee has come to La Follette since the death of Penrose, through the rule of seniority. He holds a similar place on the Interstate Commerce Committee. Third majority place formerly took its occupant to the conference committee with the house, the solar plexus of Congress. Since La Follette has advanced to it, the Senate has reduced the number of conference majority members from three to two.

Yet observe the danger to "old guard" complacency. If Townsend of Michigan is defeated this election, La Follette would become ranking member of the Interstate Commerce Committee (pre-supposing, of course, that he is re-elected). If McCumber should be defeated, which appears not unlikely, and if La Follette is re-elected, he would be ranking member of the finance committee. Then if Smoot should take the Appropriations committee, which seems likely (under the rules he cannot hold chairmanships of both Finance and Appropriations), La Follette would advance to the head of the senate finance committee—the seat of Aldrich and Penrose, the seat Aldrich said was more important than the speakership of the House, the seat Penrose declared he would not trade for the Presidency.

The writer asked La Follette's chief opponent in the Senate if



this might not occur. "It will never be permitted," he declared. To the same question Smoot replied, "It is possible."

The present Chief Justice, who began his Presidential term buoyantly as a Progressive but ended it drably as a reactionary, promised La Follette he would veto, and then signed, the Payne-Aldrich tariff bill. Later, during the war, to an associate, he said, "If you see La Follette going in, you know where he is coming out. He is not like the rest of us."

Reading a La Follette speech, one marvels that he should be called an extremist, or that he should be popular, for he deals strictly in facts, and in a prosaic way, addressing himself to the intelligence and not to the emotions.

**H**EARING him, produces a different effect. He makes a subject (his are all variations of the single thesis—the menace of wealth) pulsate with his own passion of understanding; he dramatizes it; but always within the severe limitation of a public prosecutor, bearing always in mind the laws of evidence.

When his sort of crusading was in vogue, he was lifted on the crest of a wave of popularity to the verge of the steps of the White House. This was in 1912. Then political styles changed, as styles always do change; and he was left high and dry.

Did La Follette change, as do most politicians, to meet the changing styles in politics? Take him in October, 1917, at the low ebb of his fortunes.

For opposing the war with Germany, a senate committee was considering charges towards expulsion; the Wisconsin legislature was debating public condemnation; clubs in Wisconsin to which he had belonged all his life actually did expel him; no newspaper in his state and almost none in the nation was for him; most of his prominent followers had deserted him. Those who contend that he was influenced by the fact that his state had a large German population, forget that there are more Norwegians than Germans in Wisconsin, and that the Norwegians were pro-Ally, and they also forget that if his German constituents did approve, they had no means of showing it.

At that moment, friendless, alone, La Follette addressed the Senate. Reiterating his previous opposition to the war, he declared his right to do so by showing that Lincoln, Clay, Webster and Seward had opposed the Mexican War, both before and after its declaration, both in Congress and on the stump. However, towards the close of that three-hour address occurred the distinctly La Follettian passage, the voice of the ever-consistent and never-stifled crusader against the menace of wealth.

"I have done some of the hardest work of my life during the last few weeks on the revenue bill," he said, "and it is a great disappointment to me that I could get no more from surplus incomes and war profits for soldiers and their families. I did all that I could and I shall continue to fight with all the power at my command until wealth is made to bear more of the burden of this war than has been laid on it by the present Congress. Concerning these matters there can be no difference of opinion. We have not yet been able to marshal the forces to conscript wealth as we have conscripted men, but no one has ever been able to advance even a plausible argument for not so doing."

**S**MOOT, who shares with Mann and La Follette the reputation of being the hardest working persons in Congress, said to the writer, in April, 1922, in response to a question as to whether La Follette had changed in recent years, "No change whatever, he never changes."

In May, 1917, Warren G. Harding, then Senator from Ohio, said to the writer in response to a question as to whether he thought La Follette could "come back," "I would not trust myself to predict what La Follette can or cannot do. He is capable of anything."

It is 1922. Thrice Congressman, thrice Governor, thrice Senator, La Follette is before the voters of Wisconsin for his fourth nomination as Senator. The fight will be in the Republican primaries. If he wins that nomination, he is conceded the election. What is his platform?

1. The La Follette record, including the platform of 1920.
2. Opposition to the administration's economic policy, as already revealed by his votes and speeches in the Senate.
3. At this writing it looks as if the railroad question would again be paramount with him in this campaign as it has been for over 30 years. He long ago invented the first practical steps which, like others he has devised, are now conservatively accepted as workable, but they are, he declares, only the first steps in the long march to the goal

which he has held from the beginning and still holds—government ownership.

4. While his railroad program is a life work of constructive energy he always has some side line to attract attention and enliven the issue; a rivulet of reform pouring into the main stream. This year it is his cry for publicity in tax returns. He seeks to eliminate secrecy concerning great fortunes and their sources. If he wins this election that issue may be decided in his favor, for he is already on the verge of success with it. He came within two senatorial votes of securing a federal law for it recently, and he induced the Governor of Wisconsin to assemble the legislature in special session to consider it this spring, and lost only by a narrow margin of "stalwart" votes. What is the opposition?

- a. The existing "machine." The administration, represented by Lenroot, the junior Senator, controlling all the federal patronage, is sternly anti-La Follette.
- b. The press. The state has 43 dailies; 2 are for La Follette. It has over 360 weeklies and monthlies. All (except La Follette's Magazine) are against him.
- c. The pulpit. The Anti-Saloon League is sending out 1,500 preachers, ostensibly to speak on prohibition, but really to reveal what is a fact, that La Follette voted against the 18th Amendment and the Volstead Act.
- d. A practically unlimited money chest.

An idea of the amount of money being spent and of the arguments being used to defeat La Follette could be seen in the early months of 1922, before an actual candidate had been selected to oppose him.

Hundreds of enormous billboards throughout the state, both in cities and on country roads, were filled with arguments against him; not on printed posters, as is politically customary, but neatly painted to be read with ease.

In addition, there was an ingenious "country and city display follow-up ad scheme" to use a technical expression. This utilized three successive days of full pages each.

**T**HE first day's page luridly described "The Horrors of Bolshevism"; the second's the hectic "Perils of Socialism" with the suggested inference that these were only next door to "Bolshevism"; the third, in properly dramatic sequence, after exposition and development, presented the dénouement—"Pitfalls of Radicalism." At the bottom of this page, in small type, occurred the statement that "radicalism" is only another word for "La Follettism."

These papers, at least in their business offices, perhaps never heard of Charles Oster, a French deputy and political writer, who made a study of the American Government a decade ago. In reply to a question from Louis Brandeis about his relation to French politics, he said, "At home I am called a conservative—I am there in favor of ideas like those of your Senator La Follette."

The open campaign against him will have five chief angles:

1. An opposing candidate selected at an unofficial state convention. This man is Dr. W. A. Garfield, a college instructor and a minister.
2. The administration policies, espoused by this candidate, and ably and soundly presented by Lenroot, with a host of other forceful leaders.
3. It will be contended that as a practical legislator La Follette is an "obstructionist."
4. That he is "wet," and that
5. He was pro-German during the war.

The answer for La Follette is:

1. Does Wisconsin still want in the Senate her greatest son, or will she substitute for him the respectable gentleman opposed?
2. One can sum up his opposition to the administration policies of '22 in his words of '12, "Not railroad regulation; not tariff or currency reform; not conservation—these and others are but manifestations of one great struggle. The supreme issue, involving all others, is—*The encroachment of the powerful few upon the rights of the many.*"
3. Though he opposed the war he voted money to prosecute it; and, the legislation he prepared at that time, little of it passed, has nevertheless been studied by economists of every European country, while one of his war-time financial bills has had the approval of 300 economists in this. He would have been within his rights in absenting himself from all war proceedings, just as he was within his rights in voicing his opinions, as decided by [Continued on page 111]

## **C** Fear

*is the most terrible  
thing in the world  
and  
no fear is so great  
as that of  
a mother alone  
in a house  
at night  
with her child*



# Mother *at Bay*

*By Richard Washburn Child*

*Illustrated by G. Patrick Nelson*

**T**HE TELEPHONE, a wall instrument in the hall, tinkled half-heartedly and was silent.

Evelyn Margoson looked up from her magazine but she looked back again at once because, when the summer crowds were not occupying their country estates and villas on the Point, the telephone service relapsed into the usual rural inefficiency. No one would be calling her.

It was half-past nine. It was unpleasant without and the clammy, spectral, tragic atmosphere seemed to settle over the little bungalow like a blanket of menace. In half an hour more, she would have to nurse the baby.

She must not be frightened. Mothers must not be frightened. All through the winter, she had been there at Moss Neck. The baby had been born there. Of course, this was the first night Owen had not come home—the first time she had been left solely alone. Four and a half hours more! Then his train would let him down at the deserted station and he would almost run through the fog, up Jones's Hill and down Laurel Path towards the water. Then all would be comfortable again. He was sure to come! He would take her in his strong arms and tell her the result of the conference with that bear of a father of his—that old Owen Margoson, hard as nails, cruel, unreasonable.

So now the old gentleman, owner of those Pacific ships, had melted at last. He had come all the way across the continent. He had heard of the baby. As she thought of the insults that old man had heaped upon her, she put down the magazine and, seeing her reflection in the long hall mirror just outside the door, she looked at herself sternly and even considered that now, if she wished, she might have old Margoson with his financier's cold face down on his knees to her. She might hear him say something ridiculous such as "For God's sake, my heartless daughter-in-law, I have wronged you. Now let me look upon the face of my only grandchild." Somehow or other, the phrases of the melo-

drama were exactly the things people said at critical moments. She had never thought of it, and now she laughed.

The telephone tinkled again. She went out to it. There was a terrible buzzing on the line. "Hello," she said. All the wires were jangling as if there had been a terrific wind, and the wind's incoherent voice was shouting warnings at her. But there were no human words, not even the voice of any real wind on wires. This night was not horrible with wind; it was horrible with stillness. It was almost pleasant to listen to this blur and buzzing and snapping.

**S**HE HUNG up the receiver and turned quickly about. She thought she had heard a cough. It had not sounded like a baby's cough. Her baby never coughed. It was a faint cough. Perhaps it had come from the fog outside. An absurd idea! No one could be out here on the Point, especially on a foggy night like this.

The temptation to go to a window, push up the curtain and stare out into the fog, came to her just as one might be tempted to look over the edge of a skyscraper in order to be sickened by the dizzy height. She would see nothing, as she knew quite well. About eight, after she had cooked and eaten her own supper, she had looked out and saw only the tarnished, dirty, frosted silver of the cold salt mist, and drops of water that had condensed on the warm glass panes, and a few wet, dead, drooping leaves still left by the snow and ice, the wind and the whip of the sleet on the vines.

Straightening her backbone and drawing in a full breath, she went to the door behind which the other living soul in that house slept. She opened it cautiously, tiptoeing to the edge of that white coopy affair where the pink knitted blanket hung across the bottom to keep draughts away. The steady rays of



the electric light from the other room fell upon the sleeping face of the infant, happy and free of "nerves."

That was done now; she had fed the baby. The fourteen pounds of diminutive boy had patted her with his hands without even opening his eyes. He knew as she knew; they were one and all one, these two; flesh of flesh, bone of bone. With a gasp, she realized that he was like a piece of her soul broken away to offer to the world and to the future—her immortality.

Now with the door closed again the electric light in the outer room, the living-room, appeared garish. Even under the Japanese shade it shone out now in a cruel glare as if some tensity had filled the house, rasping on the nerves. She listened. The night outside with its fog was nasty with a saturation of non-committal silence. She listened with nothingness beating in her ears. No, there was the drip, drip, drip of the faucet in the sink way back in the kitchen. She thought of the number of times she had put her hand on the brass of that faucet. Except when the baby had come she had done her own work.

THE TELEPHONE was tinkling again—little foolish tinkles, not even loud enough to make a bell-like sound, but merely nervous tinkles such as might be made by two wire nails dangling on a cord. She felt the strange terror of loneliness again. Three hours more. Then Owen would be home or at least on the wet gravel of the Laurel Drive, swinging along in eagerness to take her in his young arms.

She remembered the first time. Comfort could be found in retrospect. One forgot the night, the loneliness, the menacing fog, the pulsing of the silence, if one would only turn over the pages of the album. The mind's album of the past! The day in the country. All that followed that spring. The impulse! It had been his. He had been the one who had insisted on marriage and with all his whimsical and yet strong-willed persuasiveness. But she laughed. There had been no life apparently for her until he came.

She supposed she had been living—young, eager of eyes, sniffing at life with nostrils of the mind, and yet she had not lived at all until Owen came. It was their business—this marriage. What reason had old Margoson to telegraph as he did—insulting, vivid phrases—"no more money—must make your own way—did not consult me—a country girl who was an actress." She had studied dramatic art; to be sure; one might have thought she had carried a spear in a burlesque show! Hard times then. But were they? They were glorious. Penfield Gorman, Owen's roommate in college, had donated the bungalow while he was in Europe. She had done her own work. Owen had his first job and it would have paid for all his club bills if he had not resigned from them all. "Here's the club," he used to say when he came home. "More chummy and more exclusive than the Hare and Hounds."

THE TRAVELING clock in blue leather above the bookcase, told her it was quarter of eleven. She reveled in the thought that time was passing. Here inside all was light and warm. Not a sound from the baby. She folded her hands and looking down at them said to herself that she could not say whether they were as beautiful as her husband said they were; she had looked at them too much to have any judgment about it. At least they appeared to have a delicate color of health and youth and their motions were graceful. She held them up. "They're his, anyhow," she said. "His—and the other's."

At once the hands were invisible! A curtain of blackness had fallen down before her eyes like the result of an explosion. The lights had gone out. She tried the bracket lamp on the wall. Nothing. She tried the light in the hall. Nothing. The house was dark as the inside of a black felt hat. Then stumbling back around chairs, she felt over the table where Owen's tobacco can was to find the matches. "Of all nights!" she said.

Her own voice frightened her, for it was like the voice of an inferior in terror, whose terror communicates itself like a disease. She even struck the match after hesitation, as if the darkness were an explosive gas. The candle she found in the kitchen guttered and flared and crackled. It was less comforting than the electric lighting that had appeared so cruel in its tensity. Now the shadows leaped about the room in a dance, grotesque and horrible to her agitated mind.

Going to the window, she pushed up the roller curtain and tried to stare into the depths of the fog. The candlelight behind her, feeble as it was, seemed to make a pretense at piercing into that wet wall of dirty white murk.

Out of the fog, there had come that sound like a human cough. That, too, was imagination. Perhaps, if she listened, she would hear it again. She waited. Not even the sound of the sea came to her straining ears. There was nothing but the ghastly calm, the silence, and the fog.

The telephone tinkled again.

It broke this time into a trill. The trill became a resounding, echoing, startling summons.

Evelyn took up the cheap tin candlestick and went quickly to the instrument.

"Yes?"

She was trembling. Perhaps something had gone wrong. Perhaps Owen had been struck by something—an accident. Cling, clang! A distant clang. It was a coin box. Yes—a woman's voice, a strange voice, tense, full of impatience, anxious, strident, suggestive of realized fears.

"List-en."

Evelyn never forgot that curious pronunciation with its emphasis on the T.

"List-en."

"Hello."

"You? Mrs. Margoson? Huh? Answer! Where you been? Why didn't you answer all this time, what? Now list-en."

"Yes."

"You're alone, what? Oh, my Gawd, don't tell me he was right! You're alone?"

There was a buzzing on the wires.

"... I say he's comin' for your baby. List-en! You ain't got a chance. He'll take your baby if he has to kill you. He's full of heroin and he'll go the whole way."

ALICE THORPE walked out of the noisy street into the doorway of the Blue Ribbon.

There were chains enough of drug stores and the latest—the Blue Ribbon Service—opened its first large place in New York on the well-known corner where much of the after-theater crowd passes grumbling towards the subways, the elevated and home.

Just beyond the long onyx soda-fountain, seven imitation mahogany booths with coin-slot telephone instruments give out the odors of other people's perfumes, and thumb-frayed directories hang on chains for the convenience of the impatient whose fingers are all thumbs.

Towards these booths, Alice made her way. She had learned in her short career that a certain well-bred European and countess manner was useful always, and particularly useful at times when there might arise a question as to the class to which she belonged. Just now, her lower lip was cut and swollen, suggesting the impact of a careless or a cruel set of knuckles.

At normal, Alice was rather pretty and well cared for, in clothes and toilet. If one overlooked the fact that her eyebrows had been plucked out to form neat bows over her deep blue eyes in which a little of the animal at bay was expressed, one would have to be quite discriminating to discern that this little young woman, with her rich furs and carefully polished nails, was not merely one of the thousands of city bred daughters of affluence in the first generation.

It was now nearly eleven. This was the sixth time that Alice had passed on the way to the telephone booths whose sound-proof qualities had not concealed the stridence of her voice or the unrestrained madness of her jangling of the hook.

The moment she was inside the booth with the door swung shut, Alice cast all her manner and calm aside.

"The beast!" she said aloud. "He thought I'd stand for that. Thought I wouldn't squeal. Thought I wouldn't jump him. Kill me, eh? Well, let him find me first. I'm bad, but I ain't as bad as that. You have to have some kind of a heart or you're all rotten. I ain't all rotten. What was the number? I might have a baby myself, sometime."

Her long fingers were trembling, she wiped her mouth with a handkerchief heavy with the essence of clover. She heard the nickel clang down its groove with a start and a shudder of her whole tense body. Her dialect had changed. Artifice was gone. Her voice, in its anxiety, half frightened her own ears.

"Gimme long distance. Yes. I got change. Now listen. I want Connecticut. Yes. Connecticut. Moss Point, Connecticut. M-o-s-s Point. Three ring seven. Tell the lady there to ring 'em hard. They may be asleep, see?"

She waited, whispering to herself: "I never loved any man enough for this—I didn't. A mother's a mother. You have to stop somewhere. If he hadn't knocked me stupid, I'd have been out here by half-past eight when he left for the train. I'll



*C. Whippy felt her breath close to his lips. He did not realize until he heard the tick of the barrel of the revolver on the table, that she had it. Then came the flash and the impact that staggered him.*

beat you, Whippy. English Whippy, eh? Stuck on yourself, eh? Style an' everythin'? Regular club man you think you are with your stylish clothes and ways with women, you nasty beast."

She was hysterical enough always. Life had been a kind of continuity of hysterics. It had begun when she was seven. She remembered throwing herself onto the floor in a rage, screaming and foaming, with her father, a stolid faced factory foreman, standing over her wide-eyed in wonder and perhaps regretting his marriage to a French-Canadian mother who had died without his really knowing anything about her.

Life had been hysterical, but usually there were no tears. Throwing cold-cream jars aplenty, but tears came seldom. She associated tears with something good in her. Something worth saving and, not counting on mere impotent rage being the source of tears, she believed now that her tears must come from pity.

"Poor little mite!" she exclaimed, still listening with an arm ache. "Poor little innocent thing!"

She jiggled the metal hook viciously.

"Look here, long distance. Now, listen. I've been tryin' all the evenin', see. Tell 'em to ring hard. Somebody there? Sure there is. It's my family. I live there. I know. Keep on ringin'. They gotta answer!"

Her voice went into a high guttural, unpleasant to hear. She had pretty, even teeth; they bit into the soft leather of her white gloves and snapped away. Her hand, suddenly released, knocked the orchid

from its place where the lapels of her coat met. She crushed the orchid under one of her soles, grinding its soft pulpiness into the floor in meaningless rage.

"If there's a God in Heaven, he'll put this call through," she whispered. "I ain't asked for much—not often, I haven't! And I ain't asking for me now."

She argued it so that it carried conviction. She argued it staring at the round mouthpiece as if the will in her hard eyes could force from this rubber and metal and black paint and nickel an answer.

There! Something had clicked. A voice! "All ready with Moss Point. Forty cents, please."

Cling-clang-clang!

A woman's voice! "Yes?" Gentle, inquiring.

"Listen," said Alice, through her teeth. Above all, she was a lover of the dramatic. She hoped now to fill the part she had cast for herself. She would wring from this all the satisfaction she could. She spoke as an actress speaks to compel an audience, to hold it with a word—a word of command. "Listen!"

"So it's you? Mrs. Margoson. Answer me." Her voice broke in a pathetic complaint, the result of long tension. "Where you been? Why didn't you answer all this time? You alone, what? Oh, my Gawd, don't tell me he was right! You're all alone with your baby?"

She caught her breath. She was still weak. She felt the blood leave her face again. Her hands were cold. She was dizzy. It was not so easy to think clearly. She managed to mumble the essence of it all. She said:

"He's coming for the baby. Listen, you ain't got a chance. He'll take your baby if he has to kill you. He's full of heroin and he'll go the whole way."

It was terrible to tell a woman a thing like that. In a vague way, she realized the moment she had spoken that she was doing her work in the worst possible form.

"No, that ain't so. I heard you cry. Don't lose your nerve. It may break all right for you. Don't faint. Keep your nerve.

Now listen close to what I'm going to tell you," she explained.

Alice wiped her forehead with the palm of her gloved hand. The air was suddenly heavy with some kind of poison, but she did not dare to open the door. Nerve? She must keep her nerve, too. She must remember that she was talking to a woman who would have trouble in understanding—one of those unprotected stupid women. They needed friends most of all. Suppose this one had been Alice's own sister? She'd tell her everything. She'd make her understand. Better begin at the beginning. Where was it? Her head swung with the swift current of thoughts, events, which ran about like ants when an emergency and a crisis had come, all out of order.

"Your father-in-law," she said. "Hear me? He was on the train from Chicago yesterday. Tellin' everybody. An' the rotten luck! Ed Stillbrook who just got a shortened term out of the Cook County, happens to be on the train. He didn't know this old Margoson, but when he found out who he was—it was a washout! Ed is from the Pacific Coast. Been in St. Quentin. Yer father-in-law has a weakness—anybody can blackmail him. You didn't know? Certainly not. But when he begins to talk about this twenty-million-dollar grandchild of his—I! Are you listening? You understand? He told the whole story to about everybody in the smoker. Talkative. About you, too. Changed his mind about you. You're great stuff now. You alone, and doing your own housework, and so on. An' where you live, an' everythin'. An' Ed drinkin' it like a thirsty fish."

She was out of breath. She listened. The other voice was asking foolish questions, she thought—foolish questions, all in a faint, trembling voice. Let her talk? No, she must listen. What a story it was! At least it seemed so. It must be told. Vague,

dramatic reasons made it necessary to tell the story at once.

"Listen!" Alice went on. "Wait'll I drop in another dime. Ed came into New York to meet his girl—his wife. She's the limit in the business. She's called 'The Wasp.' Hetty's her name. Been layin' low in the Bronx. Everybody's afraid of her. Knife, gun, anythin'. And clever. Dresses swell day times. If she sees a clear chance, she'll stick up a bank messenger just like a man would. That's her. One fault—talks—and she did it this time. Too much wealthy water last night and she told four. She was going out tonight in an auto and get the Margoson twenty-million baby and put it over in Brooklyn and go to Frisco and telegraph from there if thirty thousand was paid to her order with no questions within twenty-four hours—why then you'd get your baby back."

**T**HE VOICE at the other end was talking now—begging for help, begging for brevity, begging wildly. But to Alice Thorpe's fevered mentality, the great necessity to press on in her own way was like a flood sweeping through her brain.

"Heaven help you! Keep still!" she commanded. "Don't you see that was my Harry's chance? He had the tip. If the Wasp acted quick, he could act quicker. She had told at least two—the Shott pair—who are squealers. That's her weakness—talkin'—especially when she's on a party. My Harry—English Harry, he's called—the beast!—he sees if he gets the child and there's any suspicion it will go on to Ed Stillbrook an' the Wasp. He never seen the Wasp in his life. There's nothing to connect him with her if she was taken in for the kidnappin'! Besides she boasted that with you alone there in that deserted country, she'd walk in herself with a handkerchief over her nose and mouth and a gun and walk out as free as air with the child in a blanket."

Alice had poured it forth, breathing hard, trying to remember, conscientious in her narrative, trying to make an innocent woman understand. She had ridden over all the protests. Now, out of breath, she listened herself.

"What shall I do? What shall I do?" came the agonized voice from far away. "Why do you tell me all this? When is he coming? When are they coming? What shall I do?"

Some theater-goer with a girl simpering on his arm was glowering through the glass door of the telephone booth at this woman who monopolized the instrument, no doubt to discuss with a woman friend the ins and outs of a bridge party, and who was there, and what was said. But Alice was thinking better now.

She heard the voice of the mother from far away, saying: "Why didn't you telephone the village—the station—Mr. Starrett—to send help to me?"

"What did I know about the station or Mr. Starrett?" snapped Alice. "I had to look you up in the telephone book. If I'd have squealed here in New York, I'd never been let leave town. Have some sense. If there's a chance, take the kid and beat it out into the bushes. Maybe he ain't there. He took the eight forty-five. If he comes let him have his way. He's a beast. Stylish and all that, but don't try anything. He's rough, and the drug is in him tonight."

"I can telephone."

"Yes, telephone. Tell central. Oh, my Gawd, I'm sick or I'd thought of that. Tell central. Do it quick. Before he comes! I'll hang up."

"Wait. Hold the line a minute," came the mother's voice in a wail of anguish.

There was a buzzing hum on the wire.

The voice again: "I want to listen. Someone is outside climbing up the trellis!"

Alice could hear the terror in the words—the awful terror. She almost believed she could hear the thumping of that woman's heart.

She said immediately and shortly, as a doctor might make an easy diagnosis: "He's come! Keep your nerve. God bless you. I'll hang up, and you telephone for help right away—first thing. Hurry! I know him. He cuts all the wires—light and telephone. So be quick!"

"Yes, I will." The voice was stronger and firmer now. "He shan't have my baby! Please tell me one



**1.** Crouching in the fog, Whippy saw a window curtain in the bungalow suddenly lifted. A figure appeared, black and vague. "It's the wife," he said, and in his heart he pitied her.



thing. Just tell me one thing more and then I'll let you——"

Click!

Alice sprang at the instrument, jiggled the hook, uttered black words across red lips, pounded, got the operator.

"You cut us off!" she screamed. "Moss Point. Three ring seven. Quick. It's urgent."

There was that mocking hum.

Alice twisted her body around and threw its weight upon the inoffensive instrument.

"Hello," it said, calmly. "Were you the party who has been trying to get Moss Point, three ring seven?"

"Yes."

"The line is reported out of order."

Outside the telephone booth, the theatergoer with the simpering young woman was astounded to see that the booth was vacant. The receiver was dangling but the offensive monopolistic woman with the handsome furs was gone.

Only when he opened the door, did he know that her body had slid with all limp lifelessness to the floor.

"Say! Look!" he exclaimed stupidly. Reaching down he pulled her out as one lifts a meal sack.

"I'm all right," she said, opening her eyes. "But I see you're a gentleman, and you'll help me—you and this lady? It really was so stupid of me. I was just telephoning my house on Long Island to say I'd sent the motor back. I'm taking the midnight for Chicago and you will help me to a taxi, will you not?"

WHIPPY—English Whippy—did not like the fog. If he had been English in fact, he might have learned the atmosphere of London and felt at home in a murk. As it was, he had been born in East St. Louis and acquired his title from wearing spats. At one time, he had been a second class lightweight prize-fighter.

No one would ever know it now; he weighed nearly a hundred and eighty, his lips were thick, he had a double chin always carefully shaved and toilet-watered, and his clothes were those of a rather noisy kind, suggestive of pudgy millionaires who have inherited money rather than made it. Beneath the layers of fat, however, the muscular power and swiftness still persisted. Once a year, he went to Mount Clemens, Michigan, to stew out and retain his functions of a good agile brute.

Whippy was forty. He had suffered from malaria and though his chest muscles and biceps and shoulder meat was such that he could still deliver a swift snake-like and powerful impact with his fists, damp nights when mere drifting mists sank into woolen clothing like fine but heavy rain, were useful for the concealment of evil purposes but bad for comfort.

So far all had gone well. He had bought a ticket for Hartford and slipped off the train without observation. There would be no train until that which would bring the husband and that late local he would board with the child, climbing on the back platform, and would ride two stations to the place where the jitney car was waiting for him to chug back towards Bridgeport.

All that Whippy had to do now was to interrupt communication. A juniper hedge, dripping with the nasty, still mist, made a good wall between himself and the house. No wall was necessary; the fog was quite enough. The cigarettes that had stained his thick fingers yellow had tanned his throat, until the dry membrane cracked sometimes into the seat of violent coughing. He must not cough. Somewhere behind that lighted window, it might be heard and the one thing he must remember in the confusing, assuring, deceptive thrill of some drug in his veins, was that he must not act too quickly. He could prepare for the assault upon that unprotected house, but it would be utter folly to make himself known before three quarters of an hour before the one-thirty had pulled in at the station. To work too soon, would be to multiply the chances of a slip.

For preparation, however, there was no reason for delay. The telephone must be cut; and there could be no reason for



C. Going to the window, Evelyn stared long into the blackness. She could see nothing, but out of the fog there came that sound like a human cough.

suspicion if he cut it now. An exultation was still in his veins—a feeling of being irresistible, of being a king among men. He shut his fists. The knuckles were sore. Her teeth! Never mind. He knew his business. The telephone was dangerous. He moved from the dripping juniper hedge, feeling his way through the fog which sucked into the lungs, was almost like a thick liquid. Here was a pole. With his biceps still straining, he climbed the ten or twelve feet of that post which supported the service wire.

"Let her try to get help now!" he said satirically, putting the jaws of his insulated nippers on the resisting wire.

Instantly, all the lights in the house disappeared!

It was his first error. He realized it as he dug his rubber heels into the post, trying to maintain his precarious position.

THE ELECTRIC LIGHTS! What a fool! No harm done," he said. "I might have known. The telephone wires come down there from that line of poles on the hill. Probably attached to the porcelains on the wall of the house, eh?"

Down in the soft bed of grass and leaves soggy with the winter's decay, he stood again listening, waiting.

"Oh, it won't mean nothing to her," he told himself. "Just a usual interruption of the service. Maybe a blown fuse! There she goes. She's got a candle!"

A flickering light moved behind the blinds of the noncommittal house. He pulled out his watch with the illuminated phosphorescent dial; it was nearly eleven. He knew quite well of the hour of the husband's return. Nothing to worry about. Perhaps it would be safe to smoke. No. There was a shade drawn up and a dark figure—the figure of a woman, peering into the night, into nothingness, into the sightless wall of silver frosted mist. The curtain was drawn again.

"She better take off her clothes and go to bed," he said, licking his thick lips. "She'll need sleep by the time I come in."

He took out a silk handkerchief of deep lavender, recalling

the day he had bought it out of a window on Fifth Avenue—a day when he had felt that the thousand in his pocket would buy the world and all that therein is. This was the handkerchief he would tie over his nose and mouth.

Crouching in the fog, he saw a window curtain in the bungalow suddenly lifted again. A figure appeared black and vague; on the path of yellow light in the mist, a vague shadow was thrown for a moment.

"It's the wife. What's she lookin' for?" he said, yawning, and in his heart he felt pity for her. Pity, he distrusted. He had learned to distrust pity and soft feeling; he was wise enough after a multitude of experiences, to know that every flight of his sentiment ended in a crash. Never could he be so hard-boiled, as he called it, as in those moments just after he had believed that he had uncovered a fine, tender, generous, kindly side of himself that he was afraid to encourage—that he knew he must not encourage.

"She's gone," he said, as the curtain was drawn and the flickering candlelight grew fainter. "These telephone wires are lost in this fog. Can't see anything. I'll have to clip 'em next the house in order to make sure of 'em."

HE ITCHED all over and talked aloud in a low voice to himself. Whenever he was buoyed up this way, he always itched and talked incessantly to his own pleased, egotistical hearing in low, comforting, boastful, self-assuring words. All his skin seemed alive. He twisted inside his sleeves, trousers, undershirt. He took off his hat and smoothed his long black hair brushed straight back. With his mind set squarely, and with endless calm and confidence in his evil purpose, his hand nevertheless went forever feeling about. He fingered the nippers in his pocket, the silk handkerchief, rubbed his cheek, his chin, his wet cold nose, his elbow, touched the gun in his pocket.

Far away on the lonely road he had taken from the station, he heard the whine and clatter of shifting gears from some automobile. The headlights made a strange, faint glow in the fog before the machine passed down into a gully. Suddenly the sound and the glow were gone as if the fog were a sea into whose oblivion the vehicle had sunk.

"Didn't stop?" he exclaimed behind his teeth. "Naw! Nothing like that. She'd be too afraid to try to pull off anythin' after comin' to bein' roared down by Stillbrook for talkin' so much. Nothin' into it. That machine didn't stop. It just went down into that gully beyond the trestle bridge."

He pulled off his shoes, making a wry face at the necessity, and dropped them cautiously into the wet grass whose cold dampness now soaked up unpleasantly into his woolen socks. The hinge of the window blind served the grip of his fingers, while his meaty arms pulled him up to reach the copper gutter of the porch. His stockinged toes found a foothold on the sill and moved cautiously and noiselessly to the left, while his free outstretched hand waved in the mist, seeking gentle contact with the telephone wires.

ALL THE time, he was thinking how careful he must be, after he had got the child, to play the part of a solicitous father on the train—a solicitous father who, having had a serious operation on his ear, was so swathed in gauze that no one would ever recognize him again. Indeed, he could hear the conductor saying, "Pretty late for the young 'un," and his reply, "Sure. Other kid has the measles and this one goes to visit his grandma."

Well, no telephone wires yet. Perhaps the next window beyond would do. He tried it and here the waving hand, reaching nearly to the sill of the second story, touched the taut connection with its case of soft, black insulating material. The nippers feeling around caught the wire in their hungry metal jaws and severed it in one satisfying bite. Then he kept perfectly still for a minute or two.

"That's that," said Whippy, when he was once again behind the juniper hedge trying to pull the pointed patent leather, cloth-topped shoes over his wet stockings. "That's that. And it is immaterial to me whether she goes to bed or not. Let her sit up if she thinks it will help. When the time comes, she's got to face the music."

His watch said eleven-thirty now. Twelve would do. Midnight. A half hour to get the baby and quiet the mother, as he expressed it, and a half hour to go near the station and wait to get on at the end of the same train from which the young father would alight.

He could not understand why there was so much moving about of that candle in the house. It went from the front room and appeared again in the back windows where its light, falling through the closed blinds, made strange yellow slats on the fog. It came back again. It returned.

"Maybe feeding it," he suggested.

Ten minutes later the light suddenly disappeared completely—gone like a soul from a dead body. Now the bungalow was like a lump of shapeless solid in the mist.

"She's gone to bed," he concluded. "That's a cinch. She's gone to bed and now maybe I can get away with it without waking her."

FOR THE first time he thought of the nervous strain of carrying a squalling infant. He had something for the baby in a little vial in his pocket. Not too much, he remembered, just enough. He had thought of everything. A job like this was usually done by an amateur or some illiterate, as Whippy had said to Alice with his own lips. Usually there were grave risks. In this case, however, not so great because the old man would settle easily. Whippy already had a note to leave for the old man telling him how much it would cost to get the youngster back. He felt in his inside pocket to be sure. Yes, the note was there. He had thought of everything.

The time had come now!

He walked cautiously across the grass to the house and, having opened the blinds with swift cunning hands and one odd tool, he did the old trick on the window strips, so that the whole lower sash came out dangling on its weight cords.

He listened. The warm air within the house came out in a little puff into the fog and touched his cheek as he raised his body up to the sill. There he paused. There was something curious here! The air smelled pungent. It was laden with a pungent aromatic odor—a smell like something suggesting hospitals, a cool sickish smell, like ether.

THAT WAS none of his business—that smell. He put one stockinged foot down on the hardwood floor and felt about with the toes of the other for the center rug. Touching it, he moved over it until he felt the table edge.

At the moment he touched that polished surface, he stopped in the midst of the inky blackness like one frozen. Little warning tensions ran down to the termini of every nerve. He listened. He could hear water dripping into a sink far away. He could hear his own heart thumping inside his ribs as they were held extended in an interruption of a breath. He pulled at the gun in his pocket. Nothing could have come more clearly out of the mystery of that blackness than the sound of a short, derisive, woman's laugh.

It was unbelievable! A woman's laugh. The mother would have nothing to laugh about unless she were laughing in her sleep. Laughs are not menacing. He thought he had heard something menacing in this barely audible laugh.

"Light the candle, Whippy," a voice said suddenly. "You're late. Don't be scared, you poor nut. I ain't got a revolver nor a knife nor nothin'."

He remained immovable trying to take in the situation, trying to weigh it.

"You got a gun, Whippy. But you wouldn't shoot me. I bet you wouldn't."

There was a pause, then a scratching noise and a match touched to a candle wick opened an ever-growing circle of flickering light. Standing with her back to a closed door was a woman. She wore a man's felt hat. Like the long raincoat, it was still wet. In one of her hands hung nonchalantly by her side was a pair of motor gauntlets. She was still laughing silently and evilly. He could see the derisive, insolent curl of her pink lips and white teeth; he could not see anything in her eyes but anger and defeat.

"I know you, English Whippy," she said. "Take off that lavender disguise. You ain't ever seen me before but I've seen you. Ed Stillbrook's best pal pointed you out once. And I can never forget that double chin, Whippy. Ain't you the dirty dog to come out here and try to take this job away from me!"

Shesneered and tried to trick the wet strands of hair under her hat. Whippy made a mean thrusting motion with the point of his automatic.

"You wouldn't!" she said.

"Why?"

"Because you know my reputation, Whippy. You ain't got the grit. You're afraid I'm too good [Continued on page 109]

PLAY of the Month



# Captain Applejack

By Walter Hackett

*LOTS of folks  
are calling  
The Play of the Month  
Their*

*Vest Pocket Theater  
That is more than a habit  
it's an education*

**A**MBROSE APPLEJOHN, forty and flat in a rut, felt the need of a change. It was borne in upon him, when two young girls offered him a seat in a crowded railway car, that he was getting old. His friend, Johnny Jason, told him he was not really old, but that the generations old house in which he had always lived, was ageing him. Routine had gripped him. "The same thing at the same time in the same way every day because he did the same thing in the same way yesterday, and the reason he did them yesterday was because he did them the day before—it wasn't years but monotony that was ageing him." Romance had passed him by. He had never felt the need of it. But at last he realized that it was the only thing worth living for. As he told his ward, Poppy Faire, "I crave adventure. I should like to match my wits against an arch villain. And then—love at first sight! I want to rescue a beautiful young woman—from some terrible danger."

**P**OPPY (she is in love with Ambrose but he doesn't know it)—Do you mean you—you are going to be married?

**AMBROSE**—Well-er-well, I haven't planned quite as far ahead as that.

**POPPY**—If you rescue a foreign princess, you will have to marry her.

**AMBROSE**—I suppose I shall—it's the respectable thing to do—yes. But you know, somehow I never thought of marriage at all.

**POPPY**—Not even when you took the Rector's sister to dinner?

**AMBROSE**—That was a duty. When duty begins, romance ends. **POPPY** (dreamily)—Love at first sight. I wonder if there is such a thing!

**AMBROSE**—Jason says it has happened to him over and over. **POPPY**—Did he tell you what it is like?

**AMBROSE**—Yes. He says it is a most peculiar sensation. Overpowering but not painful. To illustrate: A strange woman enters this room—I am here alone. We exchange greetings and for a time discuss the most trivial subjects. Then something, a careless shrug of the shoulders, the quick birdlike turn of her head, breaks in on one's consciousness with a vague familiarity—the familiarity becomes a conviction—we have met before.

**POPPY**—But if you have met before, it isn't love at first sight.

**AMBROSE**—Not in this life, child. Aeons and aeons ago. "I



was a king in Babylon and you were a Christian slave." This knowledge thrills you. Then follows a moment of intense excitement which communicates itself to every nerve—your hands touch—your eyes meet—something electric—a flash—

POPPY—Does it?

AMBROSE—Yes-er-so Jason says.

**I**N THIS mood, under the influence of Jason, Applejohn has advertised the old house for sale. The discovery of his intention is a great shock to his aunt, Mrs. Agatha Whatcombe, and a distinct disappointment to Poppy. But Ambrose craves adventure and the thing must be done. His rebellion, however, is not permitted to disturb the hard-set habits of his aunt and ward and they retire at the usual time. Lush, the butler, goes through his ordinary routine of closing the house for the night. Ambrose, true to his new rôle, refuses "Pilgrim's Progress" and "The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire" and chooses "The Three Musketeers" for his late reading. At the instant of making his choice, there comes a loud and unexpected knocking at the outside door. Under the impression that a prospective purchaser of the house might be making a late call, Lush is ordered to admit the visitor. A handsome lady enters. Almost immediately and most convincingly, she faints in Ambrose's arms. When Lush is on the point of throwing water in



her face, she revives. Upon recovering, she tells a most remarkable story. "Monsieur," she says dramatically, "I am Anna Valeska, the Russian dancer." This means nothing to Ambrose but he is polite. When the revolution came, according to Anna, she was in Moscow. The Bolsheviks kept her prisoner to dance for them. Then one day, Lenin, himself, offered her a fortune in jewels if she would act as his secret agent. Anna pretended to accept the offer, but secretly planned to take the jewels to England and return them to the rightful owner, the Grand Duchess Sonia. Discovering her perfidy, Lenin set his chief spy, Borolsky, "the greatest spy in all the world, cruel, ruthless, terrible," on her trail. If Borolsky finds her, she will be killed. He is after her. He has chased her into the country. He is at hand. She has momentarily eluded him and sought safety in Ambrose's old house. But he will come and he will have Anna and the jewels, which she is carrying in a case, even though he has to kill Ambrose first. As she makes this pleasant announcement, there sounds a loud knocking at the door. "Here he is!" cries Anna. "Save me, save me from that man!" Ambrose, promising to do what he



**A**unt Agatha (Marie Wainwright) is profoundly stirred when Ambrose Applejohn (Wallace Eddinger) calmly admits having advertised the old home for sale because he "feels the need of a change."

can, hides Anna in an inner room and turns to meet the terrible Borolsky. He has longed for adventure and here it is thrown at his head. After all, it is not Borolsky, but a Mrs. Pengard whom Lush admits. Her car has broken down and she and her husband are seeking refuge from the storm while the chauffeur repairs it. Mr. Pengard does not immediately enter and the lady takes advantage of his delay to faint in Ambrose's arms. "What! Another of them," he



**C.** "Timid as I am, d'you see—and hatin' trouble, I'll face the crew single handed, if I must. I'll slit 'em ear from ear," Ambrose tells Poppy (Phoebe Foster).

cries as he drags the woman to the settee. When Mrs. Pengard and her husband are left alone in the room for a moment while Ambrose goes for a picture of the house, they instantly set about trying to find a secret panel in the book shelves. They succeed, but before they can explore it, Ambrose returns. Meanwhile the woman has unfastened the window, making their return possible, and as they go out, they tell Ambrose, innocent and unsuspecting, that they expect to return.

Ambrose is just felicitating himself, that he has escaped Borolsky, when Lush announces the arrival of the terrible spy.

**B**OROLSKY—I must offer my apologies for calling upon you at this late hour.

**AMBROSE**—Please don't.

**BOROLSKY**—Mr. Applejohn, are you a friend of justice?

**AMBROSE**—Well, I'm not a policeman.

**BOROLSKY**—The police, tch! Of what use are the police? It is because the police are useless that I am here.

**AMBROSE**—I can quite believe that.

**BOROLSKY**—I am searching for a lady.

**AMBROSE**—It's a wonderful pastime. (He is delighted with his own wit.)

**BOROLSKY** (fiercely)—It is not a pastime with me. No. Not this one. She has tricked—betrayed me and my friends and when anyone trifles with me, I always hunt them down and make them suffer. Remember that.

**AMBROSE**—But what has that got to do with me?

**BOROLSKY**—Mr. Applejohn, has a strange lady sought shelter here tonight?

**AMBROSE**—No.

**BOROLSKY**—Are you sure?

**AMBROSE**—Of course, I'm sure. You think I shouldn't notice a strange woman about the house? I'd make a point of noticing her.

**BOROLSKY**—Then I can only make my excuses and bid you good night.

**AMBROSE**—You are going so soon? That's too bad.

**BOROLSKY** (turns back at the door)—Mr. Applejohn, you have lied to me. (Produces Anna's handkerchief.)

This handkerchief, which I found on your settee, is the property of the lady I am seeking. She is here.

**AMBROSE**—Nonsense, nonsense.

**BOROLSKY**—The (Continued on page 132)



¶ *The Broken Tambourine has won the fancy of Paris. M. Carrier-Belleuse's latest painting has unexpectedly attracted the attention of two continents.*

## The Picture that Made Paris Gasp

By Willard Huntington Wright

THE LATEST picture to attract the fickleness of the French public is Pierre Carrier-Belleuse's "Le Tambourin Brisé" (The Broken Tambourine). And behold herein another instance of the capricious irresponsibility with which the Goddess of Fame confers her favors upon the paintings of that ancient mausoleum of mediocrity and talent—the official Paris Salon.

To the average conventional painter the Salon is a kind of lottery. In all the years of its placid, orthodox existence neither prophet, sage nor oracle has been able to predict the outcome of its verdict. Moreover, an illogical and haphazard spirit has always seemed to mark the public's unofficial approval.

Regard the amazing case of "September Morn." Why, in the name of all that is sacred in the arts, should this slim flapper taking her morning plunge have fired the enthusiasm of two nations? Surely there is nothing new or startling in pictures of immodest ladies at their ablutions.

For decades Carrier-Belleuse has been a more or less familiar name at the Salon's vernissages. Like Harpignies, he belongs to the old school of safe and sane academicians. When the smoke of each successive battle in the ranks of the younger painters has cleared away, he is still at his easel, serene and unperturbed, carrying on the true and tried traditions of his masters. Born in 1851, he became a pupil of Cabanel and the decorator, Galland;

and he exposed work in the Salon as early as 1875. Since then he has accumulated various academic honors and distinctions. But they have had little to do with the acclaim now being accorded his latest canvas.

However, the dusky maiden of this picture will not, I think, achieve the notoriety of her xanthous sister in "September Morn," despite the fact that "The Broken Tambourine" is much the better painting. It is more pleasing in design; its execution is more competent and vivid; and it is freer in treatment, even though not in dishabille! But even so, it belongs to a type of painting which went out of fashion along with hoopskirts, warming-pans and hair-cloth settees.

It was Manet, the first artist who dared put nudes and clothed figures together in a modern *al-fresco* setting (What a furore his "Déjeuner sur L'Herbe" created among the Sumners of his day!), who set the style in pictures wherein some small subsidiary object played the hero's part.

Today this practice seems old-fashioned, and smacks of mothballs and antimacassars. The broken tambourine, indeed! No one—M. Carrier-Belleuse least of all—cares particularly about the tambourine. It is the lovely and bewitching young woman who is the real center of interest and the *raison d'être* of the present painting.



# Merton of the

## MOVIES

By Harry Leon Wilson

### BOOK of the Month

*Some books—like men—are born famous, some achieve fame and others have fame thrust upon them—and each month that one which is most deserving finds a place here as the Book of the Month*

MERTON GILL mealed at the Gashwiler home. He ate his supper in moody silence, holding himself above the small gossip of the day that engaged Amos G. Gashwiler and his wife. What to him meant the announcement that Amos expected a new line of white goods on the morrow, or Mrs. Gashwiler's version of a regrettable incident occurring at that afternoon's meeting of the Entre Nous Five Hundred Club, in which the score had been judged adversely to Mrs. Gashwiler, resulting in the loss of the first prize, a handsome fern dish, and concerning which Mrs. Gashwiler had thought it best to speak her mind? What importance could he attach to the disclosure of Metta Judson, the Gashwiler hired girl, who chatted freely during her appearances with food, that Doc Cummins had said old Grandma Foutz couldn't last out another day; that the Peter Swansons were sending clear to Chicago for Tilda's trousseau; and that Jeff Murdock had arrested one of the Giddings boys, but she couldn't learn if it was Fred or Gus, for being drunk as a fool and busting up a bazaar out at the Oak Grove schoolhouse, and the fighting was something terrible.

Scarcely did he listen to these petty recitals. He ate in silence and when he had finished the simple meal, he begged to be excused. He begged this in a lofty, detached, somewhat weary manner, as a man of the world, excessively bored at the dull chatter but still the fastidious gentleman, might have begged it, breaking into the many repetitions by his hostess of just what she had said to Mrs. Judge Ellis. He was again Clifford Armytage, enacting a polished society man among yokels. He was so impressive after rising, in his bow to Mrs. Gashwiler, that Amos regarded him with a kindling suspicion.

MR. GASHWILER had, indeed, ground for suspicion, as Mr. Wilson makes clear. Only that afternoon, he had detected Merton, who was a clerk in Gashwiler's General Store, in the act of hurling one of the display dummies across the room. The unimaginative storekeeper, of course, could not know that Merton had no intention of destroying the dummy as a dummy; he could not know that the boy was merely practicing his theatricals, having his eye firmly fixed on the large field of the motion pictures. Serious and determined, he had even gone to the extent of taking a correspondence course in acting and at every leisure moment of the day he was busily engaged in perfecting himself in his chosen art. His one dissipation was a twice a week visit to Simsbury's picture theater. His one indulgence was the purchase of many magazines devoted to the work and people of the film world. His one extravagance had been a journey to Peoria to hear and see the star of the silent stage, Beulah Baxter. Of course there was the cost of the stills made by Lowell Hardy, Simsbury's artistic photographer, but that was part of his equipment and figured as legitimate over-head. With Lowell, he had made an appointment for the following Sunday secure in the knowledge that the Gashwilers would be away from home. His Far West outfit had just arrived fresh from a Chicago catalog house, and he was anxious to see the studies. This outfit consisted of high-heeled boots, spurs, a gay shirt, a gayer neckerchief, a broad-brimmed hat, a leather holster, and a pair of goatskin chaps. Arrayed in this costume, he permitted Lowell to make several photographs on Sunday. Then came the moment when it was desirable to get a few stills

of himself and his horse. For the latter rôle, he impressed Dexter, Gashwiler's old raw-boned horse, grown indifferent to most of the affairs of life. Of course in all this western stuff, Merton was appearing as the famous star, Buck Benson, and Dexter was forced to be Pinto. But as Buck Benson, he could not remain forever on the ground; he must mount his faithful companion and be taken in the act of riding away.

FROM the barn, Merton dragged a saddle, blanket, and bridle. He had never saddled a horse before but he had not studied in vain. He seized Dexter by a wisp of his surviving mane and commanded, "Get around there, you old skate!" Dexter sighed miserably and got around as ordered. He was both pained and astonished. He knew that this was Sunday. Never had he been forced to work on this day. But he meekly suffered the protrusion of a bit between his teeth and shuddered but slightly when a blanket and then a heavy saddle were flung across his back. True, he looked up in some dismay when the girth was tightened. Not once in all his years had he been saddled. He was used to having things loose around his waist.

The girth went still tighter. Dexter glanced about with genuine concern. Someone was intending to harm him. He curved his swanlike neck and snapped savagely at the shoulder of his aggressor, who kicked him in the side and yelled, "Whoa, there, dang you!"

Dexter subsided. He saw it was no use. Whatever queer thing they meant to do to him would be done despite all his resistance. Still his alarm had caused him to hold up his head now. He was looking much more like a horse.

"There!" said Merton Gill, and as a finishing touch he lashed a coiled clothesline to the front of the saddle.

"Now, here! Get me this way. This is one of the best things I do—that is, so far." Fondly he twined his arms around the long thin neck of Dexter, who tossed his head and knocked off the cowboy hat. "Never mind that—it's out," said Merton. "Can't use it in this scene." He laid his cheek to the cheek of his pet. "Well, old pal, they're takin' yuh from me, but we got to keep a stiff upper lip. Yuh and me been through some purty lively times together, but we got to face the music at last—there, Lowell, did you get that?"

The artist had made his study. He made three others of the same affecting scene at different angles. Dexter was overwhelmed with endearments. Doubtless he was puzzled—to be kicked in the ribs one minute, the next to be fondled. But Lowell Hardy was enthusiastic. He said he would have some corking studies. He made another of Buck Benson preparing to mount good old Pinto; though, as a matter of fact, Buck, it appeared, was not even half prepared to mount.

"Go on, jump on him," suggested the artist. "I'll get a few more that way."

"Well, I don't know," Merton hesitated. He had never been aboard a horse. Perhaps he shouldn't try to go too far in one lesson. "You see, the old boy's pretty tired from his week's work. Maybe I better not mount him. Say, I'll tell you, take me rolling a cigarette, just standing by him. I darned near forgot the cigarette."

From the barn he brought a sack of tobacco and some papers. He had no intention of smoking, but this kind of cigarette was



Harry Leon Wilson receives the adoration of his old Pal. Obviously the dumb worshiper is trying to tell the brilliant satirist that he is eager to go with him into the "wide spaces, where men are men and one can give the best that is in him."

too completely identified with Buck Benson to be left out. Lolling against the side of Dexter, he poured tobacco from the sack into one of the papers.

"Get me this way," he directed, "just pouring it out."

He had not yet learned to roll a cigarette, but Gus Giddings, the Simsbury outlaw, had promised to teach him. Anyway, it was enough now to be looking keenly out from under his hat while he poured tobacco into the creased paper against the background of good old Pinto. An art study of this pose was completed. But Lowell Hardy craved more action, more variety.

"Go on, get on him," he urged. "I want to make a study of that."

"Well—" again Merton faltered—"the old skate's tired out from a hard week, and I'm not feeling any too lively myself."

"Shucks! It won't kill him if you get on his back for a minute, will it? You'll want one to show, won't you? Hurry up, while the light's right."

Yes, he would need a mounted study to show. Many times he had enacted a scene in which a director had looked over the art studies of Clifford Armytage and handed them back with the

remark, "But you seem to play only society parts, Mr. Armytage. All very interesting and I've no doubt we can place you soon; but just at present we are needing a lead for a Western, a man who can look the part and ride."

Thereupon he handed these Buck Benson stills to the man, whose face would instantly relax into an expression of pleased surprise.

"The very thing," he would say. And among these stills, certainly there should be one of Clifford Armytage actually on the back of his horse. He'd chance it.

He clutched the bridle reins of Dexter under his drooping chin, and overcoming a feeble resistance, dragged him alongside the watering trough. Dexter at first thought he was wished to drink, but a kick took that nonsense out of him. With extreme care Merton stood upon the edge of the trough and thrust a leg blindly over the saddle. With some determined clambering he was at last seated. His feet were in the stirrups. There was a strange light in his eyes. There was a strange light in Dexter's eyes. To each of them the experience was not only without precedent but was rather unpleasant.

"Ride him out in the middle here away from the well," directed the camera man.

Metta Judson, from the back porch, here came into the piece with lines that the author had assuredly not written for her.

"Geddap, there, you Dexter Gashwiler," called Metta loudly and with the best intentions.

"You keep still," commanded the rider severely and without turning his head. What a long way it seemed to the ground! He had never dreamed that horses were so lofty.

"There hold that," said the artist. "You're looking off over the Western hills. Atta boy! Wait till I get a sideview."

"Move your camera," said the rider. "Seems to me he don't like to turn around."

The artist seized Dexter's bridle and turned him half around. That wasn't so bad. Merton began to feel the thrill of it. He even lounged in the saddle presently, and continued to lounge while the artist packed his camera. What had he been afraid of? He could sit a horse as well as the next man.

"I'll bet they'll come out fine," he called to the departing artist.

"Leave that to me. I dare say, I'll be able to do something good with them. So long."

"So long," said Merton, and was left alone on the back of a horse higher than people would think until they got on him. Indeed, he was beginning to like it. If you just had a little nerve, you needn't be afraid of anything. Now he considered nothing less than riding, in the cool of early evening, up and down the alley upon which the barnyard gave.

It was the cutting remark of a thoughtless, empty-headed girl that confirmed Merton in his rash resolve. Metta Judson, again on the back steps, surveyed the scene with kindling eyes. "I bet you daren't ride him," said Metta.

"You know a lot about it, don't you?" parried Merton. He jerked Dexter's head up, snapped the reins on his neck, and addressed him in genial, comradely but authoritative tones: "Git up there, old hoss!"

Dexter lowered his head again and remained as if posing conscientiously for the statue of a tired horse.

"Giddap, there, you old Dexter Gashwiler!" ordered Metta. But Dexter would not yield to a woman's whim.

"I'll tell you," said Merton, now contemptuous of his mount, "get the buggy whip and tickle his ribs."

Metta sped on the errand, her eyes shining with the lust for torture. With the frayed end of the whip from the delivery wagon she lightly scored Dexter's ribs.

Dexter's frame grew tense, his head came up. Once more he looked like a horse. He had been brave to face destruction, but he found himself unable to face being tickled to death. He tossed his head and stepped into a trot towards the open gate.

Stirred to life by the tickling, Dexter now became more acutely aware of that strange restless burden upon his back, and he was inspired to free himself from it. He

increased his pace as he came to the gate, and managed a backward kick with both heels. This lost the rider his stirrups and left him less securely seated than he wished to be. He dropped the reins and grasped the saddle's pommel with both hands.

All might have been well but, upon losing the stirrups, the rider had firmly clasped his legs about the waist of the animal. Again and again he tightened them, and now Dexter not only looked every inch a horse but very painfully to his rider felt like one, for the spurs were goading him to a most seditious behavior.

The rider clasped his mount ever more tightly. The deep dust of the alley road mounted high over the spirited scene and through it came not only the hearty delight of Metta Judson in peals of womanly laughter, but the shrill cries of the three Ransom children whom Merton had not before noticed. These were Calvin Ransom, aged eight; Elsie Ransom, aged six; and little Woodrow Ransom, aged four.

"Merton's in a runaway, Merton's in a runaway, Merton's in a runaway!" they shrieked, but with none of the sympathy that would have become them.

Suddenly they ceased, frozen with a new and splendid wonder, for their descriptive phrase was now inexact. Merton was no longer in a runaway. But only for a moment did they hesitate before taking up the new chant.

"Looky, looky. He's thrown Merton right off into the dirt. He's thrown Merton right off into the dirt. Oh, looky, Merton

Gill right down there in the dirt where he threw him!"

Again they had become exact. Merton was right down there in the dirt and a frantic, flashing heeled Dexter was vanishing up the alley at the head of a cloud of dust.

## The Bookshelf OF THE MONTH

**THE BEAUTIFUL AND DAMNED**, by F. Scott Fitzgerald, plays surprisingly upon the motif of great expectations. A wealthy grandfather is dominant in the molding of Anthony Patch's life, both before and after the disinheritance. Anthony's moral and mental collapse, and the failure of his marriage to the beautiful Gloria, are sketched against the background of New York's social indulgences, which seem well "liquored." Cut off without a cent because of his profligate life, it was a stroke of irony that his mind should have failed at the moment when the coveted millions came to him.

**THE WILD HEART**, by Emma-Lindsay Squier, furnishes intimate and moving pictures of the little friends of wood and sky. Sea-gull and rabbit, startled fawn and Henry the Heron, Timothy the Seal and Hector the Chicken-hawk, with the Princess, a tigress and Ethel a lioness, are presented as real live animals that Miss Squier knew and whose wild hearts yielded, with touching readiness, to the magic of love.

**SIMON CALLED PETER**, by Robert Keable, reveals the bitter struggle of a young chaplain in the World War. Conventional in thought and training, Peter Grabam went out to help the Tommies. There things were different from what he had imagined. In his abstract, hard and fast religion, there was nothing to which the soldiers could cling. Their attitude shook his faith. His hard struggle back to a new light came through the love brought to him by a nurse.

**MY MEMORIES OF EIGHTY YEARS**, by Chauncey M. Depew, carries a bewildering suggestion of the myriad miracle changes since 1842. More startling still are the names of the author's friends—most of them, now, just historical figures to the vast majority of his readers. Lincoln, Seward, Stanton, Chase, Greeley, Grant, Blaine—Senator Depew knew them all, and he has illuminated his pages with personal observations about each—his memory catching the far past to the present.

SO BY HARD and bitter experience, Merton Gill profited from his correspondence course in film acting. Came then a day when Merton told Gashwiler good-by. "Always remember that your old job is waiting for you," Amos said as the boy set his face to the West and started on his long journey to the Land of Promise.

He had little money and no friends and at the scene of the making of many pictures, he found that "only two companies were shooting on the lot." There were small bits for him a couple of times but there were long gaps and his small capital dwindled, became negligible, vanished completely. For a week he slept in out-of-the-way places on the lot and for three days he went without food. Gashwiler's assurance, in those days, rang in his ears but he held on, largely because it was easier to hold on than to let go. At that crucial moment, Flips (Sarah) Montague, a girl whom he had met occasionally around the lot, and disliked because she took life humorously, came to his aid.

Flips fed his starving stomach and persuaded Baird, a director, to give Merton a chance to do straight acting in a burlesque piece. That it was burlesque had to be carefully concealed from Merton—he had gone into the [Continued on page 134]



UNCLE WALT  
*Puts the Kibosh*  
*on the Bogey Man*

WHO'S  
Afraid!

By  
Walt Mason

Illustrated by  
F. Strothmann

IT WAS a black, stagnant autumn night. There was no breath of air stirring, and it was hard work breathing. There were four of us at the Gallivant farmhouse: Mrs. Gallivant, whose husband was away from home on business; her visiting sister, Mrs. Putty, and the latter's blooming daughter, Isabella; and myself, the fiery, untamed farm hand, earning fourteen dollars a month by my Herculean labors with pitchfork and hoe.

We sat on the porch fanning ourselves until the mosquitoes, which were of the barred Plymouth Rock variety, drove us into the house; and all evening Mrs. Gallivant had kept our nerves taut by relating ghoulish tales of epitaphs and dead men's bones. She was a fine woman, and had won several prizes at the county fair on gilt-edged butter, but she had a decayed imagination that liked to hang around hearses and charnel houses.

The smoky lamp was giving a sickly light, and she was telling her favorite story of vampires she had known, when there arose from the cellar the most appalling noises that ever shocked human ears on a black and stagnant night. There was a rattling sound as of musketry, and back of it, and all around it, the most diabolical groaning and gurgling, as though people were being strangled to death.

We sat staring at each other for a time.

"We'll have to go down and see what's doing," said Mrs. Gallivant, at last, "and you," indicating me, "will have to go first, as you're the only male on the place. Let us arm ourselves and see who is being murdered."

Had they all been old women I'd have refused; but Isabella was young and attractive, and she evidently was expecting me to imitate the curves of Bayard, the knight without fear and without reproach, and I lacked the courage to show her how badly scared I was. Taking a rusty shotgun in one hand, and the family dog in the other, I led the procession down the cellar stairs. I tried to look like a hero but my feet were so cold they left imprints of hoar frost wherever I stepped.

Mrs. Gallivant followed with the smoking lamp, and by its sickly light, I discovered what was the matter. The old lady had put up a lot of tomato ketchup in bottles some time before, and placed the bottles on a shelf. She must have put too much hops and raisins in her ketchup, for it was fermenting and blowing the corks out of the bottles, and then slopping down to the floor. Hence the popping and gurgling. The sound seemed innocuous enough when we knew what made it; but when we had heard it from the room above, it was ghastly, grim, and ominous, suggesting ghosts and unholy things.

The lessons that influence us most are those gained by experi-



C. Taking a rusty shotgun in one hand, the family dog in the other, I led the exterminating procession down the cellar stairs. Mrs. Gallivant followed with the smoking lamp.

ence. I have read the works of many philosophers, and most of the stuff touching demonology, but that little episode in the cellar of a Kansas farm house did more to shake my faith in bogies, and to convince me of the uselessness of fear, than all I have read.

WE SHOULD all be happy as chipmunks in this world, but nearly all people are more or less unhappy because they are afraid of something. The honest workingman, who earns his bread in the sweat of his brow, is afraid that the mill will close; the owner of the mill has a snappy car and a cottage at the seashore, and should be happy; but he fears that there will be a slump in the demand for ready made cisterns, and his works will have to close down.

Yonder majestic female, just stepping into the department store, has everything a mortal can desire; yet she is worried, for she finds that she weighs eight pounds more than she did two months ago; the statesman in Washington is afraid that his constituents won't appreciate the way he is bleeding and dying for his country. We are all afraid of something; and the something usually is vague and indefinite, but it spoils the world for us.

When everything around us seems serene, and the bills are paid, and there is money in the bank, and we can't think of anything material to be afraid of, we rake up the old ancestral fear of dying, and lead it around by a string. This is the master-fear that has taken the sunshine out of life for generations of highly civilized men. It doesn't worry the fatalistic people who are

supposed to be less civilized than ourselves. In Eastern countries, the voters hold to the theory that everything is written, everything preordained; it was written that they would be born, and they were born; it is written that they must die, and they'll die at the appointed time. It is something they can't alter or revise, so why worry?

We grow up with an ingrained fear of the tomb. Our pastors and Sunday school teachers tell us, from our earliest infancy, that intolerable horrors await nearly all of us after we die.

For years, I have been trying to overcome this fear, which was implanted in my bosom when I was less than three feet high, and at times I think I have succeeded, and I meditate calmly upon the Great Change, and think how nice it will be to rest under a willow, in a handsomely upholstered box, where no bore can get at me and no assessor can ask impertinent questions, and threaten to have me arrested for tax dodging. Sometimes I feel so serene over the whole business that I tell my neighbors I have no dread at all; when the summons comes I shall lay aside my trusty pipe and bequeath my pearl-inlaid corkscrew to a worthy nephew, and lay me down with a will, as Stevenson concisely phrased it.

But a week or two ago I was laid up with nine standard diseases, the ones you will find charted and diagramed in the almanacs. I had pale green pains all over me and the veterinarian who attended me looked so hopeless that the old fear came back, and I was pretty miserable for two or three days, thinking of undertakers and embalming fluid; but the veterinarian called in a healer who had achieved great cures, and between them they set me on the road to recovery, and no sooner had I been assured that I was going to get well, than the fear left me, and I put away John Bunyan's complete works, and resumed the perusal of "Hopalong Cassidy," by Clarence E. Mulford and went serenely on my way.

IN my normal condition, I am free of the Great Fear; when I am sick and more or less insane, the Fear returns. So perhaps I have triumphed, after all. We should be judged by our conduct and beliefs when we are sane and sound, not when a lot of doctors are pouring Bordeaux Mixture into us, through a funnel.

It is a grand and encouraging thing that people and denominations are rebelling against the creeds that thrive on human fear. One of the most prosperous churches in the world is growing at a phenomenal rate because it teaches serenity. Its people are not afraid; they know or believe that everything is right side up with care, in this world and the next; all they have to do is to play the game according to the rules, and they have nothing to be afraid of.

Recently, everybody was reading the newspaper stories of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's lectures on the next world, and they have caused much discussion, some indorsing and some scoffing. Whether we agree with the distinguished visitor or otherwise, the arguments of a man of such genius deserve respectful consideration; and it must be admitted that he has done great good in helping to allay a universal fear. It should be remembered that he is a physician as well as a spiritualist, and when he says that dying is no ordeal at all, there is comfort in his words.

No matter what ideas we entertain as to what happens after death, the process of dying and leaving this good old globe forever has always had its terrors. Louis XIV of France was tortured all through his life by this fear. Anybody who mentioned the word "death" in his presence was likely to be fired from his job as assistant postmaster, and it was certain that he'd never again have a chance to approach the Grand Monarch. Yet when

the solemn hour came, and Louis was stretched on his downy couch, going through the motions of expiring, he was reminded of my experience in the Gallivant cellar; it was as easy as sliding down a cellar door. "Is this all there is to it?" inquired the great king, and the learned physician replied, "This is all; there's no trick to it, whatever," or words to that effect.

Sir Arthur says that dying merely involves a delicious languor; and having stepped from this world to the next, the man who has behaved himself can have any kind of a heaven he wants. There are houses in that shadowy land, and parks, and all the conveniences we are used to; and a man may smoke cigars, and make himself perfectly at home. Perhaps Sir Arthur hasn't the blue prints to establish all he claims, but his ideas of paradise are, in general, quite attractive.

## II Ajax and Hoodoos

I DO not fear the morrow, though it may reek of sorrow and tragedy and care, but blithely I'll be wending; there is no use in rending my clothing or my hair. A lot of trembling voters, afraid of chugging motors, go slinking through the town; among the cars embattled they get all fussed and rattled, and henrys run them down. Men fear that balmy breezes will bring them fierce diseases, with deadly germs in crowds; and sure enough hay fever smites them as with a cleaver and puts them in their shrouds. Though hoodoos be assembling, I've banished fear and trembling, I sound defiant note; though Jonahs round me teeter, and chant a doleful meter, they can not get my goat. Oh, fearing is inviting all woes and troubles blighting to roost upon your dome; and they would treat me meanly but viewing them serenely, I shoo them from my home.

*Clare Mason*

The country is full of silver tongued orators, and they are lecturing on everything from the missing link to the desirability of the coinage of light wines and beer, and they are doing no good; they are telling us things we all know, and we could tell them better ourselves. They are not giving encouragement or solace to anybody. If they would go around the kerosene circuit urging people not to be afraid, to cast out all manner of fear, they would be contributing to the happiness of the world.

It's really a caution how much trouble you avoid by not being afraid of it. Most of the farmers I have known—and I have mingled with coveys of them—were slaves to fear. They were always squinting around the horizon to see if there was any sign of elemental disturbance.

When trouble does come, it's usually something you weren't looking for, and you see the folly of being afraid. A long time ago, there was a Harvest Home festival at Lincoln, Nebraska, and I was chosen as the Stuffed Prophet for the occasion. It was a great honor, and one I had coveted for years. There was a big procession of floats and chariots and brass bands, and the Stuffed Prophet rode on the highest float, and was sumptuously attired in kingly robes, and had a brass helmet on his head. Only citizens of high standing were chosen for this rôle, and when a man had once filled it, he felt that he had not lived in vain, and had a group photograph of himself made and hung over the mantel.

I felt a good deal like a queen of the May when I took my seat on the high float. My brass helmet was too small, and there was a high wind blowing, and I was afraid it would be blown off. I reflected that I'd be a ridiculous prophet if my helmet got away and I was worrying so much over this that I didn't see a wire which had been strung across the street, and it caught me under the chin and hoisted me off the float; and I fell about half a mile to the ground, where a mule kicked me with all four feet, and another float ran over me. When I recovered consciousness, the city firemen were spraying me from a chemical extinguisher. The helmet never got away for a minute; but the taxidermist had an awful time restoring me to my former shape.

Surely this shows the folly of fearing one thing so much that another can get you from behind.

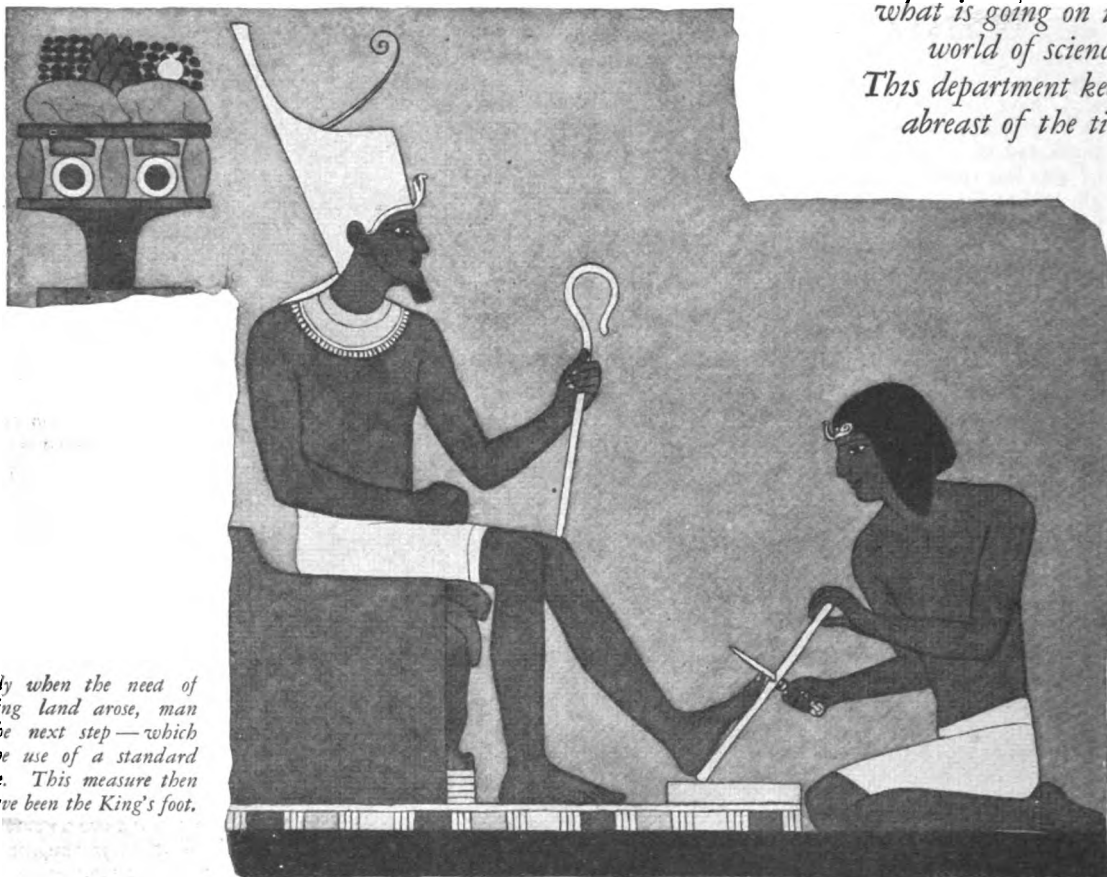
MY own preference would be for a paved road reaching into the infinite distance, with a high-powered automobile to ride in; there would be free filling stations at proper intervals, and no speed cops to embarrass the traveler. After running over a pedestrian, it would not be necessary to stop the car and go back and give him first aid, or haul him to a hospital; in that happy land, pedestrians will have to keep out of the way, or take what is coming to them.

There is nothing to fear; that is the message Sir Arthur brought, and it is the wisest message in the world.

# SCIENCE of the Month

By James Hopper & E. E. Free

*You can hardly consider yourself educated these days unless you know what is going on in the world of science. This department keeps you abreast of the times*



**C.** Probably when the need of measuring land arose, man took the next step—which was the use of a standard measure. This measure then may have been the King's foot.

## Why LIGHT is Curved

*An Easy Lesson in the Einstein Theory of Relativity*

**T**HIS is an attempt to tell as plainly as possible what the Einstein theory is about.

Science is concerned in giving man a more nearly correct perception of the Universe. It tries to help him to see more clearly the world in which he lives.

One way to see well is to have a right idea of the size of things. The progress of Science may be considered as the increase in man's ability to measure things.

At the bottom of the idea of size is the idea of length; of the distance between two points.

To a primitive man, the measure of distance between two points was probably physical effort; his fatigue. Did it tire him more to walk to the bank of the river than to the edge of the forest? Then he concluded that the distance between his cave and the river was more than the distance between his cave and the forest.

Immediately, we see how inadequate such a standard was. For instance, our primitive man might walk up a hill and then down the other side. By his fatigue standard, he would conclude that the distance between the bottom of the hill and the top (up which he toiled) was more than the distance between the top and the bottom (down which he slid). Yet by our present standard of measurement, each distance might be exactly one mile though his muscles doubted it.

In other words, the fatigue standard with which he measured gave correct results (approximately correct) only when he stayed upon the flat. It ceased to be adequate, it ceased to work, as soon as he got into the mountains.

Probably when the need of measuring land arose, man took the next step—which was the use of a standard measure. This

measure may have been at first the King's foot. Then a piece of wood equal in length to the King's foot. Then, for convenience, a pole or rod kept by the King.

When the first man took the King's rod and found it went five times across the width of his field, and then found that that same rod went also five times across his neighbor's field, he decided that his field had the same width as his neighbor's field.

At the bottom of this method is an assumption. The assumption that *things equal to the same thing are equal to each other*.

This assumption, of course, is the product of experience. It is a "self-evident truth"; what the geometers call an axiom. That axiom is the very base of the geometry, developed by Euclid and his successors, with which we have measured things ever since the science came into existence.

**A**S TIME went on, and the necessity for more and more accurate measurement grew, the wooden measuring rod became the platinum-iridium bar, preserved in Paris, which is called the standard meter. But we were still measuring things with the geometry of Euclid. Still measuring with the Euclid geometry things on the earth and things off the earth.

Thus—till Einstein came. Just a few years ago.

Scientists were worrying at that time over an experiment which had them absolutely groggy—an experiment which will remain long famous as the "Michelson-Morley" experiment. According to all known physical laws, this experiment should have shown one thing. Yet, perversely, it persisted in showing another thing. Science was losing its mind, was tearing its hair.



Einstein, who was a mathematician with already a good many successes to his credit—this was in 1905—took a look at the thing, and saw where the trouble lay. He divined that it lay in the measurements. The measures applied, of course, were our old Euclid friends, then considered by man the best of measures, the only possible measures. Einstein saw that as a matter of fact they were inadequate; that they were not accurate enough. And said so.

The reader can imagine going to the primitive man, with whom we started, and saying to him kindly: "Bo-bo, your system of measuring distance by your fatigue is a poor one."

So you can picture Einstein going to the modern man, taking him kindly by the hand, and saying, "O you, Flower of the Accumulated Knowledge of All the Ages!

"That way you have of measuring things with your Euclid geometry is a poor one.

"Your standard, your Euclid geometry, is inadequate.

"It works pretty well as long as, staying upon the earth, you measure things of the earth.

"It becomes woefully inadequate when, leaping into space, you try to measure with it the Universe."

As you may believe, he was asked why.

"Because," he said, "your Euclid geometry, passing into space, takes no account of time.

"It takes account only of space. And things exist not in space alone, but also in time.

"Take for example a ruler. It occupies not only space, but it occupies time. When it ceases to exist—that is, when it ceases to occupy time—then it also ceases to occupy space. But as long as it exists, it occupies both space and time.

"To measure things right, you should have a measure which takes account of both space and time. And your Euclid geometry takes account only of space."

"But," said the others, "how is it, then, that, so far, our Euclid measure has worked quite well?"

"Because," came back the logical answer, "you have remained upon earth."

"Your Euclid geometry measures well enough when you stay

on earth. It fails you when you leap up into space or descend within the miniscule world of the atom.

"Then your Euclid measure, which is only space, is no longer good enough; and you must, to measure accurately, make use of a measure which has in it both space and time."

Then Einstein set to work to make a measure to measure both time and space. It was, of course, a monumental labor, and one of genius. The old Euclid geometry concerned itself only with the three dimensions of space—length, width and height. Einstein worked out one in which time occurred as a fourth dimension.

Then he began to measure things with it.

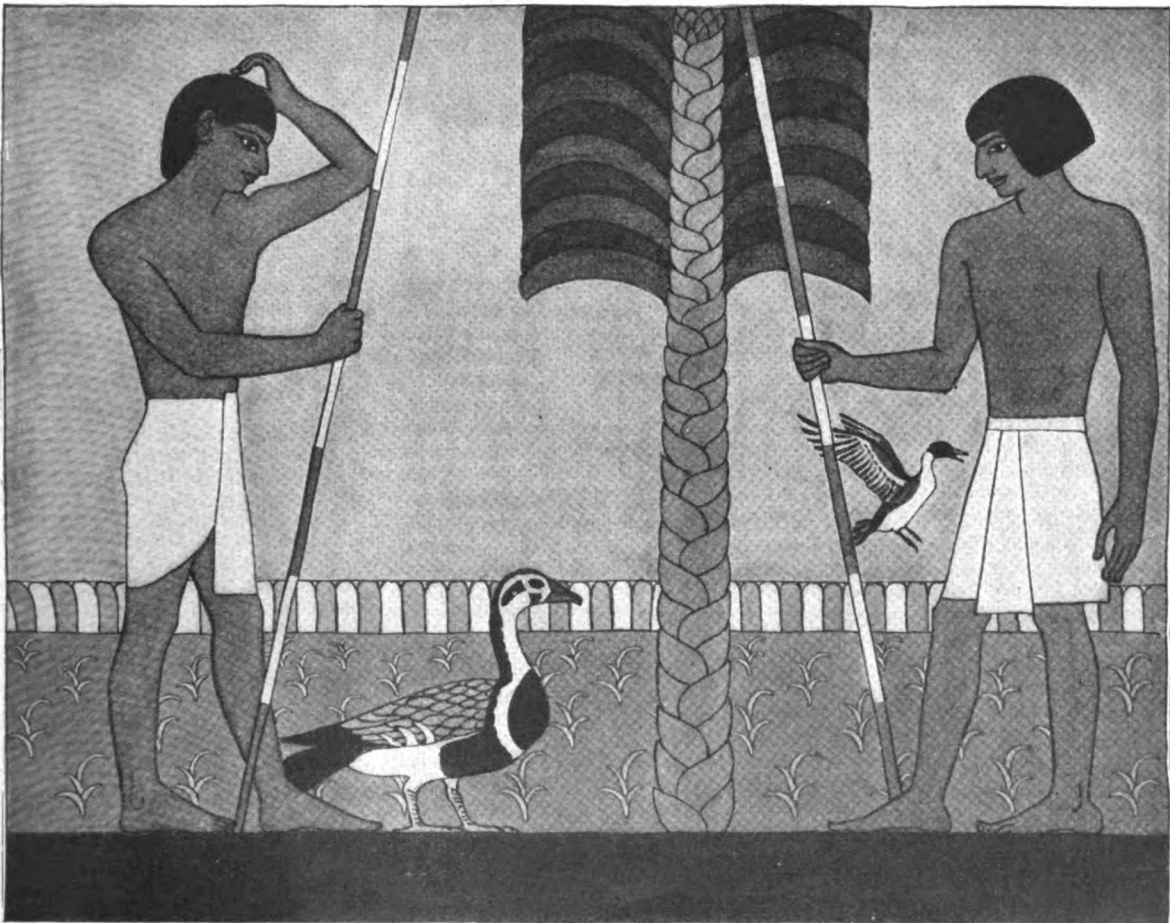
The first thing was the Michelson-Morley experiment which, we have seen, was the scandal of science. Under the application of the magic measure, the scandal vanished, was resolved. The experiment was all right, always had been all right. The trouble had been in the measure applied. Measured with the new Einstein standard, the experiment said something logical, something in harmony with the known laws of the universe.

Einstein now turned his measure to a computation of the orbit of Mercury. About this planet, another scientific scandal existed. According to all calculations (with Euclidian measure, of course), the orbit of Mercury should have been so-and-so. Yet Mercury stubbornly insisted on traveling on an orbit which was not quite so-and-so. Einstein re-calculated what should be the orbit of Mercury, using in the calculation his measure. He found that, using his measure, the orbit of Mercury should be—just what it was. His calculated orbit and Mercury's actual orbit coincided. This was the second triumph for Mr. Einstein.

He now tried a little prophesying. "If my measure is a correct one," he said, "it follows, as the night the day, that light, whenever it passes a body exercising gravitation, must bend as it passes that body."

A year or two later, an eclipse of the sun gave the astronomers a chance to see if Einstein was right. They found that the light from the stars bent as it passed the sun in eclipse.

This about finished the last quibbler. The Einstein measure had pretty well proved itself.



**C.** When the first man took the King's rod and found it went five times across his field, and then found that the same rod went five times across his neighbor's field, he decided that the fields had the same width.

## FINGER-TIPS TAUGHT TO SEE

*French physician reverses evolution and makes blind soldiers see with their hands*

THAT the blind can see with their fingers has long been a common metaphor. This is now claimed to be literally true. A French physician and scientist, Professor Louis Farigoule, believes that he has succeeded in educating finger-tips actually to see. Not merely to feel things very accurately and sensitively, but really to perceive light as eyes do.

The nerve endings in the retina of an eye, the nerves by which we see, are very much like the nerves of our skin, which provide our sense of touch. Way back in evolution when life was still on the floor of the sea, creatures had only one kind of nerves. They perceived contacts with other objects, touches, over the same nerves by which they perceived the difference between light and dark. Some creatures like this still survive.

Gradually, in the course of evolution, some animals developed seeing nerves. Certain spots on the body became especially sensitive to light. Later, lenses were provided in front of these spots, and the modern eye came into being and animals really saw.

## DO CONTINENTS JUST DRIFT?

*New theory is that land areas are not anchored, but move slowly here and there*

THAT the continents, Asia, Africa, Australia, the Americas, and the rest, are not securely anchored on the earth's surface, but are drifting about—very slowly, of course—all over the face of the earth, as it were, is the new theory offered by Professor Alfred Wegener, a German scientist.

According to this theory, the real surface of the terrestrial globe is the rock level which is the bottom of the great oceans. Below this, the rock is not rigid but plastic—like a very thick liquid, such as melted asphalt. According to the Doctor's theory, on this viscous, plastic rock, the continents float about as icebergs float about in the sea.

Sometimes, thus floating through the Ages, one of them wanders too far north, and then it suffers an Ice Age; sometimes, drifting to the equator, it finds itself covered with tropical trees and flowers, with elephants and tigers and lions, the fossils of which, eons later, are discovered with wonder by men who find themselves on a continent which to them seems perfectly well anchored in the temperate zone.

## CHLORINE KEPT A SECRET

*Scientists for years failed to see the difference between two distinct sets of atoms*

SOME of the elements of late have been discovered to be twins—or more. This is true, for instance, of chlorine—that element which became famous, or infamous, as the first poison gas that was used in the World War.

Chlorine has been well known by chemists for over a century. It was believed to be one—single, alone—every atom of it like every other atom of it and every atom of it an atom of chlorine and nothing else. But the chemists were wrong. They know now that there are two kinds of chlorine with two kinds of chlorine atoms so much alike that for long the very chemist who gave them life could not tell them apart.

How were they ever told apart, these chlorine twins? By their weight. One is heavier than the other—as one twin usually is. One twin has the atomic weight of 37; the other twin weighs only 35. By taking advantage of this difference in weight, Dr. W.

D. Harkins, and his associates of the University of Chicago, have been able to get the twins apart. The lighter brother, as it diffuses more readily than its twin, leaks out faster through the walls of a clay tube in which both are placed.

Scientifically, twin elements like these are called *isotopes*. The chlorine twins are the two isotopes of chlorine. Although the chlorine isotopes are the only ones that have been actually separated so far, other elements are now believed to have isotopes. Some elements have gone chlorine one better or more. Lead for instance has five isotopes. That is, it is quintuplets.



## EGYPTIANS HAD TOOTHACHE

*Investigator finds modern ills afflicted people who lived forty centuries ago*

IN ANCIENT Egypt, three thousand or four thousand years ago, men suffered from many of the same diseases that afflict them today. So says Sir Marc Armand Ruffer, whose discoveries, the fruit of many years of research, recently have been published posthumously under the editorship of Professor Roy L. Moadic of the University of Chicago.

Dr. Ruffer's success in devising methods for softening the mummy's ancient dried-up tissues, so that modern laboratory methods could be applied to them, is as interesting as his findings. The bacteria that proved fatal to some Egyptian noble many centuries ago have been stained and identified under Dr. Ruffer's microscope.

Among the diseases identified by Dr. Ruffer are tuberculosis, rickets, pneumonia, the kind of rheumatism which produces deformities of the joints, heart disease, smallpox, kidney disease, cancer-like bone tumors and lung inflammation due to the inhaling of dust, this last being probably the first known instance of what modern doctors call occupational disease.

Bad teeth were common. The ancient Egyptians probably suffered as much as we do from toothache. Members of the royal family had dandruff and were bald.

Hardening of the arteries was common and apparently attacked its victims at an earlier age than is the rule today.

## RADIUM A REVOLUTIONIST

*Light wave, atomic, and conservation of energy hypotheses are upset by radioactivity*

THE discovery of radium has revolutionized more scientific theories than any discovery for three hundred years. Every man owes it to himself to know with some accuracy the main facts about radium and radioactivity.

1. Certain elements, lately discovered, give out continuously heat and other radiations. These elements with these characteristics, are called radioactive.

3. Radium is obtained mainly from carnottite, an ore found in Colorado. It takes thirty thousand tons of this ore to yield one ounce of radium. The total quantity of radium now available in the world is less than a third of a pound.

4. Radium is being tried at present in the treatment of cancer.

5. Radioactivity is due to the explosion of atoms. The particles shot out are of two kinds, called respectively the *alpha* and the *beta* particles, the latter being electrons. Some of the radioactive elements also give out rays which are called *gamma* rays.

6. Radioactive elements are related; they can be grouped as families.

7. Each radioactive element is in the process of changing into another element. The speed with which this changing is done varies tremendously according to the element. Radium C<sup>1</sup>, for instance, lives only one millionth of a second before passing on into something else. But the atom of thorium lives over thirty billion years.

8. Radium, though rare, is very widespread. Traces of it are found in all rocks, and also in sea water.

9. The following scientific theories have been influenced by the discovery of radioactivity:

A. The atomic theory has had to be discarded.

B. New proof has been obtained for the Einstein theory.

C. Matter has been discovered to be Electricity.

D. An entirely new theory of chemical affinity has been developed.

E. The wave theory of Light is now seriously questioned.

F. The principle of conservation of energy is now suspected.

G. Estimates of the earth's age have been lengthened hundreds of millions of years.

H. We have a new explanation as to the source of the sun's heat.

## BIG JOB FOR BOOKWORM

*Articles on scientific subjects amount to 383,000 in sixteen years and are still coming*

FOR over twenty years, the Royal Society of London has been working on a catalog which will list all of the articles devoted to scientific research that were published between the years 1884 and 1900.

So far, the Society has only reached the letter P. The last volume issued includes the papers of the writers whose name begins with a P.

For all the authors between A and P, the total number of papers amount to 279,902. The number of authors falling under these letters is 49,750.

It is obvious that even the most industrious scientist could not read and digest all of these papers. So, the professional scientist is perforce a close specialist. He limits himself to some minute corner of the scientific field, and is an expert only in that particular section.

## BEYOND THE BEYOND

*Astronomer finds that the diameter of our universe is three hundred thousand light-years*

ASTRONOMERS believe that this stellar assembly, our universe, is a limited one. That a being traversing the universe would at length come to its edge; would come at last to the shores of a space in which there would be no more stars.

Man has measured it. Dr. Harlow Shapley, of the Harvard College Observatory, has been calculating the size of this stupendous assemblage of stars, most of them suns much larger than ours, probably satellited just as ours, and of which our earth, seeming to us so immense, is but a mote.

Professor Shapley believes its size to be not less than a diameter of three hundred thousand light-years. A light year is the length of space traversed by light in one year; and light travels one hundred and eighty-six thousand miles in one second.

## X-RAY TURNED ON TIRES

*Manufacturers watch change of fabrics in automobile shoes as process is carried on*

WOULD you like to look through the rubber of your automobile tire and see if the fabric has broken, or is about to break?

Scientists have been applying the X-ray to the inspection of tire fabrics, just as surgeons use it to discover fractures of bones.

So far, the inventors of this new process, Messrs. Truesdale and Hayes, have made use of it mainly in the manufacturing of the tires but its use can be extended.

## WHY IS A RAINBOW?

*Beautiful and common phenomenon does not follow laws of light refraction*

THE RAINBOW, that beautiful phenomenon which offers itself so often to Man, has in it the mystery that is inherent to all Beauty. At least, so says, in other words, Dr. W. J. Humphreys, distinguished meteorologist of the United States Weather Bureau. According to him, the rainbow baffles the physicist who would explain fully and clearly all of its details.

The basic cause of the rainbow is the refraction of light rays as they pass through rain. The rays, passing through the falling drops of water, are broken up into the spectrum colors, just as they are when they pass through a glass prism.

But when one tries to apply the known laws of the refraction of light to the details of the rainbow, one finds that they do not agree. The secondary and accessory rainbows, the varying sequence of colors in the bows, the different widths of the colored bands, and other details do not obey the supposed laws.

## ANCIENTS SAW TEN STARS

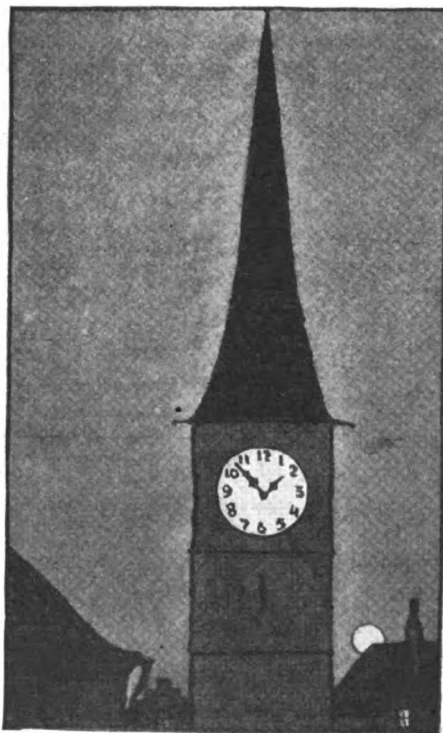
*Prehistoric drawing of pleiades found but cave-man saw three stars now invisible*

It is reported that archaeologists, studying the extraordinary wall decorations of dwellings of prehistoric man in southern France, have found a representation of the remarkable group of stars familiar to every one as the pleiades, or "little dipper," or seven sisters.

It represents ten stars instead of the seven that are ordinarily visible to the naked eye.

In discussing the matter, a French archae-

ologist suggests four possible explanations: The prehistoric observer may have gone to the top of high mountains to inspect the heavens; and there the clearer atmosphere makes many stars visible that cannot be seen at sea level. Or it may be that the normal vision of the cave dweller was more acute. Again, it is conceivable that three stars of the group have changed in brightness sufficiently to become invisible since the time of the cave dweller—a period variously estimated at from twenty thousand to a hundred thousand years. Finally, the atmosphere of that early day may have been clearer.



## NIGHT DOESN'T HURRY TIME

*Clocks that seemed to gain during darkness were right and the blame falls on the stars*

IT WAS announced recently in the newspapers that clocks had been found to move more rapidly at night than in the daytime. When clocks of astronomical observatories were checked each morning and each evening by comparing them with the stars, it was found that the clocks gained about one-tenth of a second during the night and lost the same amount during the day.

Of course, this error was too small to be of any practical importance except in the most accurate astronomical calculations, but it attracted much attention among scientists and the curious-minded fraction of the public.

The newest information is that the clocks were right after all. It was the stars that were wrong; or rather it was our observations of the stars that were wrong. Mr. W. B. Varnum, of the Carnegie Institution, has been studying the matter and has decided that it is due to a very slight change in the refraction of light in passing through the atmosphere.

Because of some factor, probably some effect of sunlight, the air about the earth bends the light coming from the stars a little differently in the daytime than at night. This makes a given star appear to the astronomer, to be in a place a trifle away from its real place in the sky. Accordingly, the exact time at which a star is in a given position, relative to the observer's telescope, is just a trifle wrong.

## VOICES LEAPING THE GAP

*Broken wire no longer stops communication as wireless repairs the breaks*

FOR USE along its power lines, the General Electric Company had developed a telephone system that works even when there are gaps in the line.

Before, communication between the ends of a power line was at the mercy of accidents. The power lines, carrying in the form of high voltage the power derived from rivers and falls, cross wild regions, mountainous and almost impassable. Falling trees or avalanches, as they broke the power line, also broke the telephone wires which were strung on the same poles. The engineers at the ends of the lines, or along it, were cut off from each other just when they needed most to communicate.

This difficulty has been solved in the most ingenious way by making use of the "wired wireless" of General Squier. The power wire itself is used as a telephone in the following way:

Radiophone waves—like the ordinary broadcast waves—are sent along the power wire. If the wire falls down, or breaks, these waves simply leap the gap and go on.

So that, just when they most need it, the repair crews have their telephone and can more easily find the break.

## LIGHT AGAIN A MYSTERY

*Science grows suspicious of ether as transmitting medium for vibrations*

JUST as the radio fans have adopted most firmly, as part of their lingo, the term "ether waves," science comes along and gives the conception a bad shake. Science at present is beginning to doubt the truth of the ether theory. It is beginning to doubt if the ether exists at all.

Only a little while ago, Dr. C. P. Steinmetz, physicist and electrical engineer, announced his conviction that the theory of the existence of ether not only clashed with newly ascertained facts, but that it was not necessary as an explanation of the movement of wireless waves, nor as an explanation of the movement of light.

Yet it was just for this—to account for the movement of light—that the ether was first invented by science. It has always been in a way, a huge guess. No one had ever seen, or heard, or felt, or caught it. It was simply thought that something like ether must exist to carry light across the interstellar space empty of matter.

But now the theory of the ether seems at variance with facts—with newly-discovered facts. The ether theory is very groggy.

If there is no ether, how does light pass through space? How does it reach us? How is the wireless wave propagated?

Science does not know. Light and its propagation have dropped back once more among the physical mysteries.

## BURN ASHES TO ASHES

*Experimenter has succeeded in salvaging the unburned coal from waste matter*

EVERYONE knows that a percentage of the coal used in any stove or furnace fails to burn but goes through into the ashes.

That this lost coal, or some of it, can be saved is the implication of experiments by Mr. W. D. Green of Midvale, Utah.

Mr. Green took samples of cinders and applied to them the oil-floatation process which is used in the recovery of copper and other metals from ores. From forty to sixty percent of his cinders came back to him as useful coal or coke.





Q

H. G. Wells  
and other thinkers  
declare the fuel problem  
among the greatest  
yet to be solved.  
This article tells  
what the coal question  
really is

## Speaking of Our COAL BILL

By Arthur Gleason

THIS WORLD, in which we live is in the main a pleasant place, and the economic systems of food and shelter and amusement have in general worked. But, at that, human life is spotty, and there are minor imperfections even in our ordered bliss. One of the spottiest bits is the coal industry. The mining and marketing of coal trail enough trouble to annoy at times that patient and thick-skinned body, the public. Not enough to make the public think. To set the public thinking about its common business will require a special machinery.

The annoyance about coal has been sufficiently severe, however, to get the public angry, and clamorous for quick action. Coal operators are not popular favorites. In the steel trade, Judge Gary and Mr. Schwab have pleased their consuming public. Chicago packers have pleased their investing interests. Mr. Ford has pleased his labor force. But coal operators have pleased nobody, not even themselves.

If a coal visitor should ask in a level voice, "What seems to be the matter with the industry?" he would receive several noisy answers. If he were at a crossroads settlement like Washington, where all the opinions of the continent float in, he would hear of these ills and these cures:

Hard coal is a monopoly in the hands of a few railroads. High prices for Eastern home furnaces are the result of this monopoly. There should be a curb on this monopoly.

Soft coal is over-developed—too many mines by several thousand, too many miners by 150,000. What is needed is more of a monopoly. There should be a few trusts. There should be better selling agreements.

The union has tended to stabilize the industry. Extend it. The union is a menace. Destroy it.

EACH of the ills would be described to the visitor as the "basic" ill, the "underlying cause." If he were a patient man and put a few years into the study of the mess, he probably would emerge with no sharp summaries, but with this sense or "feel" of the situation: There is something special about coal that brings the same set of troubles, no matter how widely local conditions differ. Over-development brings troubles in the United States, but under-development brings them in Britain. A monopoly in hard coal brings them. Unbridled competition in soft coal brings them. "Big" business men bring them in anthracite. The lack of big business men brings them in bituminous. High wage rates at Pittsburgh bring them. Lower wage rates in Somerset, Cambria, and Mingo bring them. What is the mysterious nature and

malady of this wealthy patient that he swallows every remedy and continues to exhibit all the symptoms?

Coal is a public character trying to behave like a private citizen. Coal by its nature is a public utility. A public utility is a universally necessary commodity or service, to which all the community must have approximately equal and ready access. Coal is transportation. It is the raw stuff of electricity and the creator of energy. It is domestic comfort and industrial power. The health of coal affects the health of all industry. A sick coal industry lessens the well-being of the nation. Coal must be recognized as a public utility, under Federal supervision.

The demands on coal are these:

A steady supply at a reasonable price to the consumer.

A good American life for the miner.

A proper reward for management and a proper return to the capital invested.

A safeguarding of the future of the industry.

NO REMEDY can be based on only one of these considerations. For example, high production at low cost would not in itself cure the sickness of coal. There have been times (as in 1914) when this meant the partial ruin of groups of responsible operators. It has meant the under-payment of labor. It could mean the continuation of wasteful mining practices, destroying a ton of coal for every two tons mined. To win the right coordination of changes in the industry will require facts and a plan. To put coal into the forefront of public attention and keep it there—this is a need greater than all others.

Spasms of agitation will not do this. A continuous exposure of the facts will. So the most useful thing that can be done is the creation of a permanent, continuous, compulsory, Federal fact-finding agency at Washington. No paper plan out of a fertile brain can be projected half so wise as a plan based on the facts, and checked up and corrected on the free flow of facts, each year, each month, each week. At present, no one knows the facts about coal. Those in partial possession of the facts believe that the complete investigation will show:

A very narrow margin of profits for soft coal operators (except for certain groups in the war years).

Royalties an unimportant item in cost of coal.

Marketing as an inefficient vicious system, where much of the cost attaches itself to coal.

Seasonal fluctuation as an unnecessary, over-rated element in the industry. Overcoming seasonal [Continued on page 108]

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(Continued from page 106)

demand is a serious marketing problem.

Such bad organization of the industry underground that the demand of the miners for a six-hour day and a five-day week is an extremist and Utopian appeal for more work than exists in some years.

Storage of coal, as offering one solution for the alternations of glut and shortage.

A dearth of technical engineering intelligence in the industry.

FOR PEACE and prosperity in the coal fields, it is proposed that both operators and miners be permitted to do certain things and make certain concessions. One of the suggestions at Washington is for the soft coal operators to receive permission to organize on a more efficient basis. Agreements to limit production and to carry on direct marketing would be necessary, and the Government would have to be a party to such agreements.

This systematic regulation of over-production would take two forms. One is a quiet, liberalizing interpretation of the Anti-Trust Laws. The other is the denial of transportation facilities to wild-cat shoe-string mining ventures. These changes would mean freezing out of the industry a number of irresponsible operators, and at least one quarter of the miners. Popular distrust of monopoly would be lessened only by close Federal supervision by experienced men of such changes.

Another of the suggestions for giving a constitutional government to coal is that future wage agreements should be made on a national basis. In such battlefields as West Virginia, it is believed that the United Mine Workers of America must be destroyed, or the non-union fields must be thrown open to the solicitations of the labor organizers. The industry will not be stabilized as long as it is two-thirds union, and one-third feudal system. The United Mine Workers are the strongest union in the United States. To destroy this union probably will not be a wise proceeding. The loss of life would be large. The miners who survived would be sullen, and ripe for revolutionary organization. If the miners are allowed to organize the non-union fields, then it will be possible to ask for the abolition of the check-off, which is a compulsory method of collecting union dues out of wages. This is a unionizing device which gives undue and unjust power to certain districts and leaders.

Wages must be based on regular work. Lower union wage rates and steady work are proposed. Irregular work and too little work are the curse of the soft-coal industry to operators and miners.

These are some of the drifting opinions about coal. Congress has had bad luck with coal. It has filled thousands of pages of print with small results. The public is inert and cannot yet shape a kick into a program. So the first steps in reorganization will fall on the Administration and the interested industrial groups. Later, the miners will be heard from. Some day, perhaps the public will become articulate.

Sooner or later, the doctor is a thrilling factor in the life of every family. That is why Hearst's International will run a series on "Doctors and Drug Mongers," starting with the September issue, ready August 20th.

## Things You Want to Know About Investments

If you are interested in investments the financial department of Hearst's International offers you a careful selection of authoritative booklets published by leading financial institutions. They contain information of value to the investor—the man who believes in making his money work. Any of the booklets listed will be sent on request without cost. Here are a few of them.

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Richard Washburn Child's Story of a Woman's Courage—from page 92

## A Mother at Bay

for you. You don't know the landscape here. You're late. The best thing you can hope for from the Wasp, old boy, is some kind of a split."

Whippy relaxed. In the sudden let-down of muscular tension and with a twist of his fat lips, he indicated that he was on a trading basis.

"Where's she?" he asked brusquely.

"In there."

She thumbed over her shoulder.

"Don't get nervous. I gave her a spongeful. Don't you smell it?"

He admired this stranger. They had talked to him about her—the wiry, tigress qualities in her five feet six, the determination behind that little forehead.

"I came in the kitchen door with one of them keys," she said good-naturedly. "Kitchen doors have the same kind of locks the world around. Then I waited in the pantry, scratching like a rat. She come and then—"

With cat-like motions, she acted the little drama indicating with crooked arm how she had throttled the other.

"THAT'S the story," she said firmly, and then with a little anxiety, disclosed inadvertently, she added: "You've had your lesson, Whippy. Now, beat it!"

"Uh—uh," he replied, wagging his head from side to side. "What's your hurry?"

"No hurry," she replied. "I'm not in your fix. I don't have to count on trains. I got an hour and a half yet because I'm traveling tonight in a six-cylinder."

"Where is it?"

"None of your business. When I go, the kid goes with me in style."

"Who's with you, on this? Not Ed?"

"None of your business either. If you want anything out of this—beat it."

"You're kind of white and tired," he countered in his best patting voice.

"It's the long drive. It tired me."

"Then you're alone!"

"He was conscious of a thrill of victory."

"How do you know? Remember, some men can't drive a car."

But her answer came after the delay that makes certain disclosure.

He sat down in an armchair.

"You say for me to beat it," he began, putting the weapon on the table. "Well, what do I get out of it?"

"Half. And it's sure. You get half."

"Too much," he sneered. "You've offered too much. You'd welch."

"Me—the Wasp—welch, did you say?"

It appeared to him that there was something glorious about her as she gave this challenge. All his later life, he had wondered what joy might be found in a woman who could dominate him. This was a real person. All the other girls he had known were cheap and shoddy by comparison.

"No," he said. "Let's quit that talk. I'm fair. Unless we can work together, there's nothing but trouble for everybody."

"You're married—aren't you, Whippy?"

"No, I'm shed of that," he said at once.

That was his way—to make an indirect appeal. He had been much loved in his course. He had ways. They were not the ways of a conscious trickster in the affections; they were of a higher art, flowing from swift instincts.

He got up, walked towards her, looked deep into her wide eyes, steadily, deep.

She breathed a little faster as she said, "Don't!" as if he had twisted her wrist or put his strangler's hands on her throat.

"Why do you look at me like that?"

she begged. "What am I to you?"

"I don't know," he said, pretending to be as helpless as she, "I don't know."

He sat down again. When he looked up, she had come and was bending over him.

"You're not fooling?" she said.

He had his moment of exultation. She would be his. Whippy had his power. He was drunk with it but he calculated with it, too. He must look out.

"Kiss me," she said.

"No. I don't dare. Not you! With you, there would be no end."

"Kiss me," she commanded in a whisper.

He bent over.

"No!" she commanded. "Take me in your arms. Put that thing on the table and take me."

He felt her breath close to his lips. His hands and arms, all free, enfolded her for a brief second pulling her closer.

He did not realize until he heard the tick of the barrel of the automatic on the table edge that she had reached it. He tried to slip his hand upwards to catch her white throat. He managed to seize its warm flesh and gasp, "You devil!"

Then came the flash and the impact that staggered him. He felt his right arm grow numb and a curious sense of hot molten metal rising ever higher into his neck. Things began to go on the bias. A great wind blew through his ears and filled his head. He staggered backward, conscious of an upholstered sofa. He fell onto it, all askew and plunged into the nothingness of complete dark and utter silence.

"I PUT the old hat under the faucet in the sink—the chloroform cough mixture poured in the corner—you—fiend!"

He heard other words. The Wasp, it appeared, was talking nonsense to him, viciously and derisively, but the nothingness of dark and the utter silence were more powerful than the Wasp.

Then there was a man's tones—clear, strong, stern. He opened his eyes. In the flickering candlelight, he could see a young man standing in the doorway still holding a key in his hand. The woman was there too with arms dangling and the revolver still gripped in tense fingers.

"What's going on here?" asked the man.

"Nothing," replied a high, fine voice, like the voice of a girl of eleven. "He—came—to take—the baby. So I shot him."

They fought for days—every time they met—the little pale-faced Adam and the worst man in the rough mining camp—and the stake was a girl. You can learn what happened after that in "The Boy Who Read Dime Novels," in *Hearst's International* for September.



## When Listerine meets halitosis

THE distressing thing about halitosis (scientific term meaning unpleasant breath) is this: You're usually not aware yourself of whether you are guilty—whether or not your breath is just right.

Let Listerine put you on the safe side. It will do so quickly and pleasantly—unless, of course, halitosis is chronic with you, due to some deep-seated disorder which a doctor or dentist will need to correct.

This is what happens when Listerine meets halitosis: Halitosis most commonly is due to the acid fermentation of starchy and sugary foods in the mouth; to putrefaction of food particles retained about the teeth, or to excessive use of tobacco.

Listerine, by virtue of its peculiar antiseptic properties, halts both putrefaction and fermentation and removes disagreeable mouth odors.

It leaves the mouth and breath sweet, fresh and clean, putting your mind at ease as to whether or not you may be offending those about you.

How much better it is, then, to have Listerine at hand in your bathroom, to use it systematically and to be sure you are on the safe and polite side!—Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis, U. S. A.

**LISTERINE**  
—the safe  
antiseptic



*Sir Oliver Lodge's Article on the Penalty of Self-Destruction — Continued from page 5*

## The Futility of Suicide

by temporary unconsciousness, as by drugs, but by what is thought to be the permanent unconsciousness of the grave.

We no more escape from existence when we die than when we emigrate. We change our surroundings, not ourselves; and in so far as our trouble is intimately associated with our own defects, our faults of character, our weakness, or our clinging vice, we shall find on arrival "at the other side" that all these things are still with us, that we have committed a futile crime; we must suffer punishment beyond what we had anticipated, and carry on an existence intensified by the pangs of helpless remorse.

THE ACT of death is easy; "a bare bodkin" will achieve that; "but that the dread of something after death—the undiscovered country from whose bourne no traveler returns—puzzles the will." And so even if life seems to us a calamity—as it can seem only to unhealthy or to tortured souls—even so 'tis better to "bear those ills we have than fly to others that we know not of."

That is the rational conclusion, even if the country be regarded as still undiscovered and if the testimony of returned travelers be not accepted. If any voice from the emigrants be admitted, the conclusion is rational still, but it is emphasized and enforced by direct testimony that the act of self-murder is not only rash or risky but positively detrimental and definitely wrong.

Fault there may be, sin to be repented of, much of evil to be overcome—but crime is no remedy: it is a hideous and unnatural aggravation of the offense. No human being should be driven to crime by parental harshness or social stigma. Bad should be made better, not worse. Live and atone—help others—perform your duties; those are not counsels of perfection, they are counsels of common sense. Shirk no responsibilities; live out your life to the utmost. Oblivion is inaccessible. You cannot attain it. It is selfish as well as futile to wish for it.

The consequences of your acts remain: why should you alone escape them? In the effort to attain the impossible you are courting disaster and plunging yourself into agonies of remorse. If you have led an ill-spent life, reform it; do not seek to terminate it by a still more ill-advised death. You think that you will not know of the troubles which you have left behind for survivors, but you will. You will see the results, and bitterly lament them. Too late you will long for the power to make things better, a power which you have flung away.

It may be asked by readers who have followed some of my psychic work whether I have ever had communication from one who had taken his own life. Well, I have. The earliest case was that of a brilliant young fellow, a student of science and a keen experimenter, who was overweighted with the undoubted difficulties of his subject, and who overworked at unwholesome hours and led a life not conducive to longevity. A most impulsively generous

man he was—I never knew a man to whom money meant less, nor one from whose pockets it more speedily evaporated. It was not that sort of thing that troubled him at all; he was devoted to science and in a minor way was very ambitious.

Probably the ambition was not "minor" at all, but I thought it was. He had no belief in a future life, nor any ideas about religion—at least, not to my knowledge. He was not what is called a saint, but no one could have been more kindly disposed nor kinder hearted. What then caused the calamity? I can think of no reason save hopelessness to rise to the heights of his ambition and master the intricacies of his subject. He would live and sleep in the laboratory, having rigged up a hammock for that purpose, but he could not do mathematics, could not even read them, beyond the elements of school work.

Was it this that depressed him? Or had he a taint in his blood? I know not; but he made several attempts to kill himself during a tour abroad, and at last succeeded.

What was his experience after? He found himself in captivity, in some sort of reformatory, apparently. He momentarily escaped, to speak to me, rushing impulsively and affectionately forward, as was his wont; but he was taken back, and I have not heard from him since. I trust that he has recovered his balance, that he has realized his mistake even more clearly than he did at first, and once more has become his old and better self. Peace to him, and Good Will.

BUT there are other evil things which assault and hurt the soul: and defect of soul must be remedied here. Suicide is no remedy for that. It does but aggravate the evil, it may make it more persistent, and undoubtedly pains and penalties must inevitably follow. Not for always! No, by no manner of means! There is no condition of utter hopelessness. Even the worst characters must have glimmerings of good; and these are fostered and strengthened wherever they show themselves, whether here or elsewhere.

"The soul is its own star.  
Our acts our angels are,  
For good or ill."

"When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness and doeth that which is lawful and right he shall save his soul alive."

Ancient sayings of this sort sum up racial experience, and surely convey a large element of truth.

Depression is due partly to something bodily wrong, no doubt; but how much of depression is the result of unwise or ill living? There are ways of destroying the body without actually killing it. Its health may be impaired, its power of resistance weakened, its organs inflamed or reduced to impotence. All this is in our power, and all this is folly little short of crime. There have been those who have abused their bodies hoping to strengthen

their souls, but this, too, is a blunder.

The episode of incarnation involves the interaction of soul and body together—that is what our earth life is for—and to abuse or lower the vitality of either is a form of blasphemy. Let the lower be subject to and serve the higher, by all means, but do not seek to escape from the privileges and opportunities afforded by their conjunction—a conjunction which has made possible our short life on this wonderful and beautiful planet.

THE POSSIBILITIES of existence are infinite. What they can be at moments we already dimly realize. We have all had moments of insight bordering on ecstasy. Why should these be so few and fragmentary? They show what is possible. The possible may be made actual. And when Saints tell us of the mystery of Deity, and of the Beatific Vision, surely something of what is here suggested must be meant. Not something for which we have no imagination nor any trace of experience, but something to which we only attain at our very highest moments, and then only for a brief instant. Deity may, nay must, involve more than we can even conceive—human experience is sadly hampered by our animal ancestry and manifold shortcomings—but that it rises to the highest of our conceptions we may confidently expect; and as we rise in the scale of existence, this it is which will become to us more and more real.

The value and worth-whileness of existence can not be over-estimated. The very pains and sufferings of this present life are a witness to the grandeur of that for which it is a preparation. Those who arraign the Deity for allowing human suffering, little realize what the future has in store. Many lofty souls must have already risen to the conception and to the experience; only they are beyond our ken.

Existence is surely as large and magnificent now as it will ever be in the future; the Universe is a going concern. Existence, yes, magnificent enough: but not our individual existence—not yet. The realities are all there, it is we who must attain to them. We can do so only by obeying the rules, by doing our bit, by biding our time. There is no short cut, there is no hurrying the eternal process. Our spirits must work out their appointed destiny; and the period spent in a material body is a valuable and helpful contribution to the progress of the soul.

But mark! If death is offered to us on our way, we need not shirk it. That may be one of our highest opportunities. The self-foreseen death of the man or woman who risks life at the call of duty—be it that of physician or nurse or soldier or fireman or sailor or mine-rescue worker—that is no suicide. Such a death may rise to the heights of heroism, and may shine as an inspiring example down the ages. Yea, has not such a death been universally regarded by Christendom as the most effective, the strongest agency towards the salvation of mankind?

# La Follette

[Continued from page 86]

the Senate—the vote being 95 to 1.  
4. He is for the repeal of the Volstead Act, but refuses to make an issue of the liquor question. Incidentally, he is himself an abstainer, but advocates personal liberty.

5. The war is over.

Can he be re-elected?

A political reporter, long intimate with the state, said to the writer: "I know how to read between the lines of the Wisconsin press. All of these papers that are obliged to obey their backers and oppose La Follette know how their readers feel. It is clear (between the lines) that no one has a chance against La Follette. It is nothing new for him to have the interests, the prominent politicians, the press and a big fund against him. It has been the same with him for thirty years. I predict he will have the biggest vote of his career."

What gives La Follette his power?

The people there know him; he has been educating them for long, long years; he has taught them "to read between the lines." They do not judge him by one campaign or on a single issue.

Here is an incident, selected at random, as specimen of the method by which he is perpetuated as a political force:

Scene: the little town of Antigo, central Wisconsin. Time: the last senatorial election. La Follette appeared in the opera house, normally holding 700. At 8:04 he began speaking to (perhaps) 800 about the railroads—nothing else. At 10:17 he stopped, looked at his watch, and said, "Now we will have a few minutes' intermission so that those who wish to go out may leave quietly."

No one moved. He then talked from 10:20 to 11:45. Again he repeated his offer. From the rear of the hall, an elderly couple reluctantly arose. "Bob," called the old farmer, "we don't want to go, but, less'n we start now, we won't get home to milkin'." The places instantly were taken by waiting ones from outside.

La Follette then said, "Now I'm going to talk on the 16 hour law and unless you're railroad men you had better go home, for I intend to be technical."

No one left. Then he talked steadily until 12:35, when he called out, "Come, boys. Tell me where I'm wrong. You know the subject as well as I do."

A lanky old section foreman from the center of the hall drawled, "Hell, Bob, you know there ain't any answer."

A reactionary Senator from New England, Moses, of New Hampshire, said to the writer, "I disagree with his later policies, but I am frank to say it would be a grave error for Wisconsin herself to defeat La Follette. He is now next to the ranking member of the two most important committees of the senate so far as economic legislation is concerned. He has gained his place by seniority after seventeen or eighteen years of service and a new man would have to start at the bottom."

A New York supporter, after hearing what Moses said, added, "He is our safety valve. Where else is a commanding figure which, while scrupulous about law and order, yet points the hopeful way to political revolution?"



## 1,820,000 Telephones Moved

In the telephone business every day is "moving day." Telephone subscribers are probably the most stable and permanent portion of our population; yet during the past year one telephone out of every seven in the Bell System was moved from one place of residence or business to another at some time during the year.

The amount of material and labor, and the extent of plant changes involved in "station movement" are indicated by the fact that this item of service cost the Bell System more than \$15,000,000 in 1921.

To most people, the connecting or disconnecting of a telephone seems a simple operation of installing or removing the instrument. As a matter of fact,

in every case it necessitates changes in the cables and wires overhead or underground. It also necessitates changes in central office wires and switchboard connections; in subscribers' accounts and directory listings; and frequently requires new "drop" lines from open wires or cables.

The problems of station movement are among the large problems of the telephone service. Because of the double operation of disconnecting and re-connecting, the work involved is often twice as great as in the case of new subscribers. With nearly 2,000,000 changes a year, it is only by the most expert management of plant facilities that Bell service is enabled to follow the subscriber wherever he goes.

"BELL SYSTEM"



AMERICAN TELEPHONE AND TELEGRAPH COMPANY  
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119 West 40th St.

NEW YORK



*Bernice Brown's Story of Another Kind of Love—Continued from page 36*

## The Big Clumsy Swede

she said. "Get right out of my way."

It was sundown before she returned. "Tomorrow," she said, "I finish my garden, if I work like nigger." She dropped down onto a chair by the table and the light from the lamp fell upon her. There were shadows under her eyes—one seldom sees these on a country girl—and her hands had fallen into her lap with the stillness of great exhaustion.

Waldemar knelt down and tried to unlace the coarse boots but his fingers only knotted the cords.

"Clumsy one," she said, smiling at him.

THE NEXT day was misty and cold, one of those August days that come sometimes in Minnesota, gray and raw with the prophecy of winter. Vanda shivered and put on her shawl when she went out to feed the chickens. By afternoon, it had begun to drizzle.

"Perhaps it will snow yet," she said. Waldemar was getting ready to go to town. A wave of apprehensive tenderness swept over her. "Why go today?" she said. "You will catch bad cold, sure t'ing."

Her interest pleased him, but he only laughed. "I can not work out. It is good time to fetch the wire and plow-blade."

After he had gone, Vanda put her house in order. It was different now from that first time she had seen it. Curtains of Turkey red calico hung at the windows. On one wall hung a metal crucifix, hand wrought and very old, on another an enormous sent-free calendar depicting a scene in the Swiss Alps. Curiously Vanda looked at it now. "I will see that with him," she thought. Then she whispered, "Gee," and lost in reflection, she did not move for a long time.

At six-thirty, Waldemar had not returned, or at seven. A quarter before eight, she heard the grinding of wheels on the gravel. In an instant, he appeared in the doorway. His hair was tousled and tiny drops of moisture clung to his face and to the coarse wool of his jacket. He was laboring under great excitement.

"What is it, Waldemar?" she said, anxiously in her voice.

"Vanda, Vanda," he repeated. "They have come, the tiny chicks from Minneapolis. I got them at the station. It is so cold now. They will die, maybe."

Vanda pushed him aside and went out. Under a corner of the dripping canvas, she peered into the crates.

Then she lowered the canvas flap again and came back to the kitchen. "Get the lantern in the barn," she said, "and light this one. I take out the lamp. Then bring the boxes into the hen house. We make it warmer with the lanterns. Bring me at once clean straw." She looked at him an instant, then she shook her head. "No," she said, "I will get it. All my wishes can not make you move faster."

Like a great tattered banner, she carried a pitchfork full of straw. Strands of it had fallen on her hair and shoulders and the air was sweet with its fragrance. Adroitly she arranged her burden.

"It is so rough," she said, "like sticks.

Wait——" and she pushed by him. In an instant she returned with a great pillow stuffed with goose feathers. "See," she said as she ripped open the end. "See, I told you it might snow today." At once, the air was filled with a smothering whiteness. "Have a care for the lanterns," she commanded him.

For an hour she worked with the intensity of a surgeon performing a long operation. It was past nine when the last tiny, fluttering occupant had been given food and water and stowed away in the downy whiteness. Finally, Vanda straightened her tired back.

"It is necessary for you stay here and watch the lanterns. I am afraid something might happen. Soon it will be warm enough." He followed her with his eyes into the darkness. "I must go back to the sick ones." In the kitchen, she beat over the fruit basket anxiously. One tiny ball she lifted up to her cheek. "I did not find you soon enough, eh?" she whispered.

For a long moment, she crouched there, then she stood up slowly. Outside in the darkness, he was waiting for her, waiting. She looked dully around the room, at the stove and the bed and the chairs, at the cheap colored picture, at the crucifix. Then she took down her shawl from the hinge on the door where it hung.

IT HAD stopped raining but fast-sailing, white-rimmed storm clouds raced after the moon, captured it and raced on. Her head bare, Vanda ran across the grass of the pasture to the main road. The lights of an automobile streamed to meet her, turning into patches of silver the pools of water. She was out of breath when she arrived and her skirt and arms were mud spattered. "Vanda!" He was at her side in an instant. "Sweetheart." A long moment, she lay in his arms. He did not kiss her. It was enough that they had found each other again. Overhead, drove the storm clouds, like great, strange birds, and the moments passed.

She loosened his arms from around her and they faced each other. At last he looked at her, incredibly. "Vanda——" he caught both her wrists with his hands, "Vanda, Vanda——"

Finally, she nodded. "It is true. I am not coming." Her face was white but her eyes were calm. "I love you. You know. But you do not need me." She lifted her shoulders in a quaint little appeal for silence. "I have learned this tonight, but it has always been true, I t'ink. To some women, it is more to give than to have given to. Do you understand? You I love but him I can help. See now?" Again there was a moment of silence. "I can not talk fine enough maybe to tell you."

"Vanda." He could only repeat her name. He wanted her but now he stood before her baffled, powerless. He was like a man who sees a thief steal his treasure and can make no move to defend it. "Vanda, honey," he said, "can't you see what it is you are doing? It's not only me you send away, but you, too. It is the magic of life you snuff out like a candle."

He was standing close to her but he did not touch her. Between them stood already a barrier a thousand times more real than a wall of stone. Between them stood the barrier of a greater need.

Again she shook her head. "No, I am sure, sure." Her eyes never wavered. "And I go now."

Though he held her again in his arms, he knew she had said good-by, that they had lost each other.

"Vanda, Vanda, little one," he repeated. Her arms held him with a strength he had never suspected, the strength of hopelessness. He knew he would never feel them again around him, never touch her hair with his lips, never even see her.

Finally, she broke away and he stood without moving. For a brief space, the lights of his automobile followed her, but she knew his eyes kept on staring long after she had disappeared into the blackness of the night.

In the kitchen again, she washed the mud from her arms and changed her dress. She seemed to move very slowly. "I am tired," she thought. "It is late."

Then she went out to the hen house. Waldemar stood waiting. "It is hot in there now, like the hell," he explained.

Again she inspected her charges. "Good," she said finally. "Bring the lamps, now."

She followed him back to the kitchen. He seemed incredibly big in the darkness, walking between the two glowing lanterns. In the kitchen, he turned down the wicks, snuffed out the flame with his fingers and made fast the door. As he passed the stove, he stopped and looked down at the peach basket.

Finally, he turned around. "It is damn' lucky for them," he pointed with his great hand, "you are here." Then he came a step nearer and in his eyes was the same look she had seen that first night at the lunch counter when she had bandaged his hand for him. "Vanda, it is me who is damn' lucky, too."

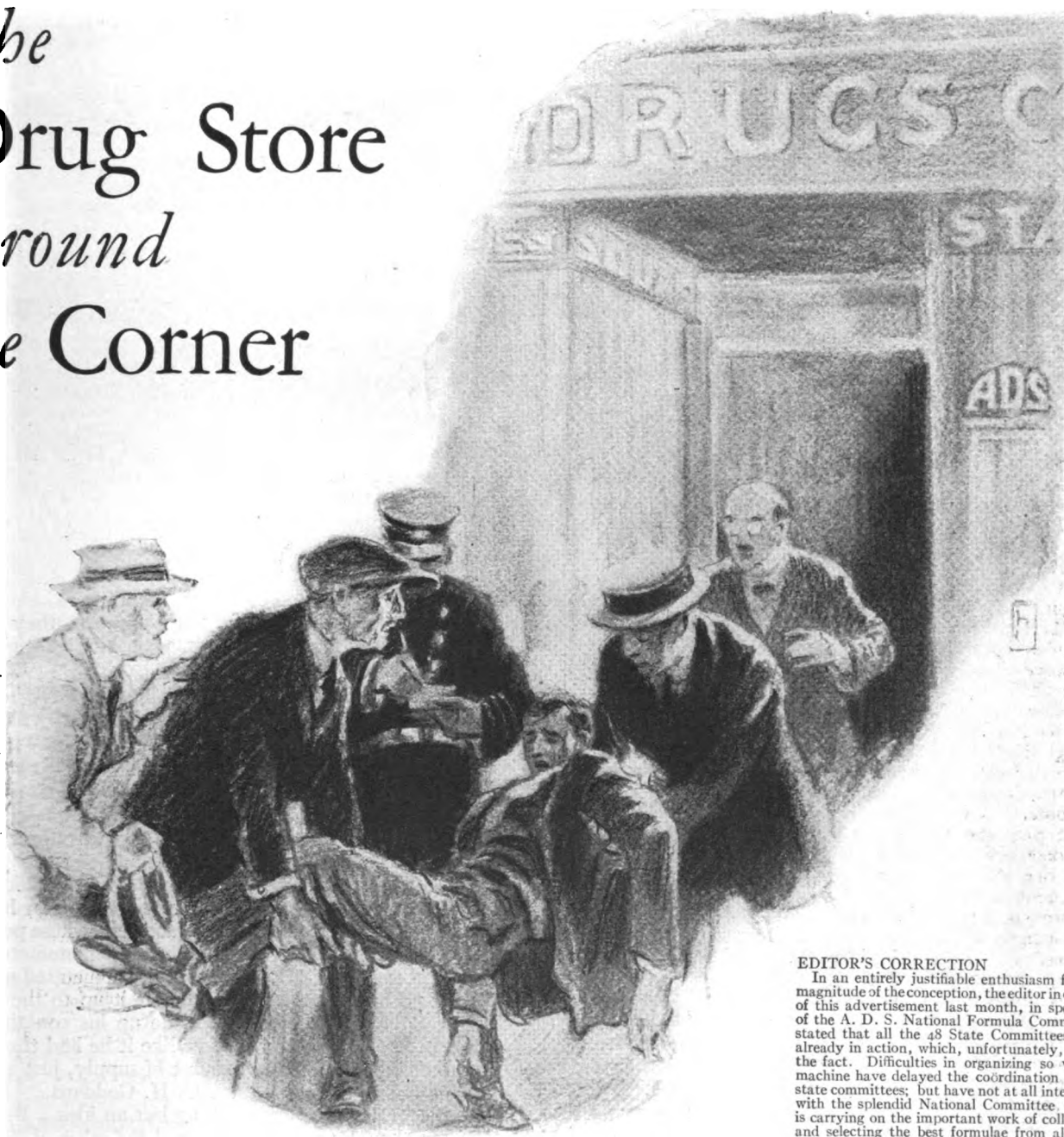
He sat down by the table and began tugging off the great boots, stiff and crackled with many wettings. Without moving, she watched him.

At once there was a curious ache in her throat and it was difficult to swallow. Slowly she came over to him. She pushed the tousled hair back from his forehead, finally she drew his head against her side. Her face was old, at once, and in her eyes was the hopeless look of those first pioneers, left behind on the plains, when the rest of the band went westward. Like them she saw the last fleck of sun on the white-roofed wagons as the trail curved beyond the horizon.

She looked down at the man beside her and smiled. "Perhaps it is lucky for you," she said, "you are great, clumsy Swede."

*George Sand was the greatest French woman novelist. Her books live with those of Balzac, Dumas, Dickens and George Eliot. Now there has come to light a manuscript by George Sand—written in the flush of her genius and dealing with love and tragedy in old Florence. This hitherto unpublished story will appear in Hearst's International for September.*

# The Drug Store Around the Corner



"The injured man was extricated and carried by the bystanders into the drug store near by. There he received first aid and was made comfortable while awaiting the ambulance."

**S**O ENDS the last paragraph of almost every other newspaper account of an automobile accident in city streets.

It may be that you, like the rest of us, read such stories as this and apportion your sympathy to all you think deserving, forgetting entirely the one figure who never fails in these cases. That is the druggist—an A. D. S. man, most likely—the one whose public service makes possible the last newspaper paragraph.

Again and again he lets his customers take care of themselves while he devotes all his attentions to the prostrate man.

Crowds follow the injured man into the store, bringing with them excitement and general commotion. But the druggist waves them aside while he bandages the sufferer.

As the ambulance stretcher goes out the door, the crowd goes with it.

The store is empty.

## EDITOR'S CORRECTION

In an entirely justifiable enthusiasm for the magnitude of the conception, the editor in charge of this advertisement last month, in speaking of the A. D. S. National Formula Committee, stated that all the 48 State Committees were already in action, which, unfortunately, is not the fact. Difficulties in organizing so vast a machine have delayed the coordination of the state committees; but have not at all interfered with the splendid National Committee, which is carrying on the important work of collecting and selecting the best formulae from all over the United States.

It never worries the A. D. S. man that the accident brought him nothing but work and took all his customers away. Such thoughts don't worry the man who runs the right kind of drug store 'round the corner!

At some time you, like the rest of us, have taken to him one of those atrocious prescription scrawls handed to you by your physician.

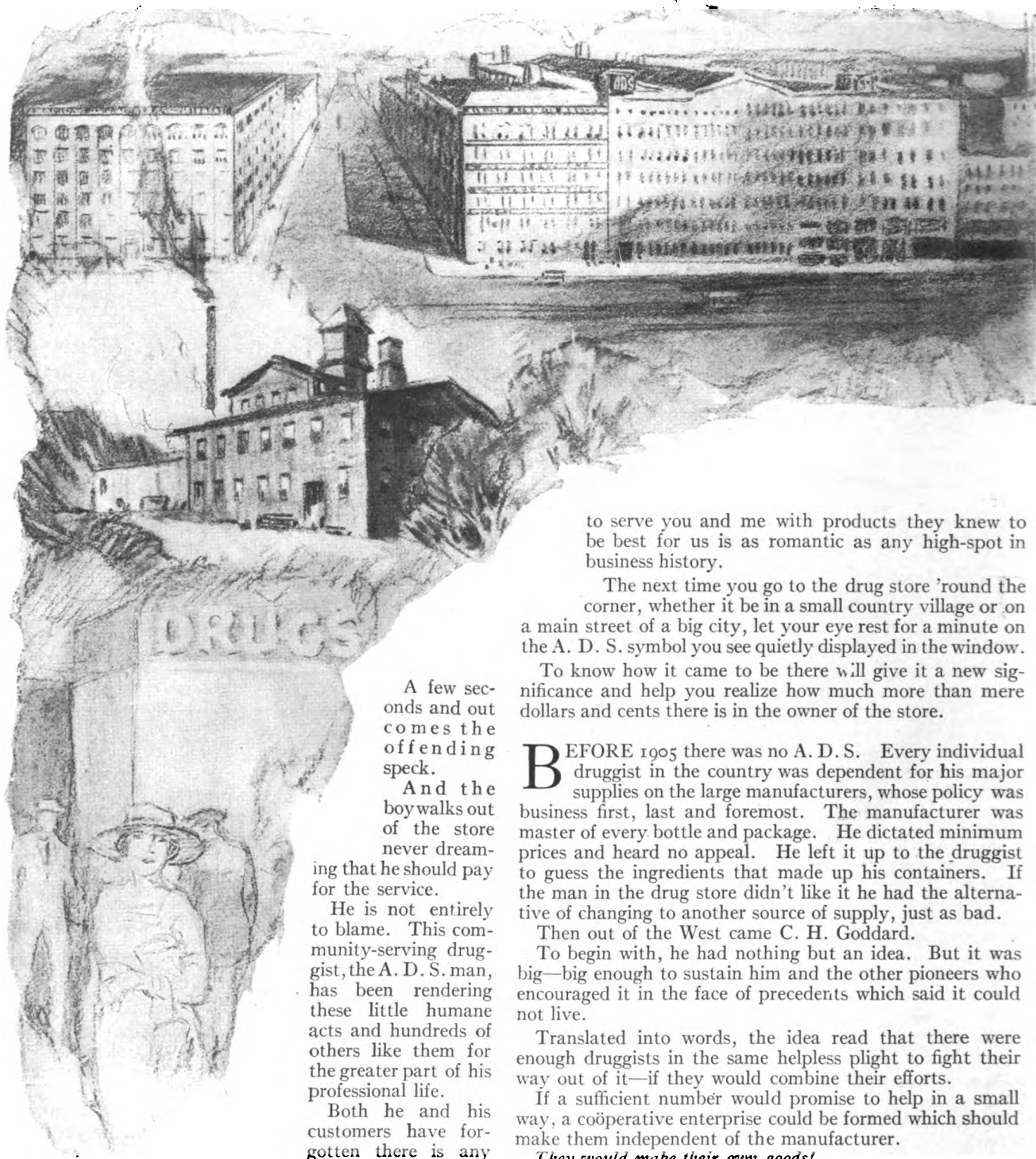
En route you have tried to decipher a word or two and failed. Yet when the man in the A. D. S. drug store opened it up there was no bewilderment on his face.

He read it at a glance, nodded, and told you just when your medicine would be ready.

**B**UT if your prescription is not urgent, it will have to stand for interruption in the hands of this, the right kind of druggist, when his pet free case comes along. A boy walks into the store.

"Doc, I've got something in my eye. Everybody in our house has tried to get it out and can't." And he discloses an eye bloodshot to the pupil.

"Hold steady, son," he says, "try to keep it open till I find it. Just a second longer."



A few seconds and out comes the offending speck.

And the boy walks out of the store never dreaming that he should pay for the service.

He is not entirely to blame. This community-serving druggist, the A. D. S. man, has been rendering these little humane acts and hundreds of others like them for the greater part of his professional life.

Both he and his customers have forgotten there is any kind of payment due.

**H**ERE you have the idealism, the altruism without ostentation which served and serves now as the cornerstone for the organization whose symbol you see representing 26,000 druggists and physicians of these United States. In other words the A. D. S., or the American Druggists Syndicate.

It is a brotherhood of druggists, 26,000 of them counting the physicians too, banded together to follow one idea of public service and determined that none but themselves shall dictate what quality shall go into the products sold over their individual counters.

The story of the fight put up by your druggist and mine and the rest of the A. D. S. organization to win freedom

to serve you and me with products they knew to be best for us is as romantic as any high-spot in business history.

The next time you go to the drug store 'round the corner, whether it be in a small country village or on a main street of a big city, let your eye rest for a minute on the A. D. S. symbol you see quietly displayed in the window.

To know how it came to be there will give it a new significance and help you realize how much more than mere dollars and cents there is in the owner of the store.

**B**EFORE 1905 there was no A. D. S. Every individual druggist in the country was dependent for his major supplies on the large manufacturers, whose policy was business first, last and foremost. The manufacturer was master of every bottle and package. He dictated minimum prices and heard no appeal. He left it up to the druggist to guess the ingredients that made up his containers. If the man in the drug store didn't like it he had the alternative of changing to another source of supply, just as bad.

Then out of the West came C. H. Goddard.

To begin with, he had nothing but an idea. But it was big—big enough to sustain him and the other pioneers who encouraged it in the face of precedents which said it could not live.

Translated into words, the idea read that there were enough druggists in the same helpless plight to fight their way out of it—if they would combine their efforts.

If a sufficient number would promise to help in a small way, a coöperative enterprise could be formed which should make them independent of the manufacturer.

*They would make their own goods!*

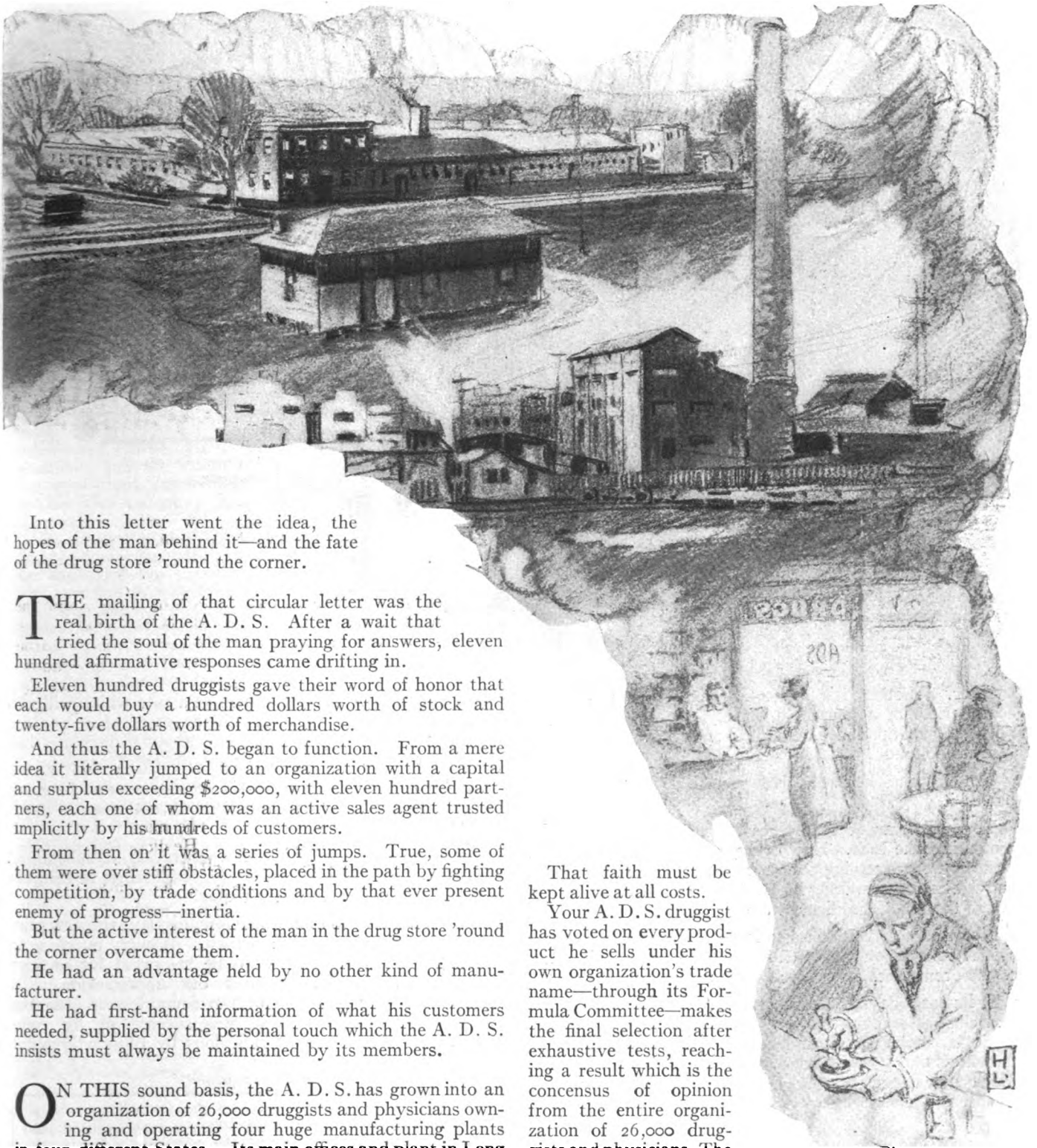
Every druggist member would have his vote on what goods should be made; how they should be made; how they should be distributed; how they should be priced and how the profits should be shared.

**O**NLY a little over sixteen years ago Mr. Goddard found himself alone with this idea and a typewriter in a single room he had rented in the Metropolitan Building, New York City. With one finger he was tapping off his first letter inviting the druggists of the country to help him help them.

In his letter he asked them to obligate themselves to buy stock in the new organization.

He asked them to obligate themselves to buy merchandise.





Into this letter went the idea, the hopes of the man behind it—and the fate of the drug store 'round the corner.

THE mailing of that circular letter was the real birth of the A. D. S. After a wait that tried the soul of the man praying for answers, eleven hundred affirmative responses came drifting in.

Eleven hundred druggists gave their word of honor that each would buy a hundred dollars worth of stock and twenty-five dollars worth of merchandise.

And thus the A. D. S. began to function. From a mere idea it literally jumped to an organization with a capital and surplus exceeding \$200,000, with eleven hundred partners, each one of whom was an active sales agent trusted implicitly by his hundreds of customers.

From then on it was a series of jumps. True, some of them were over stiff obstacles, placed in the path by fighting competition, by trade conditions and by that ever present enemy of progress—inertia.

But the active interest of the man in the drug store 'round the corner overcame them.

He had an advantage held by no other kind of manufacturer.

He had first-hand information of what his customers needed, supplied by the personal touch which the A. D. S. insists must always be maintained by its members.

ON THIS sound basis, the A. D. S. has grown into an organization of 26,000 druggists and physicians owning and operating four huge manufacturing plants in four different States. Its main offices and plant in Long Island City alone cover over twelve acres of floor space.

Reduced to terms of money, this brotherhood of druggists can be said to represent assets of approximately \$7,000,000, of which \$1,250,000 are in cold cash, bonds and Treasury Certificates. And there are no debts, other than small current accounts.

But, regardless of even greater expansion, which seems as inevitable as tomorrow, the A. D. S. will never become a series of chain stores.

Mr. Goddard, the president, the Directors and every individual druggist are forever on their guard against that.

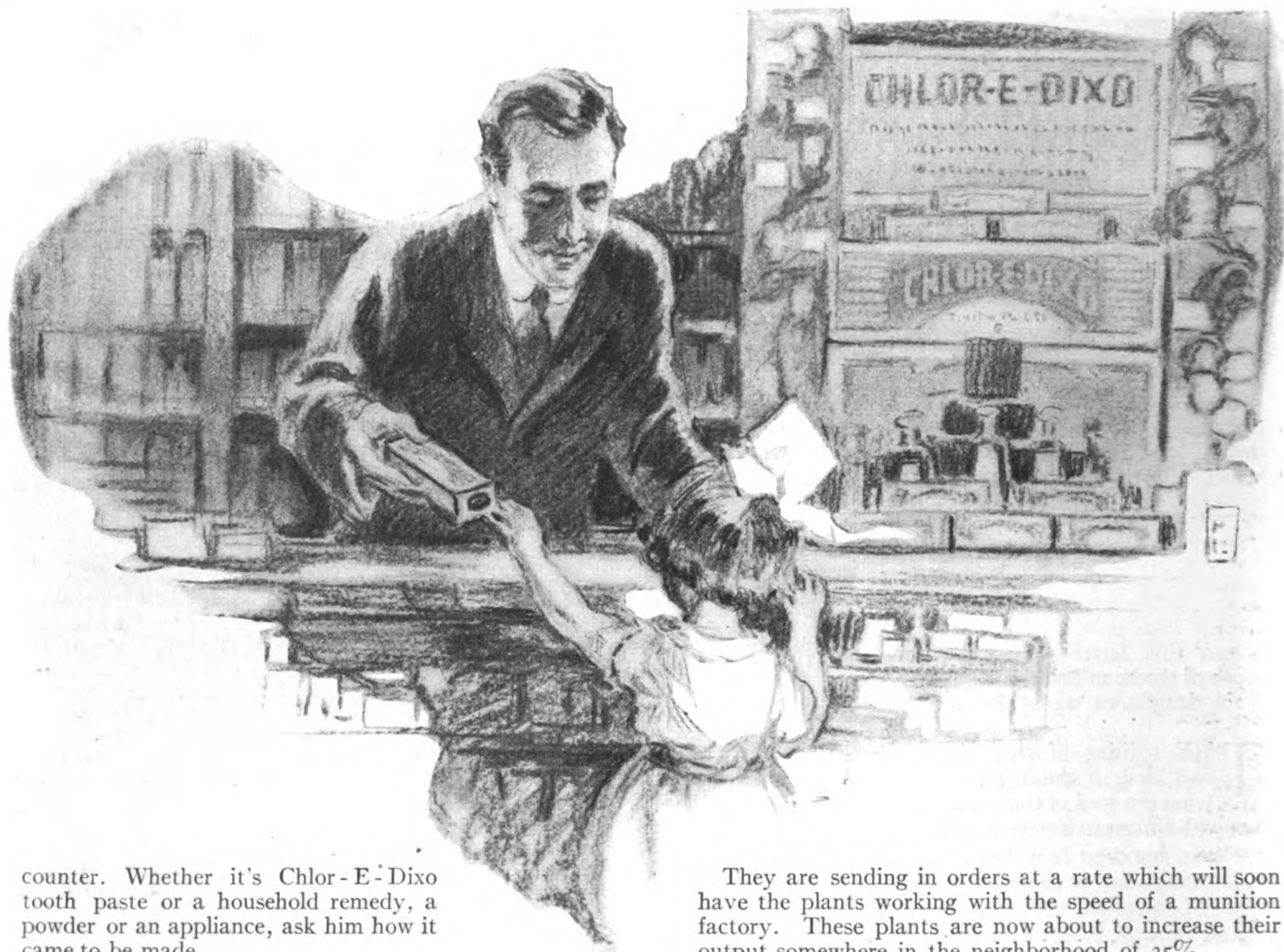
The organization was built on the faith which the men, women and children of the neighborhood have in the owner of the drug store 'round the corner and the products he sells on his own recommendation.

That faith must be kept alive at all costs.

Your A. D. S. druggist has voted on every product he sells under his own organization's trade name—through its Formula Committee—makes the final selection after exhaustive tests, reaching a result which is the consensus of opinion from the entire organization of 26,000 druggists and physicians. The same thoroughness, the same democracy enters into prices. Your druggist can put his finger on the costs. He knows what each item costs to make, to ship and to sell. He knows that the margin of profit is reasonable.

THESE are the reasons why he and the others who make up the 26,000 will never permit the A. D. S. to become chain stores. Lost in the links of the gigantic chain, your drug store man would become a mere impersonal purveyor of merchandise from a distant manufacturer to you. He would know neither the content nor the effects of the matter he sold you.

Put your A. D. S. druggist to the test the next time you enter his store. Pick up a package from the nearest



counter. Whether it's Chlor-E-Dixo tooth paste or a household remedy, a powder or an appliance, ask him how it came to be made.

Ten to one he will give you the interesting story behind it.

You will hear of the scores of people who demanded something like that. How druggists in other parts of the country were receiving similar requests, and of the weeks and weeks of painstaking A. D. S. investigation and testing before the final ingredients were chosen.

Likely as not, you will also learn of the small margin of profit he makes on each sale, for he takes a particular pride in the economical operations of his company.

In its early days the entire A. D. S. line comprised only six items. Compare that with the three thousand or more products carried today and sold in quantities of hundred thousands and you will have some idea of the organization which your druggist 'round the corner has helped build up on sheer understanding of the public needs.

**T**HIS druggist of yours has one other ambition for his A. D. S. which he shares with the other 25,999 members. He is anxious for the privilege to make a particular boast. He is looking forward to that day in the near future when he can say that he and other stores of his kind can afford to sell you the highest quality of drugs and sundries they are selling you today, at a price so low that it will seem unprofitable in the eyes of the competition.

That is the objective of 26,000 A. D. S. men.

And it is rapidly being approached. These ardent druggists are following with enthusiasm the working of the old economic law which says that an increase in quantity production brings about an automatic reduction in the cost of the product.

They are sending in orders at a rate which will soon have the plants working with the speed of a munition factory. These plants are now about to increase their output somewhere in the neighborhood of 25%.

And every A. D. S. druggist is on his toes watching this production curve with feelings akin to enthusiastic impatience.

As it should mean, with his cooperation, a substantial reduction in cost to him, which reduced price he in turn can pass on to his customers—the public.

Your druggist and mine, therefore, displays the new price tag with a sense of personal victory. At every purchase he hands you and me the few cents he has saved for us with a pride that is a little beyond our appreciation. To him it is a demonstration of the soundness in the Big Idea, which, back in 1905, was sneered at by competition and looked on as ridiculous by those who said it couldn't be done.

(To be continued)

**COMPLIMENTARY COUPON**—This coupon entitles the reader of Hearst's International Magazine, who signs on the blanks below, to one full-size tube of

**CHLOR-E-DIXO—the Tooth Paste for Acid Mouth**

**Free** With purchase of a single tube from any A. D. S. druggist when he displays this scientific A. D. S. product, as above.

Famous stars of the stage and screen use and endorse Chlor-e-dixo. Made by AMERICAN DRUGGISTS SYNDICATE, Long Island City, New York.

Name.....

Street..... City.....

This coupon will only be accepted wherever a CHLOR-E-DIXO campaign is on during 1922.

*Donn Byrne's Story of the Wife Who Sat in Judgment—Continued from page 51*

## Paul and Ruth and Solomon

riage, as the sheerest piece of luck, and he had wasted his young wife and his heritage, and the friendship of Colin Fraser, for a man is not as careful of the money he wins betting on horses, as he is with money solidly earned. He had never been ude to Marge, never brutal, never even cold. She had just become casual to him. There was no other woman.

"He had changed, too," she thought.

He had always been a regular Bull of Bashan of a man, but now he was heavier than ever—a fattiness showing about the ankles and wrists. His hands were steady on a rein no more. In the black curls, there were gray streaks, that had made them outrageously common. The face was bloated a little, and the eyes a trifle bloodshot, and the mouth relaxed. He was never drunk, but he was never sober, and his voice had grown louder and more boisterous.

"Be damned to this!" he would shout. "And be damned to that!" Of course every one knew that this was only his manner, but, nevertheless, none ever provoked him far. One did not quite know what was behind it now. What was behind it, Marge knew. It was what had occurred late at night on the bridge over Owen-darragh, the dark and bubbling river.

SOMETHING of the like was sure to come. He was drinking too hard. Gambling too much; for what stakes, she was left in ignorance, but she knew he had been playing with Belfast merchants and Englishmen, with officers of the garrison and sporting men of outlying localities. He wasn't careful in his friends any more. He would drink with a pig-jobber just as quickly as with Sir Colin, her brother. Jockeys and minor satellites of the racing world had grown familiar towards him. Poor Rory, the luck was not as good as it had been. Fate was calling in her loans.

"But he wouldn't let me!" she cried out. She had wanted to influence him, to make him see the natural sanity of life—that the bracing sea was better than strong waters, and that there was as much interest in his own horse as there was at race courses. Herself, now, without any vanity, there were few women as good-looking as she. Tall and graceful, built for the mistress of a house: her glistening auburn hair, like rare Chinese silk; her eyes of a deep blue bordering on the green of the sea; her skin so white—there was no defect in her, except perhaps that the nose was a trifle large for a woman, and the chin a little determined, but those made up her wonderful profile.

"He wanted to be as he was!" She understood now that it was with no idea of cutting down, he had married her. He had taken her as a godsend, and gone along his own carefree way.

She had never grown angry or rancorous, as other women might have done, at his manner of living. When she married she had been aglow with life and love. All the months were June to her, with the cinnamon bees singing in the clover. Full

moons, and the little wavelets chanting epithalamia against the moonlit shore. She had given herself freely and magnificently, and to her husband's lips had arisen the facile celtic love song:

"My Star of Antrim! My Star of Ulster! My Star of all the world! Your hair is red as gold, and your eyes are wonderful and deep as the sea. And your puckered mouth is like some dewy rosebud opening to the dawn." He kissed her slim soft hands.

"Don't waste them, Rory. Don't waste them," she had laughed, drawing his lips from her fingers.

ALL THAT had passed, as a day passes, or a month or a season. It had been, and then, after fading gently, no longer was. A phenomenon that had passed, and that she was glad had occurred. It was unthinkable to her to mourn for it, to grow angry, to think that her life was blighted because it was no more. That it had been short was no more wonder than that a certain summer had been short. There was just one thing had bothered her—she had wished to have a child and thought Providence unkind to her. Now she was glad, and thankful. She blessed God! She blessed His infinite wisdom.

Back of the house, towards the stables, one of the boys was raising his voice bitterly over something about "the little mare." A gaunt deerhound went snuffing down one of the garden paths, and the maid gathering the roses still sang:

I have stockings of silk;  
Shoes of bright green leather;  
Combs to buckle my hair;  
And a ring for every finger.

No, she analyzed, there was no more of it left. Love between Rory and herself had just come and gone; rushed in, abided a while, and gone away gently, and all there was left of the visit to her husband and herself was a something—a fondness.

But this got her nowhere, she thought impatiently, this thinking about love. However, here it was—her husband had killed a man. None knew of it but she, counting out the little Catholic clergyman, who, she felt, would be dumb as a stone. She knew the man he had killed, a grotesque, fat creature, shambling, shallow-eyed, a furtive person, hated by all the neighborhood. He had made his money in America, God knows how. Yet for his life, the life of her husband Rory was forfeit to the law.

"Wives, be subject unto your husbands," she remembered the instruction of Paul, "as unto the Lord, for as Christ is the head of the Church, so the husband is head of the household." Or some such formula. So it was for Rory to judge for himself what was to be done, and she had no part in it, but to acquiesce. To do otherwise would be to commit treason, as Peter did when he denied his Lord, and Peter wept at every cockcrow until his death, and was crucified head downward,

though he was bishop of Rome. So terrible a thing was treason.

Paul would have her silent, though silence was criminal. "Back, woman!" the savage Jewish convert would have snarled at her, so-hateful to him was her sex. A woman was nothing without her husband. Even Solomon, whom they called the Wise, had defined her position, "The heart of her husband doth safely trust in her," he spoke the praise and properties of a good wife—"she will do him good and not evil. . . ."

Ruth, the Moabiteess, exemplar of married women, clung to the mother of her dead husband, saying: "Entreat me not to leave thee. . . . thy people shall be my people." A woman was to her husband as a satellite to a planet, having no independent being.

"Love, honor and obey," she smiled a little wistfully, remembering her promise.

She had loved a man, and been taken by him in marriage, and unto him now she was bound for better or worse. His fortunes were her fortunes, and his life hers. So went the law and immemorial custom, and so all good stories ran. Were she to ask a hundred women, the answer would be the same. "Say nothing about it, dearie. Hush, for God's sake! Are you mad?" They would account it a virtue to defraud the law. "He's your husband, isn't he?"

PAUL AND RUTH and Solomon were of old, but the world over, she felt, the rule was the same today. Were she to conceal this evil, though it was as grievous as to merit the hangman's noose, and were it to be revealed later, there was not one but would praise her, not a man, woman or child, not a single one.

A commotion rose at the back-door of the house. A blind beggar—a dark man of the Glens, went the phrase—was begging of Shiela Dhu, the housekeeper, and was asking for the mistress.

"Musha then, 'tis to herself I'd like to be speaking, just the wee word."

"Herself you'll no be speaking to. You've got the bite and sup. Off with ye."

"And where is himself? Himself, the master of this house?"

"And where is himself?" Shiela Dhu cackled in savage sneering. "Yerra, where would himself be but where they do be racing horses, and passing the punch-bowl, and card-playing and dicing until the dawn of day?"

She must stop that, Marge said to herself. Old Shiela had no right to talk of her master in such a manner. But Marge did not rise. She sat listening dully to the blind beggar going down the drive.

"A hard life it is surely," he was complaining, "to be going traveling the Nine Glens of Antrim from the crack of dawn until the dying of the day, and not to be knowing whether it's the sun that's in it, or the moon itself, save by the way the heat does be playing on the ground. A lonely life it is for the three of us—for me and the dog and the stick in my hand—"



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The handsome articles shown are SPECIAL BARGAINS selected from our "All Best Sellers." Diamonds are dazzling, blue white, perfect cut. Mountings are all Solid Gold. Furnished at prices given, and up to any price you wish. Order by Number.

**DIAMOND RINGS:** 1—White Gold, \$100. 3—White Gold, \$75. 10—White Gold, or Green Gold with Diamond set in White Gold, \$37.50. 11—Yellow Gold, Diamond set in White Gold, \$150. 6—WEDDING RING: Platinum, \$25. Green or Yellow Gold, \$10. 7—WATCH, 17-Jewel, gold-filled, guaranteed 25 years, \$27.50. 12—WATCH, 17-Jewel, White Gold, 15-Jewel, \$35; 17-Jewel, \$45.

**CREDIT TERMS:** One-fifth down, balance divided into equal payments within eight months.

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**Beautifully Curly, Wavy Hair Like "Nature's Own"**

Try the new way—the Silmerine way—and you'll never again use the ruinous heated iron. The curliness will appear altogether natural.

**Liquid Silmerine**  
is easily applied with brush. Is neither sticky nor greasy. Perfectly harmless. Serves also as a splendid dressing for the hair. Directions with bottle. At drug and department stores \$1.

**Parker-Belmont Powder Compact \$1.00**  
**Parker-Belmont Rose Compact - 1.00**  
**Parker-Belmont Beauty Cream - 1.00**  
**Powdered Barriflower (depilatory) - 1.00**  
Parker, Belmont & Co., 2358 Clybourn Av., Chicago

## An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

But Colin! She saw her brother, older than she, grizzled as a badger, with the hawklike governing face, the powerful jaw and nose, the searching gray eye, the head that righteousness and honor held high. "A hard man," his opponents said. "A big man," was the report of the country. "A great one," the Orange brethren claimed. He might be all these things to all the world, but to Marge he was only her brother Colin.

She remembered with a queer little tug at her heart when Colin swam from Ireland to Scotland on a summer's day—she was only a little "girsha" then, but she remembered the stir.

She remembered standing by Colin when his wife died, and he was going about a crazed man, she treating him gently as a child. "There was love," she had thought awesomely. Who could be closer than they two? For was not she his sister, and as natural and as necessary as the day?

**H**OW CLOSE they had been together. He was twelve years older than she, but that had been no barrier. It had seemed only a reserve strength and experience on which she could draw. She had told Colin of men who proposed to her, of doubts in her heart; of debts she had accumulated, which had seemed terrible to her, but Colin had helped her with a laugh. All her life, she had known Colin and loved Colin, and been loved and protected by him, and she had never thought of it before.

"Rory, my husband, is a stranger," she said with a sense of shocked discovery. "Colin!" Her face grew very white. There was a strange contraction about her heart. She knew Colin better than anyone did—better, she said to herself with a queer note of jealousy, than his dead wife had known him. The thing the world called hard in his character was that upright, meticulous sense of honor that was as definite and as terrible as a drawn sword. His word was never lightly given, but it was his bond, as fixed as an oath on the Eucharist.

Even that office of his, justice of the peace, was sacred to him. He had been entrusted with it by the government of the realm, and it was an honor to administer and uphold the peace. Not a beggar but would receive full justice from him, not the most ragged beggar in the street. Not a noble but would suffer by the law should he transgress it—not a noble in the Nine Glens. It was Colin's pride that he administered justice and kept the peace of the district. And this matter of the gombeen man had worried him more than he cared to show.

"He was a ruffian, a good-for-nothing, a scab on the community, Marge," Colin had said. "But I have a trust to that dead man that his murderer shall pay."

"But, Colin, dear," she had said, "don't take it to heart. If the police can't find who did it, it's not your fault."

"The police are subordinate officers of mine. The trust is mine. It's bigger than that even. It's—well, it's big to me as I think of it now."

Yes, assuredly she understood him better than anyone else. It was Colin's honor that was at stake.

"I am betraying Colin," she thought. Were she not to move over to that tele-

phone in the sitting-room, the strange crooked thing on its box, mouthpiece and receiver in one—very like a doctor's device—and call him and tell him straight away, she would leave a mark on the honor that was more to him than his life—the thing the Frasers had kept unspotted for years and decades and centuries.

"But Rory! My husband! I should be betraying him!"

If she were to do that thing, the eyes and the hands of womankind would be turned from her. What did it matter that Colin was the brother she had known all her life, and whom she loved so? Beside him Rory was merely a stranger.

"Your brother's honor!" Women would shake their heads. "He's your man!"

All would be against her, women and little children in the street and they would say vile things, suggesting a hidden lover somewhere, and holding her name to be spat at until her dying day. All the preachments would be against her; the preachment of the fanatical ragged-bearded Paul; the sublime words of Ruth, and Solomon, there was no going past the wisdom of Solomon.

"He is your man" she could hear hypothetical voices say. "It is your husband's life. As for your brother—it's only his honor."

It was very simple, after all. She sat with her head in her hands reviewing it, and life swung by her as insignificant as a clock's pendulum. A hornet buzzed angrily on the terrace, and from the highway came the spank-spank-spank of a horse in a dog-cart. A stable-boy outside raised his voice discussing the points of the mare between the shafts.

"She may have the height and she may have the build, but she can na jump. D'ye mind the right foreleg, I ask you? Do you mind that?"

**A**ND WERE all the world to know it, none would blame me for hiding it. Not Colin even! Not even he! A sudden sob came from her. "Least of all Colin. Least of all, he!"

She arose suddenly. She went to the telephone. She picked it up. She called for her number in a firm voice.

"Is that Garryday Abbey. Is Sir Colin Fraser in? This is his sister."

"He's not in now, Miss Margery."

"Is that you, Rorke? Please tell my brother, when he comes in, to ring me immediately."

"Yes, Miss Margery."

"Tell him it's very important. Tell him—tell him—just tell him that—"

"Yes, Miss Margery."

"That I know who killed Miles Hanlon—the gombeen man."

It seemed to her as she put the telephone receiver down that the whole world must be changed somehow, rocking to its foundation and the planets crashing together in space, so ill and faint did she feel. But nothing had changed. She was herself. The hornet still buzzed on the terrace, and the deerhound snuffed along the garden walk. The maid was finishing her song, coming in now with a bunch of roses:

I know where I'm going,  
I know who's going with me,  
I know who I love  
But the de'il knows who I'll marry.

The Strange Adventures of No. 25 H—Continued from page 48

## Henry Ford's Jew-Mania

is a private wire in the apartment of our friend J. I have played in luck in this particular, and I believe that I will be able to establish the fact, yes or no, within a few days. As it happens the electrical engineer of the building where our friend J lives is a very good friend of the police sergeant. This engineer was formerly on the police force here and did duty under this police sergeant.

"We called at the building last night but the engineer was out. We left word for him to get into touch with the police sergeant. By Monday or Tuesday, we should know definitely. I advised my friend, the sergeant, that we would have to foot the expense personally, unless it was definitely established that there was a private wire; but that in that event, we would be able to pay him and his friend liberally for proof of the fact."

The detectives were busy a good long time over this fancy of the sick President in the White House, with one end of the telephone at his ear, while he received influence from the Supreme Court Justice at the other end of the secret 'phone. An ordinary person, who was neither a detective nor a Jew-maniac, could have found out in eleven minutes that Mr. Brandeis had no secret telephone at all. Nay, more, he had not even the ordinary personal telephone. He used, and uses, only the house telephone of the apartment building in which he has his apartment and his office. But if human sense had at any moment been shown, the bottom would have dropped out immediately of the great campaign against the Jews, which Mr. Ford is still keeping up. He has run out of "material," bless his innocent heart, but his publication still advertises every week the valuable stuff that the paper has collected.

Some of the Jew-baiters went even beyond the attempt to prove that President Wilson, Colonel House, and the heads of the Democratic Party were in the hands of the Jews: they undertook to point out that the Republican Party also would soon be under the same control, and they therefore started an agitation for the nomination of General Leonard Wood "on a straight American, anti-Jew platform." This brought an indignant denial from General Wood himself, which we reproduce on page 45 and which reads:

Thank you for your letter of July twenty-fourth.

I regret exceedingly that a circular such as you enclose, one headed "LEONARD WOOD—Jew Finance, masquerading as the Old Guard, has nominated Senator Harding, etc., etc.," has been circulated. Your letter brings me the first information I have concerning it.

I have done everything possible to build up a spirit of national solidarity and to prevent the rise of racial or religious animosities.

I shall be very glad to have you send this communication to the American Legion Headquarters, Indianapolis, for such use as they choose to make of it.

Sincerely yours,  
LEONARD WOOD.

The Dearborn Independent had no intention of stopping with the proof that President Wilson was a Gentile front. It also undertook to show that President Taft, his predecessor, was a Gentile front.

We decorate page 44 with facsimiles of these contributions from Ford's paper.

The same Russian "Black Hundred" influence that was coaxing Henry Ford against American liberals was at the same time working hand in hand with American reactionaries. We find Henry A. Wise Wood, famous as a standpatter of the so-called "100 per cent American type," sending copies of the Lusk Committee report on socialism to F. Hunter Creech, the Washington Ford operator. We find the American Defense Society, bulwark of American standpattism, sending to their members copies of the famous faked Russian Protocols, which were prepared for an American publishing house by associates of Boris Brasol, well known to readers of this series as leader of the Tsarist émigrés.

This same Brasol is an officer in two Russian societies that found money where-with to bail out of the Tombs prison, in New York, last spring, the Russian Cosack Semenov. With one hand Brasol assists Henry Ford; with the other he assists Ralph Easley, of the National Civic Federation, one of the most persistent and sly persecutors of liberalism that we have in our free country. We find Brasol writing articles for Easley, attacking Liberalism and Semitism alike, and we find Easley later promising that he will cut from Brasol's material all the anti-Semitic parts. Brasol works in and out of this series, and next month he looms large, as the Protocols are to be the topic of that article. Here was trickery and mystery in good measure. One Russian had made a half-deal with Mr. Daniels to sell him thirteen new Protocols! Right in the midst of the negotiation, this man of mystery departed from the United States, giving this short warning:

"Mr. Charles Wallace Smith:

"I am leaving today, April 15, for Seattle, where I arrive on the 20th. I am taking the Fushima Maru. Please telegraph everything that has to do with business to the Fushima Maru. Write in Russian words with English letters. Miss de Bogory will do this for you. I must know definitely about, and receive, the agreed amount monthly. Greetings to Mr. Daniels.

"D. RODIONOFF."

Did the detectives permit Mr. Rodionoff to drop out of their lives? They did not.

The Protocols and their introduction into the United States by Russian monarchists, will be dealt with in the next article in the Ford series. Large parts of these Protocols were published by Mr. Ford. Men on his sleuth payroll spent much time and money in the effort to secure further Protocols and substantiating material. Hearst's International for September, ready August 20th.



It's toasted. This one extra process gives a rare and delightful quality — impossible to duplicate

Guaranteed by

The American Tobacco Co.  
INCORPORATED

Owen Johnson's Story of the Susceptible Skippy—Continued from page 83

## The Scalp Hunter

nights, moonlight sails, moonlight picnics; end of intimate whispered half laughing, half serious intimacies à deux. Tomorrow, separation and a man's life to take up again in all seriousness.

Mr. Skippy Bedelle and Miss Vivi Balon separated themselves from the unromantic middle-aged crowd around the tennis courts and made their way up the beach. They walked in silence, oppressed by the greatness of their grief, from time to time their shoulders touched in mute dumb understanding.

He carried a beach chair, four sofa cushions, two rugs, her work-bag, and a box of chocolates.

He made a back of the chair, spread the rug and installed her solicitously.

"Have a chocolate?"

"Thanks."

"Jelly or nut?"

"Nut. Thanks."

They munched in silence.

"That's the trouble with summer," said Skippy at last.

"Yes, isn't it?"

"It's rotten."

"Oh, why must everything end?" said Vivi, wildly.

"I can't realize that tomorrow—"

"You'll forget, men always forget."

Skippy shook his head.

"Yes. You'll write a letter or two, and then—heigh ho!"

"LOOK HERE, you don't mean that," said Skippy, turning on her.

Vivi's eyes dropped before his righteous indignation.

"No—no, I don't mean that."

"Then don't talk that way—just now."

"Forgive me—Jack?"

"What?"

"You do forgive me?"

"Of course."

"You're going to do wonderful things at school," said Vivi, trying to be brave.

"Do you think they'll let you come down to the Andover game?"

"I don't know about the game—but I'll probably be a the Prom!"

"Gee, you'll be a knockout there!"

They ate more chocolates, while Skippy debated how to lead the conversation into the softer strain before bestowing on the object of his affections (for value exchanged of course) the sacred emblem of the Philomathean Debating Society.

Suddenly Skippy remembered. His fingers relaxed on the pin. He brought forth his hand. "Say, you promised to read my hand, you know."

"Did I?"

"Sure you did."

Miss Vivi sat up and carefully pillowed the squat calloused hand in her soft one.

"Well?" said Skippy, anxiously.

"Shall I tell all?"

"Everything."

"You have a very strong will—very obstinate and not easily influenced. Ambition will be your god and you will sacrifice—" Vivi hesitated.

"You will sacrifice everything to your ambition—friends, family, the woman who

loves you and even yourself, if necessary."

"Oh, cease!"

"It's here in your hand," said Vivi, shocked at the discovery. "Women will play very little part in your life. It's not that you haven't a lot to give; you have. See this bump? That's affection. It's very developed."

"Say is all that there?" said Skippy beginning to be alarmed.

"That and more," said Vivi, warming up. "You are very loyal, not at all conceited, brilliant, intellectual qualities, and you will make a success—" Here Vivi paused and turned his hand over.

At this moment from down the beach came a shrill whistle, imitative of the whippoorwill, insistent, querulous.

"Good heavens, it's four o'clock!"

"All right, I'm on. Who's the little bird?" said Skippy.

"Jack!"

The whippoorwill rose to shriller heights.

"It's Charles Brownrigger," said Vivi, trying to appear embarrassed, "and he's come round to say good-by."

"Oh, indeed."

"I had to let him say good-by," said Vivi, imploringly, to the young sultan.

"How long's it going to take?" said Skippy, drawing out his watch.

"Oh, about twenty minutes."

"I'll wait exactly half an hour. Four-thirty to the minute."

"I do believe you're jealous, Jack Bedelle!" said Vivi, expectantly.

"Jealousy has no part in my nature," said Skippy, loftily.

She picked up the pink parasol and hastened down the beach. Skippy fished out the Philomathean Debating Society pin and slowly attached it to his cravat.

"Half an hour was a mistake. Fifteen minutes is enough for a mut like Brownrigger. I should have been firmer. When a girl gets you to waiting for her—she has you going and coming."

He slipped off his shoes to empty them of sand and in doing so filled the gaily colored work-bag that was Vivi's. His toilette finished, he took up the bag to clean it in turn. As Fate had decreed at the first touch, a book tumbled out and lay with opened pages before him. It looked most suspiciously like a diary. He averted his eyes and then his glance came slowly back to it.

"Here, that's not square," he said to himself angrily, torn by a mighty temptation. He leaned over and closed the book abruptly. The next moment he was staring at three gilded words that confronted him with the suddenness of Belshazzar's vision.

### THE CHAP RECORD

A sudden brain storm swept over the emotional nature of Mr. Skippy Bedelle, of the sort which in modern legal etiquette is held to excuse all crimes. He knew what a chap record was. He had found one in his sister Clara's bureau and had been lavishly paid for his silence. He opened it, and this is what he read:

HARRY FELTON. June 30th—Sept. 6th.

Good looking in a soapy sort of way, but dull, good dancer, agonizingly slow at a twosing. Takes what you give him and is grateful. Good for last minute calls.

JOE RANDOLPH. July 2d—August 6th. Awfully lavish and liberal. Spoiled and hard to keep in place. Useful later. Salt away for College Prom.

CHARLES BROWNRIGGER. Xmas to—. Terribly proper and easily shocked. Every girl an angel. Seeking a good influence. Good only for concerts and lectures.

CHARLES DULER. Easter vacation. Professional flirt. Tried hard for him but no go. On to all the old tricks. Too much alike.

HECTOR CRISOLM—May 3d to May 6th. Three day rush fast and furious. Nice teeth and eyes, cold English style in daytime but wilts rapidly in the moonlight. Dreadfully exciting. Au revoir!

HAVING thus wandered through the carnage, Skippy braced himself and turned to the B's.

JACK BEDELLE. August 20th—. Dreadfully young and conceited, feed him on flattery—nice eyes but funny nose—poor conversationalist but works hard—dreadful dancer. Pretends indifference but awfully soft in spots. Hooked him in twenty minutes.

Skippy laid the book down in his lap and glanced up the beach which showed no signs of an advancing parasol. Then he looked at his watch which indicated exactly the half hour. He sat a long moment thinking. Then he opened the book and at the paragraph devoted to him he added:

"Easy to hook is hard to hold."

But this did not satisfy him. He stood up, and suddenly inspired, sank to his knees and hurriedly gathered together the sand into a mound capable of burying Miss Vivi's little body. Across it he laid the opened book. At its head he placed the box of chocolates as a headstone. Then below he wrote in the sand (symbol indeed of transient lover):

SACRED TO THE MEMORY  
OF

VIOLET BALON

SLAIN BY HER OWN HAND  
August 27th, 1896.

Then as a masterly afterthought he added savagely.

GONE AND FORGOTTEN.

Mr. Skippy Bedelle then wriggled away through the sand dunes just as Miss Vivi Balon, with malice aforethought, came up the beach accompanied by her latest conquest, Mr. Charles Brownrigger.

Some folks would say that New York is nothing but one big false front, but when you find two young people like George Fair and Miss Robinson trying to keep the pace you will see how New York gets its reputation. See "In the New York Manner," by Lucian Cary, in *Hearst's International* for September.



# How to Shampoo Your Hair Properly

*How You Can Make  
Your Hair Beautiful—  
Keep It Soft and Silky,  
Bright, Fresh-Looking  
and Luxuriant*

**T**HE beauty of your hair depends upon the care you give it. Shampooing it properly is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful and attractive you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

## A Simple, Easy Method

**F**IRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—



Use plenty of lather. Rub it in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips

The final rinsing should leave the hair soft and silky in the water



When thoroughly clean, wet hair fairly squeaks when you pull it through your fingers—and feels light and fluffy to the touch.

always using clear, fresh warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

## Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

**T**HIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

## Keeping A Child's Hair Beautiful

**C**HILDREN should be taught, early in life, that proper care of the hair is essential.

The hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a

fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your children into the habit of shampooing their hair regularly once a week. Put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified over the hair and rub it in vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of the hair and you will be teaching your child a habit that will be appreciated in after-life, for a luxurious head of hair is some thing every man and woman feels mighty proud of.

**MULSIFIED**  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.  
**COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO**



# Tire Competition ~ Good, Bad and Indifferent

**T**HE average American was raised on the idea that the more people who competed for his trade the better off he was.

Like many good ideas, it has several sides.

They all show themselves clearly in the tire business.

\* \* \*

There are tires which prefer to compete largely on a price basis. Believing that the public is more interested in the dollars and cents they pay than in the worth of what they get.

On the other hand, U. S. Royal Cords believe differently.

And car-owners who use Royal Cords have a *plus* feeling which they get both from actual experience, and because they realize the integrity of the manufacturer.

People don't think of Royal Cords as high-priced tires. They think of them as better tires.

In the man who knows what a good, faithful product the Royal Cord is, the

tire that makes price its main argument, hardly arouses more than a little curiosity.

\* \* \*

So which is better?

A tire that thinks a man has no judgment beyond his pocket-book?

Or a tire like the U. S. Royal Cord — which credits the public with the instinct for quality, and the sense to find out true economy?

---

Prices on United States Passenger Car Tires and Tubes, effective May 8th, are not subject to war-tax, the war-tax having been included.

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United States Tires  
are Good Tires

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1922  
U. S. Tire Co.

**U. S. Royal Cord Tires**  
United States  Rubber Company

Fifty-three  
Factories

The Oldest and Largest  
Rubber Organization in the World

Two hundred and  
thirty-five Branches



## Carnac's Folly

"I have no faith in you! In the depth of my soul, something cries out: 'He is not true. His life is false.' To leave me, that was right; but, monsieur, not as you left me. You pick the fruit and eat it, and spit upon the ground the fibre and the skin. I am no longer the slave to your false eloquence. It has nothing in it for me now, nothing at all, nothing."

"Yet your son—has he naught for me? If your son has genius, I have the right to say a part of it came from me. What right have you to say that all that's good in the boy is yours—that the boy, in all he does and says, is yours! No, no. Your long years of suffering have hardened into injustice and wrong."

Suddenly, he touched her arm. "There are young women, women as young as you were when I wronged you, who would be my wife now—young, beautiful, buoyant; but I come to you because I feel we might still have some years of happiness. Together, where our boy was concerned, we two could help him on his way. That is what I feel, my dear."

WHEN he touched her arm, she did not move, yet there was in his fingers something which stirred ulcers long since healed.

"Do not touch me," she said. "The past is buried forever. There can be no resurrection. I know what I should do, and I will do it. For the rest of my life, I shall live for my son. I hope he will defeat you. I don't lift a hand to help him except to give him money. You are fighting what is stronger than yourself. One thing is sure, he is nearer to the spirit of your race than you. He will win, because he has not misjudged things as he sees them. But yes, he will win!"

Her face suffused with warmth, became alive with a wonderful fire, her whole being had a simple, overwhelming tragedy.

Once again, and perhaps for the last time, she had renewed the splendor of her young womanhood. The vital warmth of a great idea had given an expression to her face which had long been absent from it.

He fell back from her. Then passion seized him. The gaunt beauty of her roused a spirit of contest in him. The evil thing in him, which her devoted love for her son, had almost conquered, came back upon him. He remembered Luzanne, and now with a spirit alive with anger, he said to her:

"No, no, no, he can not win." He stretched out a hand. "I have that which will keep for me the place in Parliament that has been mine; which will send him back to the isolation whence he came. Do you think I don't know how to win an election? Why from east to west, from north to south in this Province of Quebec, my name, my fame, have been all conquering. Let me put this to you. Suppose he did defeat me, do you think that would end my political life? It would end nothing. I should still go on."

A scornful smile came to her lips. "So you think your party would find a seat for you who had been defeated by a young man who never knew what political life meant till he entered on this campaign? You think they would find you a seat? I know you are coming to the end of your

game, and when he defeats you, it will end everything for you. You will disappear from public life, and your day will be done. Men will point at you as you pass along the street and say: 'There goes Barode Barouche. He was a great man in his day. He was defeated by a boy with a painter's brush in his hand.' He will take from you your livelihood. You will go, and he will stay; he will conquer and grow strong. Go from me, Barode Barouche," she cried, thrusting out her hands against him as it were, "go from me. I love my son with all my soul. His father has no place in my heart."

There had come upon him the wild passion of revenge. It had mastered him before he spoke and while she spoke, but as she finished, the understanding spirit of him conquered. Instead of telling her of Luzanne Larue, and of what he would do if he found things going against him, instead of that, he resolved to say naught. He saw he could not conquer her. For a minute after she had ceased speaking, he looked at her in silence, and in his eyes was a remorse that would never leave them. She was master.

Slowly, and with a sense of defeat, he said to her: "Well, we shall never meet again like this. The fight goes on. I will defeat Carnac. No, do not shake your head. He shall not put me from my place. For you and me there is no future—none; yet I want to say to you before we part forever now, that you have been deeper in my life than any other woman. I will use every effort to win back—"

He said no more. Catching up his hat from the chair, and taking his stick, he left the room. He opened the front door, stepped out, shut it behind him, and, in a moment, was lost in the night.

WHILE these things were happening, Carnac was spending all his time with the constituency. Every day was busy to the last minute, every hole in the belt of his equipment was buckled tight. In spite of his enthusiasm, he was, however, troubled by the fact that Luzanne might appear. Yet as time went on, he gained confidence. There were days, however, when he appeared, mentally, to be watching the street corners.

One day at a public meeting, he thought the sensation had come. He had just finished his speech in reply to Barode Barouche—eloquent, eager, masterful. Youth's aspirations, with a curious sympathy with the French Canadian people, had idealized his utterances. When he finished, there had been cheering, but in the quiet instant that followed the cheering, a habitant got up—a weird, wilful fellow who had a reputation for brag, yet who would not have hurt even an enemy.

"M'sieu' Carnac Grier," he said, "I'd like to put a question to you. You've been asking for our votes. We're a family people, we Canucs, and we like to know where we're going. Tell me, m'sieu', where's your woman?"

Having asked the question, he did not

sit down, but remained stolidly standing.

"Where's your woman?" the habitant had asked. Carnac's breath came quick and sharp. There were many hundreds present and a good number of them were foes. Barode Barouche was on the same platform. Not Carnac only was stirred by the question, for Barouche, who had listened to his foe's speech with admiring anxiety, was startled.

"Where's your woman?" was not a phrase to be asked anyhow, or anywhere. Barouche was glad of the incident. Ready as he was to meet challenge, he presently realized that his son had a readiness equally potent. He was even pleased to see the glimmer of a smile at the lips of the slim young politician, in whom there was more than his own commingling of temperament, of wisdom and wantonness and raillery.

AFTER A MOMENT Carnac said: "Isn't that rather a leading question to an unmarried man?"

Barouche laughed inwardly. Surely it was the reply he himself would have made. Carnac had showed himself a born politician. The audience cheered, but the questioner remained standing. He meant to ask another question.

"Sit down—sit down, jackass!" shouted some of the more raucous of the crowd, but the man was stubborn. He stretched out an arm towards Carnac.

"Bien, look here, my son, you take my advice. Pursue the primrose path into the meadows of matrimony."

Again Carnac shrank, but his mind rallied courageously, and he said: "There are other people who want to ask questions, perhaps." He turned to Barode Barouche. "I don't suggest my opponent has planned this heckling, but he can see it does no good. I'm not to be floored by catch-penny tricks. I'm going to win. I run straight. I haven't been long enough in politics to learn how to deceive. Let the accomplished professionals do that."

He waved a hand disdainfully at Barouche. "Let them put forth all that's in them, I will remain; let them exert the last ounce of energy, I will prevail; let them use the thousand devices of elections, I will use no device, but rely upon my policy. I want nothing except my chance in Parliament. My highest ambition is to make good laws. I am for the man who was the first settler on the St. Lawrence and this section of the continent—his history, his tradition, his honor and fame are in the history books of the world."

"If I should live a hundred years, I should wish nothing better than the honor of having served the men whose forefathers served Frontenac, Cartier, La Salle and Maisonneuve, and all the splendid heroes of that ancient age. What they have done is for all men to do. They have kept the faith. I am for the habitant first and last and all the time."

He sat down in a tumult of cheering. Many present remarked that no two men they had ever heard, spoke so much alike.

There had been at this public meeting, two intense supporters of Carnac, who waited for him at the main doorway. They were Fabian's wife and Junia.

Barode Barouche came out of the hall



before Carnac. His quick eye saw the two ladies, and, as he was about to pass them, he raised his broad brimmed hat like a Stuart cavalier, and smiled.

"Waiting for your champion, eh?" he asked with cynical friendliness. "Well, work hard, because that will soften his fall." He leaned over, as it were confidentially, to them while his friends craned their necks to hear what he said: "If I were you, I'd prepare him. He's beaten as sure as the sun shines."

Junia was tempted to say what was in her mind, but her sister, Sibyl, who resented Barouche's patronage, said:

"There's an old adage about the slip 'twixt the cup and the lip, Monsieur Barouche. If I were you, I shouldn't be too sure. He's young, and he's got a better policy than yours."

"And he's unmarried, eh?" Barouche

remarked. "He's unmarried, and I suppose that matters!"

There was an undercurrent of meaning in his voice that did not escape Junia.

"And Monsieur Barouche is also unmarried," she remarked. "So, you see, you're even there."

"Not quite even. I'm a widower, you know. The women don't work for me as they work for him."

"I don't understand," remarked Junia.

"The women can't all marry him."

"There are a lot of things that can't be understood by just blinking the eyes, but there's romance in the fight of an unmarried man, and women like romance even if it's someone else's. There's sensation in it."

Barouche looked backwards to where Carnac was slowly coming down the center of the hall. Women were waving

their handkerchiefs and throwing kisses towards him. One little girl was pushed in front of him, and she reached out a hand in which was a wild rose.

"That's for luck, m'sieu'," she said.

Carnac took the rose and placed it in his buttonhole. Then, stooping down, he kissed the child's cheek.

Outside the hall, Barode Barouche winked an eye knowingly. "He's got it all down to a science. Look at him—kissing the young chick. Nevertheless, he's walking into an abyss."

*Barode Barouche, confident that he holds the trump card, faces the campaign with no misgivings. But will he dare use Luzanne Larue to defeat his own son—and revenge himself on the mother? At worst, Carnac is resourceful and he is out to win. See Hearst's International for September, ready August 20th.*

*Clifford Raymond's Story of the Equality of Men—Continued from page 67*

## Brothers Under the Sod

you should know about it. If there were any other way, I would not use this one. I haven't any compunctions in a case of this sort, but I don't think you need to know what is done."

Mr. McLloyd had an alarm and it acted on his sense of caution.

"I trust in your judgment," he said. "I thought I could handle the situation and I can't. If you know how, you do it."

Mr. Allen went back to his office and asked his secretary to get S. M. Smith on the telephone for him immediately. S. M. Smith was Snit Smith.

HONEY DEW maintained a number of his old habits. One was that of dropping in at McGhee's place at Thirty-third and Indiana Avenue.

He traveled in his own car and in addition to his chauffeur who was a gunman, he had always a gunman guard, a fellow who could draw quickly or shoot without drawing, through his pockets.

He had his car stopped at McGhee's habitually at six or six-thirty in the evening and his chauffeur and guard went in with him. He could leave his car unprotected anywhere. No car thief would dare to take Honey Dew's car.

This evening as he entered McGhee's with his companions at his elbow, he saw Snit Smith at the bar. He had not seen the Snit for several years. He thought of him as an ugly, stupid little fool. He had an idea and had made no use of it. He had been gunning around, doing cheap murders and getting nothing beyond his board and lodging.

Even in McGhee's, Honey Dew always took a look at the land, strategically. There was nothing out of ordinary this evening, that he could see, except Snit Smith. There were some strangers in the place but they did not seem to be unusual.

He went up to Snit and touched him on the shoulder.

"Hullo, Snit," he said. "Have a drink?"

"Hullo, Honey," said Snit genially.

"Sure I'll have a drink. How's the boy?"

"Getting round slowly, Snit," said Honey Dew, conversationally. "No jazz-

ing. Just getting round, you understand."

"I've got kidney feet myself," said Snit. "Forty-five is old age these days. Ain't it a fact, Honey?"

"No, it ain't," said Honey Dew. "I'm fifty and I never felt better in my life. I'm good for fifty more."

"Pretty soft for you, but I'm not that way. I'm getting to feel old. Let's sit down and have the drink. I like to rest my feet once in a while."

Snit motioned to a table in a corner and led the way there.

"I'm sure getting old," he said, as they were served their drinks. "No more rough stuff for me. I'm through."

"You poor fish," said Honey Dew. "I never felt better in my life."

"I know," said Snit, "but you're a real guy. A good big man is better than a good little man. The best I ever could be was a good little man, and not so damned good at that."

"Pretty good, pretty good," said Honey Dew. "I'll tell the world you taught me a lot the night you pulled a gun."

"I'll say I did," said Snit laughing. "They say you're good now but a bit slow on the pull."

"Slow, hell!" said Honey Dew.

"That's what I say, but they do say you're slow."

Honey Dew had liquor in him and was grandiloquent and expressive.

"Slow, slow hell," he said, angrily. "How's this?"

He flashed a gun out of his pocket, across the top of the table. It was not the draw which he would have made in trouble. It was flashy and intended to show speed and a brilliant technique. As such it was observable, to anyone who happened to be looking towards the table from any part of the room. What any such person, seeing and not hearing, naturally would think was that Honey had pulled a gun on Snit.

Honey's gesture was just completed when there were four shots rapidly fired and he sank inertly in his chair. His chauffeur and his body-guard were at the bar. They seldom left him so much exposed, but Snit had seemed negligible. They had seen the flash of Honey's gun

and had started towards him when the strange shooting began, strange because it was not Honey's gun, although he had the draw, which was shooting, and it was Honey who was collapsing.

Astonishment stopped them in the flash of a second. There was general movement of alarm and confusion in the room. When Honey's guards had recovered and were moving again, three strangers were ahead of them and clumsily in their way. Under this cover Snit went out the side door. Honey Dew, with his hand on the table and holding an unsmoked revolver, was dying.

FOR THE FIRST time since Ella and her children had lived in the big house on Grand Avenue, it was alive. That was because Honey Dew was in his casket.

Death is a luxury in the emotions of the living. Ella's old friends on the west side came to support her. Honey's friends came to keep his wake. His adversaries came to express their condolences.

There was a shifting, changing line of automobiles all day on the block in which Honey had bought his grand house.

All the big men of the labor world came, and interspersed with them were representatives of their opponent, Capital. Mr. Allen of the Illinois National Bank came to leave a note for Ella at the door. It contained a sympathetic expression from the font of so much financial responsibility to the widow of so lawless a power.

The conspicuous fringe of the procession which came to the house in Grand Avenue which Honey Dew had bought was important but evanescent. It recorded itself decorously and solemnly and departed in the semblance of grief.

When Mr. Allen told Mr. McLloyd of the Illinois National Bank that Honey Dew had been killed, Mr. McLloyd had an instant of flinching.

"It was almost inevitable," said Mr. Allen. "These outlaws come to their own settlements. One does not like to condone murder but this one certainly has saved us a lot of trouble."

"Do you know this man, this Snit Smith, the papers say shot Dew?" Mr

McLloyd asked with a show of interest. "Just by general repute. There's an amusing story that years ago he made a gunman of Dew, who was only a slugger, by shooting him up."

"Where is this Smith?"

"He's disappeared. They always do. The police can't find him."

Mr. McLloyd again decided that a little knowledge was not a dangerous thing but that too much knowledge might be. He stopped his questioning.

"That does not concern us," he said. "We have no responsibility in this but we can be glad that our outrageous delays have stopped, if they have. That's all, isn't it, Mr. Allen?"

"Yes, practically, but there's another thing I'd like to have you consider," said the building manager. "Dew was really an important man. He was quite an influence. They are going to make his funeral important. His wife is broken-hearted. Evidently, she was attached to him. I guess she loved him. He seems to have been nice to her and ambitious for his family. They think it will do her good if he has a fine funeral. It will clear up the situation. Several circuit and superior court judges will go. We think that it is a good occasion to show respect for the masses represented by Dew."

There was a puffed and almost purplish aspect to Mr. McLloyd's face.

"Mr. Allen," he said, "you are talking like an ass. The man was a criminal."

Mr. Allen was not abashed by the charge. "It is important," he said, "that you go to the funeral."

"You are crazy," said Mr. McLloyd.

"I am quite rational and hope to persuade you. Dew is dead because he could not find in life what he can be given at his funeral. It is good all around that he gets what he wanted."

"You are an irreverent maniac," said Mr. McLloyd.

"I'm serious," said Mr. Allen. "A point is going to be made of this funeral. It is important that this organization be represented. We've had dealings with Dew."

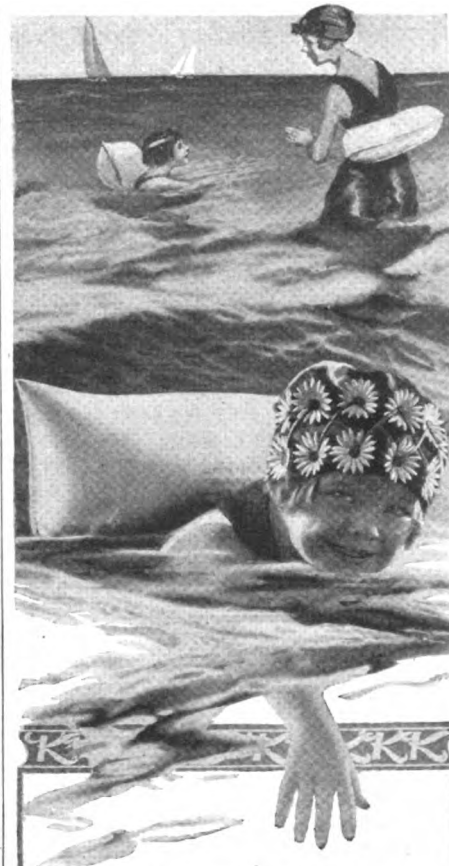
Mr. McLloyd thereupon used an expression he never had used before and never expected to use again.

"A fat chance," he said.

There were ten thousand people at Honey Dew's funeral. It had first page space for a column in every afternoon newspaper. There were a hundred or more names in the list of locally important persons which had been given to the reporters at the ceremony. In the list, along with the names of a half-dozen judges, many public officials and well-known men of affairs, Mr. McLloyd saw his own name and he made no protest.

That evening Snit Smith was found shot through the head.

His own gun was beside him. It was clean. He had drawn, but not quickly enough. Someone had thought that Honey would sleep better if Snit slept also.



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## F. Britten Austin Sees Revolt Near—from page 21—and Asks Will Portugal Blow Up Next?

empire. Our pride in it is almost the only thing left to us. Portugal may lose its empire—it will never voluntarily surrender any part of it!"

"There is one thing we might do," he said, after a pause. "If England would grant us a loan, we might engage ourselves to allow her to establish a temporary naval base in the Azores should she go to war with America—or, alternatively, we might, on the same terms, promise the same facilities to the United States in the event of such a war. But such facilities would be only of a temporary nature."

At the time I write, the head of the Portuguese Government is Sr. Antonia Maria da Silva, formerly one of the Carbonaria Triumvirate that overthrew the Monarchy, and now popularly credited with a desire to dissociate himself from his former comrades. His opinions on Portugal today are worth setting in juxtaposition with those of Sr. Cunha Leal.

"The financial situation?" he said, and smiled engagingly. "The statements in the Portuguese and foreign press are far from representing accurately our position. Fundamentally, the financial situation of Portugal is one of the best in Europe. Admittedly, we are in temporary difficulties. But we have immense resources in Angola and we are now doing our utmost to develop and exploit those resources."

One cannot argue matters with the head of a foreign government. For many years past, the surpluses from one or two of the Portuguese colonies have just about balanced the deficits of the remainder.

There is no sociological barometer more sensitive than the foreign exchanges. In 1914, the Portuguese escudo (even after five years of revolution the accumulated resources of the country had not been dissipated) still stood at par a trifle over one dollar to the escudo. Today the escudo stands at twelve to the dollar. This severe depreciation, appalling to the Portuguese themselves and highly embarrassing to foreign traders, has occurred almost entirely since the war ended.

It is calculated that at the present time the Portuguese hold sterling to the value of 250 million U. S. dollars in British banks. This capital, vast for such a small country as Portugal, is of course withdrawn from the commerce of the nation. The Portuguese who own it prefer to keep it in a safe place. In the meantime, their country is sliding towards bankruptcy and no escape is visible.

"And the internal condition?" I asked.

"As you see for yourself, public order is perfect," he replied.

"There is no reality then in the 'Red' menace so often talked about?"

"Unfortunately, there is. There is a disquieting Bolshevik movement in the country, which is undoubtedly subsidized from foreign sources. But we have forces at hand sufficient to deal with the situation, I assure you."

As I wrote the last words of this article, Sr. Cunha Leal was asking the Prime Minister, in the Chamber of Deputies, when he proposed to end the Group of the Thirteen and the Carbonaria.

*Upton Sinclair's New Novel of The Stranger in Our Midst—Continued from page 30*

## They Call Me Carpenter

"Business," said Carpenter, still pondering. "Then it's business—"

"Yes, business—" put in T-S. "Dat's it!" And he lowered his voice, and looked round once more. "It's time ve vas talkin' business now! Mr. Carpenter, I be frank vit you. I put all my cards on de table. I seen de papers shoost now, vot vunderful t'ings you do—healin' de sick and quellin' de mobs and all dat—and I t'ink I got to raise my offer, Mr. Carpenter. If you sign a contract I got here in my pocket, I pay you a t'ousand dollars a week. Vot you say, my friend?"

"That is very kind of you, Mr. T-S, and I thank you for the compliment; but I fear you will have to get someone else to play my part."

Said T-S, "I vant you to t'ink, Mr. Carpenter, vot it would mean if you had a t'ousand dollars every week. You could feed all de babies of de strikers. And vot's more, I pay you five t'ousand cash on de signin' of de contract. You can go right in now vit dese strikers—maybe you could beat Prince's vit all dat money!" Then, as Carpenter still shook his head: "I give you vun more raise, my friend—but dat's de last, you gotta believe me. I pay you fifteen hund'ed a week. I ain't never paid so much money to a green actor in my life before, and I don't t'ink anybody else in de business ever did."

"My friend," Carpenter said, "along time ago there was a prophet, and he was offered the world. The story is told us—'Again the devil taketh him up into an exceeding high mountain, and sheweth him all the kingdoms of the world, and the glory of them; and saith unto him, All these things will I give thee, if thou wilt fall down and worship me.' You recall that story, Mr. T-S?"

"No," said T-S, "I ain't vun o' dese lit'ry fellers." But he realized that the story was not complimentary to him, and he showed his chagrin. "I tell you vun t'ing, Mr. Carpenter, if you vas to know me better, you wouldn't call me a devil."

Suddenly the other put his hand on the great man's shoulder in a gesture of comradeship. "I believe that, my friend; I hate the sin but love the sinner. Suppose you come and have lunch with me?"

"Lunch?" said T-S taken aback. "I went to dinner with you last night. Now you come to lunch with me."

"Where at, Mr. Carpenter?"

Said Carpenter, "When I went with you, I did not ask where."

CARPENTER signed to me and to Everett the secretary, and the four of us went out of the room. I was as much mystified as the picture magnate, but I held my peace, and Carpenter led us to the elevator, and down to the street.

We turned the corner, and soon I saw what was before us, and almost cried out with glee. It was really too good to be true! Carpenter, in the course of his talks with strikers, had learned where their soup-kitchen was located, the relief headquarters where their families were being fed; and

he now had the sublime audacity to take the picture magnate to lunch among them!

Nor was that all. As we pushed our way into the place, Carpenter turned to the magnate, and without a trace of embarrassment, said: "You understand, Mr. T-S, I have no money. But we must pay—"

"Oh, sure!" said T-S, "I'll pay!"

"Thank you," said the other; and he turned to an official of the union with whom he had got acquainted in the course of the morning. He introduced us all, not forgetting the secretary, and then said, "Mr. T-S is the moving picture producer, and wants to have lunch with you."

"Oh, sure!" said the official, cordially.

"He will pay for it," added Carpenter. "He has brought along a thousand dollars for that purpose."

T-S started as if someone had struck him; and the official started too. "What?"

"He will pay a thousand dollars," declared Carpenter. "I is a fact, and you may tell the people, if you wish."

"My Gawd, no!" cried T-S wildly.

But the official did not heed him. He faced the crowd and stretched out his arms.

"Boys! Boys! This is Mr. T-S, the picture producer, and he's come to lunch, and he'll pay a thousand dollars for it!"

THERE was a moment of amazed silence, then a roar from the company. Men leaped to their feet and yelled. And there stood poor T-S—not enjoying the ovation!

"Give it to them," whispered Carpenter; and the magnate, thus held up, took out the roll of bills, and turned it over to the trembling official, who leaped onto a chair and waved the miracle before the crowd. "A thousand dollars! A thousand dollars!" He counted it over before their eyes and called out louder than ever, "A thousand dollars!"

Carpenter, followed by T-S and the secretary and myself, went down the line of tables, shaking hands with many on the way, and being patted on the back.

But I knew that T-S had never yet paid a thousand dollars without getting something for it, and I was not surprised when, after he had gulped down his meal, he turned to his host and, disregarding the company demanded, "Now, Mr. Carpenter, do I git de contract?"

Carpenter had had his jest, and was through with it. He answered, gravely, "You must understand me, Mr. T-S. You don't want a contract with me."

"I don't?"

"If I were to sign it, it would not be a week before you would be sorry, and would be asking me to release you."

"Vy is dat, Mr. Carpenter?"

"Because I am going to do things that will make me quite useless to you."

"Dat can't be true, Mr. Carpenter!"

"It is true, and you will realize it soon. I assure you, it won't be a day before you will be ashamed of having known me."

T-S was gazing at the speaker, not certain whether this was something very terrible, or only a polite evasion.

"Mr. Carpenter," he averred, "if all

de world vas to give you up, I wouldn't!"

Said Carpenter, "I tell you, before the cock crows again, you will deny three times that you know me."

WHEN I got back to the Labor Temple, I learned that there was to be a mass meeting of the strikers that evening. It had been planned some days ago, and now was to be turned into a protest against police violence and "government by injunction."

It appeared now that the leaders were considering inviting Carpenter to become one of the speakers at their meeting.

The matter was settled a little later, when Mary Magna drove up to the Labor Temple in her big limousine. Mary, for the first time in the memory of anyone who knew her, was without her war-paint; dressed like a Quakeress—a most uncanny phenomenon! She had not a single jewel on; and before long I learned why—she had taken all she owned to a jeweler that morning, and sold them for something over six thousand dollars. She brought the money to the fund for the babies.

T-S was still hanging about, and at first he tried to check this insane extravagance, but then he thought it over and grinned, saying, "I git my t'ousand dollars back in advertising!" When I pointed out to him what would be the interpretation placed by newspaper gossip on Mary's intervention in the affairs of Carpenter, he grinned still more widely.

"Ain't he got a right to be in love vit Mary? All de world's in love vit Mary!"

The end was not yet. Suddenly, there was a commotion in the crowd, and a man pushed his way through—Korwsky, the secretary of the tailor's union, who, learning of Carpenter's miracles, had rushed all the way home, and got a friend with a delivery wagon, and brought his half-grown son post-haste. He bore him now in his arms, and poured out to Carpenter the pitiful tale of his paralyzed limbs. Such a gentle, good child he was; no one ever heard a complaint; but he had not been able to stand up for five years.

SO, OF COURSE, Carpenter put his hands upon the child, and closed his eyes in prayer; and suddenly he put him down to the ground and cried: "Walk!" The lad stared at him, for one wild moment, while people caught their breath; then, with a little choking cry, he took a step. There came a shout from the spectators, and then—Bang!—a puff as if a gun had gone off, and a flash of light, and clouds of white smoke rolling to the ceiling.

Women screamed, and one or two threatened to faint; but it was nothing more dangerous than the cameraman of the Independent Press Service, who had hired a step-ladder, and got it set up in a corner of the room, ready for any climax!

It came time when the rest of us were ready for dinner, but Carpenter said that he wanted to pray. Apparently, whenever he was tired, and had work to do, he prayed. He told me that he would find his



own way to Grant Hall, the place of the mass meeting; but somehow, I didn't like the idea of his walking through the streets alone. I said I would call for him.

I cast about in my mind for a body-guard, and bethought me of Old Joe. His name is Joseph Camper, and he played center-rush with my elder brother in the days before they opened up the game, and when beef was what counted.

So I telephoned him to meet me. We had dinner, and at seven-thirty sharp, our taxi drew up at the Labor Temple. Half a minute later, who should come down the street but Everett, T-S's secretary!

"I thought I'd take the liberty," he said, apologetically. "I thought Mr. Carpenter might say something worth while, and you'd be glad to have a transcript."

"Why, that's very kind of you," I answered, "I didn't know you were interested in him."

"Well, I didn't know it myself, but I seem to be; and besides, he told me to follow him."

I went upstairs and found the stranger waiting in the room where I had left him. I put myself on one side of him, and the ex-center-rush on the other, with Everett respectfully bringing up the rear, and so we walked to Grant Hall.

The hall was packed, both the floor and the galleries; there must have been three thousand people. I noted a big squad of police, and wondered what was coming.

I saw Mary Magna come in, with Laura Lee, another picture actress, and Mrs. T-S. They found seats; and I looked for the magnate, and saw him talking to someone near the door. I strolled back to speak to him, and recognized the other man as Westerly, secretary of the Merchants' and Manufacturers' Association.

It was not my wish to overhear their conversation, but it worked out that way partly because it is hard not to overhear T-S, and partly because I stopped in surprise at the first words: "Good Gawd, Mr. Westerly, vy should I want to give money to strikers? Dat's nuttin' but fool newspaper talk. I vent to see de man, because Mary Magna told me he vas a vunderful type, and I said I'd pay him a t'ousand dollars on de contract. You know vot de newspapers do vit such t'ings!"

"Then the man isn't a friend of yours?" said the other.

"My Gawd, do I make friends vit every feller vot I hire because he looks like a character part?"

At this point there came up Rankin, one of T-S's directors. "Hello!" said he. "I came to hear your friend the prophet."

"Friend?" said T-S. "Who told you he's a friend o' mine?"

"Why, the papers said—"

"Vell, de papers 're nutty!"

Then came one of the strikers who had been in the soup-kitchen—a fresh young fellow, proud to know a great man. "How dy'do, Mr. T-S? I hear our friend, Mr. Carpenter, is going—"

"Cut out dis friend stuff!" cried T-S irritably. "He ain't my friend."

I strolled up "Hello, T-S!" I said.

"Oh, Billy! Hello!"

"So you've denied 'im three times!"

"Vot you mean?"

"Three times—and the cock hasn't crowed yet! That man's a prophet."

The magnate pretended not to understand, but the deep flush on his features gave him away.

The chairman of the meeting was a man named Brown, the president of the city's labor council. He was certainly respectable enough, prosy and solemn.

The chairman introduced the president of the Restaurant Workers, a solid citizen whom you would have taken for a successful grocer. He told about what had happened last night at Prince's; and then he told about the causes of the strike.

A couple of other labor men spoke, and then came James, the carpenter with a religious streak. He had a harsh, rasping voice, and a way of poking a long, bony finger at the people he was impressing. He was desperately in earnest, and it caused him to swallow a great deal, and each time his Adam's apple would jump up.

THE ORATOR quoted a speech of Algon de Wiggs before the Chamber of Commerce, declaring that the restoration of prosperity, especially in agriculture, depended upon "deflation," and this alone; and suddenly James, the carpenter with a religious streak, launched forth:

"Go to now, you rich men, weep and howl for your miseries that are coming upon you! Your riches are corrupted, and your garments are moth-eaten! Your gold and silver is cankered; and the rust on it shall be a witness against you, and shall eat your flesh as if it were fire. You have heaped treasure together for the last days. Behold the hire of the laborers, who have reaped your fields; you have kept it back by fraud, and the cries of the reapers have entered into the ears of the Lord! You have lived in pleasure on the earth, and been wanton; you have nourished your hearts, as in a day of slaughter. You have condemned and killed the just—"

At this point in the tirade, my old friend the ex-center-rush, who was standing in the wings with me, turned and whispered, "What kind of a Bolshevik stunt is this, anyhow you've brought me to?"

I answered, "Hush, you dub! He's quoting from the Bible!"

President Brown of the Western City Labor Council arose to perform his next duty as chairman. Said he:

"The next speaker is a stranger to most of you, and he is also a stranger to me. I do not know what his doctrine is, and I assume no responsibility for it. But he is a man who has proven his friendship for labor, not by words, but by very unusual deeds. He is a man of remarkable personality, and we have asked him to make what suggestions he can to solve our problems. I have pleasure in introducing Mr. Carpenter."

Whereupon the prophet fresh from God arose from his chair, and came slowly to the front of the platform. There was no applause, but a silence blended partly of curiosity and partly of amazement. His figure, standing thus apart, was majestic; and suddenly I noted a curious thing—a shining as of light about his head.

It was so clear and so beautiful that I whispered to Old Joe: "Do you see that halo?"

"Go on, Billy!" said the ex-center-rush.

"You're getting nutty!"

"But it's plain as day, man!"

I felt someone touch my arm, and saw



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a little lady with anti-vivisection tracts peering past me. "Do you see his aura?" she whispered, excitedly.

"Is that what it is?"

"Yes. It's purple, and that denotes spirituality."

I thought to myself, "Good Lord, am I getting to be that sort?"

Carpenter began to speak, quietly, in his grave, measured voice. "My brothers!" He waited for some time, as if that were enough; as if all the problems of life would be solved, if only men would understand those two words. "My brothers, I am, as your chairman says, a stranger to this world of yours. I do not understand your vast machines and your complex arts. But I know the souls of men and women; when I meet greed, and pride, and cruelty, the enslavements of the flesh, they can not lie to me. And I have walked about the streets of your city, and I know myself in the presence of a people wandering in a wilderness. My children!—broken-hearted, desolate, and betrayed—poorest when you are rich, loneliest when you throng together, proudest when you are most ignorant—my people, I call you into the way of salvation!"

He stretched out his arms to them, and on his face and in his whole look was such anguish, that I think there was no man in that whole great throng so rooted in self-esteem that he was not shaken with sudden awe. The prophet raised his hands in invocation: "Let us pray!"

"Oh, God, our Father, we, Thy lost children, return to Thee, the Giver of life. We bring our follies and our greeds, and cast them at Thy feet. We do not like the life we have lived. We wish to be those things which for long ages we have dreamed in vain. Wilt Thou show the way?"

**H**IS HANDS sank to his sides, and he raised his head. "Such is the prayer. What is the answer? It has been made known: Ask, and it shall be given you; seek, and ye shall find; knock, and it shall be opened unto you: For everyone that asketh receiveth; and he that seeketh findeth; and to him that knocketh it shall be opened. These are ancient words, by many forgotten. What do they mean? They mean that we are children of our Father, and not slaves of earthly masters.

"What are the fruits of mastery? They are pride and pomp, they are luxury and wantonness and the shows of power. And who is there among you that can say to himself, these things have no roots in my heart? That man is great, and the deliverance of the world is the act of his will."

The speaker paused, and turned; his gaze swept the platform, and those seated on it. Said he: "You are the representatives of organized labor. I do not know your organization, therefore I ask: For what are you united? Is it to follow in the footsteps of your masters, and bind others as they have bound you?"

He waited for an answer, and the chairman, upon whom his gaze was fixed, cried, "No!" Others also cried, "No!" and the audience took it up with fervor. Carpenter turned to them.

"Then I say to you: Break down in your hearts and in the hearts of your fellows the worship of those base things

which mastership has brought into the world. If a man pile up food while others starve, is not this evil? If a woman deck herself with clothing to her own discomfort, is not this folly? And if it be folly, how shall it be admired by you, to whom it brings starvation and despair?"

"Before me sit young women of the working class. Say to yourselves: I tear from my fingers the jewels which are the blood and tears of my fellow-men; I wash the paint from my face, and from my head and my bosom I take the silly feathers and ribbons. I dare to be what I am. I dare to speak truth in a world of lies. I dare to deal honestly with men and women."

"Before me sit young men of the working class. I say to you: Love honest women. Do not love harlots, nor imitators of harlots. Do not admire the idle women of the ruling class, nor those who ape them, and thereby glorify them. Do not admire languid limbs and pouting lips and the signs of haughtiness and vanity, your own enslavements."

**D**O NOT think that I am come to bring you ease and comfort; I am come to bring strife and discontent to this world. For the time of martyrdom draws near, and from your Father alone can you draw the strength to endure your trials. You are hungry, but you will be starved; you are prisoned in mills and mines, but you will be walled up in dungeons; you are beaten with whips, but you will be beaten with clubs, your flesh will be torn by bullets, your skin will be burned with fire and your lungs poisoned with deadly gases—such is the dominion of this world. But I say to you, resist in your hearts, and none can conquer you, for in the hearts of men lie the past and the future, and there is no power but love.

"You say: The world is evil, and men are base; why should I die for them? Oh, ye of little faith, how many have died for you, and would you cheat mankind? If there is to be goodness in the world, someone must begin; who will begin with me?"

"My brothers: I am come to lead you into the way of justice. I bid you follow not in passion and blind excitement, but as men firm in heart and bent upon service. For the way of self-love is easy, while the way of justice is hard. But some will follow, and their numbers will grow; for the lives of men have grown ill beyond enduring, and there must be a new birth of the spirit. Think upon my message; I shall speak to you again, and the compulsion of my law will rest upon you. The powers of this world come to an end, but the power of goodwill is everlasting, and the body can sooner escape from its own shadow than mankind can escape from brotherhood."

He ceased, and a strange thing happened. Half the crowd rose to its feet; and they cried, "Go on!" Twice he tried to retire to his seat, but they cried, "Go on, go on!" Said he, "My brothers, this is not my meeting, there are other speakers—" But they cried, "We want to hear you!" He answered, "You have your policies to decide, and your leaders must have their say. But I will speak to you again tomorrow. I am told that your city permits street speaking on Western City

Street on Sundays. In the morning I am going to church, to see how they worship my Father in this city of many mobs; but at noon I shall hold a meeting on the corner of Fifth and Western City Streets. Now I ask you to excuse me, for I am weary." He stood for a moment, and I saw that his eyes were dark and hollow with fatigue, and drops of sweat stood upon his forehead.

He turned and left the platform, and Old Joe and I hurried around to join him. We found him with Korwsky, the little Russian tailor whose son he had healed. Korwsky claimed him to spend the night at his home. I asked Carpenter to what church he was going in the morning, and he startled me by the reply, "St. Bartholomew's." I promised that I would surely be on hand, and then Old Joe and I set out to walk home.

"Well?" said I. "What do you think of him?"

The ex-center-rush walked for a bit before he answered, "You know, Billy boy," said he, "we do lead rotten useless lives."

"Good Lord!" I thought; it was the first sign of a soul I had ever noted in Old Joe! "Why," I argued, "you sell paper, and that's useful, isn't it?"

"I don't know whether it is or not. Look at what's printed on it—mostly advertisements and bunk." And again we walked for a bit. "By the way," said the ex-center-rush, "before he got through, I saw that aura, or whatever you call it. I guess I'm getting nutty, too!"

**T**HE FIRST thing I did on Sunday morning was to pick up the Western City Times, to see what it had done to Carpenter. I found that he had achieved the front page, triple column, with streamer head all the way across the page:

PROPHET IN TOWN HEALS SICK,  
RAVES AT RICH, AMERICA IS  
MOBLAND, ALLEGED IN  
RED RIOT OF TALK

There followed a half-page story about Carpenter's strenuous day in Western City, beginning with a "Bolshevik stump-speech" to a mob of striking tailors. It appeared that the prophet had gone to the Hebrew quarter of the city, and finding a woman railing at a butcher because of alleged extortion had begun a speech, inciting a mob, so that the police reserves had to be called out, and a riot was narrowly averted. From there the prophet had gone to the Labor Temple, announcing himself to the reporters as "fresh from God," with a message to "Mobland." He had then healed a sick boy, the performance being carefully staged in front of moving picture cameras.

The account of the Times did not directly charge that the performance was a "movie stunt," but it described it in a mocking way which made it obviously that. The paper mentioned T-S in such a way as to indicate him as the originator of the scheme and it had fun with Mary Magna pawning her paste jewels.

*Carpenter's speech at the labor meeting branded him a "Bolshevik." You can imagine what the public said and did when the strange visitor got that reputation. See Hearst's International for September, ready August 20th*

Montague Glass's Funniest Story—Continued from page 18

## No Cards

member anybody which is so blonde for one of our people."

"It runs in my family," Mrs. Wittkowsky replied. "Me and my sister was like a couple of Swedes already, and Goldie here is the same way. She don't use nothing but once in a while a little ammonia in the water on her hair."

"Then it's natural, that hair which you got it?" Uncle Ellis said.

"Ain't you gallant?" Mrs. Wittkowsky said. "What do you think—we used peroxide yet?"

Uncle Ellis was about to say that as far as he was concerned, she could use electroplating, when it suddenly occurred to him that it wouldn't sound right to talk that way, and since it was the first time in his life that he had ever stopped to consider before saying anything, this moment of hesitation marked a turning point in Uncle Ellis's career. Immediately thereafter, he did what, for Ellis November, was a most startling thing. He took Mrs. Wittkowsky's plump hand in both of his and patted it tenderly.

"Such an idea would never enter my head in a hundred years," he said, and at once reflected that this was no way to break off Cyril's engagement. Not having held a lady's hand in many decades, if in fact ever, he found it much easier to hold on than to let go, and at last Mrs. Wittkowsky withdrew it gently of her own accord and let it rest in her lap.

"GOLDIE LEBEN," she said, "the chicken is already to put over for lunch. It should ought to cook slow."

Goldie nodded and left the room with the breakfast tray.

"She's a good girl," Mrs. Wittkowsky said with a tremulous sigh, "and why she should act this way now, I don't know."

"Act what way?" Uncle Ellis asked.

Mrs. Wittkowsky shrugged.

"Why, you know as well as I do, Mr. November," she said, "that boy is in no position to get married, and he never will be, neither—a good-looking Schlemiel like that, you understand."

Uncle Ellis eyed her suspiciously. He was beginning to think that he had been shamelessly tricked when of a sudden genuine tears began to course their way down Mrs. Wittkowsky's cheeks.

"For God's sakes, Mr. November," she said, "couldn't you do nothing? My daughter is making good money now. She's got talent and everything, but it's only a matter of a few years, and she wouldn't be able to get such a salary no more."

She laid her hand on his arm.

"You got to excuse me that I am talking this way," she continued, "but I want to see Goldie that she should settle down and marry a decent, respectable young man that could give her a home and everything. Cyril is all right—but you know as well as I do, Mr. November, what future has he got for himself anyway?"

The expression on November's face changed from suspicion to amazement.

"You mean you don't want your

daughter to marry my nephew?" he exclaimed not crediting his senses.

"Don't misunderstand me, Mr. November," she said. "It ain't that I got objections to his family or anything. Personally, I like him, and I hope he does well and everything, so I tell you what I would do, Mr. November; I got in savings bank a little money—not much, y'understand, but if you would got any influence over the boy and could persuade him he should go out West or somewhere and leave my daughter alone, I would stake him to a thousand dollars so he should start a little business. Now, what do you say, Mr. November?"

FOR another few seconds, Uncle Ellis looked earnestly at her. As the mother of an actress, he reflected, it was barely possible that Mrs. Wittkowsky was doing a little acting on her own account. At last, he became convinced of her genuineness.

"And supposing I had myself a little money," he said. "Would that make any difference to you or your daughter?"

Mrs. Wittkowsky shrugged her shoulders lightly at the suggestion.

"It ain't a question of money, Mr. November," Mrs. Wittkowsky protested. "It don't make no difference to my daughter how much money you say you've got. All she wants is to marry your nephew and she would work her fingers to the bone with two shows a day to support him if necessary—so crazy is she about him—a brainless Schlemiel like that, without sense, without gumption, without nothing. Just a wax figure he is—that's all."

Uncle Ellis raised himself from the pillow and assumed as much dignity as anyone could assume who lacked a collar and necktie and whose shoulders were draped in a lady's duvetine walking coat.

"All right, Mrs. Wittkowsky," he declared. "You've said enough about my nephew, which maybe I have got money, and maybe I ain't, but my nephew is my nephew, and I ain't going to lay here and listen to such remarks. I tell you that."

"But, Mr. November," she pleaded, "if you had a daughter like Goldie, not only good-looking but a good housekeeper, would you want her to marry a no-account young feller like your nephew?"

"And what would you say if I was to tell you, Mrs. Wittkowsky, that when I was his age, I was the spitting image of my nephew?" Uncle Ellis retorted, and Mrs. Wittkowsky shrugged her shoulders.

"Well," she said, "of course, for a man your age—and no doubt you had a lot of trouble, although certainly I never seen you except this once, which when you are feeling more like yourself, Mr. November, maybe you look different, but it ain't fair to judge a man that has just had a fainting spell and everything."

Uncle Ellis flapped one hand feebly.

"Looks I ain't talking about at all," he said. "In the real estate business looks don't get you nowheres, and I left off caring how I looked thirty-five years ago already when my wife died."



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"Then you was also married once," Mrs. Wittkowsky said.

"For not quite a year," Uncle Ellis said.

"Nebich!" Mrs. Wittkowsky exclaimed.

"And after that," Uncle Ellis continued, "well—you know how it is. You are a widow yourself."

Mrs. Wittkowsky nodded. Her tears began to flow anew, and therewith for the next few hours both of them forgot their differences in recounting the details of the two illnesses which had terminated their respective marital happiness.

In this fashion, the morning passed so rapidly and pleasantly that before Mrs. Wittkowsky had exhausted her recollection of the names and addresses, residential and business, of those who had attended her late husband's funeral, Goldie was at the door with Uncle Ellis's lunch. It consisted principally of paprika chicken with Knackerl, and in spite of what the doctor had advised, Uncle Ellis had three helpings of it. Later he topped it off with two portions of apple strudel, containing not only apples, but raisins and blanched almonds, to say nothing of the hard sauce.

ALMOST immediately afterwards, he fell asleep and when he woke up at five o'clock, he felt so much better that he insisted on going home at once.

"But supposing you should have one of them spells again?" Mrs. Wittkowsky protested, with concern.

"I ain't never had one of them spells before," Uncle Ellis said, "and I ain't never going to have no more of them."

He buttoned the neckband of his shirt and started to put on his collar and tie, but not being accustomed to tying neckties in the presence of ladies, he fumbled with it rather awkwardly in front of the mirror over Mrs. Wittkowsky's bureau.

"Here, let me do that for you," she said, and before Uncle Ellis realized what was happening, he was standing meekly with his chin raised while Mrs. Wittkowsky made a neat bow out of his rusty black tie.

"I ain't done such a thing in fifteen years," she said.

"And I ain't had it done for me in thirty-five," Uncle Ellis replied.

"You both act quite natural over it," Goldie remarked, and it was on the tip of Uncle Ellis's tongue to say that women were never too old for such meises when, for the second time that day, he found himself hesitating on the score of politeness, and instead he merely grinned.

"She ties a good-looking bow—I'll say that for her," he said.

"And now how about coming here Sunday afternoon?" Goldie asked abruptly.

Mrs. Wittkowsky gazed at him anxiously as she waited for him to answer.

"Well, I'll tell you," Uncle Ellis said, "I'd like to talk the thing over first. That's what I came for today—but—but—well, I didn't get a chance."

"But what's there to talk over?" Goldie asked, looking puzzled.

"Never mind!" Mrs. Wittkowsky interrupted. "He's got a right to talk it over if he wants to, ain't he?"

"Suppose I come here again tomorrow some time," Uncle Ellis suggested. "I'll be up around noon."

He took his hat and hesitated for a moment at the door.

"And I must say I am much obliged for

all you done for me," he said. "I put you to a whole lot of trouble, and—well, anyhow, I'll be here around noon, or maybe a little afterwards."

An hour later when he entered his apartment on One Hundred and Thirty-fifth Street, Miss Rossmeyer came out of the kitchen followed by an odor of cooking which Uncle Ellis immediately recognized as gedamfte Kalbfleisch slightly scorched.

"T'phooee!" he exclaimed with disgust. "Shut that door."

"Say!" Miss Rossmeyer cried, "people was ringing you up all day trying to get ahold of you. Where was you anyway?"

"Never mind where I was," Uncle Ellis replied. "Throw that stuff out and make for me two poached eggs and some decent toast and coffee."

He hung up his hat and coat and walked into the parlor, followed by the indignant Miss Rossmeyer.

"What do you mean—throw that out? What comes over you lately, Uncle Ellis?" she said. "I don't understand you at all."

Uncle Ellis sat down and favored his niece with a malignant glare.

"Sure you don't understand me," he retorted. "You think that instead of a human being, I'm a garbage can. That ain't food what you are cooking there. That's—that's—soapmakers' supplies."

He opened the evening paper as though dismissing the subject, and then thought better of it.

"Furthermore, you shouldn't kid yourself, Selina," he said. "The hair ain't dyed—neither one of 'em."

WHEN Uncle Ellis rang Mrs. Wittkowsky's doorbell the following day, shortly after noon, he had come to no decision as to the stand he ought to take with respect to Cyril's engagement. He could not make up his mind whether to oppose it on general principles or favor it out of family pride. Of one thing, however, he was certain, and that was that he intended to eat at least one more of Mrs. Wittkowsky's exceptionally good luncheons.

He was fortified in that resolution by Selina's coffee which had been particularly poisonous that morning. Furthermore, she had attempted a hash out of the previous evening's gedamfte Kalbfleisch whose odor alone had been sufficient to abort Uncle Ellis's appetite for breakfast, so that he had left the house with nothing to stay his stomach but a half a teaspoonful of bicarbonate of soda in a tumbler full of lukewarm water.

He was therefore prepared to eat Mrs. Wittkowsky's luncheon first, and discuss the impending marriage afterwards, but this was not to be, for as soon as she opened the door it was obvious that in her present condition she was too disturbed mentally to serve as much as a bowl of crackers and milk. Her eyes were red with weeping, and her lower lip trembled piteously as she greeted Uncle Ellis.

"Well, Mr. November," she said, "it's no use. She wouldn't listen to me at all."

She led the way into the parlor and sinking down on the sofa proceeded at once to water its satin pillows with her tears. It might be supposed that Uncle Ellis was entirely unmoved by this spectacle, but strangely enough he found himself profoundly affected by Mrs. Wittkowsky's tears. In fact, to Uncle Ellis, they

were no more like Miss Rossmeyer's tears than Mrs. Wittkowsky's coffee was like Miss Rossmeyer's coffee, and so he was moved to take her hand in consolation.

"Listen, Mrs. Wittkowsky," he said. "You'll make yourself sick. After all, your daughter has got to get married some time to somebody, and the whole thing is a gamble anyway. Many a woman has got married to a business man with a good business, and along comes a couple of rotten seasons, y'understand, and what is it? Am I right or wrong?"

He began unconsciously to pat Mrs. Wittkowsky's hand. It was a singularly plump, white hand for a woman of her age who did such excellent cooking.

"In fact," he continued, almost in spite of himself, "the only safe bet for a woman is to marry somebody who has got his money in something which ain't affected by business conditions like improved real property, or good real estate first mortgage loans, up to sixty percent of a conservative appraisal, y'understand."

Mrs. Wittkowsky nodded mournfully.

"But where is a girl like Goldie, which has got no dowry except what she has saved herself, going to find such a man, Mr. November?" she asked, and at that vital moment, there came from the kitchen a strong odor of cooking. Uncle Ellis had not smelled it in thirty years, but he recognized it nevertheless. It was brown stewed fish, sweet and sour, and had it been nitrous oxide gas, it could not have more potently confused his senses.

"About Goldie, I ain't talking about at all," he said. "Goldie is young and Cyril is young, and they got their whole lives before them, Mrs. Wittkowsky, but you and me, we ain't so young no longer."

"Why, Mr. November," Mrs. Wittkowsky said, "what do you mean?"

"Listen, Mrs. Wittkowsky," Uncle Ellis said, "when Goldie gets married, you are going to be an awful lonely woman—as lonely as I am now. You wouldn't have nobody to take care of you, and you wouldn't have nobody to take care of."

By this time, Mrs. Wittkowsky was sitting bolt upright on the sofa, and it seemed to Uncle Ellis that she moved almost imperceptibly as though making room for someone to sit beside her. At any rate, Uncle Ellis thought he perceived such a movement and accepted the implied invitation. It was more than five minutes before either of them spoke.

"Don't be afraid that I couldn't give you a good home and everything," he said at last as he passed his arm around her ample waist. "This year, with everything I could deduct that it was possible to deduct, I paid an income tax on pretty near eighteen thousand dollars."

On the following day, Uncle Ellis visited the office of Sam Fischelmann.

"Well, Fischelmann," he said, "I suppose you seen it the announcement in the paper, about Cyril's engagement?"

Fischelmann nodded. "And I suppose you want to change your will."

"You suppose right."

"And no doubt you want to leave everything to your niece," Fischelmann said.

"Now you are supposing wrong," Uncle Ellis declared, and Fischelmann suddenly turned away his head to hide the shock.

"Then what do you want to do?" he asked, with such bogus nonchalance that it deceived Uncle Ellis not at all.

"Don't be scared, Fischelmann," he assured him. "I know all about your schemes with my niece, and I wouldn't do nothing to stop you. All that I want from you is to marry her quick and get her and her cooking out of my house."

"Why, what's the matter with her cooking?" Fischelmann asked.

"Maybe for a husband, she would cook all right, but it don't agree so good with an uncle," Ellis November said. "So therefore, Fischelmann, do what I tell you, and draw my will this way:

"All my property I leave for life to my beloved wife, and when she dies, it goes in equal shares to my niece and my nephew."

Fischelmann sat back in his chair and stared incredulously at Uncle Ellis.

"What's the matter with you?" he asked. "Are you sick or something? Your wife has been dead over thirty years."

*Peter Van Antwerp looked such a boob letting the card sharps take his two thousand. As if that weren't enough he demanded another little play—and it turned out to be some little game. See "Each According to His Lights," in Hearst's International for September, ready August 20th.*

## The Nightmare Room

Conan Doyle's Story of the Unexpected End—Continued from page 10

should have seen this—he should have understood it. It was on him that the responsibility lay.

His heart softened towards her as it would to a little child that was in helpless trouble. For a time he had paced the room in silence, his lips compressed, his hands clenched till his nails had marked his palms. Now with a sudden movement, he sat beside her and took her cold and inert hand in his.

"You shall choose between us, dear," he said. "If really you are sure—sure you know—that Campbell could make you happy I may not be the obstacle."

"A divorce!" she gasped.

His hand closed upon the bottle of poison. "You can call it that," said he.

A new strange light shone in her eyes as she looked at him.

"Archie," she cried, "you could forgive me even that?"

He smiled at her. "You are only a little wayward kiddie, after all."

Her arms were outstretched to him when there was a tap at the door and the maid entered in the strange silent fashion in which all things moved in that room. There was a card on the tray.

"Captain Campbell! I will not see him."

Mason sprang to his feet.

"On the contrary, he is most welcome. Show him up this instant."

A FEW minutes later a tall, sunburned young soldier was ushered into the room. He came forward with a smile upon his pleasant features, but as the door closed behind him and the faces before him resumed their natural expressions, he paused irresolutely.

"Well?" he asked.

Mason stepped forward and laid his hand upon his shoulder.

"I bear no ill will," he said.

"Ill will?"

"Yes, I know all. But I might have done the same myself had the position

"That wife has," Uncle Ellis replied, "but the lady what I am leaving my property to now hasn't been dead yet or don't expect to be. So therefore you should please describe her in the will as my beloved wife, Sarah November, nee Mrs. Sarah Wittkowsky."

He smiled derisively at Fischelmann.

"Yes, Fischelmann, that was a great idea you and Selina had it. You thought you and her would get away with all my property, didn't you?" he said. "But you ain't going to. All you get is half, and you've got a good long wait ahead of you for that much even, because with the way my Sarah cooks, her and me ain't going to die for a number of years yet, Fischelmann."

He whacked his derby hat on his head.

"And by that time," he concluded, "all you get out of my estate you will earn ten times over, in indigestion alone."

been reversed," Mason quietly told him.

Campbell stepped back and looked a question at the lady. She nodded and shrugged her shoulders. Mason smiled.

"You need not fear that it is a trap for a confession. We have had a frank talk upon the matter. See, Jack, you were always a sportsman. Here's a bottle. Never mind how it came here. If one or the other of us drinks it, it will clear the situation." His manner was wild, almost delirious. "Lucille, which shall it be?"

THERE HAD been a strange force at work in the nightmare room. A third man was there, though not one of the three, who stood in the crisis of their life's drama, had time or thought for him. How long he had been there—how much he had heard—none could say. In the corner farthest from the little group, he was crouched against the wall, a sinister snake-like figure, silent and scarcely moving save for a nervous twitching of his clenched right hand. Intent, watching eagerly every new phase of the drama.

"Are you game, Jack?" asked Mason.

The soldier nodded.

"No, no!" cried the woman.

Mason had uncorked the bottle, and turning to the side table he drew out a pack of cards.

"We can't put the responsibility on her," he said. "Come, Jack, the best of three."

The soldier approached the table. He fingered the fatal cards. The woman, leaning upon her hand, bent her face forward and stared with fascinated eyes.

Then and only then the bolt fell.

The stranger had risen, pale and grave. All three were suddenly aware of his presence. They faced him with eager inquiry in their eyes. He looked at them with something of the master in his bearing.

"How is it?" they asked all together.

"Rotten!" he answered. "Rotten! We'll shoot the whole scene again tomorrow."



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*The Play of the Month—Continuing from page 95—Walter Hackett's Melodramatic Comedy*

## Captain Applejack

woman I seek is here. I mean to search this house until I find her. (Turns away)

AMBROSE (taking revolver from under papers on desk)—Pardon me, but you are not. You are going now.

BOROLSKY (his hands up)—Very well, I will go. Do you mind if I have a cigarette? (In getting and lighting a cigarette, he catches Ambrose off his guard and seizes the revolver.) Now will you tell me where she is?

AMBROSE—It isn't loaded. My motto is safety first. (Lush enters.) Lush, show Mr. Borolsky the door.

BOROLSKY (puts revolver back on table)—Thank you so much, and good night. We shall see each other again soon. I shall make a point of it. (Goes out)

AMBROSE—Most unpleasant fellow.

ANNA again joins him. During their short conversation, Ambrose thinks he is experiencing the symptoms of love at first sight. Poppy appears. She is, of course, jealous of Anna but thrilled at the recital of Ambrose's daring. In the end, Anna agrees to stay all night as it is not safe for her to go out. So at last peace settles down upon the house.

Then into the darkened room, through the unlatched window, come Mr. and Mrs. Pengard. They go straight to the secret panel and try to open it, but while working at the panel, Pengard drops his jimmy with a crash, and, fearful of being discovered, the two leave hastily.

They are scarcely gone, when Ambrose and Poppy appear. When they find the open window, he is really alarmed. Next they find the half-open secret panel and they at once examine it. Out of its depth they draw an old sheet of parchment. Upon reading it, Ambrose discovers that his family was founded by a notorious pirate, Captain Applejack, who changed his name to Applejohn. The parchment tells of a treasure hidden in the house.

AMBROSE—They will return, Poppy. Telephone the police station and tell them to send some men here quick.

POPPY (at telephone)—Hello, hello, hello.

AMBROSE—Can't you get them? Let me try. (Takes the 'phone) Hello—Hello—Poppy, the wire is dead! It has been cut!

UNABLE to get help, there was nothing for Ambrose to do but sit up and keep guard. Poppy remained, and as they waited she read to him from the parchment:

"And off the island of Escanaba, we captured the Portuguese Brigantine Faraleone—her crew put up a gallant fight, but we killed all hands save one—a woman—the daughter of the captain, a haughty wench, but comely."

As his ward reads, Ambrose falls asleep. Poppy wakes him by turning on the alarm clock which she had brought down to keep her guardian awake. Then she suggests that coffee might help so she goes to get it. In vain Ambrose fights against sleep. He

dreams he is Captain Applejack and has just come into the possession of a great quantity of rare jewels. In his dream, Borolsky appears as the mate of his ship and Poppy as the cabin boy.

AMBROSE (sees Borolsky)—So you are still there, my mate, are you?

BOROLSKY—Still here, Captain.

AMBROSE—Boy, boy, fetch me some grog, blast ye.

POPPY (off stage)—Aye, aye, Captain.

AMBROSE—Hell, stir your stumps. (To Borolsky) Well, are you deaf, man?

BOROLSKY (sulking)—No.

AMBROSE—Then you heard me order you on deck with the crew? I'll have no insubordination aboard my craft. Hark ye, mate, I am a mild man—and timid, lovin' peace and adverse to brawlin', d'you see?—but if you don't go at once, I'll cut your black heart out, blast ye. (Borolsky goes.) Scum, scum!

POPPY (enters with grog)—Here's your grog, Captain.

AMBROSE—Give it here (drinks). Warm-in' to the innards, d'you see!

POPPY—Aye, aye, sir.

AMBROSE (as men pass cabin's window) Bustle along, ye lily-livered lubbers, blast ye! Scum! (He takes out chest of jewels from secret cabinet.) Feast your eyes, boy. It's the booty I captured from the Portuguese Brigantine.

POPPY—Blow me tight! Captain, an' I whisper a word to you, you'll not beat me?

AMBROSE—Nay, lad, 'tis my pleasure always to be kindly. Say on.

POPPY—The crew—they know of this treasure. The crew says an' ye do not share with them, they will rise against you. You will not brave them?

AMBROSE—Aye, that I will—timid as I am—d'you see—and hatin' trouble, I'll face them single-handed. What I have, I keep. Now, lad, go tell the bosun to fetch hither the Portuguese woman we captured on the Brigantine. I am in mood for dalliance.

ANNA, as the Portuguese woman in Ambrose's dream, is brought in and old Captain Applejack tries to win her confidence but only succeeds in so enraging her that she tries to murder him. Borolsky, who wants both the woman and the treasure, heads a mutiny. At last, as the crew hesitates between him and Borolsky, Applejack says they'll cut cards, the winner to get all including the woman and the loser to die.

AMBROSE (producing cards)—Here are three decks. The high man wins, two best out of three. Cut!

BOROLSKY (cuts)—The Knave!

AMBROSE (cuts)—The ten!

BOROLSKY (cuts again)—The queen! The black queen!

AMBROSE (cuts)—The ace! Now we are even. (Borolsky frightened tries to escape. The crew, led by a big negro, throw him back to the table.) Cut—you mincing

sea-louse—cut the cards at once, I say.

BOROLSKY (cuts)—The king! The king!

AMBROSE (cuts)—The ace! (Borolsky is seized by the crew.) Take him away, men. Let pirate justice be done. (lets cards fall from his hand one at a time) Aces, all aces, d'you see!

AMBROSE is still dreaming when Poppy returns with the coffee. He cannot believe that his recent experience has been a dream. During the remainder of the play, Ambrose frequently lapses into the choice phraseology of Captain Applejack.

His talk with Poppy is interrupted. The lights are extinguished and a moment later someone glides into the room. When the lights flash up, they find it is Anna. She tells a plausible story about wakefulness induced by her fear of Borolsky. She has come down to find a safe place to hide her jewels. Ambrose shows her the secret cupboard and puts her jewel box in it. The jewels are barely hidden when Borolsky, accompanied by a policeman, returns. At Anna's request, Ambrose leaves the three alone.

Then the three appear in their true characters of burglars in search of the parchment and the treasure. They are interrupted by the entrance, through the window, of the charming Pengards. The two groups of robbers reach an agreement to split the treasure, but it can't be found. Anna agrees to vamp Ambrose and get the parchment.

Anna, left alone, calls in Ambrose, and tries to steal the parchment from his pocket. Enraged, she warns him: "Some men can resist money—some men can resist women—no man can resist a gun. I'll give you ten minutes to think it over," and she disappears through the window as Poppy comes running in.

POPPY—Ambrose, Ambrose! There are some men in the garden. They're coming here for you. Ambrose, no matter what happens, I'll stand by you.

AMBROSE (under the influence of his dream)—Brave lad, brave lad! I love ye. (Recovering himself) You don't seem frightened, Poppy. You're wonderful!

POPPY—Of course, I'm not. It's only because you are here.

AMBROSE—Poppy, you are wonderful.

POPPY—Ambrose, you never said anything like that to me before.

AMBROSE—Well, I don't see how I overlooked it.

POPPY—But after you're gone away—

AMBROSE—I'm not going away.

POPPY—Ambrose, then you are not going out into the world to find romance?

AMBROSE—No. To think that what I've always longed for has been at my side all the time and I didn't see it. I always thought of you as my ward. I never—

POPPY—S-s-s-sh!

AMBROSE—(He crosses to the table.)—Poppy, my revolver is gone! Did you have Lush called?

POPPY—Yes; he's watching the front door and cook is at the scullery window.



Lush hurries in to tell them there is a man coming up the drive. Armed with the coal shovel, Ambrose prepares to give the intruder a warm welcome. The precaution turns out to be unnecessary as the visitor is his friend, Jason. He explains that the parchment is a fake—one that he himself had prepared and hidden in the house in order to give the place an air of romance and so make easier the selling. He obtained a similar parchment from an old retainer of the Applejohn family and had merely copied it. He then produces the real parchment and Ambrose finds there is writing under the seal.

**AMBROSE** (reading)—“To the one who has the wit to find this message”—that’s me—“go to the southeast room overlooking the cliffs”—that’s this room—“and stand with your back against the secret cupboard where the secret parchment was hid. Turn a semicircle to the left. Take four paces forward. Face due north. And the treasure is within your grasp.” (opens panel)—There’s no treasure here.

**POPPY** (searching cupboard)—No, there’s nothing here. Wait a minute. Here’s a loose brick—(As she moves brick the wall falls out disclosing secret hiding place.)

**JASON**—Look at the bags!

**AMBROSE**—See, there is the treasure!

**POPPY**—Ambrose, they’re pearls.

**AMBROSE**—S-s-sh! I hear somebody.

At Ambrose’s suggestion then, Jason goes out to rouse the coast-guards and bring help. Poppy then gives a new warning:

**POPPY**—Oh, Ambrose, there is a man got through the scullery window.

**AMBROSE**—What has become of cook? (Pengard enters) Well?

**BOROLSKY** (At the same moment he has come through the window.)—We have come for the parchment. Give it up.

**AMBROSE**—You must give me time.

**BOROLSKY**—So that your friend who slipped away just now can bring assistance?

**AMBROSE**—Then he did get away.

**BOROLSKY** (threatening him with revolver)—Yes, but he won’t be back in time. Give me that parchment.

**AMBROSE**—I don’t remember where I’ve hidden it.

**BOROLSKY**—Come, Applejohn, give in.

**AMBROSE**—Very well, I will give it to you (crosses to book shelves—stops). I must have put it in my pocket. (Hands parchment to Borolsky)

**BOROLSKY** (examining it)—This is a fake. Look at the water-mark—1920.

**PENGARD** (as the telephone rings)—They’ve mended the telephone.

**AMBROSE** (at telephone)—Yes, Jason come quick. They are here.

**BOROLSKY**—Put that ‘phone down.

**AMBROSE**—Too late, Borolsky.

**BOROLSKY**—I’ll kill him, so help me. (Pengard drags him out.)

**AMBROSE**—So perish all who cross me path.

**POPPY**—Oh, Ambrose, to think that the telephone was repaired in time.

**AMBROSE**—But it hasn’t been repaired.

**POPPY**—But the bell? I heard it—

**AMBROSE**—That wasn’t the telephone.

**POPPY**—What was it then?

**AMBROSE** (takes out the alarm clock and starts it ringing)—Aces—all aces!

[Curtain]

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Book of the Month—Continuing from page 99—Harry Leon Wilson's

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movies to give the public something better and finer. It was serious business and he would tolerate no fooling with the pictures. So Flips and Baird entered into a conspiracy to use Merton in burlesque and make him think he was acting straight. Baird was the more willing to engage Merton because of a striking resemblance to a film favorite, Parmalee, whose acting the boy was, unconsciously, to burlesque.

FROM the dressing-room, arrayed in the Buck Benson outfit, unworn since that eventful day on the Gashwiler lot, Merton accompanied Baird to the set where they would work.

"I'm mighty glad to see you so sincere in your work," Baird assured Merton. "A lot of these hams I hire get to kidding on the set and spoil the atmosphere."

"Here we are; this is where we begin the Western stuff," Baird said. Merton recognized the place. It was the High Gear Dance Hall where the Montague girl had worked. The name over the door was now "The Come All Ye," and there was a hitching rack in front to which were tethered half-a-dozen saddled horses.

"First, I'll wise you up a little bit," said Baird. "You've come out here to work on a ranch in the great open spaces, and these cowboys all love you and come to town with you every time, and they'll stand by you when the detective from New York gets here. Now, let's see—I guess first we'll get your entrance."

Cameras were put into place and Merton Gill led through the front door his band of rollicking good fellows.

The scene was shot and Baird spoke again: "Hold it, everybody; go on with your music and you boys keep up the dance until Mother's entrance, then you quit and back off."

Merton was puzzled by this speech, but continued his superior look, breaking it with a very genuine shock of surprise when his old mother tottered in at the front door. She was still the disconsolate creature of the early scene in New York, shot the day before—bedraggled, sad-eyed, feeble, very aged, still she carried her bucket and the bundle of rags with which she mopped. Baird came forward.

"Oh, I forgot to tell you. Of course you had your old mother follow you out here to the great open spaces, but the poor old thing has cracked under the strain of her hard life, see what I mean?"

"You have a good home on the ranch for her, but she won't stay put. She follows you around, and the only thing that keeps her quiet is mopping, so you humor her; you let her mop. It's the only way. But of course it makes you sad. You look at her now, then go up and hug her the way you did yesterday; you try to get her to give up mopping, but she won't, so you let her go on. Try it."

Merton went forward to embrace his old mother. Here was tragedy indeed, a bit of biting pathos from a humble life.

The old lady wept—but was stubborn. She tore herself from his arms and knelt on the floor. "I just got to mop, I just

got to mop," she was repeating in a cracked voice. "If I ain't let to mop, I get rough till I'm simply a scandal."

It was an affecting scene, marred only by one explosive bit of coarse laughter from an observing cowboy at the close of the old mother's speech. Merton Gill glanced up in sharp annoyance at this offender. Baird was quick in rebuke.

"The next guy that laughs at this pathos can get off the set," he announced, glaring at the assemblage. There was no further outbreak and the scene was filmed.

There followed a dramatic bit that again involved the demented mother. "This ought to be good if you can only do it the right way," began Baird. "Mother's mopping along here and sloshes some water on this Mexican's boot—where are you, Pedro? Come here and get this. The old lady sloshes water on you while you're playing monte here, so you yell 'Caramba!' or something and kick at her. You don't land on her, of course, but her son rushes up and grabs your arm—here, do it this way." Baird demonstrated. "Grab his wrist with one hand and his elbow with the other and make as if you broke his arm across your knee—you know, like you were doing joojitsey. He slinks off with his broken arm, and you just brush your hands off and embrace your mother again. Then you go back to the bar, not looking at Pedro at all, see? He's insulted your mother and you've resented it in a nice, dignified, gentlemanly way. Try it."

Pedro sat at the table and picked up his cards. He was a foul-looking Mexican and seemed capable of the enormity he was about to commit. The scene was rehearsed to Baird's satisfaction and then shot. The weeping old lady, blinded by her tears, awkward with her mop, the brutal Mexican, his prompt punishment.

The old lady was especially pathetic as she glared at her insulter from where she lay sprawled on the floor, and muttered, "Caramba, huh? I dare you to come out doors and say that to me!"

"Good work," applauded Baird when the scene was finished. "Now we're getting into the swing of it. In about three days here we'll have something that exhibitors can lean up on, see if we don't."

Three days later when they were again at work, Baird provided Merton with a pair of spurs. Baird said they were very rare old spurs. Their distinguishing feature was their size. They were enormous and their rowels extended a good twelve inches from Merton's heels after he had donned them.

The first effort to walk in them proved bothersome, indeed, for it was made over ground covered with low-growing vine and the spurs caught in this. Baird was very earnest in supervising his progress, and even demanded the presence of two cameras to record it.

Merton tried again and again, stumbling as the spurs caught in the undergrowth. The cameras closely recorded his efforts, and Baird applauded them. "You're getting it—keep on. That's better. Now try to run a few steps—go right towards that left-hand camera."

He ran the few steps but fell headlong. He picked himself up, an expression of chagrin on his face.

"Never mind," urged Baird. "We must get this right."

WITH no suspicion on Merton's part that he was appearing as a humorous character, the Buckeye Comedy film was finished. Another picture was made, Merton working at a decidedly increased salary, and under contract. Flips and Baird worked hard to keep the boy in ignorance of the real nature of his work, but they became possessed of a dread of the time when he, seeing the exhibited film, would discover their duplicity and behold himself as a comedian. Before that nerve-racking day arrived, Merton, now sure of himself and of his future, found he could not get along without Flips. So, because of his love and his gratitude, he bought her a beautiful wrist-watch and one evening at her home tried to give it to her.

THE LIGHT shone across Flips's eyes and revealed them to him, shadowy and mysterious. Her face was set in some ominous control. At last she looked away from him and began in a strained voice, "If anything happens to me—"

Merton thought it time to end this nonsense. He clutched the gift. "Sarah," he said lightly, "I've got a little something for you—see what I mean?" He thrust the package into her weakly yielding hands.

She studied it in the dusk, turning it over and over. Then with no word to him, she took it to the light and opened it.

"I never saw such a man," she exclaimed. "After all you've been through, I should think you'd have learned the value of money. And anyway it's too beautiful for me. And anyway I couldn't take it—not tonight, anyway."

"Of course, you can take it tonight," he said in masterful tones, "after all you've done for me."

"Now you sit down and listen," she ordered after a minute. "You go and see yourself in that picture tomorrow night—and then if you ever see me again you can give me this—" she put the watch in his hands. "Yes, yes, take it. I won't have it till you give it to me again."

THE NEXT night Merton saw the picture and his world rocked under him. He had given the best that was in him in the effort to make something finer and better. He had learned the lines from a film magazine, but the sentiment was his own. Here now he saw himself as a comedian in a burlesque piece. True, the audience around him roared its delighted approval and he overheard warm words of praise for himself. He heard the applause that night and at the lot next day, whither in a white passion he had gone to find Baird, he heard more praise and the nice things slowly drove home. Another company came to offer him a contract. So gradually his self-esteem stirred again. All the while he was trying to remember the name of a book and it came at last—The Tragic Comedian. That fitted. Then in desperate resignation, he went to see Flips.

He rang the Montague bell twice before, he heard a faint summons to enter.

"Hello, Kid," he began brightly. "Here's your wrist-watch."

Her doubting glance hovered over him as he smiled down at her. "You giving it to me again, Merton?" She seemed unable to conquer a stubborn incredulity.

"Of course I'm giving it to you again. What did you think I was going to do?"

"I won't touch it," she declared, "I won't touch it until you give me a kiss."

"Sure," he responded brightly.

At last she turned her eyes up to his. "Well?"

"Well?" he repeated coolly.

"OH, STOP IT!" There was a vigorous impatience in her tone. "You know well enough what I was afraid of. And you know well enough what I want to hear right now. Shoot, can't you?"

"I suppose you and Baird had it between you all the time right down to the very last, that I thought I was doing a serious piece," he said. "A serious play with a cross-eyed man doing funny stuff all through. I thought it was serious, did I? Didn't you people know that I knew what I could do and what I couldn't do?"

He broke off, conscious suddenly that the girl had for some time been holding a most peculiar stare rigidly upon him.

"Merton," he heard her say, and she gave a little knowing nod of the head and opened her arms to him. Quickly he knelt beside her while the mothering arms enfolded him. A hand pulled his head to her breast and held it there. Then she rocked gently, a hand gliding up to smooth his hair. Without words she cherished him thus a long time. The gentle rocking back and forth continued.

"IT'S—IT'S like that other time you found me—" His bluster was gone. He was not sure of his voice. Even these few words had been hard. He did not try more.

"There, there, there," she whispered. "It's all right, everything's all right. Your mother's got you right here and she ain't ever going to let you go—never going to let you go."

It was not until he was about to leave when he stood at the door while the girl readjusted his cravat, that he broke ever so slightly through a reserve that both had felt congealing about a certain topic, one about which there would be little talk.

"You know," he said, "I happened to remember the title of a book this morning; a book I used to see back in the public library at home. It wasn't one I ever read. Maybe Tessie Kearns read it. Anyway she had a poem she liked a lot better written by the same man. But I never read the book because the title sounded kind of wild, like there couldn't be any such thing. The poem had just a plain name; it was called 'Lucile,' but the book by the same man was called 'The Tragic Comedians.' You wouldn't think there could be a tragic comedian, would you? Well, look at me."

She looked at him with that elusive, remote flickering back in her eyes, but she only said, "Be sure and come take me out to dinner. Tonight I can eat. And don't forget your overcoat. And listen, don't you dare go looking for furniture till I can go with you."

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*Gouverneur Morris's New Novel of a "Good" and a "Bad" Marriage—Continued from page 61*

## The Better Wife

The nurse reappeared in the open door with the statement:

"They'll be ready in a minute, now, Mrs. Highland."

"Good thing to get it over with," said Highland in a bold, almost a loud voice. "Next thing we'll have you shouting for ice-cream. Why, your throat won't even be very sore."

Now the doctor came, alert, cheerful, perhaps a little eager. He was all in white and very shiny.

"Do I get the ether in here?"

He shook his head, and laughed. "Will you come now? Everything's ready."

Mary swung her feet over the side of the bed and sat up. She was a little tremulous now, but game.

BUD FOLLOWED them to the end of the hall. She turned at the door of the operating room and smiled over her shoulder at him. There seemed to be quite a number of white figures in the operating room; but he couldn't count them. Already the door was closing and he was outside.

"Don't be long, Doctor," he said cheerfully, and to his wife, "So long, dear, and good luck to you."

The door closed; but he could hear her voice. The voice only, not what it said. It must have been funny, because it caused laughter. Men and women were laughing in there. He felt like choking.

"The kid's game," he murmured, in a strained voice; "game."

She had indeed gone to her ordeal with real dignity. He walked slowly back to the room in which they had waited and to which she would be brought when it was over. He leaned his forehead against the window pane and looked out.

Nasty things, operations. Any operation, even a slight one.

He found that he was swaying to and fro, between his forehead for one purchase, and his feet for the other. There must be some sort of a parade or celebration going on somewhere. No. It was just his heart. That came of course from not eating any breakfast. He wished that he had looked at his watch. Surely it couldn't take this long to snip out a couple of tonsils and adenoids and things. Well, he might as well confess the truth: he'd give anything if he could change places with her—be the one to stand the ether and the cutting and the pain, while she got all the benefit.

He would have felt the same about any other poor little kid that he was seeing through a bad time. It wasn't because she was Mary. What funny things life springs on a man. He had got drunk and had married a painted lady, and had taken her to a hospital to have her tonsils out. He wondered if any other man of his acquaintance had ever taken a painted lady to have her tonsils out, and,—oh, there was no use denying that he felt nervous as a cat! That specialist fellow might be a peach, but he was slow as mud! She had never been a painted lady—only a painted child.

Bud swallowed. Then he swallowed again to make sure. Well, that was funny. His throat had a sore lump on each side when he swallowed. He couldn't have caught cold. He never did. Well, hardly ever. He supposed it must come from having throats so much on the brain.

At least twenty minutes must have passed since he had last looked at his watch. What could be going on in there? He looked at his watch again. Two minutes only had passed. That made him see himself as a comic figure but he could not laugh. Men were such awful asses about other people being hurt.

Perhaps things would be easier if he went and stood outside of that closed door at the end of the hall. It was funny and choky with ether, and very hot. He couldn't hear a sound. Did ether ever escape from control and asphyxiate everybody in sight—the surgeon and all his assistants? What would happen if he knocked and asked how they were getting on? He would feel like a fool. That was what would happen.

He heard one brisk business-like clank—steel against steel. He wondered what happened to one, if one smoked a cigarette in a hospital? There was no sign saying that one mustn't. Better not. Only it would surely quiet his heart down. It was going like the engine of an automobile when you throw out the clutch and don't let up on the accelerator.

HELPLESS and unconscious, and at the mercy of a lot of strangers! Didn't people under ether talk sometimes and give away things? Maybe the surgeon, and all those, knew all about her now.

From the room, there came suddenly a sound of people stirring. It was a little like the sound in church when the benediction has been said, and it's a beautiful June day, and everybody is crazy to get out. The door was suddenly opened.

He had wondered how they would get her back to bed. It was very simple. The narrow white enamel operating table had wheels. The surgeon was white, satisfied, drenched with sweat. One nurse had already begun to clean things up.

Mary was still deep in the ether sleep. She looked thin, and pale. Her face had a silly, simpering, deprecating expression. Arrayed on a folding of gauze, the surgeon's chief assistant displayed to Highland the things that had been taken out of his wife's throat. With a blunt instrument, he indicated which was which, and what was what.

"Mighty well rid of 'em, I can tell you," he said, briskly.

She was in the narrow bed now, her head on one side, with the thinnest kind of a pillow under it. Her eyes and mouth came open at the same moment; but her eyes had an empty expression and seemed to see nothing.

She was the color of granite. There were deeper gray shadows under her eyes, and another which followed along the lines of her mouth.

Highland remembered that only a little while before when she had walked off so bravely to the operating room, she had been a pretty woman, with color in her cheeks under a coat of clear tan. He would not have known that she had been pretty then, but for the contrast obtained by seeing her now.

"Has she stopped bleeding?" he asked.

"Very likely," smiled the nurse. "A clot soon forms."

"She looks——"

"They all do." Miss Experience said.

From down the corridor, came the loud cry of a child in fear.

"It's tonsil morning," said Miss Experience, who couldn't have been more than nineteen years old. "Funny thing," she added, "the children of well born and educated parents make very little fuss. The doctor does a lot of charity work among the poorer classes—that's one of them yelling now. Better shut the door."

SOON AFTER that, Mary recovered consciousness and knew him. He touched her cheek with the tips of his fingers. He was afraid of breaking her. He smiled firmly. This was meant to help her bear the pain, and to tell her that everything was all right. He resembled one of those advertisements for tooth paste.

"Throat sore?"

"Mm."

"Very?"

"Mm."

The fumes of blood and ether that reeked from her were very disagreeable. His own throat was painfully sore. He wondered how soon it would be decent to leave her and go out for a breath of air.

After saying "Mm" for the second time, she had closed her eyes and fallen asleep.

"Best thing she could do," said the nurse. "We gave her some codeine. So her throat doesn't really hurt her much."

Nothing is so comforting as experience!

The next time she waked, Mary said that she was very sick.

"Still confused from the ether."

But the next time she smiled at him, and her eyes had lost the vacant look.

He bent close, and very likely only because there was a third person within hearing, addressed her with an endearment that sounded gentle and tender.

"You're fine, Honey," he said. "Everything's all right. Don't try to talk. The nurse says you could have a tiny bit of ice to hold in your mouth. Would you like that, do you think?"

Her eyes had something the expression of a wise dog's eyes who knows that he is not being hurt merely to give his master pleasure, but for his own good.

She choked again and they found she was still bleeding.

She urged him to go away. She'd be all right. He was very much tempted, but he leaned close and whispered so that even the nurse could not hear!

"Will it be the least mite easier for you if I stay?"

If she hadn't had to swallow just then,

she would have tried to persuade him, that—no, it would be easier if she knew that he was taking a good walk and not bothering about her. But the act of swallowing had hurt awfully and had caused her to clutch at his hand. She said: "Would you mind awfully for just a little while?"

He guessed he wouldn't mind, he said. He was glad she wanted him.

About two o'clock, however, she felt ever so much better, and persuaded him to go out for a while.

Her throat was only very sore, there had been no bleeding for a long time. She was well enough to get up and go back to the hotel. If she had been ten years old, they would have let her. Funny what a lot of difference a few years one way or the other makes with tonsils!

He had a refreshing and invigorating walk; at six o'clock, he went out again to get a bite of dinner. He stayed with her till nine. She was perfectly comfortable. She could swallow now, and did frequently, without screwing up the corners of her eyes. He didn't know how grateful she was and everything. He'd taken such good care of her. He was just as gentle as the nurse and not a bit clumsy.

The nurse came in just as he was saying good night. That being the case, he leaned impulsively over his wife and kissed her lightly on the forehead.

"Mind," he said, "you are to have some one telephone if you want me for anything."

He strode off to the hotel, much relieved in his mind; and feeling the least little bit self-satisfied. He felt that getting somebody else's tonsils out was an achievement.

"THAT YOU, Doctor? Anything wrong?"

The telephone at the head of his bed had waked him from a deep sleep. He gathered that his wife had had or was having a hemorrhage. It happened sometimes, and wasn't very serious. He mustn't be alarmed. But she was worried, and the doctor had thought best to tell him.

"Tell her I'll be right over."

He was frightened, and excited. It must be serious or they wouldn't have waked him at two o'clock in the morning to tell him it wasn't. He hurried into his clothes. He shivered as all high-strung animals do when they are excited. Going up in the elevator to pay that memorable call on Fisher, he had shivered in the same way.

Mary had lost a lot of blood. In the dark, she had thought it was only phlegm that she kept spitting up, and so she had not rung for the nurse. He had talked with the doctor before seeing her.

"It's only bad luck," he told her, "and nothing to worry about. They can't seem to find just where the bleeding is, and——"

*In the crisis that he now faced, Bud Highland's alarm was real. The danger threatening his second wife was real. Will any awakening come to him? Will this fear stir him to more than companionship? See Hearst's International for September, ready August 20th.*

*Frank Ward O'Malley on Nature Lovers—Continued from page 56*

## From Broadway Back to Buttercups

One explanation of the instant disappearance of our Jersey onion crop from local markets is that the simple Jersey natives at last have hit upon a method of turning the onions into applejack. I have even heard neighboring purchasers of the later Volstead vintages of applejack insist that the new bootleg applejack also explains what becomes of our big local catches of fish. I don't know anything about it. Only our guests drink.

The economic and agricultural statistics which I here have submitted will not, I hope, lessen the prideful glow warming the breast of any other city slicker as he enters for the first time his own artistically remodeled farmhouse in the country.

The glow often lasts until the morning after you move in—which is about the time you begin to telephone for the village plumber. All the rest of your life you will be telephoning for the village plumber—yes, and for the village carpenter or painter, mason, furniture repairer, privately paid garbage collector, paper-hanger, windmill engineer, coalman, electrician, automobile surgeon. When a country home isn't a wide-open roadhouse for city transients, it is a county convention of the local unions of the Allied Building Trades.

The New York landlord, any big town landlord, asks in rental for a whole year only a part of what we pay out in six months to the convening local Allied Building Trades for repairs. It seems inconceivable now that even that maddening landlord who had his last quarrel with

me at the door of our elevator shaft furthermore paid all my coal bills in the city, all my bills for painting, paper-hanging, carpenter work, plumbing repairs, electric fixtures; paid our real estate taxes and insurance bills; freely gave us hot water, window shades, window screens; bought our refrigerator for us. The New York landlord is one of nature's noblemen.

I'll all but kiss the next New York apartment house landlord I have. We expect to have one shortly. The country and country life are marvelous, of course; and if the country primary schools were of better quality, we wouldn't think of moving back to the city for anything. But after the last week-end guest had been helped aboard Number Six, northbound, last Monday night, I got to thinking things over while sitting on the dark porch and waiting for the lone nightly thrill of watching the Atlantic City express pass south without hesitating.

Our children are respectively three and two years old now. They'll soon be ready for school, and I want them in a good one. We are therefore getting ready to move back to the city at once, but we make the move only for our children's sake.

*Frank Ward O'Malley, far from the Broadway he used to know, heard rumors of its latest wickedness—but what he found made him sigh for the good old days when life was life on Broadway and no one dreamed of covering his tracks. Now he finds "Sinning in Silks and Sanctity" is all the rage. See Hearst's International for September, ready August 20th.*

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by

GEO. F. WORTS

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119 West 40th Street New York

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May 25th, 1922.

The International Bulletin,  
 % International Institute of Economics,  
 119 West 40th Street, New York.

ATT: Mr. R. H. Waldo, Publisher.

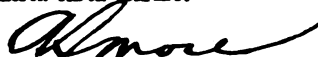
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This publication is the most concise exposition of international trade conditions we have yet seen. We note that future numbers of the Bulletin will be sent to subscribers of Hearst's International Magazine, and we would like to inquire as to the subscription price of such publication, in order to secure further issues of the International Bulletin.

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 Pres. and Gen. Mgr.

ASM M

THE LETTER reproduced above is typical of a number that have come to us from important manufacturing concerns. The executives of these houses have been quick to see the importance of the work that we have undertaken in making known to the American public actual conditions in foreign lands.

We shall be glad to hear from other executives who wish to take advantage of this service. The subscription price of \$3.00 a year is asked in order that mere curiosity seekers may be eliminated. Sample copies of The International Bulletin will be sent gladly upon any request directed to us on a business letterhead.

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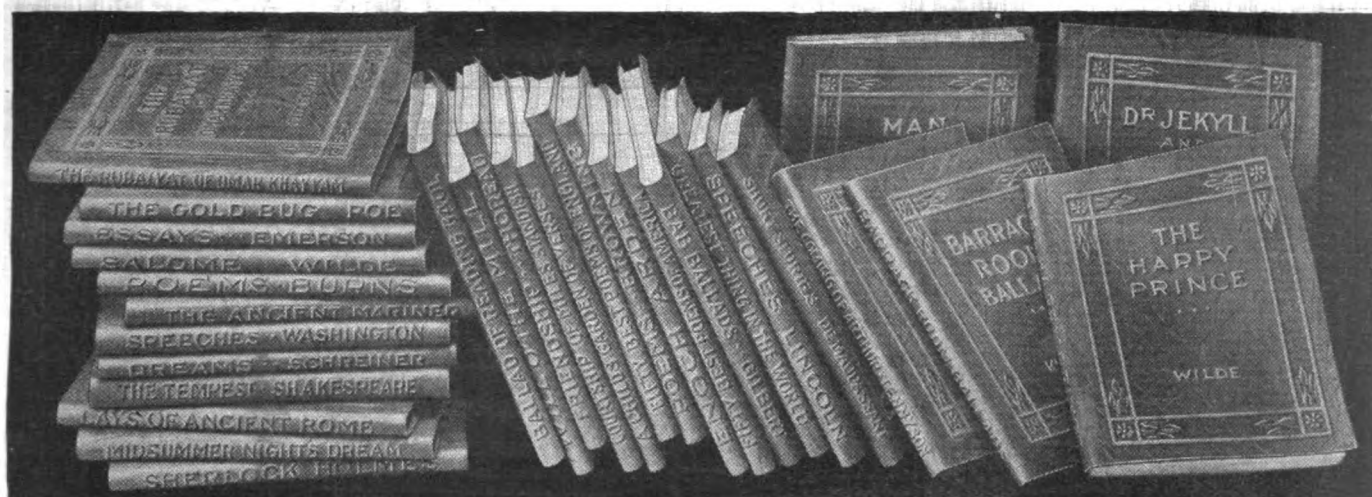
# Hearst's International

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he has not read and re-read; books which bear reading a score of times.

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THE ARTIST

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Cover Design for this Issue Painted by W. T. Benda





Drawing by C. B. Falls

¶ And he told Ulysses: "You have crossed the path of David, second King of the Hebrews, together with his young son, Solomon."

# A Point of Contact

By A. Conan Doyle

A CURIOUS train of thought is started when one reflects upon those great figures who have trod the stage of this earth, and actually played their parts in the same act, without ever coming face to face, or even knowing of each other's existence. Baber, the Great Mogul, was, for example, overrunning India at the very moment when Hernando Cortez was overrunning Mexico, and yet the two could never have heard of each other. Or, to take a more supreme example, what could the Emperor Augustus Caesar know of a certain Carpenter's shop wherein there worked a dreamy-eyed boy who was destined to change the whole face of the world? It may be, however, that sometimes these great contemporary forces did approach, touch, and

separate—each unaware of the true meaning of the other. So it was in the instance which is now narrated.

It was evening in the port of Tyre, some eleven hundred years before the coming of Christ. The city held at that time about a quarter of a million of inhabitants, the majority of whom dwelt upon the mainland, where the buildings of the wealthy merchants, each in its own tree-girt garden, extended for seven miles along the coast. The great island, however, from which the town got its name, lay out some distance from the shore, and contained within its narrow borders the more famous of the temples and public buildings. Of these temples the chief was that of Melmoth, which covered with [Continued on page 114]



# NORMAN HAPGOOD *on the*

## *The Craze for Cures*

THE doctor is present at birth and at death. He comes when the life of a dear child lies in the balance, and he consults with us about the recurrent headache. The difference in the home between an able family doctor and a quack (or semi-quack) may be a difference in happiness beyond estimate.

The series, to which we publish this month the introduction, is of no use to those who wish the name of some pill, or some new medical nickname, by resort to which magic relief can be brought to heart-disease and hiccoughs, to erysipelas and earache, to corns and constipation. It is of no value to a fool. To those, however, who realize that the choice of a doctor is one of the most important of acts, and that medicine has exact technical bases, the series is indispensable.

He who reads, with a trifle better than moron attention, the expert and varied articles in the series, will see emerging clearly the principles that should guide an intelligent person through the maze of medicines and the delirium of fake doctors. Never have medicines been so many: of this multitude only a few mean anything. It is easy to know which ones are real.

Among those who will gain most are earnest doctors, not themselves living in an atmosphere of research, who will be grateful to be shown how they also have fallen victims in a false drug traffic.

Indeed, one of the ironies of this story is that what appears as progress sometimes is merely the new form of an old idea. In the brilliant campaign of fifteen years or so ago, in which Samuel Hopkins Adams published his articles on "the Great American Fraud," there was dealt to the patent medicines a blow from which the effect remains. Selling to the public carboic acid and water as a cure for consumption, carditis and cramps is not as easy as it was. But newer and subtler methods of fraud have taken the place of the earlier, cruder forms. The foremost frauds are now "ethical." That means they are advertised not direct to the public but in the medical press. Which makes this continued story a new tale, sad at once and diverting.

## *Make it Smaller*

DOES any candidate wish our vote for President, Senator or Governor? Then let him put forward a practical idea for making our cities smaller. The ordinary approach is this: "Our city is too crowded. Let us boom it and make it bigger." The statesman who proposed to reduce the population of his city would get no votes except of those who think. He might get the votes of one-half of one percent of the total adult white registered population. He would be lucky if he did.

## *Russia*

OF ALL the Russian Émigrés known to the present writer, the one who has best understood the situation since the Revolution of 1917 and best predicted the course of events along the most important lines is a young man named D. S. Navashin.

This young man went to Genoa as the financial expert of the National Ukrainian Committee. He was the leading spirit in having an agreement reached between the National Ukrainian Committee, the Soviet Government of the Ukrain, and the representatives of the Moscow Government. That agreement passed unnoticed, but it is a model of the attitude toward Soviet Russia that should have been taken by the great powers and that, had it been taken, would have saved untold demoralization, hunger, and death.

The National Ukrainian Committee of Paris draws up a statement in which it begins by saying that it does not share the communist ideas of the Moscow Government, but that nevertheless it feels that the closest bond between the Ukrain and Soviet Russia alone can give territorial, economic, and political safety. It speaks energetically against all foreign intervention, against all forcible attempts to overthrow the Soviet Government. Civil war, it says, can bring nothing but ruin and subjugation.

The responsibility for the American-Russian policy is in a peculiar state. Mr. Harding has favored de facto recognition since before he was elected. The whole matter of formulating policies and flooding the country with propaganda has been left in the hands of Mr. Hoover. If Mr. Hoover is to conduct such intensive propaganda, and really determine the national policy, it might be well for the Administration to state definitely that on the subject of Russia, power and responsibility are lodged in the Department of Commerce.

## *Jews at Harvard*

REACTIONARIES and radicals are often equally sweeping. The radicals who have accused Harvard of reaction in the Jew problem are talking noise. It is the business of a University not only to distribute knowledge but to maintain a culture. The Jews have an intensive culture of their own. The Jews will approve of a sieve that will add cultural tests to mere tests of industry, but they, like all liberals, see moral and intellectual death in discrimination by race. Moreover, as a matter of mere fact, is there any such emergency as President Lowell thinks?

The Grandgent Committee, now at work, can be trusted to face the question of cultural standards with advantage not only to the Christians but to the Jews as well: not only to Americans of long residence here, but to newcomers, whether Poles, Russians, Italians, or French-Canadians. They will no doubt find some test that will protect University standards without singling out one race.

The Jews, on their side, should not be too sensitive. An example of Jewish broad-mindedness will be given next year when David Belasco, a Jew, produces the Merchant of Venice, with another Jew, David Warfield, as Shylock. Jewish opposition to the Merchant of Venice has been a phase of that over-sensitiveness to criticism nearly always shown by people put by circumstances on the defensive. The ideal attitude is to rejoice in the merits of one's people and to accept with serenity criticism and difference.

# Craze for Fool Cures

## *Harding as a Type*

WHEN a class governed, there was a demand for statesmen of genius. Modern democracies, with universal voting and universal half-education, often prefer men of ordinary ideas and somewhat more than ordinary abilities. These men get along better than leaders of more personal contribution. Not trying themselves to contribute, they register rather than form the will of the majority. Fox said, "Burke is a wise man, but he is wise too soon." Of the London Times, Bagehot says: "Did you ever see anything there you had never seen before? . . . Original theories give trouble . . . So the most influential of constitutional statesmen is the one who most felicitously expresses the creed of the moment."

For a college debating society a promising topic would be: "Which is better for the development of the American soul, presidents of the type of Cleveland and Wilson, or those of the type of McKinley and Harding?"

There is only one reason we refrain from giving the answer; we do not know what it is.

## *Censors*

A RUSSIAN censor, in the old days, was reading a magazine in Poland. He found a poem about a bird in a cage, singing of liberty.

This song did not look right to the censor. Singing of liberty in Poland was suspicious. In place of "singing of liberty," he substituted "singing of the Tsar."

That harmful license exists, in the press, on the screen, in the theater, is undeniable: but the official censor is a dangerous cure. It is better to trust the principle so well condensed by Santayana:

"By excess of evil, evil dies."

It is wiser for public opinion to help an evil to kill itself than to fly to the opposite evil of bureaucracy. The war gave us experience enough of leashes and muzzles.

## *Dickens for America*

SUPPOSE you were picking types of genius to throw dazzling light on the times in which we live.

Surely Aristophanes, the scathing and riotous genius of mirth, a humorist of the first order, would immediately have the ear of a world seeking sanity.

Next, perhaps, would come a graphic novelist making all our classes and conventions as picturesque and graphic as Dickens made those of his day. Next to Shakespeare, no writer in English compares with Dickens in the number of characters that are household words.

Imagine what it would mean if a popular novelist should appear whose stories developed out of his characters and their environment, representing the United States as last-century England was represented by those leisurely stories through which move Micawber, Fagan, Squeers, Sam Weller, Oliver Twist, Nickleby, Bill Sykes, Copperfield, Barnaby Rudge, Dick Swiveller, Pickwick, Pecksniff and Mrs. Gamp. Such an artist today would be food and inspiration for every family in this land.

## *Drama*

"D RAMA," said a great playwright, "should be symbolical." He was doing the stage the honor of treating it as the home of literature.

"To be sure," said Henry Irving once at a dinner to the present writer, "there are great parts in melodrama. Hamlet is a great part." The famous actor was laughing, but his meaning was clear. Strip from the tragedies Irving had in mind the symbolic poetry, the reaching beyond the literally true, and what you have left is little more than what we often call melodrama. They were old plays before Shakespeare touched them, and they would have remained unknown forever, except for falling under the eye of a genius who connected the acts he saw, the personages he read of, with the mystic meaning and burning beauty of this world.

## *Lonely or Alone*

TO BE willingly alone is an attribute of greatness. There is no evidence at all that Lincoln was a lonely man. Alone and apart his nature was, but that is wholly different.

Ibsen says somewhere that the greatest man is most alone. Pascal, one of the deepest of thinkers, declared that the worst evils of human fate come from our inability to be happy when by ourselves. What does this mean? Leonardo da Vinci pointed the answer when he said: "If you are alone, you belong altogether to yourself." It depends, then, on what is in us. Those particularly endowed, either by genius or by temperament, have in themselves possibilities that they need to think out, feel out, intimately live out. Amusement, diversion, has its place, but actually to require much of it is fatal to what is highest. The soul, if it is to reach its full intended growth, must get on well with itself. It must not dread its own company.

## *The Nature of Comedy*

H UMORE, much defined, meant to Rabelais, "a certain jollity of mind, pickled in the scorn of fortune." To Meredith, it was the smile of experience looking at the existence of men. If, then, it connects itself with the essence of life, there must be in it a background that is serious. The greatest humorists, on the whole, have been melancholy. The sadness of clowns has become traditional. We are told that Molière was sad. Swift, the foremost of English satirists, was morose.

In this respect, humor is but subject to the law of life. All things have their shadows. It was Montaigne who said, "Even pleasure is painful when it is deep."

Keats touched another form of this truth when in a letter he asked: "Do you not see how necessary a world of pain and suffering is, to school our intellect and make it a soul?"

Goethe wrote a poem, and Beethoven set it to music, the gist of which is that life should be filled with joy, sorrow, and thought.

High comedy and tragedy look at the same realities. Both see deep, but one of them smiles.



¶ "Let the little dear be carried home to his mother!"

# A Newly Discovered PLAY By GEORGE SAND

Illustrated by Wilfred Jones

¶ A Conspiracy of 1537

**L**ITERARY discoveries are always of interest. This one, moreover, is part of an historic love story. It is an unpublished play by the greatest woman author since Sappho. When George Sand wrote it her lover was Alfred de Musset. The two quarreled, but George Sand left this manuscript with him. Out of it Musset made his famous *Lorenzaccio*. In it Sarah Bernhardt has played the young Prince. This present publication shows that when George turned her back on Alfred and broke up the Venice romance, she left with her erstwhile lover one of the foundations of his fame.

**I** ASSURE you, gentlemen, the riot this morning was very serious," declared the Cavalier of Marsili.

"What!" scoffed Valori, an emissary of the Pope. "A few boys, art students or artists with no more beard on their faces than talent in their heads, who imagine exaltation takes the place of genius, a bunch of law students from Bologna with wild mustaches and ink-stained cuffs? Why, a breath of wind could knock down that handful of empty-headed, hungry-mouthed good-for-nothings!"

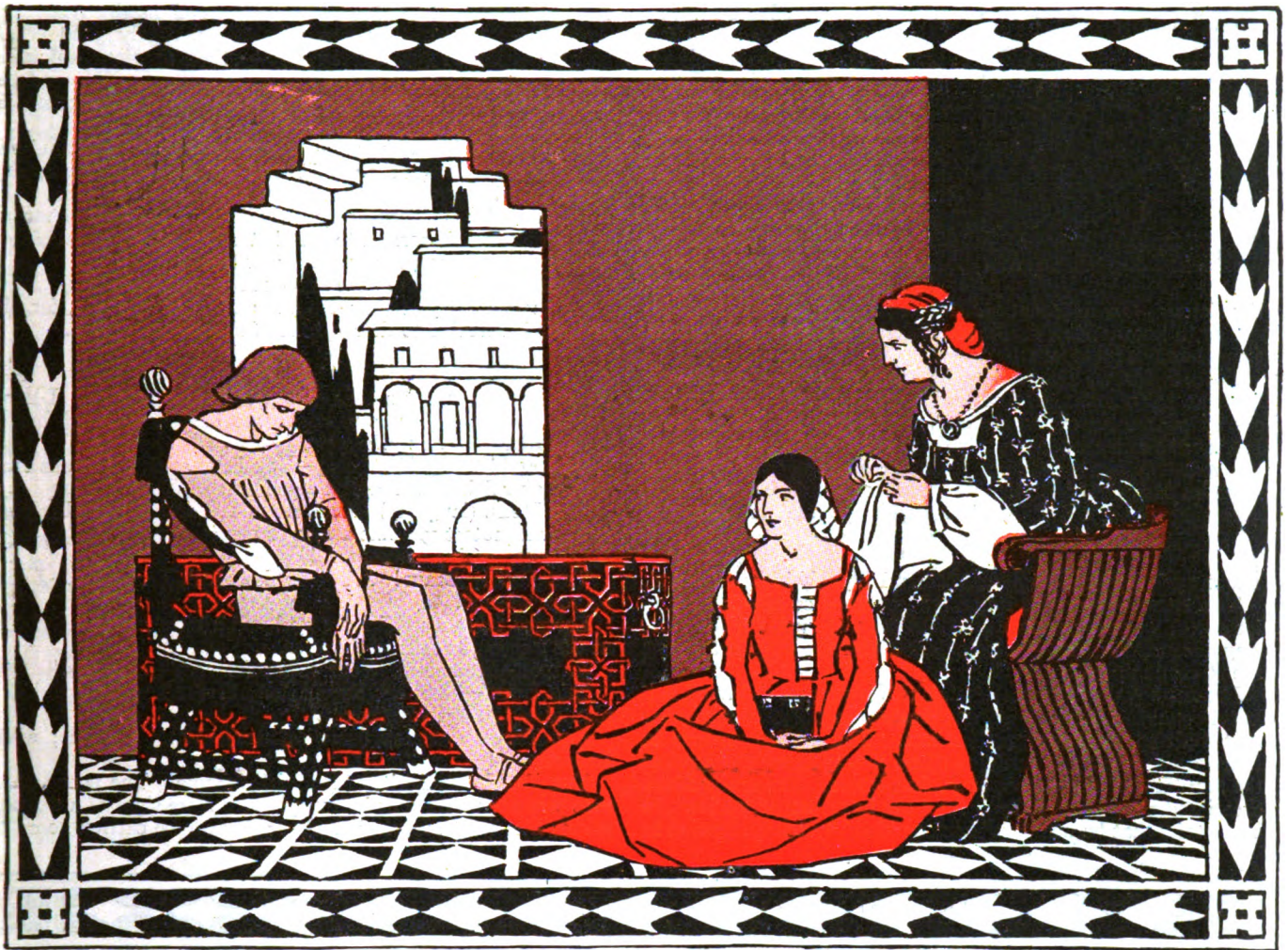
MARSILI—But the masses are discontented.

VALORI—That's in their nature. What does it matter as long as we have a well-paid, well-fed Imperial garrison at our gates and troops devoted to the Government within our walls? Everyone knows that an iron scepter has more effect on Florentines than a golden one.

There are gathered on this morning of January 6, 1537, in the palace of Alexander of Medici, the Grand Duke of Florence, Malatesta Baglione, Military Commander, the Cavalier of Marsili, Valori, an emissary of the Pope, several nobles in the service of the Duke, a few rich Florentines and a number of foreign noblemen.

While Marsili and Valori are discussing the outbreak, the





C. "Aside from you two, I hate and pity the world."

Duke of Florence, followed by his retainers, enters the room.  
 THE DUKE—Well, gentlemen, what's the matter? Some more noise this morning?

MALATESTA—Some friends of the proscribed met at the Santa Reparata and tried to stir up the people. But the Florentines, true to Your Highness, dispersed them, insulted them, and had it not been for the intervention of the soldiers they would have dealt roughly with the rioters.

THE DUKE—Then why did they interfere?

VITELLI—I thought Your Highness, in your wisdom, might prefer to sentence the rebels yourself.

THE DUKE—Yes, that's true. To rid oneself of one's enemies is a real joy, Vitelli. Have them thrown into the dungeons immediately. (Turning to Valori) Has Your Excellency heard from Rome this morning?

VALORI—Clemens VII sends Your Highness a thousand benedictions. His Holiness prays for your long prosperity. But he fears that you are courting very grave danger by trusting certain people too blindly.

THE DUKE—I see what you're hinting at, my dear Papal emissary! A few rotten branches ought to be cut, eh? Go ahead, do not hesitate to tell me.

VALORI (very cautiously)—Treason flourishes when vengeance sleeps, Your Highness.

THE DUKE—That's your usual indirect way of asking for a man and a rope, one hanging on the other. Who is the rich merchant that excites the appetite of the Holy See?

VALORI—It's not a merchant but a patrician.

THE DUKE—They're harder to get and cost more.

VALORI—The Pope requests Lorenzo of Medici, a fugitive from his justice.

THE DUKE—Bah! Lorenzino, little Lorenzo, Lorenzaccio, the wicked, as the Florentines call him? He's my favorite and my cousin, don't you know that?

VALORI—He's the scion of a hated branch of your family, and

his dagger, always ready to carve the way for rebellion and revolution, has often been plunged into the heart of a master.

THE DUKE—You're jesting when you speak of Lorenzo with a dagger! A fan is what he should hold in his soft white hand!

VALORI—Your Highness must forgive me if I insist. The Roman Court is very much surprised that the only pardon ever bestowed by you on a traitor precisely happened to fall on an enemy of Clemens VII.

THE DUKE—But what does the Pope complain of? Is he still angered at the mutilation of the statues on Constantine's arch? Are those old bits of stone so precious that the schoolboy, who in a moment of wine and madness thought it would be fun to cut their heads off, should be sentenced to death? By Saint Cosimo! How I laughed when I thought of the Pope's holy anger! As Cardinal Hippolyte de Medici explained to His Holiness, the responsibility for Lorenzo's death would fall back on the Pope, who is also a Medici, and who, by the way, was the one who aided and abetted Lorenzo in escaping from the Roman jail. Now the Pope asks for Lorenzo's head. Why this change of favor? It is not long since Lorenzo's witty sarcasms were applauded at the Vatican like the clever sayings of a spoiled child. He did not know when to stop; went too far and was condemned to hang. Now, after having pardoned him, the Pope wants to send him to the gallows? How inconsistent!

VALORI—The Holy Father imagined that the fact of having been so near death would have taught Lorenzo to hold his tongue, no matter where he sought refuge. But no sooner does he get a foothold at your Court than he revels in libidinous jests at the Church and







people consecrated to God. The Pope has every reason to feel hurt because you so openly favor such a reviler of religion.

THE DUKE—And the Pope is all the more anxious to avenge outraged religion since such vengeance would incidentally be a balm to his own wounded pride. But to speak seriously. There is no reason for the Pope to hate Lorenzo now, for no one is in such a humiliating position at

my Court. His apparent stoicism is a blind. In his heart he suffers, I know. How can he remain deaf to the people's hatred, to his family's indignation?

There he is now. Look at him, broken-down, listless, exhausted. Look at his pinched, lead-colored features, his frail body worn-out by continuous orgies, the dull, stupid expression of his eyes. Is that the ardent, cutting mind the Pope condescends to fear? His relatives blush for him, his mother weeps over him, and when he passes in the streets the people of Florence cry: "There goes the vile Lorenzaccio, his master's spy and blackguard."

LORENZO (approaching)—Highness, I humbly kiss your hand.

THE DUKE—Why this humility? Let's be cousins, once and for all. The envoy from Rome, by the way, just spoke of the magnificent harangue Franceco Molza delivered against you at the Roman Academy.

LORENZO—I have been told that this harangue, delivered in a Latin equal to Cicero's best, was received in the solemn manner that befitted its important subject. The Italian spoken in Rome or Tuscany was not considered strong enough to scourge the mutilator of the statues of ancient Rome. The academician excoriated the vandal in Latin, and the latter ought, perhaps, to be grateful that he was denounced and held up to reprobation in

the language that is the least understood in the Academy.

VALORI—Perhaps that was why two perfectly good edicts were published in pure Tuscan, one by the Caparions, enjoining the mutilators to leave the city of the Caesars at once, and the other by the Senate, offering a prize to whoever was successful in ridding Italy of him.

LORENZO—Really quite unnecessary measures. The ennui one breathes in Rome and the hypocritical stiffness of the aristocracy suffice to drive away any man who is not blinded by them.

VALORI—A man such as you should have an arm as strong as his wit. I'm surprised to see that with such sharp words on your lips you have no sword by your side.

LORENZO—I am not in the habit of carrying a sword.

VALORI—Then you should beware of what you say, for the man who is unable to defend himself should not attack.

LORENZO—I'm not a soldier, but a lover of science. I leave the useless show of arms to those who have not enough brains to defend themselves otherwise.

VALORI (drawing his sword)—You have so much brains that no one ever fights with you on equal terms.

THE DUKE (laughing)—Let's see now, Lorenzo whether your brain will protect you like a coat of mail!

LORENZO—Give me a sword!

THE DUKE—Bravo! It's your first duel, Lorenzino. I will be your witness.

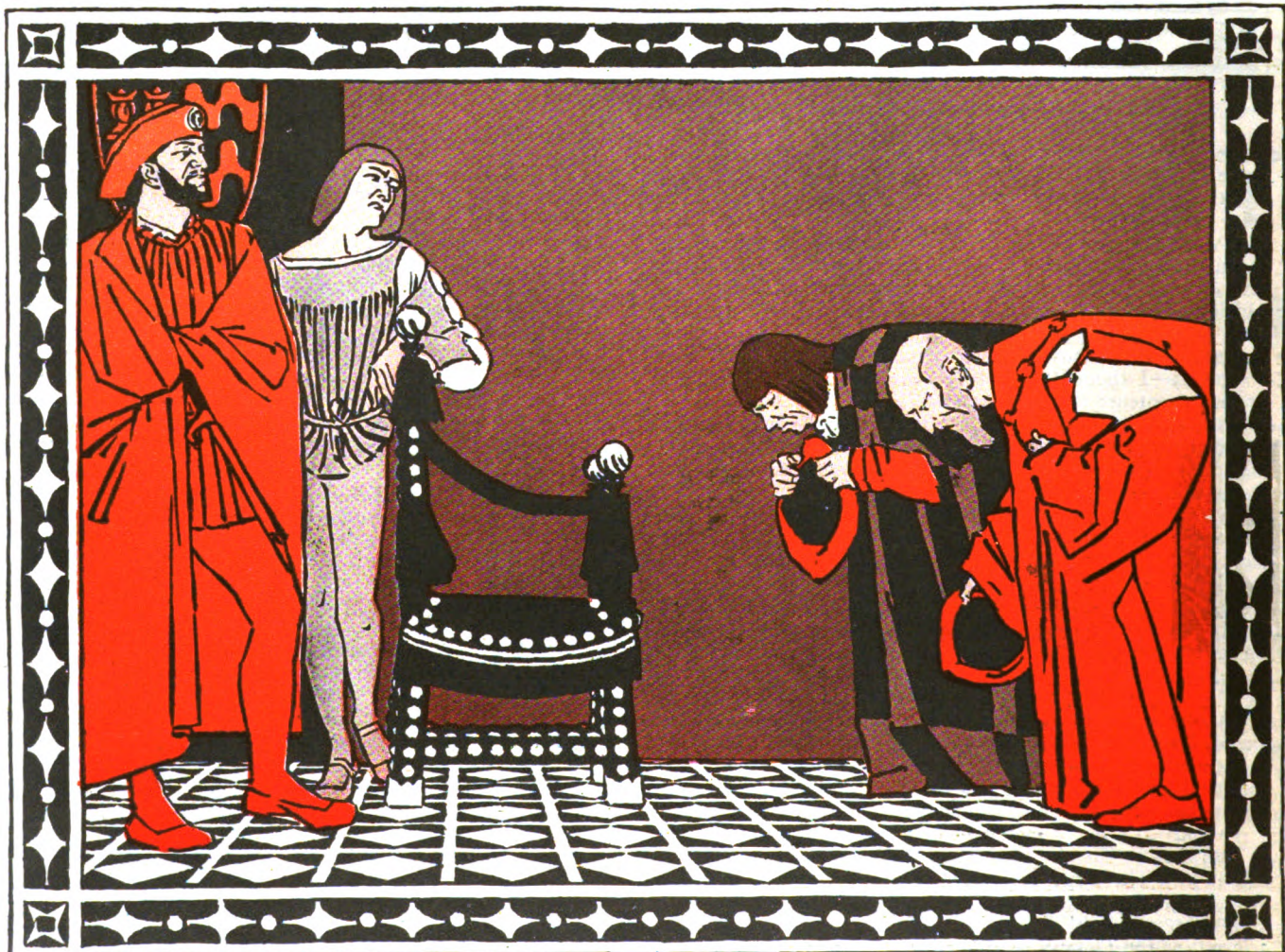
Lorenzo takes a proffered sword and after a sickening glance at the weapon he falls to the floor.

VALORI—Scoundrel! Your cowardice shan't save you!

THE DUKE—Hold on, Excellency! You're not going to kill a man already dead with fright?

ALL THOSE PRESENT (drawing near)—What a shame; what an indignity!

THE DUKE—Indignity? No. Misfortune. The poor young man was born with that infirmity. The mere sight of a weapon makes him faint away. Let the little dear be carried home to



Q. "You are. . . Your Highness is a great prince."



his mother. Be sure to calm her fears by telling her that the steel didn't even touch the tip of his coat.

A few hours later in the home of the Soderini Medici, Lorenzo is found moodily staring out of the window. His mother is sewing and his young sister Catterina is reading Titus Livius, the story of Virginia.

The two women discuss the book and draw Lorenzo into the conversation, which later turns on his own strange behavior.

**C**ATTERINA—Always dreaming! What is the matter with you, Lorenzo? Why are you so sad? You, Lorenzino, who used to be so gay and who always talked and played with me before, you never even speak to me now. How cruel you are! You're unhappy, so you don't want me to be happy. Come and sit down here, Lorenzo, next to mother. Don't you see she's sad because you don't speak to her?

**LORENZO**—Why cry for me, Signora? I'm really not worth it. Am I not cursed and excommunicated? If you lived up to your Christian duty you wouldn't shelter an enemy of the Church. Don't you know the Pope has put a price on your son's head? Do you think you'll go to heaven, you who help shield the victim of a pontiff's vengeance?

**MADONNA MARIA**—Enough, Lorenzo. I can see your heart is deeply wounded!

**LORENZO**—You're right, Madonna. If I could tear it out of my body I would grind it in the dust with my feet. Catterina, read the story of Brutus.

**CATTERINA** (with surprise and displeasure) — But that's a story of blood and murder.

**LORENZO**—I like it.

At a knock at the door Catterina admits Bindo Altoviti, Lorenzo's uncle, and Giulio Capponi, a citizen of Florence. They have come, Bindo tells the women, to make one last attempt to arouse Lorenzo. "Would it might be of some avail," cries his mother, as she and Catterina leave the room.

**BINDO**—Lorenzo, I've come to beg you to give the lie to the

infamous story they are telling about you everywhere.

**LORENZO**—And what's the story? Is it a bit more worthy of its originator than those of which I've been the hero so far?

**BINDO**—They say you stood for the insults of the valet of the Roman Court, Valori. They even say that at the mere sight of his drawn sword. . . .

**LORENZO**—Enough, enough. The story is quite true.

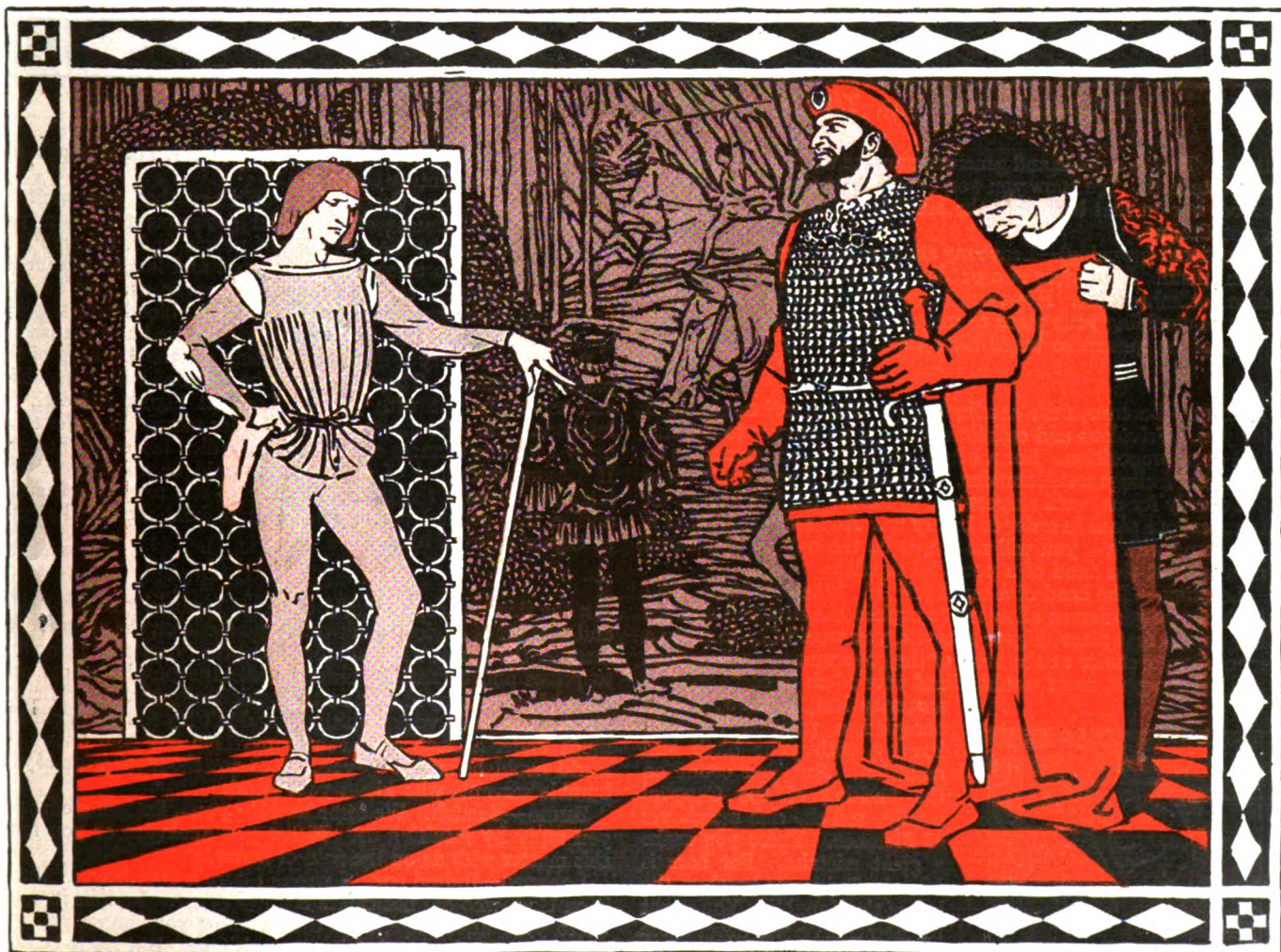
**BINDO** (amazed)—And you can admit it without blushing?

**LORENZO**—Without blushing in the least. Why should I feel guilty at being unable to overcome a purely physical repugnance, something quite independent of my will?

**BINDO**—What an odious hypocrite, a cowardly flatterer you are! We've seen you burning with ideas of glory, and impatient to the point of fury, at the mere shadow of an insult! We've seen you flourish the sword with the greatest skill. In those days, the desire of making a name for yourself was the only passion that devoured your restless and untamed soul. Our great Strozzi predicted that your name would live among the heroes of liberty.

**N**ow your time has come. Today you've got to give us a final answer. You know what it is about. Alexander's crimes have tired the people. The plot is ripe, ready to burst. A chief is needed, a man who can satisfy the people and the nobles. Here is a representative of the people who asks you to come with us and save the country.

**CAPPONI**—Sir Lorenzo of Medici, if you give us your word we will all believe in you. It is true your assiduity at Court has made us doubt your devotion to the public weal. But Sir Altoviti, your uncle, has reassured us, telling us that you observe the Duke at close range in order to master his plans and frustrate



“Bring me a doublet lined with sable, and perfumed gloves.”





U. "Look. I was not lying. There is the Duke!"

them. That is a noble and generous purpose which gives you our absolute faith. We know you won't go back on the noble Soderini blood, nor on that branch of the Medici which sprang from the great Cosimo.

LORENZO (yawning)—Leave my ancestors in peace, my Republican friend! I am more of a patriot than you—nobility of birth does not impress me. However, I consider you extremely imprudent in confiding your plans to me, Alexander's favorite, on the basis of no guarantee other than that I am my father's son!

BINDO—Lorenzo, such sacrilegious scepticism makes me blush for you. Frivolous and caustic words are no answer to a frank and open proposition. For a long time we've been puzzled as to your real feelings for Alexander. Remember, if you don't come out openly for us, we'll suspect you of having tried to lead us on to reveal our plans in order to betray us. And remember, that if you come with us, you will no longer be the puppet of a hated monster but the head of a powerful republic.

LORENZO—The head of a republic? I? What an idea! Will both of you gentlemen allow me to explain the situation as I see it? In the first place, Signor Altoviti, you would like to place a man of your choice at the head of the government—a licentious and extravagant court would offend your ideas of economy and

austerity less, I know, if you occupied a position there in keeping with your birth and ambition. But you count on the backing of the Capponi family, and the rich merchants of Florence. There you make a great mistake. For here is Niccolo Capponi's brother, the last of the Republic. You ought to know that he will never agree to the reestablishment of the principality when everything

tells them they ought to occupy an office to which their popularity and past services entitle them.

Secondly, to you, Capponi, I would say that you want to see the reestablishment of a popular government because you would be one of the most important people in it, because it is always pleasant to emerge from a hated and lauded obscurity, because vengeance, too, is sound and beneficent, and because you would wash away the traces of Florentine blood with floods of Spanish blood. All that is very wisely conceived and planned.

But you are very foolish in counting on the backing of the patrician families. They will never be satisfied with a republic, and especially not with yours. Look at Signor Altoviti, for instance. He asks me to be your leader merely in order to do away with the chances of Cosimo de Medici, his other nephew. If Cosimo were out of question, it would be an easy matter, later on, to vote the disqualification of the mad Lorenzaccio, and in that event I see no one so fit to hold the ducal scepter as Signor Altoviti himself.

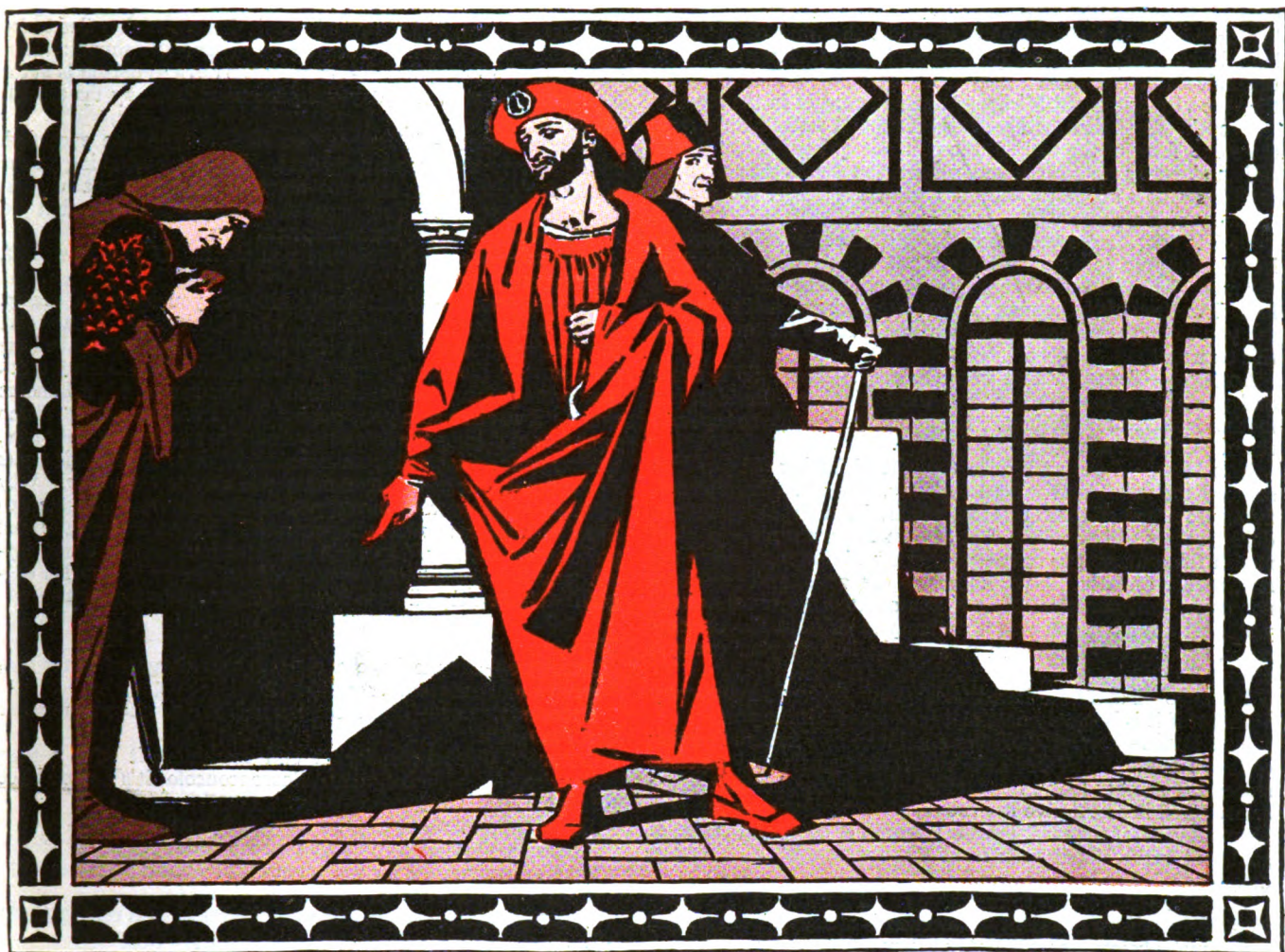
IN the third place, to both of you, I would give a prudent and wise bit of advice: don't count too much on the people. Remember the Pazzis who paid for killing the tyrants by being torn to pieces and carried on pickets while the people, whom they meant to free, heaped mud on their palpitating remains. Believe me, try to rein in your ambition and don't try to hide it quite so much under a cloak of philanthropy. No one who knows the world could be misled by you. Such are the sentiments of your humble servant, who kisses your hands.

BINDO—Enough. We come to make you a flattering offer and you reply by insulting us. Either you apologize or you settle this matter with us on the field of honor.

LORENZO—Indeed not. I was not born a swordsman. Blame it on God, who did not create courage in me. I admit it would be to your advantage, now that I know your secret and you have reason to fear me, to do away with me. But try to be calm and profit by the advice a madman can give.







¶ "Captain Cesena and Biamo, the Hungarian, Ferdinand, the Andalusian, follow me."

A PAGE (announcing solemnly)—His Royal Highness, the Grand Duke of Florence.

CAPPONI and BINDO (paralyzed with fear)—Heavens! We've been betrayed!

LORENZO (looks at them with ironic scorn, then walks to greet the Duke)—To what do I owe the great favor of having my master condescend to visit his humble servant?

THE DUKE—You were taken ill at the Palace this morning and I was anxious to make certain there had been no evil effects.

LORENZO—I am confused at so much kindness! The gracious visit of Your Highness comes all the more appropriately since it enables me to present two citizens of Florence, both equally anxious to offer their humble respects. One is my uncle, Bindo Altoviti, who regrets that his long stay in Naples prevented him from bowing, sooner, before Your Highness. The other is Giulio Capponi, who came to beg me to present him to Your Highness, that he might put at the feet of Your Highness the protestations of devotion and fidelity from the city of Florence.

THE DUKE—Really? The homages of two subjects who I had imagined openly favored the rebels, would be most agreeable to me, I can assure you, if sincere.

LORENZO—Your Highness can rely on them. The two faithful subjects wished to be presented today in order to disavow all participation at this morning's uprising and to express their satisfaction at the prompt way in which it was crushed. (To Bindo and Capponi) Don't let the unexpected presence of so great a prince in this humble house perturb you so. Tell him that I have interpreted your sentiments faithfully.

BINDO (confused)—Exactly. Your Highness must believe that my nephew. . . .

THE DUKE—Very well. We are glad to see an ally of our house make the first move, and we beg him to accept the direction of our next mission to our royal father-in-law, Emperor Charles V.

BINDO (bows deeply)—I appreciate the magnitude of the honor bestowed on me and Your Highness can count on my devotion.

THE DUKE—Enough. As for you, Capponi, we now think your influence is immense. We request you to use it in our service. We offer you, if you succeed, exemption from all taxation present and future, for you and your whole family.

CAPPONI—Ah! Prince, that is really too much. You are—Your Highness is a great prince.

THE DUKE—All those whom I've enriched say the same thing. Don't allow my presence to detain you any longer.

THE DUKE—Look at the low merchant and the treacherous nobleman! One avaricious and the other vain! What an odor of treason, what a stench of the populace they've left behind! Open the windows, Lorenzo; I seem to feel that plebeian breathing in my face. But why are there no women around? Sometimes I see them in the window and their eyes fascinate everyone.

LORENZO—Yes, my mother was famed for her beauty. But Your Highness must have seen her from afar, only, for now she is famed for her virtue, only.

THE DUKE—Who speaks of your mother! She's not the only woman in this house. Tell me, where is your sister, Lorenzo?

LORENZO—My little sister?

THE DUKE—Why call her little? She's at least fifteen. My experienced eye is not mistaken!

LORENZO—Really, she's only a child, you know.

THE DUKE—A child who inspires a man's passion. Lorenzo, I want you to know what I really came for. I hoped to see her.

LORENZO—By what magic did that little girl inspire Your Highness with such curiosity?

THE DUKE—It's not curiosity. Call it love, the most violent love, the most insane passion I



ever felt in all my life. For days I've lived in a fever. I gaze at her, as she sits there in the window, while the wind plays in her long black hair, or when, in church, her eyes lowered under the half-closed veil, she seems more beautiful and more naïve than the Virgins our old Michael-Angelo dreamt of in the days of his youth. And then, when she gets up and walks lightly over the stone floor of the temple, the petulant gaiety of her youth still subdued by meditation and prayer, she seems like a quick, flexible swallow about to soar into the air through the arched doorway of the church.

Go fetch her, Lorenzino, let me lay my arm around her bosom, let me with my two bare hands make a tight belt around her slender waist, let me breathe the perfume of her shining hair! Fetch her! I'm tired of the women you've found for me, and I'll never ask you to find any others if, today, you arrange for me to meet this treasure!

LORENZO—Today? That won't be easy. The child is timid and you'll have to train her from the beginning. Besides, her mother is incredibly vigilant. It's almost impossible to separate them. Give me a few days.

THE DUKE—I can't bear the thought of further delay. I've suffered too much and waited too long, already. I'm not suffering from one of those caprices which, for a day, stir up my dulled senses. Remember that if you have scruples—a most foolish thing for you to have—your sister will be mine, none the less, sooner or later. Love knows no obstacles, and especially not mine. And remember that if you shorten my cruel waiting you'll get anything you want, the highest office in the Government, or Cosimo's fortune in spite of the law, or your enemy's head. Try!

LORENZO—I don't need promises. Your Highness knows very well that if it is humanly possible, Lorenzo will serve you.

THE DUKE—Hurry! Tell her the Duke of Florence is dying of love for her. Tell her he'll cover with pearls and precious stones her somber locks, her budding breast and her soft white arms. Tell her he'll give her the finest horse that ever ran at a Neapolitan fête, the most beautiful comb of all Spain, cloths of gold and embroidered veils from Constantinople. . . . You're dreaming? You don't answer?

LORENZO—I'm trying to find a way. If I could get her away from her mother a moment. A woman is always a woman, and virtue melts before riches like wax before a fire.

THE DUKE (loosening his purse from his belt)—Take this gold, to begin with, and tell her to ask for the fortunes of twenty families! But hurry!

LORENZO—I obey. But Your Highness must not meet my mother's clairvoyant eyes. If she suspects the slightest the child will be sent to a convent or to the Strozzi. In two hours I hope to give Your Highness a favorable reply.

THE DUKE—I rely on you. And rely on my recompense.

LORENZO (alone)—Yes, rely on me! I swear by heaven and by hell, by my mother's breast and by eternal damnation that you will meet me today. You've set your own hour. Oh, my beloved Master, I thank Thee!

AT FOUR o'clock on the same day the most terrifying sounds could be heard coming from Lorenzo's room, and its occupants are none other than Lorenzo himself and Michael del Favolaggino, called Scoronconcolo.

SCORONCONCOLO—Master, haven't we played enough at this queer game?

LORENZO—No, I want them to hear us a long time this afternoon. Cry more loudly.

SCORONCONCOLO—Help! Murder! Lorenzo, of the Devil!

LORENZO—Keep at it! Stamp your foot! Do like I do! (He stamps his feet wildly and cries in a muffled voice) Traitor! Murderer! You've killed me! I'm assassinated! I'm dying!

SCORONCONCOLO (makes a frightful noise, knocks down the furniture, jumps from one end of the room to another)—Help, help! Where are my guards! Help! He's cut my throat!

LORENZO—Louder! One would think you were afraid of shouting. Are you sure the neighbors hear us?

SCORONCONCOLO—Satan, in the depths of hell, can hear us! (He wipes his brow) By my damned soul! What a game you've invented, Master! Why do you make me shout and swear in this room every day?

LORENZO—I've told you hundreds of times. I like to shock the neighbors. The first day they heard us make such a noise they rushed to see what was the matter. Was anything as silly as their fury when, after having looked everywhere for the man we were killing, they realized we were laughing at them? I remem-

ber how I roared in their faces! Now that they don't come around any more, I like it even better! I'll swear they flee to the cellars for their siestas! I seem to hear my good neighbors: "That reprobate of a Lorenzo is raving mad, the devil in person is in the house with him! Some day we'll see them both fly up the left chimney!"

SCORONCONCOLO—Say what you like, but no one ever took such pains to annoy his neighbors. There's something you're hiding from me. I've seen too much of the world not to guess something is wrong. You've got some scheme, Master, that you won't confide to me. That's wrong of you.

LORENZO—Well, tell me what you think. If you guess half, I'll tell you the rest.

SCORONCONCOLO—First of all, Master, you have an enemy. Where is the man, great or small, who hasn't one? I have one, the hangman, and if I can slip the rope that you saved me from around his neck, I swear I won't miss him! But that's beside the point. You've an enemy. You've said it a hundred times. I've often seen you, coming back from the palace, stamp your foot and curse the day you were born, swallowing your rage, tearing your breast with your nails, and I've said: When it comes to the point, one of two men must give way to the other. Why should you let yourself be stepped on like a worm? Master, do away with the man who is in your way! You're getting thin and growing melancholy. I've felt like that four or five times, myself, and this is the doctor who cured me (he pulls out his dagger). The last time I used it was at Padua, because of a—

LORENZO—Let me have a look at that dagger. What does "Syrvo a mi Senor, soy viva," mean?

SCORONCONCOLO—That's the Spanish for "I obey my master and I'm quick."

LORENZO (lifting the dagger and examining it with a tense expression)—By the holy mass, Scoronconcolo, it's a good blade if it speaks the truth!

SCORONCONCOLO—Try it, Master, and you'll see.

LORENZO—Friend, you've guessed my malady.

SCORONCONCOLO—I'll cure you at once. What's his name?

LORENZO—Never mind his name!

SCORONCONCOLO—Even if it were the Pope! I'd crucify Christ all over again for you!

LORENZO—Rejoice, then. It's a powerful man, a favorite of the Grand Duke.

SCORONCONCOLO—Even if it were the devil! Even if it were the Grand Duke himself!

LORENZO—Today?

SCORONCONCOLO—This minute.

LORENZO—In an hour. Take this purse of gold. He himself is paying you!

SCORONCONCOLO (opens the purse and looks in)—And well, too! He can count on me!

LORENZO—Listen. I forbid you to touch him if I kill him by the first stroke. If I were strong like you, I wouldn't ask for assistance. But the boar will fight. If I miss him, he'll crush me, weak as I am. I don't care about my life. But I want his! If he escaped. . . . Swear that if he comes into the room he won't go out alive!

SCORONCONCOLO—I swear by the Eucharist, by Saint Plutro and the jaws of hell!

LORENZO—I'll fetch him and bring him here at once. This is where he'll fall.

SCORONCONCOLO—There, great God! And here is the blade that will find his heart! Where shall I wait for you, Master?

LORENZO—In the corridor.

SCORONCONCOLO—But what if Madonna Maria were to see me? She doesn't like me.

LORENZO—Never mind! The women are out and when they come back everything will be over.

SCORONCONCOLO—Amen!

An hour later Lorenzo is in the Grand Duke's room.

THE DUKE—God in heaven! She agreed!

LORENZO—Furious at first, then angry, then tears, then sighs, then many reflections, a long embarrassment, finally an avowal whispered very low, with a blush on her forehead.

THE DUKE—And it's for tonight?

LORENZO—No. This very moment. Let's hasten while my mother is in church praying and meditating on the Holy Epiphany. Follow me alone, discreetly. I'll take you into the house, hide you in my own room.

THE DUKE—Dear Lorenzino! Let's hasten! Here, there! A doublet and a cape! I'm going out! [Continued on page 134]



**Q** This introductory article starts a series which gives scientific guidance through the army of quacks and the forest of FAKE CURES. **Q** Next month's article will treat The Vitamin Craze. **Q** The Truth About Syphilis comes after that. **Q** Ponce de Leon and the Ring-tailed Monkey divides the false from the true in the cures by glands. **Q** The other topics are equally important. **Q** When the series is ended the intelligent reader and the intelligent doctor will have their bearings as the highest science of the day points them out

# DOCTORS and Drug-Mongers

By Dr. Paul H. De Kruif

**T**HE GROWTH of the drug industry in the United States is one of the most miraculous of the romances of commerce. Thirty years ago the suffering American had about 2600 remedies at his disposal. Now he, or his physician, can have choice among more than 45,000.

A statement by the Department of Commerce shows that more than four hundred million dollars' worth of drug products were manufactured in the United States during 1921.

If only a small number of this great array of balsams really cured disease, we might expect this phenomenal increase in remedies to be accompanied by a corresponding decrease in the number and terror of our afflictions. This, however, is not the case. For, despite the great advances that have been made in knowledge of the cause and prevention of various diseases, the actual cure of most of them remains a mystery.

Of the great number of healing agents so assiduously advertised and so industriously hawked about, not more than fifty are really necessary in the treatment of all human maladies. And the majority of these needful drugs only relieve pains and soften symptoms. The number of definitely curative items is surely not more than a dozen.

**C**OMPETITION exists among drug-mongers as in all other branches of commerce and industry. This is one of the most important causes of the great number of remedies. Take for example the meritorious laxative, phenolphthalein. In an orderly and sensible world, phenolphthalein might be expected to go only by that, or possibly some more simple name. But under our system of competition, in the hands of zealous drug-mongers this laudable substance has rejoined in a glittering array of aliases, such as Phenolax, Purgen, Purgatol, Purgen Konfect, Laxine, El Zernac, Purgotin.

In essentials these products are the same, they are phenolphthalein. They differ from it only in the fancy name, and in price, which is almost always much higher than the staple drug.

Doctors, in general, are just as gullible as laymen. The ailing female listens to and believes in the alluring promises of Lydia Pinkham. The up and coming young physician, eager to keep abreast of the march of science, is prone to harken to the clever blandishments of drug manufacturers, who flatter him by appealing to his scientific acumen and his desire to progress. So the doctor is bombarded incessantly by tons of advertising literature. This comes to him from drug venders, who make a great noise of being "ethical." By ethical they mean they advertise only to doctors and not to the public.

But it is well known that their austere protests of virtue conceal a beautiful joker. This is best illustrated by the famous nostrum known as "Fellows' Syrup of Hypophosphites." This remedy

Nervous debility, nervous exhaustion, and all asthenic affections of the nervous system, so prevalent to-day, will respond to treatment which will replenish the reduced mineral reserves of the system and supply the necessary phosphorus to restore degenerated nerve cells

## FELLOWS' SYRUP OF THE HYPOPHOSPHITES.

"The Standard Tonic for over fifty years,"

contains the basic elements to ensure normal metabolism, together with the dynamic agents, quinine and strychnine, which make it a true stabilizer of shaken nerves

Samples and Literature sent upon request.

**FELLOWS MEDICAL MANUFACTURING CO., Inc.**  
26 Christopher Street New York, N. Y.

was originally advertised to the public. Its success was modest. Then lay advertising was withdrawn, and an elaborate scientific hocus-pocus explanation of its virtues was concocted. It was based on a medical theory which fifty years ago was known to be absurd. But the compound with its pseudo-science, was now "ethically" hawked to doctors only. They began prescribing it by the thousands. Patients, after paying for doctor's calls and getting nothing but a prescription for Fellows' Syrup, began to ask, "Why pay the doctor's fee, as well as the price of his remedy?" So they began going directly to the drug stores, with the result that gallons, barrels, and hogsheads of this essentially

bogus balsam were being sold. Its great success was really due, then, to the doctors, who sanctified it in the minds of their patients by prescribing it.

## ¶ Are the Druggists to Blame?

IT MIGHT be thought that the drug stores are largely responsible for this traffic. The writer, after discussing this matter at length with numerous pharmacists, finds that this is not true. Druggists aim only to "give doctors and public what they want." They generally do not attempt a propaganda for patent or proprietary medicines. Nor, on the other hand, do they try to discriminate in favor of really meritorious drugs. Their rôle is largely the passive one of the distributor.

While a great part of their income derives from the sale of drugs of dubious merit, they would soon go on the rocks financially, were they to take up the banner for reform. Many of them know that they are doing no public service in helping to make us a nation of aspirin-eaters, but let a pharmacist resolve to sell this and similar drugs only on a doctor's prescription, and his road to bankruptcy would be a short one.



EVERYONE is acquainted with the enormous advertising propaganda that extols the peculiar virtues of "Aspirin-Bayer." Aspirin was originally the patent, now the trademark name of a substance chemically known as acetylsalicylic acid.

This drug properly made is always the same, no matter what its name. But in 1920 you paid sixteen cents an ounce for acetylsalicylic acid and 85 cents an ounce for Aspirin-Bayer. Assuming that it is relatively simple to prepare the staple drug accurately, we pay more than five times the price of the staple for the privilege of swallowing a pill marked "Bayer."

The accompanying table illustrates the great difference in price between the official drug, that the physician can obtain

Wholesale List Prices—April 1920

| Proprietary   |            | Non-proprietary               |            |
|---------------|------------|-------------------------------|------------|
| Aspirin-Bayer | \$0.85 oz. | Acetylsalicylic Acid          | \$0.16 oz. |
| Phenacetin    | 0.65 oz.   | Acetphenetidin                | 0.27 oz.   |
| Atophan       | 3.50 oz.   | Cinchophen                    | 2.00 oz.   |
| Kelene        |            |                               |            |
| (10 grams)    | 0.56 tube  | Ethyl Chloride (10 grams)     | 0.45 tube  |
| Duotal        | 1.90 oz.   | Guaiacol Carbonate            | 0.80 oz.   |
| Urotropin     | 0.60 oz.   | Hexamethylenamine             | 0.21 oz.   |
| Sulfonal      | 1.70 oz.   | Sulphonmethane                | 0.80 oz.   |
| Trional       | 1.90 oz.   | Sulphon-Ethyl-Methane         | 1.00 oz.   |
| Diuretin      | 1.75 oz.   | Theobromine-Sodium Salicylate | 0.70 oz.   |
| Aristol       | 1.80 oz.   | Thymol Iodide                 | 1.00 oz.   |

## HEARST'S International

and prescribe if he wishes, and its trademark brother, which a great number of doctors employ instead. They do this either through ignorance or through some ill-founded faith in the superiority of the name.

In past centuries, to a much greater extent than at present, doctors were aided in their war against disease by the amateur efforts of old crones, good wives, witches, and mountebanks of all sorts. These two groups helped each other mutually in the building up of the imposing and preposterous pharmacy of those days. Some of the most definitely useful drugs of today were discovered by physicians among the yarbs that bekdames and soothsaying old women had used for hundreds of years.

So, the grandames of Shropshire, in England, had known for centuries that foxglove was good for dropsy. This knowledge came to the notice of an English physician named Withering in 1776. He applied the humble herb to the treatment of heart disease with great success. Today we know that the curative value of fox-glove is due to digitalis, a drug admitted by everyone to have saved the lives of thousands of sufferers from this affliction.

But for every one of the really useful remedies that old crones discovered, thousands and tens of thousands were absurd and had no effect on the course of disease beyond their action on the patient's morale. Yet it was believed for hundreds of years that the lungs of foxes were of great benefit to people with asthma and that oil of puppies, mixed with a stew of earth worms, had a marked curative effect on many diseases.

It is common to believe that, when a patient improves after a dose of a remedy, his improvement is due to the remedy. While this may be so, it is by no means necessarily true. For it is well known that the patient might have got well of himself, without any treatment whatever. In a word, old crones and doctors, quacks and eminent professors, are always in danger of falling into the trap of this error in thinking.

## ¶ The Power of Mind on Body

Another factor helps to keep alive the reputations of charlatans, and to encourage the use of spurious drugs. This is the factor of the mysterious power of the mind over the body. It is the common experience of physicians that the fighting spirit of patients is of great importance in many diseases. Let a patient grit his teeth, spit on his hands, double up his fists, and determine to live, and he frequently pulls through.

The power of mind over body may be encouraged by the engaging personality of a doctor. This is a fortunate fact, and it is regrettable that modern medicine tends more and more to neglect this important task of physicians. But it is imperative to defeat the present exploitation of the public by drug-mongers. One of the ways to do this is to distinguish the *personality* factor from the *drug* factor in the treatment of disease.

The following example will show how to distinguish truth from falsehood and how to fight errors of the kind just described.

Sodium Salicylate is a drug which has proved its usefulness in rheumatic fever. It does not cure this dreadful disease, but it is very effective in the relief of pain and other symptoms. This remedy is obtained from two sources. First, it can be prepared from the "natural" oil of wintergreen. Second, it can be made in the laboratory, from coal tar, as one of the by-products of the manufacture of illuminating gas.

The Sodium Salicylate from oil of wintergreen is exactly the same as sodium salicylate from coal tar. When the two products are carefully prepared, expert chemists are unable to tell which is which. But while they are the same chemically, they differ enormously in price. The "natural" salicylate, from the oil of wintergreen costs twenty-two dollars a pound, the "synthetic" salicylate, from coal tar costs forty-five cents a pound.

Now in spite of the fact that these compounds are identical in every way, excepting in price, a curious belief arose among doctors that the more expensive drug was in some mysterious

inexplicable way much superior to its cheaper coal-tar brother.

In 1912 the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry resolved to find out once for all whether there was any foundation to the manufacturer's claims. So samples of the "natural" and "synthetic" salicylate were carefully prepared by an expert chemist. Each product was so labeled that its source was known only to the representatives of the Council. That is, the powders, instead of being marked "Natural" and "Synthetic" were labeled "A" and "B."

The products so prepared were now sent out to a group of the best doctors in the land. They were requested to give "A" and "B" to their patients with rheumatism, and to note whether any difference existed between the effects of the two.

Fifteen complete reports were received. The physicians conducting the test knew they were using sodium salicylate, but did not have knowledge of the source. They were not disturbed by a hunch in favor of one or the other. The result, when the reports were all received, was a smashing demonstration that there was no difference.

This report was published prominently in the Journal of the American Medical Association and so reached the great majority of the doctors of the land. It might be expected that such a crushing demonstration, made without the chance of bias or favoritism, would silence the false claims of the makers of "natural" salicylate.

Not at all. The demonstration was deliberately ignored, or worse, given the lie. This is shown by the accompanying advertisement of the W. S. Merrell Company. The result of the "blind test" was published in 1913. This advertisement was found in a druggist's gazette in 1922.

This test divided the drug-mongers definitely into sheep and goats. The Merrell Company clearly places itself among the latter species.

It is hopeful to find that all manufacturers do not indulge in such forthright flouting of the truth. Inquiry in regard to the natural salicylate was made from the pharmaceutical houses of Merck and of Squibb. Here is the facsimile of the reply of Merck. A similar answer was received from Squibb.

Mr. C. B. Smiles,  
Rochefeller Institute for  
Medical Research,  
66th Street & Avenue A.,  
New York City.

Dear Sir:

Answering your favor of the 9th inst., - the Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry of the American Medical Association, after extensive trials by many physicians, states that no difference can be detected clinically, either in therapeutic or toxic effects, between salicylates made synthetically and those made from "Natural Oil." (Journal American Medical Association, Sept. 20th, 1913, page 979).

In view of the above we no longer sell the products made from "Natural" Oil of Wintergreen and are, therefore, not in a position to give you, as you request, data concerning the comparative sale of sodium salicylate made from the true Oil of Wintergreen and that made from Ethyl Salicylate.

Regretting our inability to be of service to you in this instance, we remain,

Yours very truly,

Attested: MERCK & CO.

The vicious circle of advertising testimonials on poor evidence, credulity of doctors, more advertising, wider use of the drug, is illustrated by the history of ichthyol.

Ichthyol is an evil smelling substance whose exact chemical composition is unknown. It was first used by peasants of the Tyrolean Alps, and was obtained by them from certain bituminous shale deposits, which contained the fossil remains of fish.

It made its way from a folklore status to the dignity of official use, mainly through its praise by a famous German skin doctor named Unna. This great man pronounced Ichthyol to be valuable in the treatment of various diseases of the skin.

The "Ichthyol Company of Hamburg" was formed, an active propaganda of advertisement began, and the dance was on. The peasants of the Tyrol had very probably used it because it smelled abominably, just as good wives still believe that the rancorous odor of asafetida drives away the evil demons of disease.

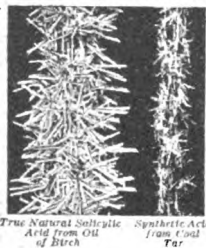
The medical profession, both abroad and here, was scarcely more critical, and soon the merits of the concoctions were being whooped up for an endless variety of diseases. It cured chilblains and lumbago, it was beneficial in tuberculosis and typhoid fever. It was death on erysipelas and eczema. Whooping cough succumbed to its beneficent influence and the terrors of rheumatism fled before it.

The medical journals were filled with solemn treatises extolling its virtues. Mumps and measles and migraine were said to yield to its soothing and disease-dispelling effect. It "improved the general condition and increased weight." The writer has, after painful search, enumerated thirty-eight separate diseases that are cured or greatly benefited by it!

## There IS a Difference

WHEN you get a prescription for Sodium Salicylate "True" or "Natural", the physician wants Merrell Sodium Salicylate made in our laboratories from oil of birch distilled in our own birch mills.

There is a difference and the physician knows it. He knows that Merrell's true salicylates made from natural birch oil produce less irritation to the gastric tract, less heart depression and are more quickly absorbed, more rapidly eliminated and therefore tolerated in larger doses over longer periods of time, than the synthetic coal tar product.



An extensive advertising campaign on Merrell's Natural Salicylates is now going to physicians.

Ask the Merrell Salesman about our special salicylate offer.

Order from your jobber.

FOUNDED 1828  
**THE W. S. MERRELL COMPANY**  
CINCINNATI, U.S.A.

Nowhere in the vast literature on this subject is it possible to find a common sense study of its actual value. Hardly anywhere does one discover a careful fellow who, having, let us say, eight patients with eczema, anoints four of them with Ichthyol and four with sterile mud, and then observes which group shows the greater improvement.

It has been believed, for example, that Ichthyol is important in increasing weight. A German doctor named Zuelzer gave the drug to thirty patients over a period of three months. Eight are reported to have gained weight! How many would have become portly had no Ichthyol been given?

Ichthyol is still sold by the pound, the hoghead, the ton. The Hamburg Company has prospered greatly.

Knowing the success of the Hamburg Company, modifications of Ichthyol with fancy names were placed on sale, both in this country and Japan. Atreol, Hirathiol, Ichtyform and Ichthalbin, Ichthyat and Ichtytar, all fought to take away the supremacy of the original Hamburg Ichthyol. Some of these have been submersed in competition but others survive and prosper greatly.

The mongers of "Ichthyat" stated that their product was essentially identical with the original Ichthyol, but that it was far superior to it in its curative properties. If Ichthyat is "essentially identical" with Ichthyol, its curative action must be the same. It is clearly preposterous to compare the curative activity of anything with that of Ichthyol as a standard, since the genuine curative merit of Ichthyol still awaits definite proof.

Physicians should awake to the fact of their exploitation by drug-mongers, but they cannot fight such exploitation effectively without warring against their own gullibility. They must learn, in the words of Hatcher, "to make accurate observations take the place of vague impressions. . . . Such as 'the medicine seemed to do good,'" and they should know that statements without supporting evidence are wholly valueless no matter how eminent their author may be.

The medical profession is just now under fire from a pack of quacks and rogues. It knows that its use to the nation is great, and that the camorra of chiropractors, faith healers, and quackish rascals are parasites on our citizens. But its battle against cults and "isms" and quackery could be waged more strongly, were the profession to clean its own house.

**Q. We all need Vitamins. But where are we to look for the real thing? Not in the drug store. See Dr. De Kruif's article, "The Vitamin Craze," in Hearst's International for October.**





**C** Nora was nineteen years old when, an orphan, she arrived in Dawson, alone. She was as much at home in the tough mining camp as she had been in the deadly desert. On Adam Cravath's arrival at the camp she served him ham and eggs and fell in love with him

# The Boy

By William

Illustrated by

**A**DAM CRAVATH was a slender, diffident, intense boy with an inordinate capacity for enjoyment of adventure tales. From earliest childhood he devoured adventure stories, good, bad and indifferent, thrilling to every written thing of that nature that he could lay his hands on, from the classics to the current nickel weeklies.

He was born and grew to young manhood in a little town in central Illinois. His personal adventurous accomplishments consisted of a half-dozen fist fights during his grammar school career, a near drowning in the muddy swimming hole of the crooked little creek that wound through the corn fields near town, a fall out of an elm tree which he was climbing in search of birds' eggs and a brief five minutes in a swaying buggy behind a runaway horse that ended with a smash-up in a ditch, in which Adam's collar-bone was broken. With these not startling exceptions, his life from the cradle to his twenty-fourth birthday was as ordinary as a loaf of bread. He had the measles and the whooping-cough and the scarlet fever; went through grammar and high school, spent six months in a business college and got a job as bookkeeper with the firm of Brooks Brothers, coal and lumber dealers.

He lived in an eight-room, two-story house on Elm Street with his mother and father and two sisters. The house was white with green shutters. There was a front porch, much used in summertime between dinner and dark, and a front parlor to which ungrudging admission might be gained only by death or marriage.

Adam got nine dollars a week when he went to work for Brooks Brothers, of which he paid his mother three for board. He was a member of the Presbyterian Church and an active member of the Young People's Christian Endeavor Society. The only social high-lights of his life were the oyster suppers in the church base-

ment in the winter and the picnics at Suttler's in the summer.

He saved his money and the Rev. Jason Ogilvie, his pastor, said that any girl who married Adam Cravath could consider herself lucky. The Rev. Ogilvie qualified his endorsement of Adam by admitting that the boy had an unfortunate taste in reading. It was Mr. Ogilvie's opinion, however, that this was a youthful folly from which he would recover when he married and settled down.

**I**N POINT of physical fact nothing unusual happened to Adam Cravath during the twenty-four years of his residence in his native town, but in the world of fancy, created for him by tales of romance and adventure, Adam led a turbulent, heroic life. He was ever the hero of what he read. He won football games at the last moment; captured criminals in New York dives; frustrated international political tricksters in every capital of the world; brought dismantled, leaking ships to port single-handed; tracked outlaws over the snowy wastes of sub-arctic Canada; fought in South American revolutions; wooed royalty in little Balkan kingdoms; sought treasure in the South Seas and pitted his wits in successful counter-plot against Oriental criminals in the Far East. He was the perfect adventurer. He felt heroic hardship and danger without facing it.

Then, from Alaska, came the whisper of naked gold to be had for the taking by those with the courage and strength to storm the dread barrier built of distance and cold; of snow and ice; of precipitous mountains and treacherous rivers.

It was a whisper that grew into a roar over night; a roar that stirred the imagination of the world. The Alaska of 1898-1900 had a lure, a siren quality that is difficult to understand in these

**C** *This is Mr. McNutt's  
First story for  
Hearst's International.  
It will make you laugh—  
If you can hold back the tears*



# Who Read Dime Novels

*Slavens McNutt*

David Robinson

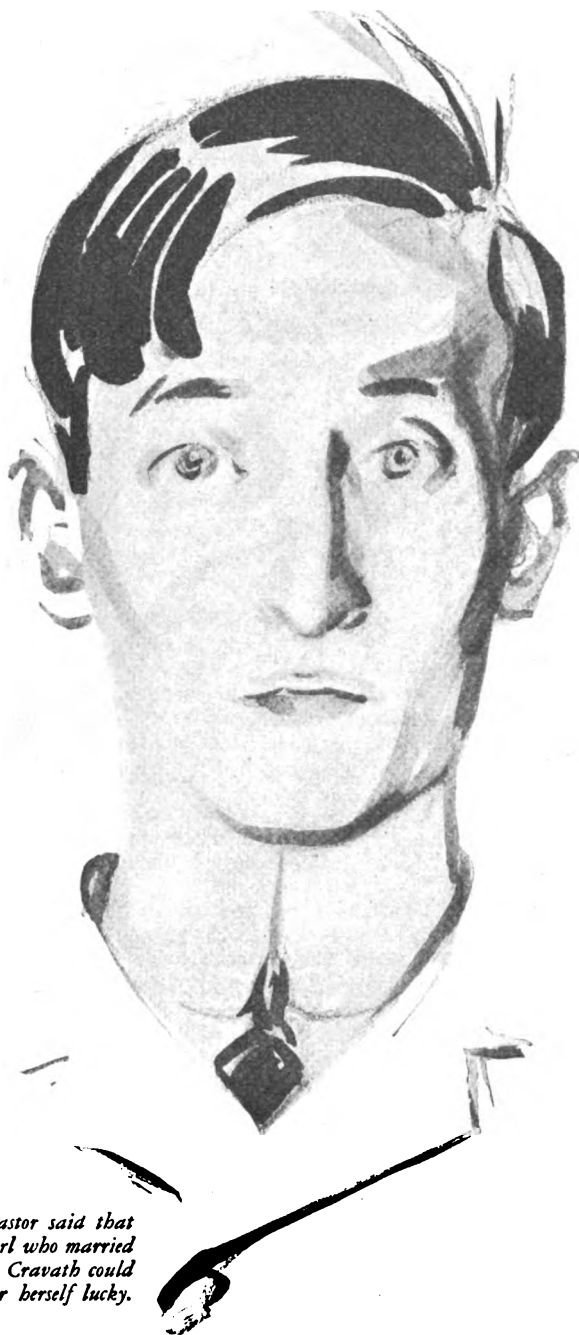
days, when the habitable far spots of the globe are no more than a night's run distant from rail-head by airplane, and news goes round the world as a voice over the telephone goes from one city office to another in the next block. The Alaska of then was a grim fairy-land where anything, good or bad, might happen; and men entered the territory with a considerable modicum of the spirit of hope and terror with which Columbus turned the prow of his vessel westward on the unknown Atlantic.

Among those who went was Adam Cravath; Adam, the pale, shy, typical small town nice young man with the perfect book-keeper exterior and a secret grand passion to do daring, impossible deeds; Adam, feverish from alternate attacks of extreme hope and fear.

**H**E WAS twenty-four years old when he started for the North and just about as fit for the adventure as a scrawny, under-sized mongrel pup would be to win a dinner with its teeth from a mob of hungry malamutes.

Kasanak is a desolate rot spot in the Alaska wilderness today. The log cabins that once housed hopeful men, dreaming of millions and dining on sour dough and sow-belly, are falling apart. The wind whistles through them in the winter and in the short hot summer the rapidly growing sub-arctic vegetation smothers them in green. The one short street of stores, dance-halls, saloons and restaurants is a study in ruin. Many have collapsed; the roofs of others have caved in and in all the place not one structure offers sufficient shelter to tempt the occasional passing prospector or trapper from his camp under the sky.

But Kasanak was a live camp for a season; and in that brief



**C** *His pastor said that  
any girl who married  
Adam Cravath could  
consider herself lucky.*

time, Nora Nelson operated there as proprietor, cook and waitress of the Gold Hill restaurant. She was a complete product of the frontier mining camp of that time.

Her mother, one of those anachronistic New England women of an earlier day, half grim Puritan, half adventurous soldier of fortune, traveling wild trails on the rapidly receding frontiers of civilization, had died in her husband's arms beside a sage-brush camp-fire on the Utah desert. Nora, hard-trying little animal of twelve, helped with the burial, cooked the supper afterwards and did her weeping when the day's work was done. Thereafter she followed her dreamy-eyed, impractical, partially mad Norwegian father, as her mother had followed him before her, over desert and mountain, living for short periods under roof in some mining town while he worked at day's wages for the grub stake that would enable him to take to the open again in search of gold. She was nineteen years old when her father traveled too far on too cold a day and wasted only twenty-four hours in dying of the savage attack of pneumonia that resulted from the exposure, leaving the girl Nora an orphan alone in Dawson.

She was lovely in a free-moving, Amazonian way, with a wealth of shining straw-yellow hair, a complexion deep cream in color with a hint of bronze that years of sun and wind had left there. She was as efficiently at home in an inhospitable wilderness, deadly desert or tough camp, as a fish in the sea; and she was almost ferociously virtuous. Taking advantage of the poor



❊ "It's a hell of a place for a decent-looking kid like you to come to!" Nora declared.

motherless child took rank with sneaking up on a loose lion and kicking it in the ribs. She could shoot like a circus performer and her favorite target was any man who "got fresh with her."

On the morning of Adam Cravath's inconspicuous arrival in Kasanak, the first of the mining camps at which he stopped, she served him ham and eggs and fell in love with him.

QUALITIES common to men of the wilderness and the mining camps had no attraction for her, but her affections went out to Adam the moment she saw him. Previously she had carried about in her mind a black list, on which was written the names of all the men she had ever met. Some were better than others, but they were all bad as far as she was concerned. Adam, slim, pale, diffident, was something new. His weakness appealed to her strength, his boyishness to her maternal instinct. On that first morning, she placed his coffee and his plate of ham and eggs on the table before him, and stood, hands on hips, staring frankly, friendlily down at him.

Adam grew nervous under her steady gaze, fumbled with his knife and fork and blushed furiously. Nora saw the flood of color rise in his face and was amazed thereat. She stared.

"Well, I'll be damned!" she finally said aloud.

Adam choked over his food and shrank perceptibly.

Nora drew out the chair on the opposite side of the table and sat down. "I never seen a man blush before," she said finally. "A new one on me. I kind of like it. Stranger here, ain't you?" Adam nodded, warmed by the girl's friendliness and yet miserable with embarrassment.

"Thought so," Nora continued her close questioning. "Ain't been in this kind of country very long, have you?"

"No," Adam said, finding his voice. "This is my first trip up here."

"It's a hell of a place for a decent-looking kid like you to come to," Nora declared. The girl put her elbows on the table, resting her chin on her cupped palms, staring at him. What did you go and blush for again?" she asked.

"Why—why—I don't know," Adam stammered.

The girl puckered her eyebrows and thought for a moment. Then her face expanded into a slow pleased smile. "I know," she said softly, "it was 'cause I swore, wasn't it?"

Adam tried to deny this but only succeeded in choking over his food and blushing still more furiously.

The girl laughed delightedly. "Where do you come from?" she asked confidentially.

Adam told her.

Don't any of the women there swear?" she asked wonderingly.

"WHY—I don't know," Adam said. "I guess not."

"I guess they don't any of them have to put up with the passel of no-account ornery bums that I have to deal with," Nora declared. "Why a lady couldn't no more feed these tin horn sports and shovel stiffs, that eat in here, without swearing than a man could sing hymns to a mule-team and get where he was going."

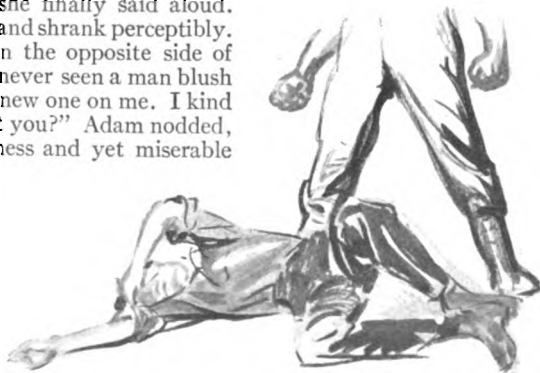
She leaned closer and looked at him searchingly. "It don't make you feel funny to have me swear?" she asked.

"Why, no—certainly not! Not a bit of it!"

She looked deep into his eyes for a moment longer and laughed happily. "But it does," she declared delightedly. Then her face suddenly sobered. "You ain't a parson, are you?" she asked him, with a note of real consternation in her voice.

"Oh, no," Adam said. "Certainly not!"

The girl smiled again and sighed with relief. "I really didn't think you was one, you know; I wanted to make sure," she said contentedly. "I 'cause there was a parson once, down below,







C. "Just one kiss, sister," he teased; "you won't miss it."

who heard me swear and he didn't like it either. It made me mad when he didn't like it. I gave him five minutes' worth of cussing that a Mexican mule skinner could have listened to and learned something and I never repeated a word. It don't make me mad 'cause you don't like to have me swear. I don't know why, but it don't. You're different somehow."

"Why—why—I don't mind."

The girl laughed again. There was a throaty note of tenderness in her mirth. "Yes, you do," she contradicted him. "Never mind. I like you not to like it. What are you going to do here?"

"I don't know," Adam admitted. "Maybe I could get work mining."

"With those hands!" she exclaimed. "You'd die before noon the first day! Can you figure?"

"You mean arithmetic? Oh, yes."

"You go to see Peg Shelby in the Miner's Friend store across the street on the corner and tell him I sent you. Tell him I said you're all right. He needs some fellow that can figure." She leaned across the table and laid her hand over his for a moment. "You're a nice kid," she said frankly.

She rose and began busily clearing the adjoining table. "Come in again," she went on. "Anything you want to know about the camp, ask me." On the way to the kitchen, her arms full of dishes, she paused for a second and looked down at him, a strange light in her eyes.

"Gee!" she said, "you're a decent kid." She hustled away, humming.

Adam got work as clerk and bookkeeper in Ben Shelby's general store and miner's outfitting concern. For a time his trip to Alaska, and residence there, netted him no adventure more startling than he had known in his native town in Illinois, but he at least retained his illusions concerning the men about him. He never failed of a thrill when he walked down the one street of the camp crowded with a colorful throng of roughly dressed men, or when he went, only as a spectator, into Pike's Peak, the big saloon, gambling-house and dance-hall, that was the camp's sole source of amusement.

What he lacked in adventure he made up in romance. In the middle of August of that year he became engaged to Nora Nelson. He was very much in love with her, but the success of his suit meant even more to him than the winning of a wife. Nora was one of the few women in camp; and of those few, by far the most desirable. It amazed him that out of all the throng of sturdy men from whom she had to choose, she should have favored him. It was good for his self-respect, surely, if she considered him worthy to be her husband—thus his subconscious reasoning—he must indeed be a man among men. Others in the camp were influenced, more or less, by the same line of mental argument.

They were to be married in October after navigation closed, remain inside for the winter, operate the restaurant for one more summer and then go below in the following fall for their real honeymoon trip. And then Badger Hotchkiss came to camp.

**B**ADGER HOTCHKISS was a fighter; a thick-set, brutal, vain fellow who glorified in his reputation, which was out of all proportion, because the test of courage was out of proportion in that time and place.

Men went to the territory expecting their courage to be tested, fearing secretly, as all men fear in the face of a fore-understood ordeal, that they would not be able to measure up to standard. And so the wide-spread camps of the territory were peopled with men from all walks of prosaic civil life down below, inordinately keen on the question of courage; always on the alert for a test of it, in themselves or others, always ready to over-acclaim or over-condemn a man for his possession or lack of the one quality.

Badger came swaggering into the Golden Hill restaurant one noon, while Adam was eating his lunch. Nora was in the rear busy with dishes.

"Hello, sister," Badger cried out boisterously at sight of her. "I've come for that kiss you cheated me out of up in Dawson." He laughed loudly and strode toward her, arms outspread.



C. Adam was not behaving according to Badger's understanding of the manner in which a human being should act.

David Robinson

Nora grabbed a pot of hot coffee and flung it at him. Badger dodged, laughed and boldly advanced toward her again.

"Just one kiss, sister," he teased. "You won't miss it, Nora." Nora calmly picked up a butcher knife, backed against the wall and waited. "You'll have to grab awful sudden if you want to shirk a date with the coroner," she said coolly. "I'm tired of having you pester me. You come any closer and I'll make this territory a better place to live in!"

Badger halted, laughing, made a feint as if to grab the girl, and then turned to stare curiously at Adam, who was clawing at his arm.

Adam was a sight worth staring at. His face was chalk white, his eyes wide and wild, his slender frame shaking as under the influence of ague.

"You let that girl alone!" he shouted, his fists gripped at his sides. "You let her alone, or I'll—I'll—"

"You'll what?" Badger asked.

"Why, you sniveling little runt, you!" He reached one big hand for Adam and then dodged back just in time to miss the vicious swish of the knife as Nora Nelson sprang at him. He dodged, laughed, caught up a table and holding it in front of him as a shield, fended off the enraged girl who sought his life with all the fury of a maddened animal.

"Well, well, well!" he chuckled, as he backed toward the door. "Smoked out your pet cub, did I? So you've got a fellow at last! That proves you're human, anyhow. Why didn't you pick a man while you were picking? Never mind! I'll take his place after I've run him out of camp. Then you'll wonder whyfore you ever wasted time on a wobbly, two-legged, blattin' little lamb like him."

Standing in the door, with the table still held before him, he looked at Adam and the mockery went out of his face and voice. "You leave town, young fellow," he commanded. "If I catch you in camp after sundown tonight, I'm going to take you apart and forget how to put you together again. You hear me!"

He looked at the girl again, dropped the table and ducked aside, as she threw the knife at him.

"By, sister," he called back from outside. "I'll be around again when your little woolly lamb has run home to its mother where it belongs."

AN HOUR later, Nora called on Peg Shelby, Adam's employer. Peg was a long, lean old Kentuckian, with a shock of white hair, mustache and goatee to match; an aquiline face and a wooden stump to take the place of the leg he had contributed to The Lost Cause. The mining camps of his time knew him for a man who could out-argue lawyers and evangelists and out-shoot gunmen who claimed to be such, which Peg did not.

"I'm gunning for Badger Hotchkiss," Nora announced briefly. "It won't make any bad trouble for me, if I kill him, will it?"

"I'm sorry, Nora," old Peg said pityingly, "but you mustn't kill



the skunk. It would make you the worst trouble in the world."

"I don't see why," Nora argued. "He comes pestering me up in Dawson after Dad died there, and I had to smash him with a chunk of firewood to keep him off me. Now he comes sashaying in here and starts bothering me again. He's insulted me, ain't he? Everybody in the territory knows he's a trouble hunter. I'll bet you couldn't get a jury of men no place, to do anything but let me go loose if I went and killed him."

Old Peg shook his head sadly. "You wouldn't get locked up for it, Nora," he said. "You'd make yourself worse trouble than that. Adam's been to see me. He told me about what happened."

Nora flushed. "Well?" she challenged. "That's all the more reason for me killing him, ain't it? I ain't going to let him run Adam out of town, and I sure ain't going to let him beat the boy up, or get into a shooting fuss with him. No

sir! Why, Lawdy, Peg! What chance would poor Adam have with him in a fight or a shooting fuss? The poor boy don't scarcely know which end of a gun a bullet comes out of!"

"That's all true enough, Nora," Peg agreed. "It ain't Adam I'm worryin' about; it's you!"

"Me? Huh! I reckon I can take care of myself!"

"THERE'S no doubt about that," Peg admitted. "You can take care of yourself all right. But can Adam take care of you?"

"He don't have to take care of me," Nora boasted.

"Oh, but he does," Peg insisted. "Nora, a woman can't any more be a man for her husband, than a man can be a mother to his wife's children. Adam had it put square up to him and he's got to be a man now or admit to himself that he ain't one. If he does admit that, you're going to be a mighty unhappy woman."

"Do you think I love him any the less just because he can't fight with a big bully like Badger Hotchkiss?" Nora demanded hotly.

"No, Nora, I don't think that. You probably love him all the better because he's not the kind of a man who can fight with Badger Hotchkiss; but if he don't make some sort of a shift at fightin' Badger now, he ain't ever going to keep on bein' the kind of a man

he is. A lot of folks say that a woman can't love a man if she knows he's a'scared. That ain't true. But it's a pretty hard business for a woman to get any satisfaction out of lovin' a man when the man himself knows he's scared. If you was to fight Adam's battle now, he'd soon get to hate himself; and when a fellow gets to hatin' himself, it ain't long before other folks start followin' his example; and pretty soon it gets to be a habit with everybody that knows him; and it's a habit that his wife will acquire in time, too. I'm sorry, Nora, but your young man will have to do his own fightin' now, or your chances of bein' happy with him, or makin' him happy with you, are slimmer than a hair off a gnat's eye-brow."

"But he can't fight Badger Hotchkiss," Nora protested tearfully.



"Look at me! He did this to me as easy as I'd squash a fly on a window pane!"

"I know he can't," old Peg Shelby agreed grimly. That's all the more reason why he's just plum got to do it, Nora, my girl."

At ten o'clock that evening in the late, lingering dusk of the Alaska summer night, Badger Hotchkiss met Adam on the street and whipped him unmercifully, practically without opposition, after the first blow; beat him black and blue and bloody, and then kicked him contemptuously into the street, leaving him stunned.

"You mind what I say and get out of town," he addressed the bruised, half-conscious boy lying panting in the mud. "If I catch you dirtying up the scenery around this place come sundown tomorrow, you'll think what I done to you tonight was just something friendly. Hear me, you little runt!"

NEAR to midnight Adam roused old Peg Shelby from his slumbers in the rear of the store. The boy's right eye was swollen shut. The left was less damaged, but encircled with a discoloration. His lips were cut and puffed so that he articulated with an effort.

"My God! Mr. Shelby, what am I going to do?" he asked desperately. "I can't fight this fellow; he's too big and strong for me. I'm just like a baby in his hands; I haven't a chance. What am I going to do?" "Been around to see Nora lately?" Peg asked him quietly. "No!" Adam said dejectedly, "I'm ashamed to see her."

"Good!" said old Peg heartily. "A fellow that can feel ashamed enough to stay away from his woman when he's on the wrong end of trouble, he's got something to work with. Got any ideas of your own?"

"No," said Adam. And then: "Well, yes, you might call it an idea, I suppose. I thought maybe I'd get a gun and hunt him up and shoot at him until he killed me. I suppose he would kill me, wouldn't he?" he asked, piteously.

"He sure would," Peg agreed with him. "Your idea does more credit to your heart than to your brain, son. No, you haven't got a chance with him in a shootin' match, that's sure. It's got to be done different."

"But, my God!" Adam cried desperately. "Look at me! He did this to me as easy as I'd squash a fly on a window pane. I simply can't do anything with him in a rough and tumble."

"Son," said old Peg solemnly, "I lost my leg tryin' to prove to the damn' Yanks that they was all I thought they was, but I learned somethin' doin' it that's been almost worth what it cost me. Son, I learned that there's just as much difference between winnin' a battle and winnin' a war, as there is between bein' broke and bein' a millionaire. Why, son, us fellows in the South, that fit on the contrary side, we won so damned many battles, we just naturally wore ourselves out. But when we was all wore out, the damn' Yanks went and won the war on us, practically with no opposition, as you might say. Now, lickin' a man in just a two-man fight is somethin' like winnin' a battle; but runnin' a man out of town—well, that's more like winnin' a war. Now, Badger Hotchkiss won a battle from you tonight. Most likely he'll win some more battles if you stay around here where he can get at you easily. But that don't necessarily mean, son, that he's goin' to win the war. No, indeed it don't."

"But what can I do?" Adam asked.

"Well, I'll tell you how it was when we was fightin' the damn' Yanks," Peg said in indirect explanation. "We'd lick 'em good an' set down to rest, an' just about the time we got stretched out an' our pipes lit, the doggone, ornery critters 'd come pesterin' an' botherin' round for another lickin'. We'd get up an' give it to 'em an' start to set down again, an' damn me for a Son of a Siwash Sea Cook, if the ornery skunks wouldn't be back for more! You know,



Q. "Don't cry little girl—Everything is all right!"

son, we just licked 'em an' licked 'em, till we finally got wore out an' had to quit. Do you see?"

Adam admitted that he did not see.

Peg dropped his rambling anecdotal manner. He stood erect, his face grim and hard, and laid his gnarled old hand on the boy's shoulder.

"Son," he said sternly, "Badger Hotchkiss give you an awful bad beatin' tonight. It's a little after twelve now. He'll be hellin' round camp somewhere, takin' on likker or triffin' with a poker game some place. You go out and look him up. Wherever you find him, walk up to him and bust him in the eye. You prob'ly won't get in more than one punch, but just you get that one in and get it in good and hard."

"BUT he'll just beat me up again," Adam objected.

"That's precisely what he'll do, son," Peg admitted. "He'll probably whale you so severe that you'll most likely be in bed for a few days gettin' over it. If you have to go to bed, go right ahead and lay quiet till you're able to get up; and just the minute your feet get so you can stand on 'em and use 'em to go an' come you dig right out and locate this Badger Hotchkiss for yourself and bust him again. Just jump right into him the minute you see him. Give him what little you got, take all he hands you and go back to bed again."

"But I can't keep that up forever," Adam said in desperation. "He'll kill me, Mr. Shelby, I feel sure of it."

"Maybe he will, Adam," Peg agreed. "I ain't never been dead, so I can't say for sure, but my guess on it is, that it ain't as unpleasant as the way you'd feel for the rest of your life if you let this fellow Hotchkiss come it over you an' run you out of town, like he's aimin' to."

"But what's the sense of just letting him beat me up time after time after time?" Adam asked.

"Oh, you mustn't let him beat you up," Peg explained. "You mustn't let him do anything. No indeedy! You never get anywhere with a man lettin' him do something. But you just go on makin' him do it, and gettin' in a little poke in the eye of your own once in a while, and if he don't kill you, I'll make you a little bet, Adam Cravath, that he leaves town before you do."

"Do you actually mean to say, Peg, that he'll get scared of me?" poor Adam asked incredulously. [Continued on page 131]





**C** Janet Spence might have been a suppliant crying for mercy as she crouched there on the floor. Mr. Hutton had suddenly begun to devise a means of escape, but it was too late. "Marriage is a sacred tie," she sobbed. "And your respect for it, even when the marriage was an unhappy one, made me admire and—shall I dare say the word—yes, love you. But we're free now, Henry!"

# The Gioconda Smile

By Aldous Huxley

Illustrated by F. R. Gruger

**C** A story that proves there are no lengths to which a woman will not go to win the man she loves

"MISS SPENCE will be down soon, sir," the servant said. "Thank you," said Mr. Hutton, without turning round. The door closed. Left to himself, Mr. Hutton got up and began to wander round the room looking with meditative eyes at the familiar objects.

Photographs of Greek statuary, photographs of the Roman forum, colored prints of Italian masterpieces, all very safe and well known. Poor dear Janet, what a prig, what an intellectual snob! Her real taste was illustrated in that watercolor by the pavement artist, the one she had paid half a crown for (thirty-five shillings for the frame). How often he had heard her expatiate on the beauties of that skilful imitation of an oleograph! A genuine Old Master for half a crown. Poor dear Janet!

Mr. Hutton came to a pause in front of a little oblong mirror. Stooping a little to get a full view of his face, he passed a white, well-manicured finger over his mustache. It was as curly, as freshly auburn as it had been twenty years ago. His hair still retained its color and there was no sign of baldness yet—only a certain elevation of the brow. "Shakespearean," thought Mr. Hutton as he surveyed the smooth expanse of his forehead.

Others abide our question, thou art free. . . . Footsteps in the sea. . . . Majesty. . . . Shakespeare, thou shouldst be living at this hour. No, that was Milton, wasn't it? Milton, the Lady of Christ's. There was no Lady about him. He was what women would call a manly man. That was why they liked him—for the curly auburn mustache and the discreet redolence of tobacco. Mr. Hutton smiled again; he enjoyed making fun of himself in this way.

Suddenly he became aware that Janet Spence was in the room, standing near the door. Mr. Hutton started as though he had been taken in some felonious act. To make these silent and spectral appearances was one of Janet Spence's peculiar talents. Perhaps she had been there all the time, had seen him looking at himself in the mirror. Impossible! But still it was very disquieting just the same.

"Oh, you gave me such a surprise, Miss Spence," said Mr. Hutton, recovering his bland smile and advancing with outstretched hand to meet her.

Miss Spence was smiling too, her Gioconda smile, he had once called it in a moment of half-ironical flattery. Miss Spence had taken the compliment seriously and always tried to live up to the Leonardo standard. She smiled on in silence while Mr. Hutton shook hands.

"I hope you're well," said Mr. Hutton. "You look it."

**W**HAT a queer face she had! That small mouth pursed forward by the Gioconda expression into a little snout with a round hole in the middle as though for whistling—it was like a penholder seen from the front. Above the mouth a well-shaped nose, finely aquiline. Eyes large, lustrous and dark, with the largeness, luster and darkness that seems to invite sties and an occasional bloodshot suffusion. They were fine eyes, but unchangingly grave. Above them a pair of boldly-arched, heavily-penciled eyebrows lent a surprising air of power, as of a Roman matron, to the upper portion of the face. Her hair was dark and equally Roman.

"I thought I'd just look in on my way home," Mr. Hutton went on. "Ah, it's good to be back in the country after a stuffy day of business in town."

Miss Spence, who had sat down, pointed to a chair at her side. "No, really, I can't sit down," Mr. Hutton protested. "I must get back to see how poor Emily is. She was rather seedy this morning." He sat down nevertheless. "It's these wretched liver chills. She's always getting them. Women—" He broke off and coughed. He was about to say that women with weak digestions ought not to marry; but the remark was too cruel, and he didn't really believe it. Janet Spence, moreover,

was a believer in eternal flames and spiritual attachments. "She hopes to be well enough," he added, "to see you at luncheon to-morrow. Can you come? Do!" He smiled persuasively. "It's my invitation, too."

She dropped her eyes and Mr. Hutton thought that he detected a certain reddening of the cheek. It was a tribute; he stroked his mustache.

"I should like to come if you think Emily's really well enough to have a visitor."

"Of course. You'll do her good. You'll do us both good. In married life three is often better company than two."

"Oh, you're cynical."

Mr. Hutton always had a desire to say, "Bow-wow-wow," whenever that last word was spoken. It irritated him more than any other word in the language. But instead of barking he made haste to protest.

"No, no. I'm only speaking a melancholy truth. Reality doesn't always come up to the ideal, you know. But that doesn't make me believe any the less in the ideal. Indeed, I believe in it passionately—the ideal of matrimony between two people in perfect accord, I think it's realizable. I'm sure it is."

**H**E PAUSED significantly and looked at her with an arch expression. She had her charms. And there was something really rather enigmatic about her. Miss Spence made no reply but continued to smile. There were times when Mr. Hutton got rather bored with the Gioconda. He stood up.

"I must really be going now. Farewell, mysterious Gioconda." The smile grew intenser, focused itself, as it were, in a narrower snout. Mr. Hutton kissed her extended hand. It was the first time he had done such a thing.

With a gesture that was almost the blowing of a kiss he started to run down the drive, lightly, on his toes, with long bounding strides like a boy's. He was proud of that run; it was quite marvelously youthful. Still, he was glad the drive was no longer. Once out of sight of the house, he let his high paces decline to a trot and finally to a walk. He took out his handkerchief and began wiping his neck inside his collar. What fools, what fools! Had there ever been such an ass as poor dear Janet? Never, unless it was himself. Why did he persist?

He had reached the gate. A large, prosperous-looking motor was standing at the side of the road.

"Home, McNab." The chauffeur touched his cap. "And stop at the cross-roads on the way as usual," Mr. Hutton added as he opened the door of the car. "Well?" he said, speaking into the obscurity that lurked within.

"Oh, Teddy Bear, what an age you've been!" It was a fresh and childish voice that spoke the words. There was the faintest hint of Cockney impurity about the vowel sounds.

Mr. Hutton bent his large form and darted into the car with the agility of an animal regaining its burrow.

"Have I?" he said as he shut the door. The machine began to move. "You must have missed me a lot if you found the time so long." He sat back into the low seat; a cherishing warmth enveloped him.

"Teddy Bear. . . ." and with a sigh of contentment a charming little head reclined on Mr. Hutton's shoulder. Ravished, he looked down sideways at the round, babyish face.

He covered the babyish face with kisses. The car rushed smoothly along. McNab's back, through the front window, was stonily impassive, the back of a statue.

"Your hands," Doris whispered. "Oh, you mustn't touch me! They give me electric shocks."

Mr. Hutton adored her for the virgin imbecility of the words. "The electricity isn't in me, it's in you." He kissed her again whispering her name several times, "Doris, Doris, Doris." The scientific appellation of a sea mouse, he was thinking as

he kissed the throat she offered him, white and extended like the throat of a victim awaiting the sacrificial knife.

"Oh, Teddy Bear!" (More zoology; but he was only a land animal. His poor little jokes!) "Teddy Bear, I'm so happy."

"So am I," said Mr. Hutton. Was it true?

"But I wish I knew if it were right. Tell me, Teddy Bear, is it right or wrong?"

"That's just what I've been wondering for the last thirty years."

"Be serious, Teddy Bear. I want to know if this is right, if it's right that I should be here with you and that we should love one another and that it should give me electric shocks whenever you touch me."

"Right? Well, it's certainly good that you should have electric shocks rather than repressions. Read Freud; repressions are the devil."

"Oh, you don't help me. Why aren't you ever serious? If only you knew how miserable I am sometimes, thinking it's not right. Sometimes I think I ought to stop loving you," she said, on the verge of tears.

"But could you?" asked Mr. Hutton, confident in his powers of seduction and in his mustache.

"**N**O, TEDDY BEAR, you know I couldn't. But I could run away, I could hide from you, I could lock myself up and force myself not to come to you."

"Silly little thing!" He tightened his embrace.

"Oh, dear, I hope it isn't wrong! And there are times when I don't care if it is."

Mr. Hutton was touched. He had a certain protective affection for this little creature. He laid his cheek against her hair while the car, swaying and pitching a little as it hastened along, seemed to draw in the white road and the dusty hedges toward it devouringly.

"Good-by, good-by."

The car moved on, gathered speed, vanished round a curve, and Doris was left standing by the signpost at the cross-roads. She had half a mile in which to invent the necessary lies.

Mrs. Hutton was lying on the sofa in her boudoir, playing patience. In spite of the warmth of the July evening a wood fire was burning on the hearth.

"Phew! Isn't it rather hot in here?" Mr. Hutton asked as he entered the room.

"You know I have to keep warm, dear." The voice seemed breaking on the verge of tears. "I get so shivery."

"I hope you're better this evening."

"Not much, I'm afraid."

The conversation stagnated. Mr. Hutton stood leaning his back against the mantelpiece. Mrs. Hutton continued to play patience. Arrived at an impasse, she altered the position of one card, took back another and went on playing. Her patience always came out.



**A** The spectacle of Janet Spence evoked in Hutton an unfailing curiosity. He was sure that there was something queer behind that Gioconda smile. The only question was—what exactly was there?



"Dr. Libbard thinks I ought to go to Llandrindod Wells."

"Well, go, my dear, go, most certainly."

Mr. Hutton was thinking of the events of the afternoon: how they had driven, Doris and he, up to the hanging wood, had left the car to wait for them under the shade of the trees and walked together out into the windless sunshine of the chalk down.

"I'm to drink waters for my liver and he thinks I ought to have massage and electric treatment, too."

Hat in hand, Doris had stalked four blue butterflies that were dancing together round a scabious flower with a motion that was like the flickering of blue fire. The blue fire burst and scattered into whirling sparks; she had given chase, laughing and shouting like a child.

"I'm sure it will do you good, my dear."

"I was wondering if you'd come with me, dear."

**B**UT YOU won't be alone. You'll have your maid with you." He spoke impatiently. He was being dragged back from the memory of the sunlit down and the quick, laughing girl, back to this unhealthy overheated room and its complaining occupant.

"I don't think I shall be able to go," she faltered.

"But you must, my dear, if the doctor tells you to."

"No, I can't face it. I'm too weak. I can't go alone." Mrs. Hutton pulled a handkerchief out of her black silk bag and put it to her eyes.

"Oh, Lord! Now do be reasonable. Listen now, please." Mrs. Hutton only sobbed more violently. "Oh, what is one to do?" He shrugged his shoulders and walked out of the room.

Mr. Hutton was aware that he had not behaved with proper patience; but he could not help it. Very early in his manhood he had discovered that not only did he not feel sympathy for the poor, the weak, the diseased and deformed; he actually hated them. It was not, he knew, a very comely emotion and he had been ashamed of it at first. In the end he had decided that it was temperamental, inevitable, and had felt no further qualms.

On the following day Mrs. Hutton came down to luncheon. She had had some unpleasant palpitations during the night, but she was feeling better now. Besides, she wanted to do honor to her guest. Miss Spence listened to her complaints about Llandrindod Wells and was loud in sympathy, lavish with advice. Whatever she said was always said with intensity. Bang! the charge in her soul was ignited, the words whizzed forth at the narrow barrel of her mouth. She was a machine gun riddling her hostess with sympathy. Under the bombardment Mrs. Hutton opened out like a flower in the sun.

Mr. Hutton looked on in silence. The spectacle of Janet Spence evoked in him an unfailing curiosity. His wife and Doris—they were nothing more than what they seemed to be. But here one could be sure that there was some kind of queer face behind the Gioconda smile and the Roman eyebrows. The only question was: what exactly was there?



**I**n the midst of his speculations he heard his wife asking the maid to run up to the house for her medicine. Suddenly solicitous, he jumped to his feet and smilingly offered to go for it himself.

"But perhaps you won't have to go to Llandrindod after all," Miss Spence was saying. "If you get well quickly, Dr. Libbard will let you off."

"I only hope so. Indeed, I do really feel rather better today."

Mr. Hutton felt ashamed. How much was it his own lack of sympathy that prevented her from feeling well every day?

"My dear, I wouldn't eat those red currants if I were you," he said, suddenly solicitous.

"But I am so fond of them," Mrs. Hutton protested, "and I feel so well today."

"Don't be a tyrant," said Miss Spence, looking first at him and then at his wife. "Let the poor invalid have what she fancies; it will do her good."

"Thank you, my dear." Mrs. Hutton helped herself to the stewed currants.

THEY sat in the garden after luncheon.

Mr. Hutton took a deep breath of the warm and fragrant air. "It's good to be alive," he said.

"Just to be alive," his wife echoed, stretching one pale knot-jointed hand into the sunlight.

A maid brought the coffee; the silver pots and the little blue cups were set on a folding table near the group of chairs.

"Oh, my medicine!" exclaimed Mrs. Hutton. "Run in and fetch it, Clara, will you. The white bottle on the sideboard."

"I'll go," said Mr. Hutton. "I've got to go and fetch a cigar in any case."

He ran in toward the house. On the threshold he turned round for an instant. Miss Spence was bending over the table, pouring out the coffee.

"Do you like sugar in your coffee?" Miss Spence inquired.

"Yes, please. Give me rather a lot. I'll drink it after my medicine to take the taste away."

Behind her Miss Spence was making a delicate clinking among the coffee cups.

"I've given you three large spoonfuls. That ought to take the taste away. And here comes the medicine."

Mr. Hutton had reappeared, carrying a wine-glass half full of a pale liquid.

"It smells delicious," he said, as he handed it to his wife.

"That's only the flavoring." She drank it off at a gulp, shuddered and made a grimace. "Ugh, it's so nasty! Give me my coffee."

Miss Spence gave her the cup; she sipped at it. "You've made it like syrup. But it's very nice after that atrocious medicine," she admitted.

At half-past three Mrs. Hutton complained that she did not feel as well as she had done and went indoors to lie down. Her husband was sympathetic, gave her his arm to the house.

"A rest will do you good," he said. "By the way, I shan't be back till after dinner."

"But why? Where are you going?"

"I promised to go to Johnson's this evening. We have to discuss the war memorial, you know."

"Oh, I wish you weren't going." Mrs. Hutton was almost in tears. "Can't you stay? I don't like being alone in the house."

"But, my dear, I promised—weeks ago." It was a bother having to lie like this. "And now I must get back and look after Miss Spence."

He kissed her on the forehead and went out again into the garden. Miss Spence received him aimed and intense.

"Your wife is dreadfully ill," she fired off at him.

"I thought she cheered up so much when you came."

"That was purely nervous, purely nervous. I was watching her closely. With a heart in that condition and her digestion wrecked—yes, wrecked—anything might happen."

"Libbard doesn't take so gloomy a [Continued on page 124]



❖ "It's all my fault," Doris wailed. "I shouldn't have loved you. If they do anything to you I shall kill myself."

**C** Northcliffe has been the most powerful newspaper man in Europe. He has made and unmade statesmen. He has bought a multitude of papers and given some of them astonishing circulations. The other day the cables flashed the news of his breakdown. It followed his defeat in a finish fight with a little Welshman whom he had helped to make Prime Minister. As we go to press the whole world is wondering whether Northcliffe can come back as he has come back from lesser breakdowns.

# Is Northcliffe Through?

By Norman Angell

For ten years Managing Director of the  
Paris edition of the Northcliffe Daily Mail

**O**NE speaks of "the Northcliffe press" and has in mind the series of morning, evening and weekly newspapers, properly speaking, known to, say, an American who spends a few weeks in England: the London Times (the most "historic" paper in the world); the Daily Mail, with a circulation of more than a million copies a day—which is greater than the circulation of any morning paper published in the United States; the Daily Mirror, the paper of illustrations with a circulation close to the million mark; the Evening News, the evening edition of the Daily Mail, with a circulation of about three-quarters of a million; the Glasgow Mail and Record, a Scottish daily of large circulation; the Weekly Despatch, a Sunday paper (as the London daily papers do not publish on Sundays, the Sunday papers belong to a special class and have often enormous circulations); as well as other Sunday and weekly journals.

But we shall never understand how Northcliffe obtained his power, nor its nature, unless we keep in mind the fact that the Northcliffe press consists mainly not in these daily papers at all, enormous as is their influence, but in certain organs of which the visiting American probably never hears, of the existence of which indeed most educated Englishmen are unaware.

The "Harmsworths," as they were called before they became ennobled, were an extremely wealthy publishing firm and had great power in the formation of English feeling and opinion (though many would deny this), long before they published a daily paper, or indeed anything which could be described as a newspaper, properly speaking. And even today the main source of their revenue is not in the daily press but in some eighty publications which constitute the reading matter of perhaps the greater part of the British population and make up the greatest publishing business in the world.

And that organization, with the colossal fortune and influence that has resulted from it, has been built up by a man who is not yet old, who was penniless and unknown when he began, in a conservative country suspicious of innovations, whose capital was already provided with great newspapers.

I have seen statements in the American press to the effect that Northcliffe is of working-class origin, or at least not of the social



order which makes him a "gentleman" in the European sense. This is wrong. He comes of the upper middle classes, from which, until a few years ago, the rulers of England were mainly drawn. His father was a barrister of the Middle Temple—that is to say, an Advocate in the English Courts. The family is of partly Irish stock (Alfred, the Viscount-Northcliffe-to-be, was born in Dublin) with, however, humorously enough, both German and French affiliations.

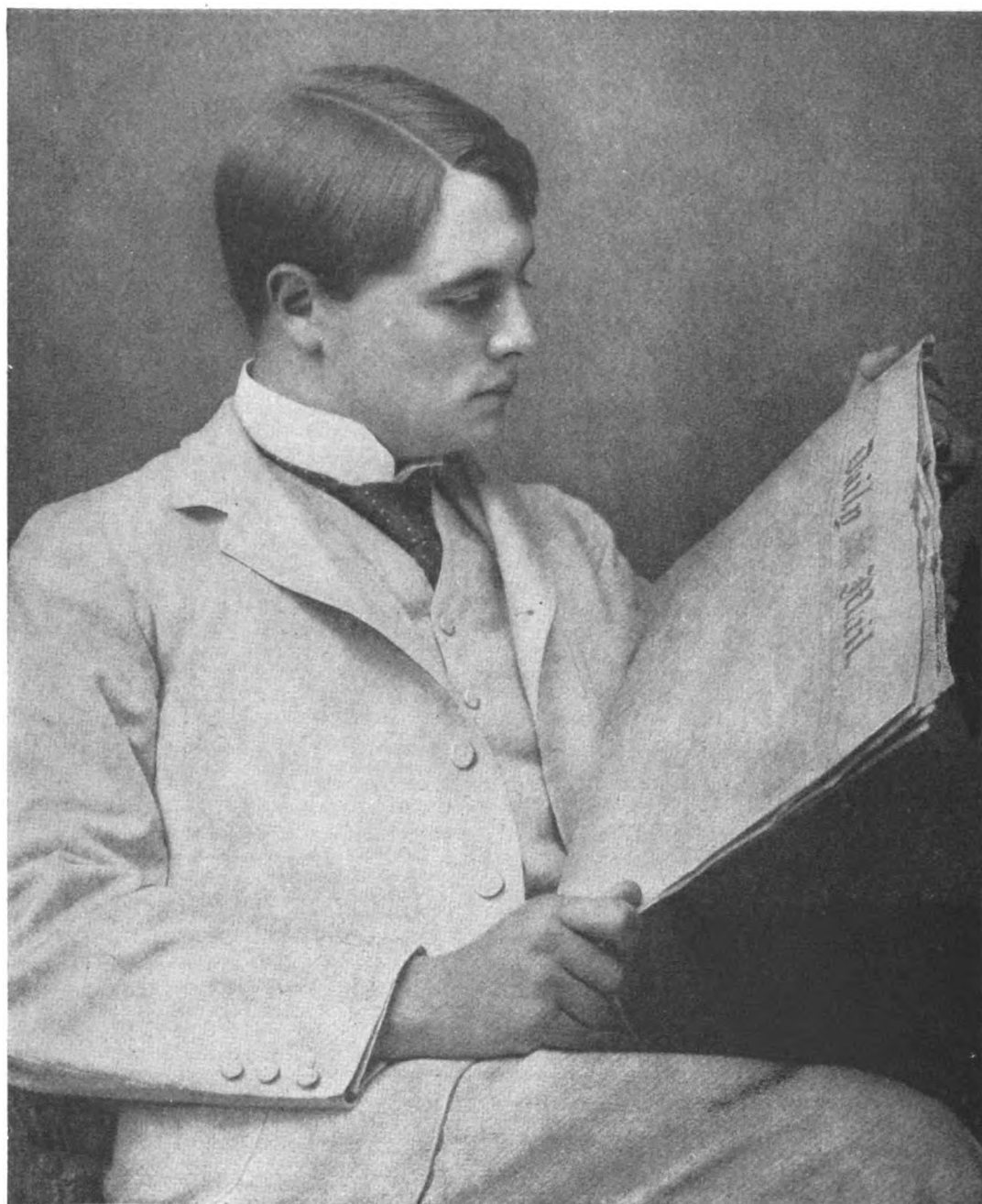
In his intercourse with his subordinates Northcliffe usually displays great courtesy and charm, exercising a real magnetism over those with whom he comes in contact. Although autocratic in his methods of administration, he is, in his social contact, democratic, simple; though not a good conversationalist—for reasons I will indicate presently—he has a pagan zest in life, a schoolboy attitude and humor which make him a good companion. His heads of departments often become close personal friends, staying at his country houses, knowing his family, meeting his friends. He is a model employer. Quick, it is true, both to "fire and to hire," but generous to the point of extravagance in his recognition of merit. This by way of discounting certain legends.

Alfred was the eldest of a very large family of brothers, and when in the normal order of events he would have gone to the University, the family fell upon hard times, and instead, at sixteen, he went into the world, and with astounding rapidity was able to provide and make careers in one way or another for every one of those brothers. Parenthetically, his lavish generosity to them, as to his mother, is entirely characteristic of a side in him which no one who knows him would want to minimize.

It is important to note the choice he made.

The England of the eighties was, we may recall, the England of William Morris, Darwin, Huxley, Tyndall, Newman, Carlyle, Herbert Spencer, Bradlaugh, Gladstone, Dilke, Parnell and all that they stood for in social and moral and intellectual ferment; it was the England of Fabianism, Positivism, Estheticism, the beginnings of political Labor and Feminism, of a definite Republicanism, of the struggles around Irish Home Rule. Men were beginning to "find out the industrial revolution"; to discover that steam and electricity had not really liberated England, but rather





**A.** *Into a new world—the England of the eighties—came young Alfred Harmsworth, completely indifferent to the political upheavals of that time. But later, as Lord Northcliffe, he was to play a tremendous role in the politics of his generation.*

had filled it with slums and a new and perhaps worse oppression and poverty, and were looking for salvation rather to new social and moral ideas, and everywhere young men were dreaming dreams of the New World that they would cause to be born.

To all this young Alfred, who was one day to play so big a rôle in the politics of his generation, seems to have been completely indifferent.

**W**E GET the key to Northcliffe's incredible success, to the real character of his influence and the nature of the problem which the Northcliffe influence in British politics represents when we note that the journalist, who was to have more weight in politics than any journalist his country had known, lays out his campaign for the capture of the nation's mind by disregarding political ideas and movements altogether and by turning to the journalism which concerns itself with the bicycle, sport, photography, amusement, boys' interests. Not only was this the type of newspaper work

in which he was mainly engaged as a free lance in the years from sixteen to twenty-three, but the same method of approach is reflected when he came to establish papers of his own.

His first—and most characteristic—venture was *Answers*. *Answers* belongs to a category of publication for which the United States has no duplicate. And it rather defies description. It is addressed presumably to adults. Format; eight inches by twelve; paper, very cheap news print; type smaller than that current in newspapers. The first item on the first page of the first number of this historic sheet is a ten-line paragraph about an idiot that had a habit of shouting the hours when the clock indicated them; the second paragraph, twenty lines, is devoted to describing the intelligence with which an anonymous ass worked a horse pump; the third item deals with the beginnings of silk stockings; the fourth with "The Origin of Grog"; the fifth the origin of hair-powder; the sixth with the discovery of some fossil bacon. Later numbers contain on the front page a selection of the kind of joke one may still see in American country papers on the editorial page.



**L** To the end of worsening at certain crises the character of the English mind, making it more trivial, less balanced, sometimes more cruel and vindictive, by giving it what it wants when it wants it, Lord Northcliffe has contributed as no man before him.

Young Harmsworth applied the principle of "Following what succeeds, and doing it more so." He offered a pound a week for life to the competitor who would come nearest to guessing the amount of money, on a certain date, in the Bank of England. There was the usual dodge of coupon, two attested names, etc. Result: seven hundred thousand competitors, and the paper brought to the attention, through the names on the coupons, of three million people.

In a few years the profits on this one publication amounted to over a quarter of a million dollars annually.

The backbone of this business is the weekly periodical, publications for boys, for girls, for the home, dealing with amusements, dressmaking, hobbies, cooking, "society," fiction, but *not* dealing with any problem or idea in politics, or sociology or religion (though the firm publishes religious periodicals). The firm has never produced a publication that gave any large place to the discussion of "general ideas." One or two of the more recent of the children's publications (The Children's Encyclopedia; The

Little Paper, etc.) are excellent, and seem to be improving, and constitute at times an exception to the general rule.

**T**o what must we ascribe its enormous success? To two things: First, the Education Acts of 1870 which made it compulsory for every English child to be taught to read (this brought into being by 1888 a public of tens of millions for whom the existing press—stolid, heavy, leisure-demanding—made no provision), and, secondly, the genius which Harmsworth showed for understanding the new type of public.

He found that such publishers as were catering for it went on a fundamentally fallacious principle.

When the Harmsworths turned to daily journalism, they made a success in that field for the same reasons which had given them success in the field of periodicals. The old type of English newspaper—long verbatim reports of Parliaments, law cases and political speeches; "weighty" and ponderous discussions of

foreign affairs, no condensation of news, no headlines—was produced with an eye purely to the servant-keeping class, the clubman, the merchant, the politician, the country rectory—say a reading public of perhaps a million in all. The Harmsworths, when they established the Evening News and a little later the Daily Mail, went after the remaining forty millions or thereabouts—the women left at home, the typist, the bus conductor, servant girl, everybody—and got them.

And it got them by the same methods which had made Answers and its progeny a success. Harmsworth knew that "public affairs" were not for the million. Public affairs were, for the women, for instance, the fashions, "society," what people were wearing; for the men, sport, the "human element" in the police cases, personalia in politics. The study of the inattentions and the trivialities of the public mind became with Northcliffe a profound science.

AND so millions bought his papers because of their way of reporting a boxing match, distributing pictures to reading matter in a certain proportion and a certain way, presenting the fashions as they had not been presented before in a daily press. And having obtained power by that order of motive on the part of the public, that power was used for purposes to which the motive had no relation. It is because of his sports or his fashion page, not because of any idea that the public really has of his capacity to deal with politics or economics, that Northcliffe is an enormous force in deciding the issues of Free Trade and Protection, peace and war.

That is the supreme paradox of Northcliffe political power. The founder of Answers may have the soundest of political judgment, a genius for economic and political problems, all sorts of qualifications for statesmanship, but it is not in any case those things which have given him his political power. *The thing which gave him the power of statesman had nothing to do with statesmanship.*

In war time he can dominate politicians as he proved when he was largely instrumental in the deposition of Asquith and the putting in power of Lloyd George. But when peace comes the politicians can in some measure defy the sensational press, as George has defied Northcliffe. And this is a suggestive indication of the limitation of Northcliffe's powers.

The 1905 election in England was fought on the issue of a chauvinist and Protectionist Imperialism versus Liberalism, Free Trade and Conciliation in South Africa. The Harmsworth Press was "all out" for the former policy and in opposition to the latter. And much of the London press, seeing how a Jingo line had coincided with phenomenal expansion of circulation, had followed suit. If the "stunt press," as it has come to be called in England, could be considered as, in all circumstances, either the leader or the representative of the active political public opinion, Chamberlain should have carried all before him and Sir Henry Campbell-Bannerman should have been swept into limbo. The exact contrary occurred. Someone has said of that election that "all the press was on one side and all the votes on the other." This is not the place to analyze that really extraordinary manifestation and is recalled here only as throwing some light on what was to happen ten years later in the dramatic struggle between two great personal embodiments of democracy—or demagoguery, if you will—Lord Northcliffe and Mr. Lloyd George.

To understand the Northcliffe-George incident and its outcome certain things must be kept in mind. On the one question that the Germans must be beaten George and Northcliffe were of one mind. But if they were of one mind on war policy, they were certainly not of one mind on the policy of the settlement. And of this from the beginning, undoubtedly, Mr. Lloyd George has been much more aware than Lord Northcliffe.

As a pro-Boer critic of Chamberlain and Harmsworth in the Boer War, and with the memory of the intensity of popular feeling aroused even over that hole-and-corner affair, George knew that during a war of the dimensions of the last, the type of mind and policy represented by Northcliffe, and the power of his press in giving expression to it, would be supreme. For the period of the war he would not challenge that press; he would use it. But he knew also that he would have to challenge it when it came to the settlement. As his memorandum of 1918 shows, his is far too "political" and realist a mind to believe that the Northcliffe policy of extermination of, or everlasting enmity to, a people of seventy millions in Central Europe (or to peoples of two hundred millions if we include Russia) can possibly work. On this point he had very definite ideas argued, thought out, tested, where Northcliffe had only the feelings, the common passions, animosi-

ties and hates. Would he be able to use Northcliffe in war and challenge him in peace?

The details of the Asquith-George-Northcliffe episode of 1916 are still matters of controversy, but the broad outlines are plain enough. In 1915 Northcliffe—whose sincere conviction that he was pursuing a policy essential to the success of British arms need not be doubted for a moment—began a campaign of violent criticism of the British Cabinet as it then existed. All were included—Balfour and Grey were attacked as bitterly as Asquith and Hal-dane—except one: Mr. Lloyd George. Partisans of Asquith represent George as having gone behind the backs of his colleagues to come to a bargain with this outside critic: "Support me against the others and I will support your policies."

What we know is what happened: That Asquith and Grey went; that their going was largely the result of the fierce campaign that Northcliffe waged against them; that George, whose claims were warmly supported by the Northcliffe press, came into power as Prime Minister, that he and Northcliffe became extremely intimate, and that Northcliffe came to occupy various offices—Director of Enemy Propaganda (of all things!), head of the British War Mission in America. Titles were distributed among Northcliffe's newspaper staff like pies at a picnic—Knighthoods to correspondents, Baronetcies to business managers, Orders of the British Empire to head clerks.

SUCH WAS the relation between the two up to the Armistice. And then Northcliffe made it plain that just as he had decreed who should govern—and consequently what policy should be followed—during the war, so he intended to dominate the conditions of peace. Already he had made himself virtual arbiter of what policies the nation should be allowed even to consider. When Lord Lansdowne and others presumed to suggest, for the nation's consideration, the policy of an earlier and negotiated peace, he had decided that the British people—or that very large proportion whose mind he controlled—should not be allowed to know that responsible people were making such a suggestion.

The first tussle with Mr. Lloyd George came at the 1918 election. Northcliffe had demanded among other things that the Germans should be made to pay "the whole cost of the war." Now George knew perfectly well, as his memorandum showed, that the Germans could not be made to pay the whole costs of the war, and that it would be disastrous to try to make them. It was evident that in going to the people for a "mandate" in 1918, he wanted to be free of any such undertaking. The Northcliffe press was immediately on his trail and there began one of the campaigns that it knows how to organize. Day after day in its pages was a slogan, "HE HAS NOT SAID IT." The public began to demand that he "say it." Well, at the end he was obliged to "say it"—and it has bedeviled his policy ever since.

ONCE THE election was over, a subtle change set in in the attitude of the public to the whole thing. It had had its fill of crises and politics and sensations and national disasters. After five years of war-strain it wanted to amuse itself—and Northcliffe discovered that his rampagings against Lloyd George fell flat. If the Prime Minister would indulge in an occasional diatribe against the Germans the public was content to leave him alone. Mr. George soon found this out and said in effect to Lord Northcliffe, "Do your damndest!" There came an occasion when in a speech in the House of Commons he declared that his erstwhile colleague and confederate "had no more judgment or reliability than a grasshopper." And the House roared its approval. He had defied this Jove and no thunderbolts fell. Nothing happened. For the time being George was master of the situation and Northcliffe, with all his power, found that now he could do nothing. And when Lord Northcliffe left on his much-heralded world tour, some of his newspaper colleagues were unkind enough to suggest that it was to nurse his discomfiture at having been worsted in this duel with the politician for whose accession to power he was so largely responsible.

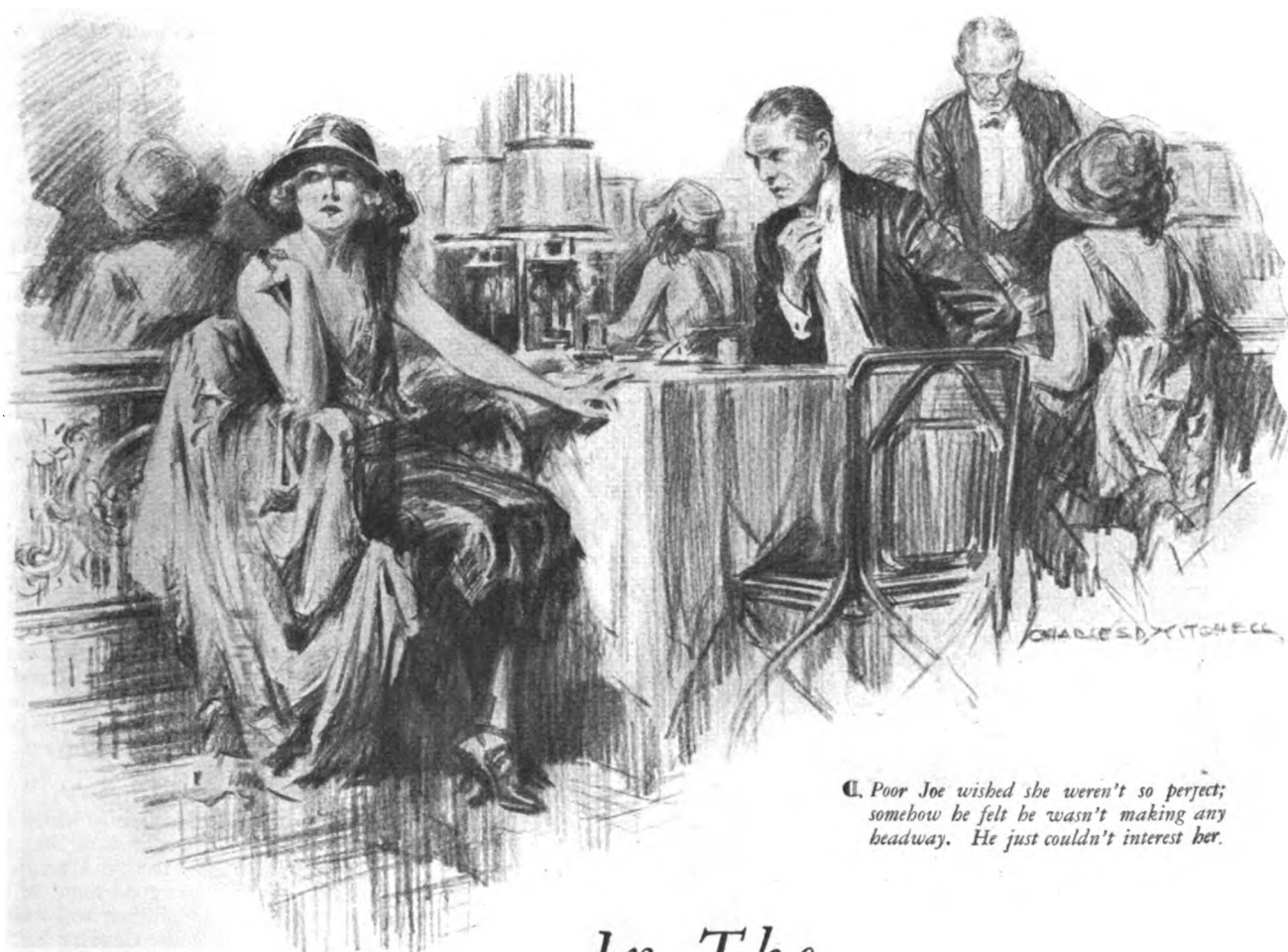
To the end of worsening at certain crises the character of the English mind, making it more trivial, less balanced, sometimes more cruel and vindictive, by giving it what it wants when it wants it, Lord Northcliffe has contributed as no man before him. One may detest the task which, on occasion, he has accomplished, and admire the real genius he has brought to it.

One need not blame the man. He is a manifestation of certain social forces. Little given to introspection, Northcliffe has doubtless followed such garish light as he happened to see.

If blame there be, it is with the public.



**C** Back in the old home town when a girl lightly remarked that they served good sodas at Bundy's you knew it was up to you to buy. But when a very upstage young lady in New York says the same thing, how is a fellow to "get" just what she means?



**C.** Poor Joe wished she weren't so perfect; somehow he felt he wasn't making any headway. He just couldn't interest her.

# In The New York Manner

By Lucian Cary

Illustrated by Charles D. Mitchell

**J**OE THAYER came down Fifth Avenue swinging his stick as if he owned the street. It was a whangee stick and it was that kind of morning. It was that morning in April when spring boldly announces herself; that morning when the myriads of buds on the trees in Madison Square actually burst into myriads of tiny leaves of the tenderest and palest green; that morning when the street vendors suddenly abandon gardenias for violets; that morning when Fifth Avenue is full of new hats. On such a morning it occurs simultaneously to thousands of young men that New York is full of pretty girls.

Joe arrived at the offices of Shotwell & Orme just in time to see Miss Robinson disappear through the door that led to the art department. She hadn't seen him. She had turned just as he came out of the elevator. If the elevator had been two seconds faster she would have seen him. In which case she would have smiled and said, "Good morning, Mr. Thayer." And Joe would have walked into his new office and smiled happily at his new

secretary and said something about what a grand morning it was and whistled while he looked over his mail. But the elevator was slow, too slow. Joe walked into his office frowning thoughtfully and merely nodded to his secretary.

On his desk was a booklet entitled, "In the New York Manner." Joe picked up the booklet and read it through from cover to cover. Then he walked over to the window and looked down on Madison Square.

Of course you can look down on Madison Square on the day that spring comes and think how fortunate it is that men who are out of work can sit on the benches and be warmed by the sun—for nothing. Or you can think that after all spring comes more poignantly in the heart of Manhattan, where there are so few evidences of her, than in the country, where there are so many. You can, indeed, think anything you please. But Joe Thayer could only wonder what to do about Miss Robinson. It was six months since he had come on from Indiana to make a place for

himself in the offices of Shotwell & Orme. It was six months since Uncle Jim Shotwell, leading him casually through the art department, had introduced him to Miss Robinson and she had looked up from her drawing-board long enough to smile and say, "Good morning, Mr. Thayer." In that six months he had succeeded. That is, he had succeeded with Shotwell & Orme. He had a new job and a new office and a secretary entirely his to command. But he was exactly where he was in the first place with Miss Robinson. She had never said anything to him but "Good morning, Mr. Thayer." When, as this morning, the elevator was too slow, she didn't even say that.

IT WASN'T that Miss Robinson was especially unapproachable or distant or anything like that. Joe had never said anything to her but, "Good morning, Miss Robinson." Not even, "Isn't it a nice day?" And especially not, "Where are you going to lunch?" Why hadn't he? He asked himself that question now. Why hadn't he? Why?

It was because she was so extraordinarily pretty in such a quiet, distinguished way. And because her voice was so cool and smooth—one of those contraltoish voices. And because of the air with which she carried herself, of the way she wore her clothes. She was simply dressed always. But her clothes so exactly suited her. She looked as if she could step into a Rolls-Royce without the slightest trace of self-consciousness—as a matter of course. In short, it was because she had the New York manner.

Joe sat down at his desk and idly turned the leaves of the booklet. It had been printed to advertise the wares of a dealer in men's furnishings. It raised, and answered in detail, the question of how a young citizen of the metropolis ought to dress in order to say quietly but unmistakably that he belonged. It spoke of simplicity and distinction and ease.

"What is it that gives a man that assured ease, that secure self-confidence?" the booklet asked. And it proceeded to answer: "Above everything else it is the knowledge that he is appropriately dressed for the occasion."

Joe decided that the answer said altogether too much. It distinctly implied that if you were appropriately dressed you would have assured ease, secure self-confidence. Indeed, he had intended to imply that when he had written it. He had believed it was so. When he had invented that slogan—"In the New York Manner"—he had been convinced that the right clothes were a sure way to achieve the New York manner. But there seemed to be a catch in it somewhere. There was more to it than just clothes.

Suppose you were from a small city in Indiana. Suppose you knew the ways of that town backward and forward, so you were never in doubt as to what was what. Suppose you knew exactly how to proceed from the stage of "Good morning, Miss Robinson," to the stage of kissing her good night just before you left her at her own front door. Suppose you could do all this quite perfectly in Indiana—what would you do in New York?

Back home you would be meeting the girl in Main Street two or three times a week. One day you would ask her if she wouldn't go into Bundy's drug-store and have a soda. She would. And then you'd naturally walk home with her. And then she'd naturally say, "Why don't you come and see me some time?" You would. And then you'd ask her to the next Saturday night dance at the Country Club. By that time you'd be calling her Susan and she'd be calling you Joe and everybody in town would know that she was your girl. And then—of a moonlight night in May, one of those glamorous nights, the kind they have in Indiana, when the elms have made a leafy arch over Main Street and the odor of lilac is sweet on the wind—you'd be walking home with her and you'd take her arm and then you'd snuggle her hand into yours and then as you were saying good night you'd just naturally put your arm around her and kiss her.

But what would you do in New York?

HE WOULD never meet her casually in Fifth Avenue. At least he never had. He didn't even know whether she came down on the subway or on the bus or walked. He had followed her out of the building often enough at five o'clock in the afternoon. But he had been afraid to stay close behind her for fear she would think he was following her. And so he had lost her in the crowd immediately.

But supposing he did get up his nerve to wait for her and ask if he might walk up the Avenue with her—assuming that she did walk up or would, when the weather was fine—and that she

acquiesced. What would you do then? What was the next step? You couldn't very well ask her to step in and have a soda. That would be small-town stuff. You could ask her out to lunch. But it was a kind of rule, an unwritten rule, but still almost a rule, that you didn't do that kind of thing at Shotwell & Orme's. What he really wanted to do was to ask her out to dinner. But he could hardly do that right off. And besides, what kind of a place would he ask her to? Delmonico's? That would seem awfully swanky. On the other hand he didn't want to take her to any of the Italian table d'hôtes where he ordinarily dined himself. They were all noisy and crowded and none of them was good. Not good enough, certainly. The truth was he didn't know enough about restaurants to choose, even if he knew her well enough to ask her to go to one. He had been so busy holding his job since he'd got down to New York that he hadn't been around. Now he recalled the story somebody had told him of the young man from the Middle West who had met the perfect girl and wanted to do the perfect thing and so he had taken her to dinner at the Pennsylvania Station.

Joe considered that he might ask her to go to the theater. That might seem—might be—a bit unexpected. But he could casually mention the fact that he had complimentary tickets to something, and if she expressed interest he could go and buy tickets. Only if he committed himself to one particular show it might prove to be something she'd already seen. It probably would. And if he should manage to ask her to the theater what would he wear? His dinner jacket, of course. That reminded him of something he had written about dinner jackets in the booklet entitled, "In the New York Manner." He had called especial attention to the backless white waistcoat, cut in the new short-waisted fashion. He had read about it in the "What the Man Will Wear" column in the theater program or in *Fancy Bazaar*, he couldn't remember which. He'd have to get one himself right away. It had been designed in London—for dancing—cooler.

That was the single result of his hour's cogitation of what to do about Miss Robinson. He'd go out and buy a new waistcoat to go with his dinner jacket. A white one. That was as far as he'd got. But it was farther than he had ever got before. His previous cogitations on the subject had never reached any result.

JOE WENT out at lunch time and bought the white waistcoat and had it sent home. Perhaps it was the boldness of that act which helped him on to a further boldness late that afternoon. At a quarter to five he put on his hat and said good night to his secretary and went down to the lobby of the building and waited for Miss Robinson. When she came out of the elevator he followed her. When she reached the door he was beside her. He lifted his hat and said, "Why, good afternoon, Miss Robinson." Just like that.

"Why, how do you do, Mr. Thayer," she said and smiled that smile of hers.

"I hope," Joe said, "I hope you're walking up the Avenue."

It occurred to Joe even before she spoke that he had said exactly the right thing.

"Yes," she said, "I am."

He fell into step with her.

He couldn't think of exactly the right thing to say next. But he was glad he was carrying a stick and that he carried it as if he were used to carrying it—he'd been carrying it since the very first day he had landed in New York and there was no human being on Manhattan Island who had ever seen him in the days when he was not known to carry a stick.

"I heard today," Miss Robinson said, "that your booklet on men's furnishings has made a hit with the client."

"I had a lot of fun doing it," Joe said modestly.

"That's a good slogan," Miss Robinson added. "I mean, 'In the New York Manner.'"

Joe wondered what she would think if she knew that she had been the inspiration of that phrase. But it was the last thing he would ever tell her.

"Well," Joe said, "I'm not going to pretend that I don't rather fancy it myself."

They walked on a block in silence and then Joe asked her what she was working on.

"Furniture," Miss Robinson replied, with a touch of bitterness. "It's an impossible job. The client wants sketches of rooms with his period furniture. But he insists that every detail of his product must be drawn to scale. And that throws the whole drawing out."

That started them off talking shop. Which was good for many blocks. Joe didn't realize he had passed Forty-fourth Street,



C. "If a girl puts her arm around your neck, in the fashion one occasionally sees among flappers," Miss Ponsonby-Smith was ever so correct, "you can only avoid dancing with that girl again."

which was where he lived, until they were opposite Hicks's, half a mile north on the Avenue. Miss Robinson called his attention to the Hicks window.

"Isn't that gorgeous?" she asked.

Hicks's window was full of fruit—every known kind of fruit. Yellows and reds and greens.

"They have marvelous fresh fruit sodas," Miss Robinson remarked as they walked on.

IT WAS all Joe could do to keep from saying, "Shan't we try one?" But he did keep from saying it. He had made that decision in advance. Fortunately so. If he had been taken unawares he might imagine she wanted a soda. Whereas, having thought it out in advance, he knew she was just making a casual remark.

At Sixtieth Street she paused.

"I go east here," she said. That, he knew, was another remark.

Joe decided instantly that he would let her assume that he went farther north. He didn't want her to know that he had walked a mile past his street. He raised his hat.

"Good night," he said.

"Good night," she answered.

He caught just the flash of a smile, and then the curve of her cheek, and she was gone. He walked four blocks farther north before he realized that he was going in the wrong direction. He would have to ask her to dinner, he decided, as he rode down the Avenue on a bus. And in the meantime he would look up places. He'd try a few. Then he'd know exactly what he was getting into.

He went home and tried on the new waistcoat. It fitted. But it was short-waisted and so were his trousers. The two met, but by a dangerously small margin. He hunted up two small safety pins and after much pinning and re-pinning, he secured the waistcoat to the trousers. Then it occurred to him that he'd better go out and try a restaurant that very night. What he





Q. Miss Robinson was so extraordinarily pretty in such a quiet distinguished way. In short it was because she had the New York manner

needed was a dress rehearsal. And then he remembered the restaurant—Cyrano's, of course. He had heard about it and read about it often enough. Why hadn't he thought of it before? He would dress and go there.

Dressing involved unpinning the union between his waistcoat and trousers, in order to put on a dress shirt, and then re-pinning. But he managed it more quickly this time. In half an hour he was in a taxi. In forty minutes the waiter was suggesting a cold consommé and Joe was accepting the suggestion.

"And after that," he said, "I'd like the suprême of Guinea Hen Jeannette."

He had no idea what it would be like but he intended to find out.

"Very good, sir," said the waiter, and departed.

Joe was free to look about and see what Cyrano's was like. He affected a faint smile, a slightly bored smile, and half-closed eyes while he studied the room. It was, he decided, quietly exotic. It was done largely in black, with a design in dull gold and green, faintly suggesting peacocks, for relief. The tables were small, the lights were carefully shaded, the carpets were thick. There was no music. But he was not especially impressed with the patrons. At least a third of them were not in evening dress. And those who were hardly matched the unique setting the restaurant provided. Joe wondered if the crowd at Delmonico's was any more distinguished.

The cold consommé was refreshing but not exciting. He awaited the suprême of Guinea Hen with interest. It proved to be cold also—it was in fact cold jellied chicken. While he ate it Joe wondered what kind of salad a habituë of such a restaurant as this would order. He considered endive, which he had always thought unnecessarily bitter. He considered watercress, which he happened to like very much. Watercress grew profusely in the brook at home. He decided in favor of the endive.

"Sir," said the waiter, "I regret to say we have no endive."

"Hmmm," said Joe, and frowned reproachfully.

"Have you—by any chance—some watercress?" he asked.

The waiter bowed.

"Yes, sir."

When he had eaten the watercress, Joe ordered a demi-tasse but continued to study the menu. The truth was he was still hungry. But he didn't want a sweet. He considered cheese. He found cheese a la Cyrano.

"What," he asked, "is that—cheese a la Cyrano?"

"That, sir, is a specialty of the house," the waiter said. "Very good, sir."

"Bring me some," Joe said.

The cheese was very good. It seemed to be a mixture of cheeses, made into little balls, like butter balls. It had distinction. Cyrano's would do. The check was seven dollars.

Joe reflected that there was one advantage in staying at

home nights and working for six months. You saved enough money so you could look around a bit. He had money in the bank—enough so he could easily spend some on a pair of dress trousers designed for a short waistcoat. He would order them the next day. He would have to wait a few days before he walked up Fifth Avenue with Miss Robinson again. He must seem to be casual. . . .

He got the trousers, by insisting, in a week. But the moment he tried them on he perceived that they demanded a new jacket. That took another week. So it was two weeks before he waited for Miss Robinson in the lobby again.

This time he said, "Hello, there," most informally when he raised his hat. And she responded as informally with a "Hello."

She was wearing a new dress, with a cape and a hat to match—a cape that rippled as she walked. His elbow accidentally touched hers. And for two blocks he couldn't think of anything to say. She was altogether lovely. She was fearsomely lovely. What if he said the wrong thing? And how could he ask her to dinner? He kept thinking of ways of bringing up the subject—ways that were clumsy, ways that were involved, ways that wouldn't do. He couldn't make up his mind to any of them. He knew he'd get flustered and ball it all up and show his ineptitude. And she was so cool, so assured, so absolutely at ease. She always was.

But coming to Sixtieth Street she happened to say something

about "Dulcy" and that brought up the theater and he said something about what a long run "Sally" had had, and she said she hadn't seen it and without stopping to think Joe said he hadn't either, but why didn't he get tickets.

"I'd like to go very much," Miss Robinson said.

"Shall we make it tonight?" Joe asked.

Miss Robinson shook her head.

"No," she said, "I don't believe I could before next week."

"Monday then?"

"Yes, Monday will be fine," said Miss Robinson, and smiled her most gracious smile.

Joe got tickets at an agency on the way home. It was fortunate she had made it Monday—his new dinner jacket would be finished. And then he remembered he didn't know her address. But of course he could ask her at the office. And when he called for her he might, seeing her against the background of her own home, place her a little better.

As a matter of fact he couldn't. It was a brown-stone house in East Sixtieth Street—one of those houses which fails to reveal in any outward way whether it has been remodeled into apartments or not. A white-capped maid opened the door and a second later she came down the stairs in a lovely little frock of green and silver that showed her throat and her arms to advantage, and in a third second they were in the taxi and on their way to the New Amsterdam Theater.



Q. "It's nice to meet you this way," said Joe. "I wish there was some place we could go—or something." Across the street an electric sign announced: Dancing 25 cents. "I'd like to go over there and dance," said the perfect Miss Robinson.

For the first time, as he sat beside Miss Robinson, Joe felt that possibly he hadn't stretched the truth—much—when in writing that booklet he had implied that the appropriate clothes gave a man that quiet assurance, that secure self-confidence. He kept it until the finale. And then, when he was trying to think of the right phrases—the casual New York manner phrases—in which to suggest a supper place, he realized that almost any place he might choose would have dancing and he didn't dare dance with her. His dancing had done well enough in Indiana. But he didn't know how they danced in New York. He had never danced in New York. There was nothing to do but grab a taxi and take her home. He was so sore at himself that he hardly spoke on the way to East Sixtieth Street.

"Well," he said, as the taxi paused in front of her door, "I thought it was mildly amusing, didn't you?"

"Why," said Miss Robinson, "I thought it was good. Marilyn Miller is really charming and Leon Errol was really funny."

"I'm awfully glad you liked it," Joe said, as he handed her out of the taxi.

Miss Robinson held out her hand.

Joe took her hand in his for the briefest of moments.

"I liked it very much," she said warmly. "Good night."

Somehow or other, Joe reflected as he rode home, the evening hadn't been the success it had started out to be. He had played his rôle adequately, as they say of actors who don't matter much one way or the other. No, he hadn't been adequate. He hadn't been able to dance. At least he hadn't been sure that he was able. He remembered now that he had read an article about the modern dance as observed in New York. The writer said that jazz was losing favor and more tuneful music was taking its place and dancing was becoming more dignified and more graceful. It was that article that had worried him. He wondered how he could acquire the New York manner in dancing.

The very next day Joe saw an advertisement in the classified columns of a newspaper that answered this question. A Miss Ponsonby-Smith, who gave a Riverside Drive address, offered to teach correct dancing. Private lessons only. Ten dollars a half hour. Anybody who charged that price must be good, Joe decided. He did not dare call her up from the offices of Shotwell & Orme. But at lunch time he found a telephone booth outside and managed to make an appointment for that afternoon at half-past four.

MISS PONSONBY-SMITH received Joe in a room which contained nothing but a large mirror and a victrola. And she did not require either of these pieces of equipment for the first fifteen minutes of the half-hour that was to cost him ten dollars. Miss Ponsonby-Smith began with a lecture. What she said, in her extremely polite phrases, was that the right people weren't doing the rough stuff any more. It didn't sound like that but that was what she meant. She sounded like the article Joe had read. Joe wondered if by any chance she had written it herself. If she hadn't written it she had certainly read it. She repeated it almost verbatim. That done, she called Joe's attention to the mirror.

"Now," said Miss Ponsonby-Smith, "take the position for dancing and observe yourself in the glass."

Joe did it, but he found it singularly embarrassing. Miss Ponsonby-Smith corrected carefully the manner in which he grasped her right hand with his left. Then she corrected with equal care the way he had placed his right hand.

"Now," she said, "you will see in the mirror that there is at least four inches of clear space between us."

Joe observed that she was quite right. There was.

"Never, under any circumstances, reduce that distance," Miss Ponsonby-Smith said. "To do so is vulgar."

"Yes," said Joe.

Miss Ponsonby-Smith released herself and put a record on the machine and started it.

"Of course," she said, "if the girl puts her arm around your neck, in the fashion that one occasionally sees among flappers, you have no recourse—you simply cannot dance properly. You can only avoid dancing with her again."

"Yes," said Joe.

"Now," said Miss Ponsonby-Smith, "we will dance. A perfectly plain, fox-trot walk."

Joe started off with her. For perhaps a minute he was extremely awkward, but Miss Ponsonby-Smith could dance and the moment he discovered that, the rhythm of the music got hold of his feet.

"Why," she said, when the piece was finished, "you dance

quite decently. With half a dozen lessons you would pass muster anywhere. Come tomorrow at the same hour."

Joe gave her a ten-dollar bill. But he had mental reservations about six more lessons. Indeed, about any more lessons. Only it was simpler to drop Miss Ponsonby-Smith a note saying he had been suddenly called out of town on business than it was to refuse her appointment. He had found out what he wanted to know. . . .

When next he waited for Miss Robinson in the lobby at five o'clock he had decided to ask her to dine with him. He walked all the way up to Sixtieth Street without asking her, but at the last moment he got the courage.

"I'd like it awfully if you'd go to dinner with me some night," he said.

Miss Robinson smiled. Her smile was an acceptance.

"Could you by any chance go tonight?" he asked.

"Why——" she hesitated.

"We'll go to Cyrano's," he finished.

"Why, yes," Miss Robinson said. "I'd like to."

"Shall I call for you at seven-thirty?"

"Yes," she said. And again the delicious curve of her cheek cut off her smile as she turned to go home.

JOE RUSHED back to Forty-fourth Street to put on his new dinner clothes. No need to insure the meeting of these trousers and that waistcoat with safety pins. The new trousers were reassuringly long-waisted. Joe surveyed the final effect with a profound satisfaction. He was impeccable.

She came down this time in a little dress of black silk with a big black hat that framed her face and earrings of coral. She was perfect. Joe entered Cyrano's that night as if it was his habit to dine there.

"Cold consommé, sir?" asked the waiter. It was the same waiter who had served Joe two weeks earlier.

Joe glanced at Miss Robinson.

"Oh, quite," said Miss Robinson.

Joe studied the menu. But the only item to which there wasn't some objection was the suprême of Guinea Hen Jeannette. At least he knew exactly what it was.

"How would you like the suprême of Guinea Hen?" he asked. "They do that rather well here."

Miss Robinson acquiesced. And after the suprême she acquiesced in a watercress salad. And then she acquiesced in a demi-tasse.

"I can recommend the cheese à la Cyrano," Joe said, with great ease. "It's a specialty of the house."

Again Miss Robinson accepted his suggestion. Joe felt it was all going off very well indeed. But when they had finished their coffee his doubts returned. She was polite, even agreeable. But she wasn't—well, she was almost too calm, as if she were a bit bored. Somehow he just didn't get any further with her.

Joe lit a cigarette slowly while he gathered himself for speech.

"You know," he said, "I'd like to dance. Why don't we stroll down to the Biltmore or the Astor?"

"Why don't we?" Miss Robinson asked. So they did. That is, they took a taxi.

The music was good and she was a beautiful dancer, after the entirely restrained fashion recommended by Miss Ponsonby-Smith and the article on the new tendency among those in the know. But somehow Joe felt that she didn't specially enjoy dancing with him. He had somehow the sense that she could enjoy dancing a lot. Only she wasn't—tonight. It was as if some pall of formality hung over the occasion. It was as if they were two who had just been formally introduced and never expected to meet again and hadn't the slightest interest in each other—really. That was the trouble with the New York manner. It was impalpable but it was also a little impenetrable. It was a smooth and glassy surface.

AND YET he knew she wasn't just a surface. She was a keen workman, drawing every day from nine to five in a fashion to satisfy one of the most exacting advertising firms in the world. And she was human, too. She was capable of warmth and friendliness and laughter. He knew it. He could feel it. Only somehow he failed to stir all that in her. She was just as pleasant as she could be. But she didn't seem interested.

Joe made a desperate effort to find a subject that would arouse her interest. But he couldn't. It was as if they were two polite, well-bred, and entirely sophisticated New Yorkers passing a polite, well-bred, and entirely dull evening [Continued on page 135]





The  
Author of  
The Jungle  
Tells a Story of the  
Second Coming

LUCIUS WOLCOTT HITCHCOCK  
Carpenter faced him  
without flinching.

# They Call Me Carpenter

By Upton Sinclair

Illustrated by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

**W**ESTERN CITY called him a red anarchist, though the message he gave was only a paraphrase of the words spoken by Christ. He who said, "They call me Carpenter," appeared first to a young man who, beaten by a mob, sought refuge in St. Bartholomew's Church. To the young man's fevered imagination, the figure literally appeared to step out of a great stained-glass window behind the altar. Later these two, the rich young man and Carpenter, met Mary Magna, queen of movie vamps, and Mr. T-S, motion picture magnate. With T-S, they went to dinner at the fashionable Prince's and there they ran into another mob, for Prince's waiters were on strike. But policemen were on hand to hold this mob in check. After dinner the party started for T-S's studios to see some night scenes shot. Carpenter and the rich young man rode in the car of Mrs. Stebbins, a wealthy society woman. Her son drove and his reckless driving led to a fatal accident. In a tenement section of the city the car struck and killed one child and seriously injured another. Carpenter cared for the wounded little one, and his commanding presence saved Mrs. Stebbins and her son from rough usage at the hands of the infuriated people. Afterwards the sick and the crippled were brought to Carpenter and many of them he cured. On the next morning the prophet appeared at the Labor Temple. Then he readily won friends and was asked to speak at a mass

**A Synopsis of what happened after the Figure from the Stained-Glass Window came to Life.**

meeting. The papers of Western City already had been giving space to the strange man. After his address at the strikers' meeting he was denounced as a red and held up to ridicule. The Western City Times was particularly caustic with reference to Carpenter's day before the meeting but it reached its height in commenting on the speeches at Grant Hall.

**T**HE Western City Times went on to tell about the "red riot of talk" at the Labor Temple. James, the striking carpenter, had indulged in virulent and semi-insane abuse of the rich; after which the new prophet had stirred the mob to worse frenzies. The Times quoted sample sentences, such as: "Do not think that I am come to bring you ease and comfort; I am come to bring strife and disorder to this world."

I turned to the editorial page, and there was a double-column leader, made extra impressive by leads. "AN INFAMOUS BLASPHEMY," was the heading. Perhaps you have a Times in your own city; if so, you will no doubt recognize the standard style for this sort of thing.

"For many years this newspaper has been pointing out to the people of Western City the accumulating evidence that the men who manipulate the forces of organized labor are Anarchists at heart, plotting to let loose the torch of red revolution over this fair land.

"But even though they had no respect for the works of man, we

thought at least they would spare the works of God, the most sacred symbols of divine revelation to suffering humanity. But yesterday there occurred in this city a performance which reveals the bosses of the Labor Trust as wanton defilers of everything that decent people hold precious and holy.

What was this spectacle? A moving picture producer, moved by blind, and we trust unthinking, lust for gain, produces in our midst an alleged 'prophet,' dressed in a costume elaborately contrived to imitate and suggest a Sacred Presence which our respect for religion forbids us to name; he brings this vile, perverted creature forward, announcing himself to the newspapers as 'fresh from God,' and mouthing phrases of social greed and jealousy with which for the past few years the Hun-agent and Hun-lovers in our midst have made us only too sickeningly familiar. This monstrous parody of divine compassion is escorted to that headquarters of pro-Germanism and red revolution, the Labor Temple, and there performs, in the presence of moving picture cameras, a grotesque parody upon the laying on of hands and the healing of the sick. This appears to be a scheme for making a moving picture star; this 'Carpenter'—note the silly pun—is to become the latest sensation in million-dollar movie dolls.

"But the worst has yet to be told. The masters of the Labor Trust, not to be outdone in bidding for unholy notoriety, had the insolence to invite this blasphemous charlatan to their riot of revolutionary ranting called a 'protest meeting.' He and other creatures of his ilk, summoning the forces which are organizing red ruin in our city, proceed to rave at the police and the courts for denying to mobs of strikers the right to throw brickbats at honest workers looking for jobs, and to hold the pistol of the boycott at the heads of employers who dare to stand for American liberty and democracy! This 'prophet fresh from God,' as he styles himself, is a man of peace and brotherly love—oh, yes, of course! We know these wolves in sheeps' clothing, these pacifists and lovers of man with the gold of the Red International in their pockets. We shall be much mistaken if the order-loving and patriotic people of our Christian community do not find a way to stamp their heel upon this vile viper before its venom shall have poisoned the air we breathe."

**T**HEN I PICKED up the Advertiser. Our Advertiser does not go in so much for moral causes; it is more interested in getting circulation, for which it relies upon sensation, and especially what it calls "heart interest," meaning sex. It had found what it wanted in this story, as you may judge by the headlines:

#### MOVIE QUEEN PAWNS JEWELS FOR PROPHET OF GOD

Then followed a story of which Mary Magna was the center, with T-S and myself for background. The reporter had hunted out the Mexican family with which Carpenter had spent the night, and he drew a touching picture of Carpenter praying over Mary in this humble home, and converting her to a better life. Would the "million-dollar vamp," as the Advertiser called her, now take to playing only religious parts? Mary was non-committal on the point; and pending her decision, the Advertiser published her portraits in all of her most luxurious rôles.

The telephone rang, and there was the voice of T-S, fairly raving. He didn't mind the Advertiser stuff; that was good business, but that in the Times—he was going to sue the Times for a million dollars; by God, and would I back him in his claim that he had not put Carpenter up to the healing business?

After a bit, the magnate began apologizing for his repudiation of the prophet. He was in a position, just now with these hard times, where the Wall Street crowd could ruin him if he got in bad with them. And then he told me a curious story. Last night, after the meeting, young Everett, his secretary, had come to him and asked if he could have a couple of months' leave of absence without pay. He was so much interested in Carpenter that he wanted to follow him and help him!

"Y' know, Billy," said the voice over the telephone, "Y' could 'a' knocked me over vit a fedder! I said to him, 'Vot you gonna do?' And he said, 'I gonna learn from Mr. Carpenter to be a better man.' Den he vaits a minute and he says, 'Mr. T-S, he told me to foller him!' J' ever hear de like o' dat, Billy?"

"What did you say?" I asked T-S.

"Vot could I say? I hadda tell him to go ahead, and come back before he forgot all my business."

I dressed, and had my breakfast, and drove to St. Bartholomew's. It is always such a pleasure to see that goodly company

of ladies and gentlemen, so perfectly groomed, so perfectly mannered, breathing a sense of peace and well-being. Ah, that wonderful sense of well being! And what a curious contrast with the Labor Temple! For a moment I doubted Carpenter. Surely it was better to be serene and clean and pleasant, than to be terrible and bewildered, sick and quarrelsome! I was seized by a frenzy, a sort of instinctive animal lust for this life of ease and prettiness.

**I** BOWED to a score or two of the elegant ladies, and to their escorts in shiny top hats and uncreased kid gloves, and went into the exquisite church with its glowing stained-glass window, and looked up over the altar—and there stood Carpenter! I tell you, it gave me a queer shock. There he was, up in the window, exactly where he had always been; I thought I had suddenly wakened from a dream. There had been no "prophet fresh from God," no mass-meeting at Grant Hall, no editorial in the Times! But suddenly I heard a voice at my elbow: "Billy, what is this awful thing you've been doing? That terrible prophet creature, and getting your name into the papers!"

So I knew it was true, and I walked with my dear, sweet old auntie down the aisle, and there sat Aunt Jennie, with her two lanky girls and also Uncle Timothy. Uncle Timothy was my guardian until I came of age, so I am a little in awe of him, and now I had to listen to his whispered reproaches—it being the first principle of our family never to "get into the papers." I told him that it wasn't my fault I had been knocked down by a mob, and surely I couldn't help it if this man Carpenter found me while I was unconscious, and made me well. Nor could I fail to be polite to my benefactor, and try to help him about. My Uncle Timothy was amazed, because he had accepted the Times story that it was all a "movie" hoax.

I was trying to think about that picture over the altar. Of course, they would naturally have replaced it! I wondered who had found old de Wiggs up there; I wondered if he knew about it, and if he had any idea who had played that prank. I looked to his pew; yes, there he sat, rosy and beaming, bland as ever! I looked for old Peter Dexter, president of the Dexter Trust Company—yes, he was in his pew, wizened and hunched up, prematurely bald. And Stuyvesant Gunning, of the Fidelity National—they were all here, the masters of the city's finance and the pillars of "law and order."

The organ pealed and the white-robed choir marched in, bearing the golden crosses, and followed by the Reverend Dr. Lettuce-Spray, smooth-shaven, plump and beautiful, his eyes bent reverently on the floor. They were singing with fervor that most orthodox of hymns:

The church's one foundation  
Is Jesus Christ, her Lord.

During the singing, the Reverend Lettuce-Spray had moved silently into the pulpit. After the choir had sung "Amen," he raised his hands in invocation—and at that awesome moment I saw Carpenter come striding up the aisle!

He knew just where he was going, and walked so fast that before anyone had time to realize what was happening, he was on the altar steps, and facing the congregation. You could hear the gasp of amazement. The rector in the pulpit stood with his mouth open, staring as if seeing a ghost.

**T**HE PROPHET stretched out both his hands, and pointed two accusing fingers at the congregation. His voice rang out, stern and commanding: "Let this mockery cease!" Again he cried: "What do ye with my name?" And pointing over his head: "Ye crucify me in stained glass!"

There came murmurs from the congregation, the first mutterings of a storm. "Oh! Outrageous! Blasphemy!"

"Blasphemy?" cried Carpenter. "Is it not written that God dwelleth not in temples made with hands? Ye have built a temple to Mammon, and defile the name of my Father therein!"

The storm grew louder. "This is preposterous!" exclaimed my Uncle Timothy at my side. And the Reverend Lettuce-Spray managed to find his voice. "Sir, whoever you are, leave this church!"

Carpenter turned upon him. "You give orders to me—you who have brought back the money-changers into my Father's temple?" And suddenly he faced the congregation, crying in a voice of wrath: "Algernon de Wiggs! Stand up!"

Strange as it may seem, the banker rose in his pew; whether

under the spell of Carpenter's majestic presence, or preparing to rush at him and throw him out, I could not be sure.

And Carpenter pointed to another part of the congregation. "Peter Dexter! Stand up!" The president of the Dexter Trust Company also arose, trembling as if with palsy.

"Stuyvesant Gunning! Stand up!" And the president of the Fidelity National obeyed. But the procedure was halted suddenly, as a tall, white-robed figure strode from its seat near the choir. Young Sidney Simpkinson, assistant to the rector, went up to Carpenter and took him by the arm.

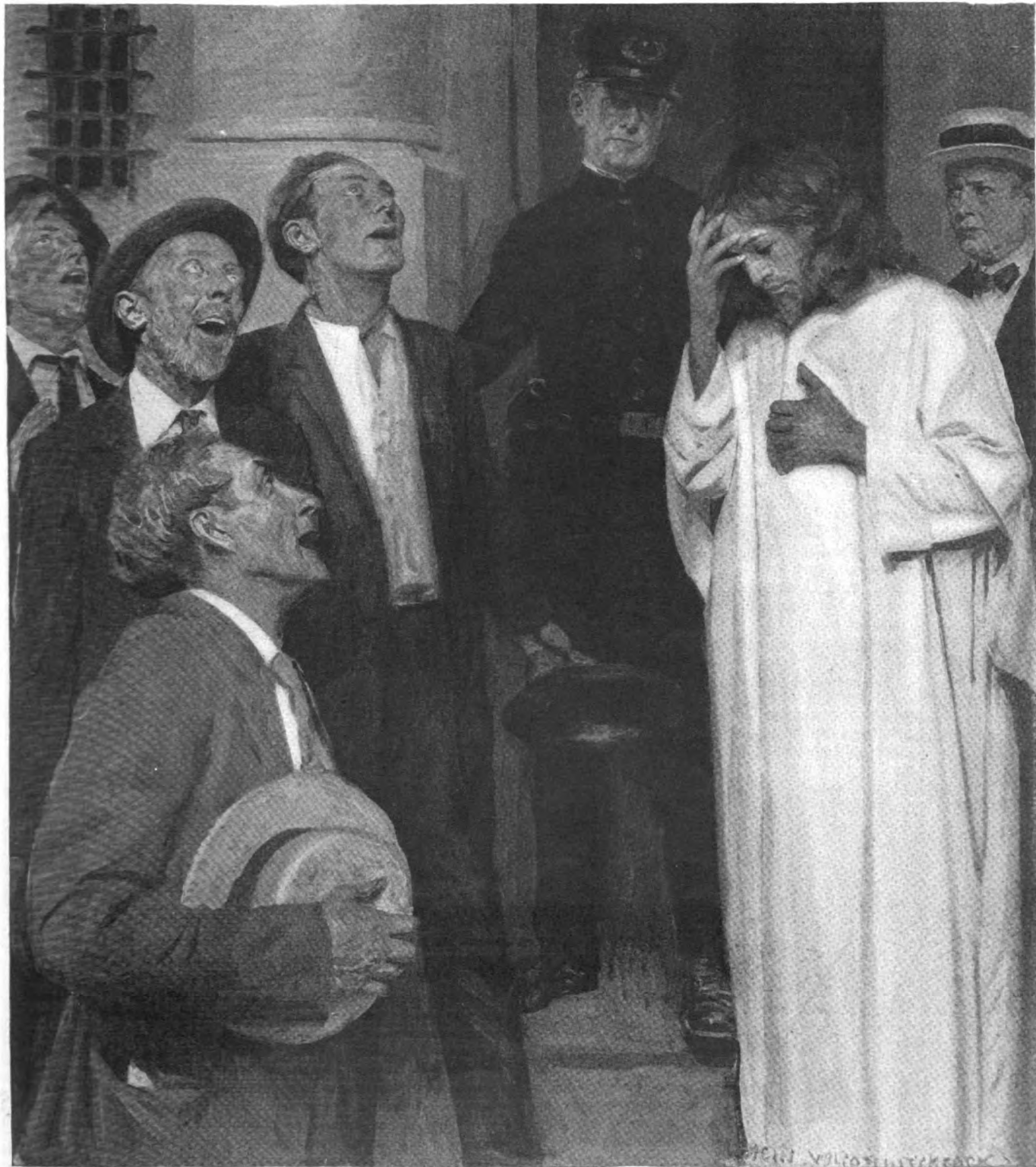
"Leave this house of God," he commanded.

The other faced him. "It is written, Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain, for the Lord will not hold

him guiltless that taketh His name in vain," he answered.

Young Simpkinson wasted no further words in parley. He was an advocate of what is known as "muscular Christianity." He flung his strong arms about Carpenter, and half carrying him, took him down the steps and down the aisle. As he went, Carpenter was proclaiming: "It is written, My house shall be called a house of prayer; but ye have made it a den of thieves. He that steals little is called a pickpocket, but he that steals much is called a pillar of the church."

By that time, the prophet had been hustled two-thirds down the aisle; and then came a new development. Unobserved by anyone, a number of Carpenter's followers had come with him into the church; and these, seeing the way he was being handled,



**C.** The men began to sing and the words of the prophet were drowned out. "Come along now. I guess we've heard enough of this," said a policeman, pushing through the crowd and seizing Carpenter.



set up a cry: "For shame! For shame!" I saw Everett, secretary to T-S, and Korwsky, secretary of the tailors' union; I saw someone leap at Everett and strike him a ferocious blow in the teeth, and two others leap upon the little Russian.

I started up, involuntarily. "Oh, shame! Shame!" I cried, and would have rushed out into the aisle. But I had to pass my uncle, and he had no intention of letting me make myself a spectacle. He threw his arms about me, and pinned me against the pew in front; and as he is one of the ten ranking golfers at the Western City Country Club, his embrace carried authority. I struggled, but there I stayed, shouting, "For shame! For shame!"

The mêlée came quickly to an end, for the men of the congregation seized the half dozen disturbers and flung them outside. I sank back into my seat, my worthy uncle holding my arm tightly.

All this time the Reverend Lettuce-Spray had been standing in the pulpit, making no sound. Now, as the congregation settled back into order he said, with the splendid, conscious self-possession of one who can remain equal to the occasion: "We will resume the service." And he opened his portfolio, and spread out his manuscript before him, and announced:

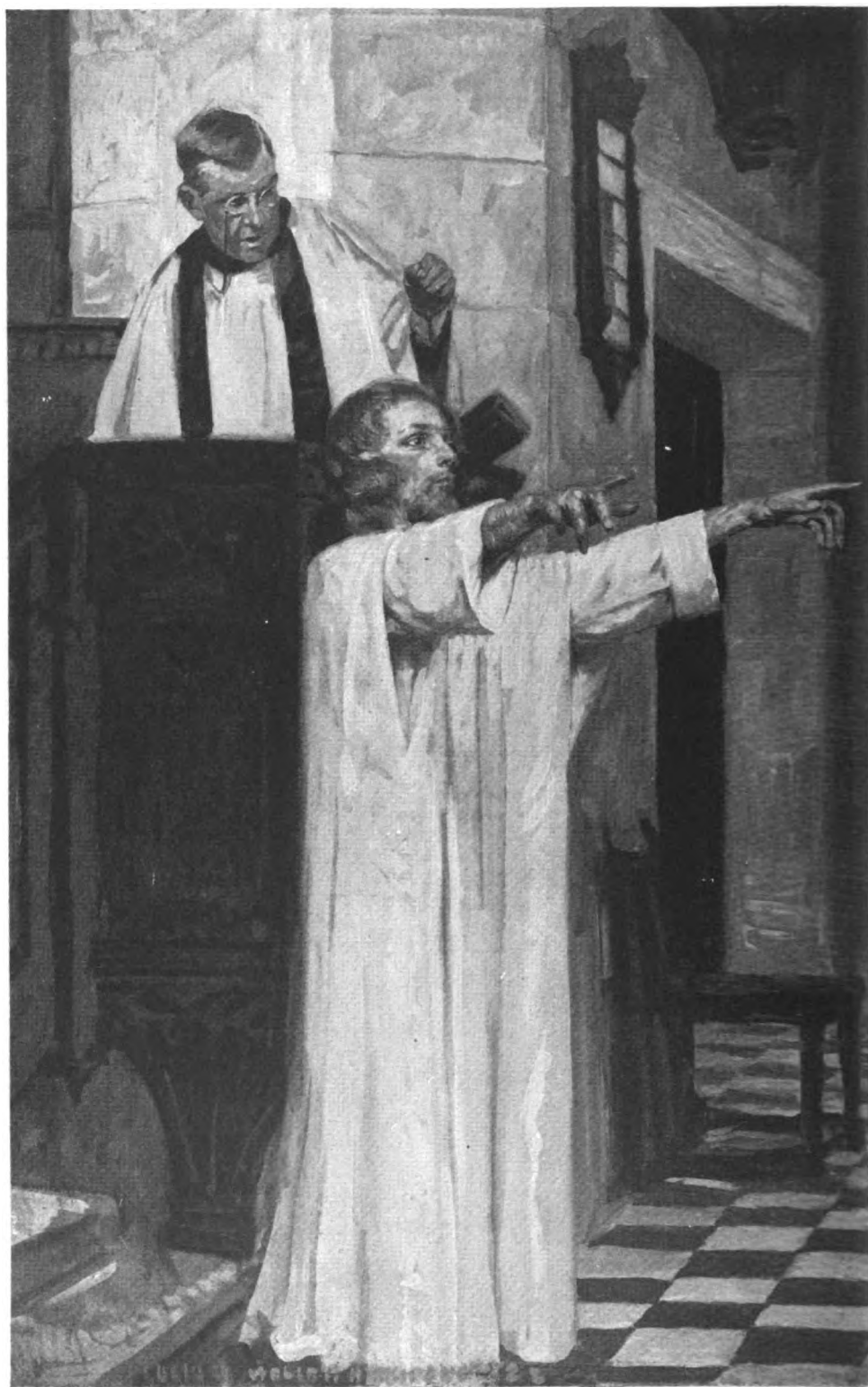
"Our text for the morning is the fifth chapter of the gospel according to St. Matthew, the thirty-ninth and fortieth verses: 'But I say unto you, that ye resist not evil; but whosoever shall smite thee on thy right cheek, turn to him the other also. And if any man shall sue thee at law, and take away thy coat, let him have thy cloak also.'"

I SAT through the sermon, and the offertory, and the recessional. After that my uncle tried to detain me, but he no longer used physical force, and nothing but that would have held me. I ran round the corner to where my car was parked, and within ten minutes I was on Western City Street, where Carpenter had announced that he would speak.

The wide street was packed solid for a block, and in the midst of this throng stood Carpenter, upon a wagon, making a speech.

There was no chance to get near, so I bethought me of an alley which ran parallel to the street. There was an obscure hotel on the street, and I entered it through the rear entrance, and had no trouble in persuading the clerk to let me join some of the guests of the hotel who were watching the scene from the second story windows.

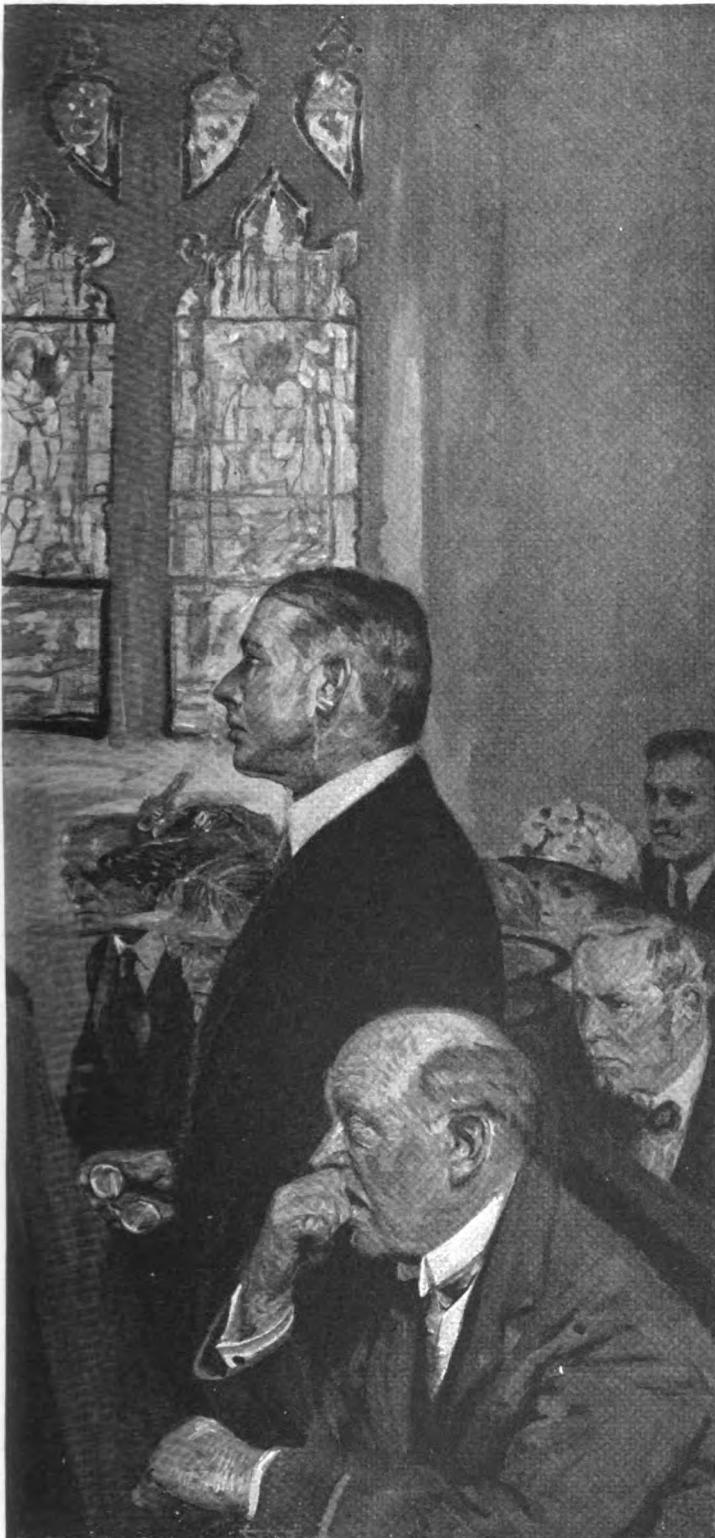
The first thing which caught my attention was the figure of Everett, seated on the floor of the wagon from which the speech was being made. I saw that his face was covered with blood. Nevertheless, there he was with his stenographer's notebook, taking down the prophet's words. He told me afterwards that he had taken even what Carpenter said in the church. "I've an idea he won't last very long," was the way he put it; "and if they should get rid of him, every word he's said will be precious. Anyhow, I'm going to get what I can."



**C.** *The prophet's voice rang out—"Let this mockery cease. What do ye with my name?" Then, pointing two accusing fingers, he cried, "Algernon de Wiggs, stand up!"*

Also I saw Korwsky, lying on the floor of the wagon, evidently knocked out; and two other men whom I did not know, nursing battered and bloody faces. Then I gave my attention to what Carpenter was saying.

He was discussing churches and those who attend them. Later on, my attention was called to the curious fact that his discourse was merely a translation into modern American of portions of the twenty-third chapter of St. Matthew; a free adaptation of those ancient words to present-day practices and conditions. But I had no idea of this while I listened; I was shocked by what seemed a furious tirade, and the guests of the hotel were even more shocked—I think they would have taken to throwing things out of the windows at the orator had it not been for their fear of the crowd. Said Carpenter:



1. *The banker rose; partly under the spell of Carpenter's majestic presence, and partly it seemed preparing to throw him out.*

"The theologians and scholars and the pious laymen fill the leisure class churches, and it would be all right if you were to listen to what they preach, and do that; but don't follow their actions, for they never practice what they preach. They load the backs of the working classes with crushing burdens, but they themselves never move a finger to carry a burden, and everything they do is for show. Whoever exalts himself shall be abased, and whoever humbles himself shall be exalted.

"Woe unto you, doctors of divinity and Catholics, hypocrites! For you shut up the kingdom of Heaven against men; you don't go in yourself and you don't let others go in. Woe unto you, doctors of divinity and Presbyterians, hypocrites! for you foreclose mortgages on widows' houses, and for a pretense you make long prayers. For this you will receive the

greater damnation! Woe unto you, doctors of divinity and Methodists, hypocrites! for you send missionaries to Africa to make one convert, and when you have made him, he is twice as much a child of hell as yourselves. (Applause.) Woe unto you, blind guides, with your subtleties of doctrine, your transubstantiation and consubstantiation and all the rest of it; you fools and blind! Woe unto you, doctors of divinity and Episcopalians, hypocrites! for you drop your checks into the collection-plate and you pay no heed to the really important things in the Bible, which are justice and mercy and faith in goodness. Woe unto you, doctors of divinity and Anglicans, hypocrites! for you dress in immaculate clothing kept clean by the toil of frail women, but within you are full of extortion and excess. You blind high churchmen clean first your hearts, so that the clothes you wear may represent you. Woe unto you, doctors of divinity and Baptists, hypocrites! for you are like marble tombs which appear beautiful on the outside, but inside are full of dead men's bones and all uncleanness. Even so you appear righteous to men, but inside you are full of hypocrisy and iniquity. (Applause.) Woe unto you, doctors of divinity and Unitarians, hypocrites! because you erect statues to dead reformers, and put wreaths upon the tombs of old-time martyrs. You say, if we had been alive in those days we would not have helped to kill those good men. That ought to show you how to treat us at present. (Laughter.) But you are the children of those who killed the good men; so go ahead and kill us, too!"

When Carpenter stopped speaking, his face was dripping with sweat, and he was pale. But the eager crowd would not let him go. They began to ask him questions. There were some who wanted to know what he meant by saying that he came from God, and some who wanted to know whether he believed in the Christian religion. There were others who wanted to know if he really believed that the capitalists would give up without using force. The old gentleman who represented spiritualism was on hand, asking if the dead are still alive, and if so, where are they?

Then, before the meeting was over, there came a sick man to be healed; and others, pushing their way through the crowd seeking even to touch the hem of Carpenter's garments. After a couple of hours of this he announced that he was worn out. The wagon moved very slowly, the driver calling to the people in front to make room. So they went down the street, and I got into my car and followed at a distance.

THE WAGON drove to the city jail; which rather gave me a start, because I had been thinking that the party might be arrested at any minute, on complaint to the police from the church. But apparently this did not trouble Carpenter. He wished to visit the strikers who had been arrested in front of Prince's restaurant. He and several others stood before the heavy barred doors, asking for admission, while a big crowd gathered.

But it appeared that Sunday was not visitors' day at the jail, and the little company was turned away. The wagon took up its slow march again, the company drove to one of the poorer quarters of the city, and stopped before a workingman's cottage on a street whose name I had never heard before. I learned that it was the home of James, the striking carpenter, and on the steps were his wife and a brood of half a dozen children, and his old father and mother, and several other people. There were many who had walked all the way following the wagon, and others gathered quickly, and besought the prophet to speak to them. He told them he must be quiet, and went inside, and James mounted guard at the door, and I sat in my car and waited until the crowd had filtered away. There was no good reason why I should have been admitted, but James apparently was glad to see me, and let me join the little company.

There was Everett, who had now washed the blood off his face, and Korwsky, who was now able to sit up and smile feebly, and two other men, whose names I did not learn, nursing battered faces. Carpenter prayed over them all, and they became more cheerful. I noticed that Everett, in spite of what must have been intense pain, was still faithfully taking down every word the prophet uttered.

You may believe that next morning my first thought was to get hold of the Times and see what they had done to my prophet.

Sure enough, there he was on the front page, three columns wide, with the customary streamer head:

**MOB OF ANARCHISTS RAID ST. BARTHOLOMEW'S;  
PROPHET AND RAGGED HORDE BREAK  
UP CHURCH SERVICE**

I noted that Carpenter was represented as having tried to knock down the Reverend Mr. Simpkinson, and that the prophet's followers had assaulted members of the congregation. I confess to some relief upon discovering that my own humble part in the adventure had not been mentioned. I suspected that my Uncle Timothy must have been busy at the telephone on Sunday evening! But then I turned to the Advertiser, and, alas, there I was! "A certain rich young man," rising up to protect an incendiary prophet! I remembered that my Uncle Timothy had had a violent row with the publisher of the Advertiser a year or two ago, over some political appointment!

The Times had another editorial, two columns, double-headed. Yesterday, the paper had warned the public what to expect; today it saw the prophecies justified, and what it now wished to know was, had Western City a police department, or had it not? "How much longer do our authorities propose to give rein to this fire-brand impostor? This prophet of God who rides about town in a broken-down express wagon, and consorts with movie actresses and red agitators! We call upon the authorities of our city to act and act at once; to put this wretched mountebank behind bars where he belongs and keep him there."

There was another aspect of this matter upon which the Times laid emphasis. After long efforts on the part of the Chamber of Commerce and other civic organizations, Western City had been selected as the place for the annual convention of the Mobland Brigade. In three days this convention would be called to order, and already the delegates were pouring in by every train. What impression would they get of law and order in this community? What did the local lodge of the Mobland Brigade propose to do to save the fair name of the city?

Now, I had been so much interested in Carpenter and his adventures that I had pretty well overlooked this matter of the Mobland Brigade and its convention. I belong to the Brigade myself, and ought to have been serving on the committee of arrangements. Yes, the Brigade was coming; and I could foresee what would happen when a bunch of these men encountered Carpenter's express wagon on the street!

I SWALLOWED a hasty cup of coffee, and drove in a taxi to the Labor Temple. Carpenter had said he would be there early in the morning, to help with the relief work again. One of them came toward me, the same who had sought my advice about permitting Carpenter to speak at the mass meeting. "Good morning," he said; and then: "I thought you told me this fellow Carpenter was not a red?"

"Well," said I, taken by surprise, "is he?"

"Good heavens!" said the other. "What do you call this?" And he held up a copy of the Times. "Going in and shouting in the middle of a church service, and trying to knock down a clergyman!"

I could not help laughing in the man's face. "So even you labor men believe what you read in the Times! It happens I was present in the church myself, and I assure you that Carpenter offered no resistance. You remember, I told you he was a man of peace, and that was all I told you."

"Well," said the other, somewhat more mildly, "even so, we can't stand for this kind of thing. We have called a meeting of our executive committee this morning, and are going to adopt a resolution, making clear to the public that we knew nothing about this church raid, and that we don't stand for such things. We would never have permitted this man Carpenter to speak on our platform, if we had known about his ideas. We hear the man proposes to come back to our relief kitchen. Is that so?"

"I believe he does; and I suppose you would rather he didn't. Is that it?" The other admitted that was it.

So I left the Labor Temple and walked up and down on the sidewalk in front. It was really rather unreasonable of me to be annoyed with this labor man for having voiced the same point of view of "common sense" that I had been defending to Carpenter's group on the previous evening.

To this mood of tolerance I had brought myself, when I saw a white robe come round the corner, arm in arm with a frock coat of black broadcloth. Also there came Everett, looking still more ghastly, his nose and lip having become purple. Also there was

Korwsky, and two other men; Moneta, a young Mexican cigar-maker out of work, and a man named Hamby who had turned up rather mysteriously on the previous evening, introducing himself as a pacifist.

I joined the group, and made clear to them, as tactfully as I could, that they were not wanted inside. Comrade Abell threw up his hands. "Oh, those labor skates!" he cried. "Thinking about nothing but keeping themselves respectable, and holding on to their fat, comfortable salaries!"

"Vell, vat you expect?" cried Korwsky. "You git de verkin' men into politics, and den you blame dem fer bein' politicians! Vat else could dey be?"

Then Carpenter spoke. "If men set out to preach a new doctrine, how can they expect to be welcomed at once? We have chosen to be outcasts, and must not complain. Let us go to the jail. Perhaps that is the place for us."

Our little group had come out on Broadway. It attracted a good deal of attention, and a number of curiosity seekers were beginning to trail behind us. "We'll get a crowd again, and Carpenter 'll be making a speech," I thought; and as usual I faced a moral conflict. Should I stand by, or should I sneak away, and preserve the dignity of my family?

SUDDENLY came a sound of music, fifes and drums. It burst on our ears from round the corner, shrill and lively—"The Girl I Left Behind Me." Carpenter stopped short, and seemed to shrink away from what was coming.

It was a company of brigade men; one or two hundred, carrying rifles with fixed bayonets which gleamed in the sunshine. There were two fifiers and two drummers at their head. I remembered having noted in the morning papers that the national commander of the Brigade was to arrive in town this morning, and no doubt this was a delegation to do him honor.

The marchers swept down on us, and past us, and I watched the prophet. "Oh God, my Father!" he whispered, and seemed to quiver with each thud of the tramping feet on the pavement. After the storm had passed, he stood motionless, the pain still in his face. "It is Rome! It is Rome!" he murmured.

Now, I had felt quite certain that Carpenter would not get along very well with the Brigade, and I was more than ever decided that he must be got out of the way somehow or other. Already he was in the full tide of a speech. "Those sharp spears! Can you not see them dripping with the blood of your brothers?"

I whispered to Everett. "We had better get him away from here!" And he put his hand gently on the prophet's shoulder, and said, "The prisoners in jail are hoping for us." I took him by the other arm, and we began to lead him down the street.

The party came to the city jail, and knocked for admission. But no doubt the authorities had taken consultation in the meantime, and there was no admission for prophets. The party stood on the steps baffled and bewildered, a pitiful and pathetic little group.

For my part, I thought it just as well that Carpenter had not got inside, for I knew what he would find there. The place is old and musty, and the walls are so badly cracked that it has been condemned by the building department. It is so crowded that half a dozen men sometimes sleep on the floor of a single cell. They stay there, sometimes for many months unheeded, because the courts are crowded, and if Comrade Abell's word may be taken in the matter, every poor man is assumed to be guilty until he is proven innocent.

Did Carpenter know these things? Suddenly he said, "Let us pray"; and there on the steps of the jail he raised his hands in invocation, and prayed for all prisoners and captives. And when he finished, Comrade Abell suddenly began to sing.

Arise, ye pris'ners of starvation!

Arise, ye wretched of the earth!

For justice thunders condemnation,

A better world's in birth.

I think I would have shuddered even more than I did, if I had known the name of this song; if I had realized that this group of fanatics were sounding the dread Internationale on the steps of our city jail! I suspect that what saved them was the fact that the guardians of the jail had no more idea what it was than I had!

Then Carpenter turned, and looked up and down the streets of the city, and suddenly I saw that he was weeping. "Oh Mobland, Mobland! But the way is hid from your eyes, and you will not see it, and now the hour [Continued on page 106]



# The Inside Story of HENRY FORD'S Jew-Mania

## Henry Swallows Old Bait

By Norman Hapgood

### II, PART FOUR

OF ALL the follies in the Ford Jew-Mania it is not easy to pick the silliest. Some might select the "Gentile front." An argument could be made for that part of the story. It included President Taft, part of Mr. Harding's administration, and President Wilson. It depicted Wilson hanging on a secret wire to get the orders transmitted from the Jewish Political Trust by Mr. Justice Brandeis. Such a bit of farcical thinking must rank high, but we incline to give first place to the famous Protocols. Why does this particular dream attain the blue ribbon? 1—Because it is the documentary evidence of the whole world-conspiracy, so that when the insanity of this claim is understood the whole case crumbles; 2—because the forgeries are so half-witted; 3—because when they began to figure as the basis of Mr. Ford's nightmare they had already, in four languages, run their childish course.

Before we observe Mr. Ford swallowing this antique bait, let us answer the only serious point made in the course of these exposures by the other side. It is argued that Mr. Ford has stopped his persecution. But this statement is an entire mistake. When no amount of padding would produce any more newspaper articles, Ford put this material in book form and is now selling that book all the way from Dan to Beer-sheba, from Dearborn to Key West. We also understand that he is still gathering "material."

Like the rest of the eventful tale, this chapter shows Mr. Ford's ill-informed mania leading him along the lines trod by the men who are working hard in this country to put back on the Russian throne a Romanoff as Tsar.

One day a Russian army officer walked into the office, in the Grand Central Station, New York, of Dr. Harris Houghton, who at that time had charge of the New York branch of the American army secret information work here, and displayed a copy of the Protocols to a Russian girl who was working in that office.

NEXT month I shall give a document of great importance, prepared by the American War Censorship against Senator La Follette, as ultimately furnished to the Ford agencies.

In trying to peddle the Protocols, the Russian officers treated them mysteriously as smuggled out of Russia. This mystery made a weird

impression on various anti-Jewish crusaders, including the Ford secret investigators. In truth it was on a level with the ordinary marketing of gold bricks. The so-called Protocols were freely on sale in Russia. Anybody could carry them out. They are freely on sale in Germany in the German language; in France, in the French language; in England, in the English language.

According to the reports later reaching the Ford investigators, several people in Dr. Houghton's office were employed in making copies of the so-called translation. One of these persons was the wife of an officer who was prominent on Pershing's staff.

On the intelligence or lack of intelligence of our secret service I do not wish to generalize. It would not be libelous but it would be rash. That service contains fools. It also contains men of excellent judgment. Probably the most important members of the secret service realized that this Protocol basis to Jewish persecution was utter nonsense.

These governmental agents had some advantage over Henry Ford, for Henry did not begin to read the Protocols until extracts from them appeared in his own newspaper. The editor of his newspaper was at least sane enough to leave out some of the most imbecilic parts of the Protocols. These particular parts might have put even Henry on his guard.

FOR example, take this, put into the mouth of the supposed author of these documents:

"We will continue to direct thought into all the intricacies of fantastic theories, new and supposedly progressive. Surely we have been completely successful in turning the witless heads of the Gentiles by the word 'Progress.'"

Of these Protocols the Ford people learned there were twenty-four in existence. Later they raised the estimate to thirty-seven.

Translation of the opening of one of the Protocols was written on stationery of C. C. Daniels, head of the group of Ford's sleuths in New York.

The plan put forward in these forgeries is a plan for upsetting the world. The idea is to take all possible steps to interfere with our civilization, so that finally it falls of its own weight. It hopes to abolish all authority so that a new aristocracy may take its place. In Mr. Ford's Independent this nonsense was sprinkled along in bits. Here is one of them:



Natalie De Bogory, daughter of a well-known Russian general and revolutionist, made the first translations in this country of the Protocols.

## PERSONAL &amp; CONFIDENTIAL

415 East 14th Street

New York City

March 18, 1919 .

Mr. Smith,  
20 Broad Street,  
New York City.

Dear Sir:

Referring to our recent conversation, I am so fortunate as to have in my possession valuable material about Zionist work in Russia and other countries abroad. Moreover, I have very valuable documents in both the Russian and Hebrew languages. I can get photographs from the originals\* of the Zionist Protocols which are now preserved in a safe place. Those documents are of colossal importance and therefore I think my work and the work of my friends will be very important for your organization.

In the Far East I have my workers with whose assistance the above-mentioned material could be translated into English and forwarded to you here in America by courier or postal, as you may think better. For this work I need funds. The matter is of tremendous importance to me, I am vitally interested, and with resources, I am sure I could get great results and confer much benefit.

I would like an appointment for a personal interview when I could arrive at a decision.

Awaiting your reply, I am

Yours very truly, *D. Rodionoff*

\*or the originals themselves if they are wanted

*U. Of all the Protocol readers in the world, Mr. D. Rodionoff makes a strong bid for the championship.*

"In this divergence between the Gentiles and ourselves in ability to think and reason is to be seen clearly the seal of our election as the chosen people and higher human beings in contrast with the Gentiles who have merely instinctive and animal minds. They observe but they do not foresee and they invent nothing, except perhaps material things. It is clear from this that nature herself predestined us to rule and guide the world."

And again: "Usually it is the climbers, careerists, and people, generally speaking, who are not serious, who most readily join secret societies, and we shall find them easy to handle and through them operate the mechanism of our projected machines."

Also this: "Peoples of all opinions and of all doctrines are at our service, restorers of monarchy, demagogues, socialists and

other Utopians. We have put them all to work. Every one of them, from this point of view, is undermining the last remnant of authority, is trying to overthrow all existing order. All the governments have been tormented by these actions. But we will not give them peace until they recognize our super-government."

The now dead Tsar could have found these extracts in a book that during his revolutionary troubles of 1905 was hot off the presses in his own home town of Tsarski-Selve. Probably that consolation actually was offered to him.

The extent to which forgery was a vested industry in Russia before the Revolution is not realized by most Americans. It certainly was not realized by our government when that government promoted the "Sisson documents." These of our readers who are

acquainted with the French language might turn back to the *Revue des Deux Mondes* for May 1st, where they will find the notes made by the French Ambassador to Russia in the early months of 1917, when the Russian peasants, soldiers, and workers were preparing to throw off the incubus of incompetent despotism. The simple method taken by the reactionary ministers, to make the Tsar and Tsarina believe the country was still loyal, was to have masses of letters forged, full of ardent support. Despite the fact that these letters were in practically the same language the monarchs of Russia swallowed them. Their credulity is more explicable than is the fact that a great genius in manufacturing, in the free country of the United States, should have lapped up the childish Protocols nearly two decades after they were first forged and published.

The folly of reviving in 1922 in the United States these notori-

ous documents is made all the more picturesque by the fact that the original forger, not trusting his own powers of invention, made a mere adaptation of an old document having nothing to do with the Jews. Much of this old material, as is now widely known, is to be found in exactly the same words, in a French work of fancy, called "A



C. Henry A. Wise Wood, head of the National Security League, now gets into the story.

April 21st, 1921.

Mr. Charles Smith

Dear Sir

Today I received a wire from Mrs. De Bogory and I am very much surprised by its contents.

During our last meeting we have finally agreed upon the plan of the work and I have promised to give you weekly certain material with exclusive right to use it in the order in which it comes according to the "PLAN". Outside of this I promised to send also different other interesting material. All communications will be made by registered letters and valuable packages.

My conditions are following:

I am to receive Fifteen Hundred Dollars (\$1,500.00) per month by transfers on any Bank in Yokohama. There is no need for any special contract. I will begin the work only upon receiving the advance agreed upon. You may inform me as to your address by wire.

Mrs. De Bogory is already translating my material and I hope you will find such satisfactory to you; I leave it to your judgment.

On leaving America I am feeling rather sad, but I will inform you more particularly from Japan.

I wish you all success.

Sincerely Yours,

D. Rodionoff

C. This letter, written to one of Ford's detectives, speaks of Miss De Bogory as translating anti-Jewish Protocol material for Ford.

Dialogue in Hell between Machiavelli and Montesquieu." It was published at Brussels in 1865.

Anybody more than eight years old who had given attention to the subject of forged documents would be able to tell, by the foolishness of what we have quoted above, that these famous Protocols were forgeries of the weakest nature. If he were two or three times eight, and had the information accessible to everybody, he would see how suitable this type of forgery was to the habit of the Russian Tsarists. As was stated in the comment of one distinguished Jew, Nathan Isaacs, Professor of Law in the University of Pittsburgh, and formerly a captain in the Intelligence Division of the United States Army, what all this Protocols dream, reduced to sane English, amounts to is: "Beware of progress. It is a Jewish scheme."

In this Dr. Houghton, who figures in the United States secret service, as one of the venders of the Protocols, and as the family physician of C. C. Daniels, one more direct connection is made between the Ford organization in its anti-Semitic crusade, and the other drives that were being made against the Jews. The detective who is listed in the Ford



organization as No. 124 X makes a report in which he says: "Mr. Sidorkin also says that Mr. Brasol, the translator of the Small, Maynard Publishing Company's edition of the Protocols, is possessed of much valuable information on the subject of Jewry in Russia, and may know something about it in this city. He also says there is another copy of the Russian translation of the Protocols in New York City and that to the best of his information it is now in the possession of A. N. Avinoff, of Napahonk, New York."

The people who are mixed up in these enterprises contradict each other with extraordinary facility. The Mr. Avinoff referred to in this detective's report heartily denies the possession of any unprinted copy of the Protocols.

About six months after the Small, Maynard edition came out, it was followed by an edition of Dr. Houghton, which was excellently printed, richly covered, and elaborately illustrated. It bore the fantastic name of The Protocols of the Wise Men of Zion, and was called the Beckwith Edition. Mr. Ford's weekly quoted freely from this edition.

WHEN Dr. Houghton got into financial difficulties, Prof. A. L. Frothingham of Princeton, wrote to one of the Ford investigators, a member of the Daniels organization of near-detectives, as follows: "Mr. F. Hunter Creech. Dear Sir: I have had no intercourse with Dr. Houghton for at least six months, since his failure to carry out any part of his agreement. I want it clearly understood that whatever was agreed to between us was upon his initiative, and after repeated urging. Naturally I have not dunned him about his delinquency. You volunteered the statement to me, 'We are trying to settle up Dr. Houghton's rather complicated business troubles, financial obligations, etc., and expect to do so before long as he is too valuable a man to drop.' This is the substance if not the exact words. I naturally suppose that 'we' meant yourself as Wise Wood told me that you had full charge of all the work in the East. This will explain what I wrote you and probably will take away any feeling of surprise you may have felt about my letter." The Wise Wood here mentioned is Henry A. Wise Wood, the well-known protector of the United States civilization against radicals, listed in the Daniels office as 105 A. Mr. 105 A was for a long time the leading spirit in the National Security League. His picture appears on page 47.

These matters were well under way when there appeared on the scene the man who could furnish any number of Protocols of any type. The purchaser had but to make known the brand preferred. Mr. Rodionoff was taken by the Ford employees with complete seriousness. He presented himself as part owner of the original Protocols in Hebrew, and declared he was the possessor of thirteen new Protocols. He was the champion Protocoler of the world.

Investigator Creech wrote to Mr. Ford's editor, Cameron, as follows: "It occurs to me that it would be quite valuable if we had a photographic copy of the Protocols in Hebrew and place same in our files against investigations we might encounter in the

future." Operator 103 A was especially assigned to deal with this Rodionoff. No. 103 A, you will remember, was the same Dr. Houghton, formerly of the United States Secret Service. This 103 A reported that Rodionoff had shown papers that he had worked for the Tsar's government. He quotes Rodionoff as saying, "that he has the originals of the Protocols in Hebrew and that these were the originals which were in the possession of Serge Nilus. The twenty-four that have been published in this country, continues Dr. Houghton, reporting to his superiors, "are the original Protocols which were gotten up at the Basle conference in 1897. There have since been written thirteen more which had never been published. All of these he has in the original Hebrew. Everyone who has come in contact with Rodionoff is impressed with his sincerity and dependability. We all believe that he has what he says he has. Would not recommend a visit of Rodionoff to Dearborn for several reasons." No. 103 A did not, "for several reasons," wish Rodionoff to see Mr. Ford. Therefore, Rodionoff endeavored to break through the guard of No. 103 A to get to Mr. Ford himself. His letter was turned over by the manufacturer to investigator 124 X. No. 124 X has appeared in this story. He also had been a Government investigator, and his name is C. W. Smith. Mr. Smith sent for Rodionoff immediately.

Rodionoff went to the office of No. 124 X. He told him a story, with all the detail necessary to a picture in five reels. Rodionoff described himself as actually acquainted with Serge Nilus, the Russian publisher who first put the Protocols on the market. Nilus, according to Rodionoff, was a Mason of the Russian order, and fluently spoke eight languages, including Hebrew. One of the most important of these details was that the original Protocols in Hebrew are at present in the possession of a secret Russian anti-Jewish propaganda institution with headquarters near Harbin, Russia. "Near Harbin, Russia," is a perfect setting for this type of melodrama. Rodionoff hinted clearly enough to be understood that for a consideration he could obtain for Mr. Ford photographic copies.

NOW, No. 124 X, Mr. Smith, once had such a serious place in the secret work of the United States Government that I hesitate to speak of him with any lack of respect. Nevertheless, it is a fact, too, that he sent back to the Ford organization a report in which he said, "I am inclined to believe Rodionoff's story relating to the Protocols." This may set the reader's mind to wondering how many things secret service investigators in general are inclined to believe.

The results in money did not satisfy Rodionoff. He suddenly decided he must get more. He wrote a letter to Natalie De Bogory, the Russian lady who had been in the office of 103 A during the war, telling her he was leaving New York and would sail from Seattle for Japan on August 22nd. He did sail on the day named. His departure produced consternation in the New York office. Miss De Bogory wired to him that his departure would make it quite impossible to [Continued on page 133]

April 1 1921 192

Mr. E. C. Daniels

To \_\_\_\_\_ Dr.

Terms \_\_\_\_\_

Billhead No. 10

|     |    |    |                   |       |  |  |
|-----|----|----|-------------------|-------|--|--|
| Feb | 14 | 13 | Protocols of Zion | 20.00 |  |  |
|-----|----|----|-------------------|-------|--|--|

One of the bills, showing the Ford agency picking up a few extra copies of the Protocols.



When a

# Girl's Thirty

By Katharine Dayton

Illustrated by Baron de Meyer

Not so long ago  
a woman  
left all hope behind  
after her  
twenty-ninth birthday.  
But that was  
not so long ago

NOWHERE could one find a more inoffensive appearing Last Straw than little old Mr. Joralemon, nor one more cheerfully unaware, as he toddled into the University Club after his chance meeting with Miss Victoria Kent, that on the corner of Fifty-fourth Street and Fifth Avenue he had just Broken a Camel's Back. Yet thus it was.

It had been a thoroughly difficult day for Victoria, dating from the moment—7:47 A.M. to be exact—when, with a distinct and disagreeable sensation of shock, she had wakened to realize that this was her thirtieth birthday; and culminating, after a sequence of irritating incidents which were as so much salt rubbed into the wound, in the encounter with Mr. Joralemon. Before entering further into details, however, we feel it a duty to announce loudly to those of our readers who have been led by the Younger Novelists to believe that an unmarried heroine of thirty in the average magazine story must of necessity be a poor, colorless

creature whose starved soul revolts lulubettishly against a drab, loveless existence, that Miss Tory Kent was not in the least like that type of heroine. And as for *looking* like that—but we must return to the birthday.

Victoria had always known, vaguely, that thirty happened to everybody some time. But not to her—at least, not yet! Surely, she had always imagined, by thirty one would be—well, set in one's mold. Married—dead—something! Not doing the same things, feeling the same things one always had. And here she was—*it*—and just as she always had been. Or was she? Sinking rapidly in the Slough of Despond Victoria, ignoring the eight querulous chimes of the little clock on the bedside table, pulled the rose-colored comforter more closely about her pretty chin and reviewed, after the approved manner of drowning persons, her past life. It was a pretty tapestry the fates had woven for her. Money, position, unusual good looks, opportunity and intelli-



**C.** *The house was finished and looked adorable. Everything was in readiness for the little dinner she and Jim Brice were to have here before turning over the keys to its owners.*



gence shot it full of gay colors, and easily discernible in the intricacies of the design were the faces and figures of considerably more than the average number of men. Victoria smiled faintly as she considered them. They were a composite lot—her summers abroad, a winter in Rome, a season in London, had seen to that—and most of them had been very much in love with her, though she was quite aware that a few rather nice ones had asked to marry her because of her money, and two or three awfully nice ones hadn't for the same reason. It was these last who stood out most distinctly from the blur of the background—which fact is mentioned as giving a slight clue to Victoria's character.

For Victoria, though she would have indignantly denied it, was incurably romantic. If you had asked her why she hadn't married any of these men she would have given you, in many cases, quite logical reasons; but mostly they would have been illogical, such as, for instance, this one being too short, or that one too thin or too fat, or not wearing a becoming sort of collar.

The truth was that, perhaps unconsciously, and being not a little spoiled, she had expected from life something very decidedly out of the usual; and, beautiful and economically independent, she could afford to wait for it. Certainly marriage in the abstract as she saw it among her friends, had not attracted her. Even under the best of circumstances it seemed a humdrum enough cycle of servant problems, babies, houses, curtains, commuting, country-club gossip, and husbands with a tendency just at present to golf and drink too much—and the humdrum was, above all things in life, what Victoria had determined always to avoid. But could it be avoided, she asked herself as she dressed slowly, meticulously brushing her hair and momentarily cheered when a sedulous search revealed no single thread of gray in its deep brown waves.

"MY BABY!" her mother greeted her, a trifle sentimentally, as she entered the breakfast room. "It doesn't seem possible my little Tory can be th—"

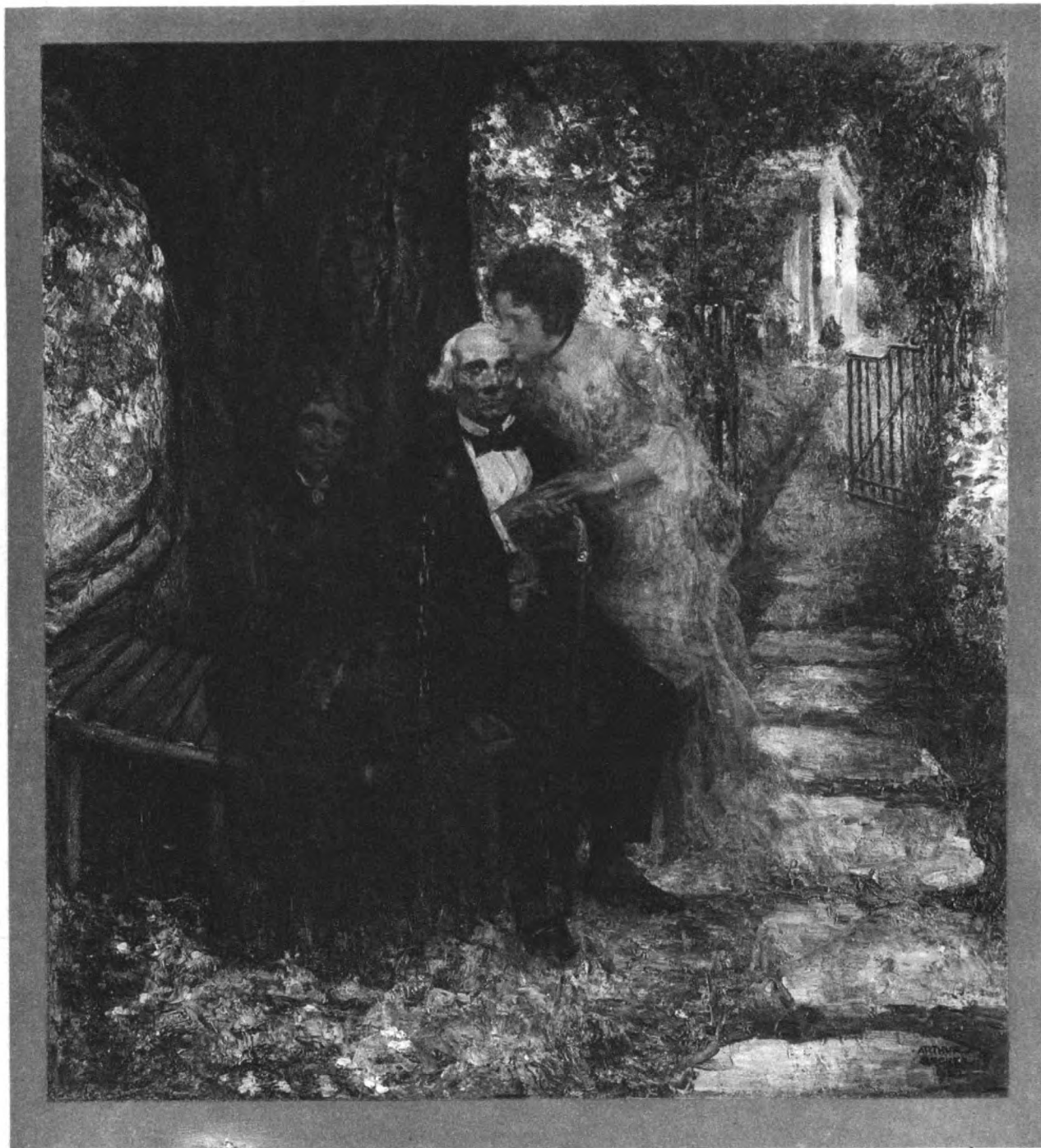
"Ahem!" coughed Victoria, with a frown in the direction of the maid who was bringing her coffee. "Are there any letters?" For some unaccountable reason she couldn't bear to have Annie, who must have been all of twenty-two hear the fatal word. If one had *done* something—something worth while—it wouldn't matter. At least, not so much. But to be thirty and have no—no alibi! That was it. At thirty one simply must have some excuse for living.

"You're not listening, dear," complained Mrs. Kent gently. "I said you must be sure not to forget your appointment with Dr. Merrick this morning."

"Excuse [Continued on page 100]



C, "Listen to me, dearest," Jim pleaded. "You're all the color and light and warmth I need in my house and I'll try not to let it be stupid and humdrum for you."



Painted by Arthur E. Becher

## *The* SELFSAME SONG

By Thomas Hardy

*A bird bills the selfsame song,  
With never a fault in its flow,  
That we listened to here those long  
• Long years ago.*

*A pleasing marvel is how  
A strain of such rapture rote  
Should have gone on thus till now  
Unchanged in a note!*

*But it's not the selfsame bird—  
No: perished to dust is he. . . .  
As also are those who heard  
That song with me.*

*The distinguished author of The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse recently returned home and now he reports:*

*"All I hear in Europe is talk of PEACE;  
all I see is fear of WAR"*

# Trembling Europe

By Vicente Blasco Ibañez

**W**HILE the war lasted, there was a general revival of religious emotion. The churches of every creed received more worshipers than ever before, and prayers, for a while at least, were sincere, not mere lip-service; for once they came from men's hearts. There was no family that did not number either someone already fallen at the front or someone who might fall there. Furthermore, the crimes of the human beast which had been set free from its cage by the war; the assassinations, the burnings, thefts, and rapes committed, the trampling underfoot of every human right, the crippling of liberty, made all eyes turn prayerfully to the gentle teachings of brotherhood offered by Christianity.

And those who witnessed this religious renaissance during the war made haste to prophesy: "When at last we shall have peace, this moral progress will continue at an even more rapid rate. Men will finally become convinced that the church, inasmuch as it is an association for idealistic and generous purposes, is more competent than politics or governments to deal with the conflicts inevitably arising in our midst. The war will have served the purpose of forcing humanity to take a great step forward toward perfection. God, in his mysterious ways, often draws good from evil, and bestows happiness upon us only when we have endured severe tests and trials."

But once the war was over, danger, anxiety and grief were over too, and these were the real causes of religious emotion in most cases. The number of worshipers at the temple did not continue to increase. On the contrary, it diminished; and as to the contribution of the religious spirit in solving present-day difficulties, no one has been able to discover that it has exerted the slightest effect.

**L**IFE rolls ceaselessly on, careless of our griefs. It catches us up in its waves and sweeps us along in its currents. We keep our memories within us, but each time we look at them they are a little more dim, for life carries us on without stopping to rest . . . farther, farther . . . with the utter indifference of a piece of machinery that is deaf and insensible to our sentiments. It shows us new skies, new lands, and brings it about that we think less and less of the past, and that finally, in spite of ourselves, we come to forget it. . . .

At social gatherings in Europe it is bad taste now to mention the world conflict. The producers will not accept any plays alluding to it. Publishers refuse without a reading any manuscript dealing with the late catastrophe; even the wounded and the combatants who came out without actual injury, but who, for those four awful years went through all sorts of sufferings, avoid speaking of this part of the past as much as possible. Europe is as religious, or as little religious, as it was before the summer of 1914. It has remembered God, prayed, worshiped, and then forgotten.

The moral code of every religion offers a reward for virtue, and punishment for evil-doing. In many cases it is esteemed that the punishment can be modified by divine pardon; but obviously, before the pardon can be given the punishment must have begun.

After that blind catastrophe of the war, as sightless as an earthquake or a tempest at sea, the observer looks the facts in the face and inquires: "Well, where is the reward of the virtuous? Who has succeeded in seeing the wicked punished?"

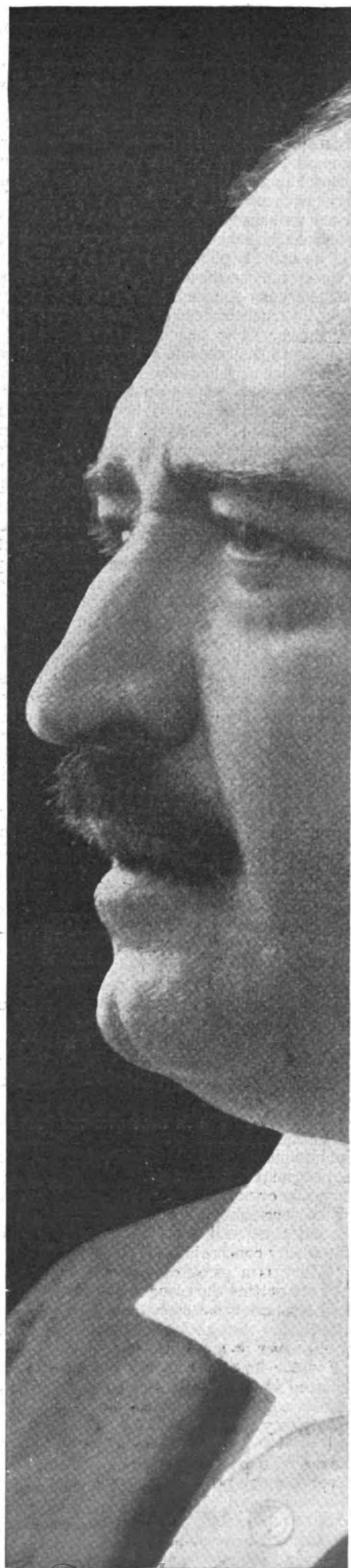
Fifteen million men lie buried in the recent battlefields; twenty or thirty million innocent souls who could not fight, since they were weak, and who thus could not constitute a peril for anybody, have died of fear, hunger, cold, and harsh treatment. The towns destroyed, for the most part, remain in ruins. Whole series of little tragedies occurring in the very heart of the family remain irreparable. Hundreds of thousands of women and children are waiting in vain for some superhuman intervention to come and efface the shame and humiliation suffered by their families, the very memory of which fills them with a new horror.

Obviously, the spectacle presented by the world at this moment is not calculated to support the pious belief that for the good there are rewards; for the evil, punishments. The teachings of the recent war could not be more immoral than they are.

Very few human beings can live without speculating to some extent at least on what awaits them after death.

Only those who have attained that serenity that might be called philosophic, are willing to go on living without any certainty as to what lies beyond the grave. The great majority of human beings want to know, clamor for a certainty, beg for something to free them from the terror of their doubts as to what lies beyond.

All religions provide this consoling assurance. They tell what to expect after death, but they promise a glimpse beyond the grave only when we have left this mortal life.





definitively set out on the dark and mysterious path that leads to another world. No religion of good standing and long-established respectability offers to bring us directly into contact with super-terrestrial life, nor is willing to admit that living beings can communicate directly with the dead. More than that, nearly every reputable religion considers the attempt to make the dead speak, and to evoke the life beyond the grave mere superstition, a remnant of the belief in spirits prevalent among witch-doctors.

But human beings always betray a childish impatience when they are really interested in something. Our native egoism makes us assume ourselves to be the center of all that exists. When we experience a great joy we think the world is perfect, and we call the poor wretch who complains of his hard lot, ungrateful and troublesome. When we are sad, it astonishes us that everyone else should not be sad with us, and it seems to us absurdly cruel that the sky should still be blue, and that the sun still shines.

How can the love one bears the dead, forever lost to us, listen to the voice of religion or of scientific conviction or of anything that intervenes, setting up a barrier, be it ever so thin, between the loser and the lost? Emotions are more to us than faith or reason. Aside from this, it gives us pleasure to know what lies beyond death without having to die to gain that knowledge. We like to talk with our dead without having ourselves to tread the narrow path to the tomb. And from all this derives the fact that throughout Europe the only revival of religious sentiment that occurred after the war took the form of spiritualism; and I use this term to include all the schools, sects, religions or whatever one chooses to call them, that attempt to put the living human being into direct contact with the mysterious unknown out of which he came at birth, and to which he will return again when he plunges into the abyss of death.

Not long ago I was dining in one of the most beautiful and elegant palaces of the *côte d'azur*. I chanced to be seated at a table beside a lady who had lost her son in the war.

"For two years now I have spoken with my son every week," this lady told me, with the utmost calm, just as she might have mentioned that she had seen her son that afternoon at the Casino of Monte Carlo. Then she added:

"If you knew how happy I have been since that *séance* when I first talked with him! Before that life seemed impossible. Now I can go on quietly hoping until I die, and then join him where he is. . . ."

As I was listening attentively to what this devoted mother was telling me, she went on to give me details of the happy conversations she had had with her dead son by means of tripods, tables and other articles of furniture.

As a rule these conversations are foolish or at best incoherent, and the poor deceased are reported to be making nonsensical statements for which they would undoubtedly blush if they were alive to hear them.

This poor English boy, who, while he lived, had achieved no higher distinction than being a good soldier, was not likely to free himself from that intellectual mediocrity which seems to be one of the distinguishing marks of the dead when they try to speak to the living. In all the conversations he had had with his mother he had never apparently said anything that was not commonplace, or at least well known, the sort of thing that his mother might very well have read forty-eight hours earlier in a magazine or newspaper. But it happened that the week preceding the occasion of which I speak the young Englishman from beyond the tomb had been more explicit and definite in his statements concerning eternity.

"There is a great deal going on here," he told his mother. "We are getting the place ready for those who are coming. They say hereabouts that soon there is to be another war. . . . And yet we who died thought that this was the last, and that there would never be another!"

For the first time in my life I felt impressed by something reported to have been said by a member of the spirit world; I acknowledged that the dead do not always talk nonsense.

As always happened in human affairs, alongside the sincerity and good faith of those who believe in spirit manifestations, the desire to exploit and deceive has found lodging. As there were never so many people in Europe eager to explore the beyond and talk with those who have ceased to exist, so there have never been so many clairvoyants, mediums, palmists, and diviners of the future of every ilk. One needs only to read the advertisements in the daily papers of the great capitals of Europe to get some idea of the sudden and extensive blossoming of a vast crop

of those beings who live by exploiting human suffering, and the human need of consolation. Even in the smallest and quietest cities, in the midst of those who, in entire good faith seek the comfortings of spirit messages, a surprising number of audacious sharpers are to be found, and they, without any faith in the doctrines they profess, make of spiritualism an instrument of exploitation.

"But what has the war left in Europe that is positive, that will count in the long run?" some of us ask.

On this point at least I am pessimistic. Perhaps, when many years have passed, when events can be seen in perspective, the observer will be able to discern that some actual benefit to humanity has been derived from this gruesome catastrophe; that is, if a definitive peace results, and if the recent war turns out to be a drama complete in itself and not the first act of a long drawn out tragedy of ghastly and suicidal wars.

HAD THE WAR never taken place the Russian Revolution would have been impossible; the Russia of the republic and of the Soviets would have been still more so. After a war begun by grand dukes and the generals of the Tsar we now behold what eight years ago would have been considered the most impossible of absurdities, nothing less than this; the formation of a Red Army of several million men organized in true military fashion, and commanded by a communist newspaper writer, in other words, that Trotzky who, a few years ago, was straying all over the globe, when he wasn't in jail.

This Red Army is not yet a menace to the world because the immense and disorganized nation behind it is in the throes of famine. Moreover, modern warfare requires the support of a thoroughgoing industrial system, and this is something Russia has not succeeded in developing even in peace times, much less now in the disorder of revolution. But what if it should happen in the future that the revolutionary spirit of Russia invades Germany, and the Russian ant-hill should be able to work with the great stores of materials produced by German industry?

And this is the peril actually menacing the future.

The one certainty of the post-war period such as we know it is the fact that nearly one-half of Europe, with one-half of Asia supporting it from behind, is in open rebellion against that social constitution which, since the earliest centuries, has governed mankind, a constitution based on individual property. Never have the enemies of existing society held so much power in their hands, never before have they succeeded in acquiring a national individuality. Up to 1918, in the whole long course of human history, those who were dissatisfied with the organization of society had to content themselves with writing or orating against it, and, if they actually attempted direct action, they went no further than to hold meetings which were promptly snuffed out by the police, or make individual attacks, by means of dynamite, on the representatives of the order they opposed.

For the first time in human history we see a government, the declared enemy of private property, and the partisan of communism, possessing an army numbering millions, a navy, and diplomatic representatives who are received in the congresses of nations. Compared with this revolution, all other revolutions appear gentle and inoffensive. They were mere political changes affecting the internal organization of the country in which they occurred; occasionally they modified the scope of property rights, but they never denied them nor suppressed them.

As I was walking one day through the Champs Élysées with Kerensky, the famous prime minister of the first Russian republic, who was driven out of office by Lenin and his party, he said to me with the vehemence that made him so stirring an orator:

"Just as long as the Allied Powers insist on intervention in Russia, just so long will Lenin remain in power. The peasants believe that the foreigners will take from them the lands we gave them. They will support Lenin to the death if Europe intervenes. But it is equally certain that if Russia's relations with the rest of Europe are restored, if the barriers at the frontier are let down, so that our people can see what is actually going on in other countries, these millions of small landed proprietors, instead of maintaining communism will rise against it and overthrow it."

To my thinking there is nothing new about Lenin nor the equally austere and selfless men associated with him. I know many of his relatives in history. Robespierre, too, was called "the virtuous."

It is true that the rulers of the great [Continued on page 130]

Q A Novel of  
a Woman  
Who Found Herself



by the Author of  
"The Penalty"



# The Better Wife

By Gouverneur Morris

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

Q The shifting scenes of Bud Highland's life  
which make up the earlier chapters of this story.

ONE morning Captain (Bud) Highland awoke from a drunken sleep to find himself securely married. That was strange because only the day before, or was it the day before that, he had been divorced by his first wife to whom he had given alimony and the custody of the two boys. If it was strange to be married again, it was shocking to find he had married a fallen woman. But a promise given was, in Bud's mind, a promise to be kept. He set about keeping his promise to the poor, sick, wasted creature whom he had married. They left New York at once, as Bud could not endure the thought of taking his new wife, whom he hated, among his old friends. In the far West, Mary, his wife, got back her strength and health and much of her good looks. In bitterness of spirit she moaned out that she felt like other women, thought like other women—and yet her terrible past, cruelly forced upon her, would not down. Gradually, there emerged the real woman back of the bedraggled creature he had married and from whom Bud was losing his desire to escape. Then came the time when she had to go to the hospital and Bud was awakened at two o'clock one

morning to learn that she was worse. The operation had been on her throat and there was a hemorrhage. He found her weak, suffering, and submitting to heroic treatment as the great "cherry" was forced into place. Surprising thoughts of tenderness moved him for the girl as he watched her fighting for life.

## Q The Story Goes On

MARY fainted again, forty-eight hours later, when they took the "cherry" out. She had supposed this would hurt just as much as the putting in had hurt. She didn't believe them when they told her it wouldn't. They had told her that the putting in wouldn't hurt much. She wouldn't have believed anything they told her. She had to get over the bitter disappointment of learning that she could not have any ether or anything to make the pain less. It didn't hurt very much, and it was from relief that she fainted.

If her courage had filled Bud Highland with admiration, his performance had thrilled the nurse.

He had not slept during all those forty-eight hours. He had been splendid, an inspiration. His voice had never struck an impatient note—not once. He had patted and stroked that poor

little woman's hand for three and four hours at a stretch—and all the while dying for a smoke. He had confessed that much.

It must be wonderful, thought the little nurse, much impressed, to be loved like that!

She had always been down on men. She knew too much about them. But perhaps she had been all wrong. She had consecrated herself to a life of single blessedness. Now, she wasn't so sure.

THE VERY next person who came under the little nurse's charge was a frivolous, teasing, young bachelor-about-town. He was a nose case—the sub-mucous operation for stoppage of the left nostril. It is a most miserable business; but all through the miserablest part, he teased and frivoled away in high spirits, and was forward and saucy, and altogether abominable and adorable. She did her best to repress him. He was irrepressible. He would kiss her hand if she didn't watch out. He would pay her outrageous compliments. She had the loveliest skin he'd ever seen. Rage and pleasure fought in her.

He left the hospital in high spirits. She remained in low ones. Three weeks passed. He came to see her. He was changed. He was earnest, very manly, serious. He had about him a kind of beseechingness, a sort of orphan quality, that was very sweet and taking.

He had a little money, he told her; but he thought that a man ought to work. There was a fine opening that he had heard about up in Portland, Oregon. Would she come, please? If not he would stay right on here, and find some job that would keep him near her. He had stayed away three weeks to be sure that the feeling he had for her was love, and not just wanting to catch her in his arms and eat her up. She had the cutest little ears, and the brightest eyes. She was like a little squirrel. And she had been so gentle and tender when he was suffering, and she was so wise and sensible.

Mary had not intended to show Bud the letter, but he had asked casually whom it was from, not being in the least interested to know, and she had shown it to him.

"It's from the nurse I had," she said. "She wants us to know that she is going to be married."

"But," the little nurse had written stiffly, "I would never have made up my mind to it, if it had not been for the impression that the perfect love of you and your husband made upon me when you were sick here. . . ."

Bud returned the letter to her.

"I am glad," he said, "that we made such a good impression. I hope she'll be very happy."

So the little nurse married, and went to Portland, Oregon, to live; and the very next case that came to her was a maternity case, in which she took an interest so intense that it was closely related to the worst kind of pain, and her next case was a nursing case, and that was so interesting and delightful that the delicious tenderness of it brought the tears to her eyes; and her husband would come in and watch them, and he'd say:

"Couple of squirrels!"

THE JESSUPS, to whom Bud had written about Mary's setback, received her, you may say, with open arms, and did their best to make an invalid of her. The old man had made selections of flowers from his little garden, no color omitted, and placed huge bouquets in the little sitting-room. Mrs. Jessup had gathered that Mary had lost a great deal of blood and needed to have it replaced by a course of enforced over-eating.

But Mary had already rebounded with all the resiliency of youth from the hard floor of the dark valley. Her color was good, her eye was bright, and if she was a little weak in the knees, it only lasted a few days.

The Jessups, indeed, with the most affectionate and painstaking effort saw little or no change in her. It was in Bud's eyes that she was changed, and greatly changed. Some of the changes were in her, and some of them were in himself.

Circumstance had for many months now thrown them into a very close and intimate association with each other. Neither had done anything which the other might not have found out and welcome. But the fact of Mary's past and of their disreputable marriage was a thing to make them both shy in forming other and outside associations.

Two people of whatever possible combination of the sexes—two men, two women, or as now, a man and a woman—cannot live together, travel together, sharing a purse in common, and almost wholly dependent on each other for interest and recrea-

tion, without having whatever degree of liking they first brought into the relationship diminish or increase.

The chief change that had come about in Highland was this: he was now obliged to acknowledge, in common honesty, what must for some time have been true, but passed over without recognition. He wasn't, as he had perhaps imagined, merely reconciled to the thought of the long years ahead with her company through them always a prominent factor. It wasn't merely that he had grown used to having her about. He had become fond of her.

The changes that he saw in Mary were various. Having gone through her recent trial with so much courage and dignity, he now seemed to see a gentle and quiet dignity in such actions and points of view as he would formerly have described to himself by such words perhaps, as "quiet," "not noticeable one way or the other." She had, in short, acquired in her husband's eyes a sort of force of character. He realized that he had respect for her, and that he must have had it right along, after those first few awful days.

When he had first seen her face, after the operation, he missed what until that time he had blindly passed over, her prettiness. It had, in other words, taken a long time to live down his first impressions. It was no wonder that so many people turned their heads to have a better look at her. She was a lovely young thing! Because of this, the quiet deference which he had always put into his manner toward her, and into his consultations of her wishes, ceased to be an expression of that code by which he had striven to rule his conduct toward her, and became the natural deference which the average man feels toward any pretty woman who does not bore him.

THEN, she talked so differently now! He attributed this to the removal of all those unnecessary growths and congestions in her throat, and not in the least to her own quick ear, and her desire to please. From the beginning, she had labored to acquire from her husband his intonations, his vowels, and of course, his approval of her for having acquired them. While it is true that surgery had actually improved the quality of her voice, the gradual changes brought about by her own persistent and intelligent efforts were the important ones.

He knew women in New York, women who are among those who rule what is called society, who would have been greatly improved if they could have talked as quietly and harmoniously as his new wife did.

Well, they had been through a terrible time together. He had been afraid at one time that she was going to die. Afraid! Yes, he had sat for many hours by her bed, leaning forward, till he thought his spine must splinter, and trying with all the strength of his will to give her something of his own strength through the two hands in which he held hers.

He had taken the doctor aside and offered to give his own blood. But the doctor had said that she was going to be all right, and not to get excited. Well, it was something to have been frightened and to have offered! What more could he have done, even if she had been precious to him?

He realized that if she had died, life would have seemed horribly empty to him. "I'm so used to her," he thought.

But he was not used to her.

Her prettiness, her high color, the clear tan that a few mornings in the salt water and the bright sun had brought back, the lithe and graceful curves of her body when she walked into the wind began to trouble him.

He was getting fat, he said. That was why he was up so early in the morning, up and dressed and off for a long run over the hills before breakfast. As for sitting up late, why he didn't sit up so very late. It was wonderful what a lot of interesting reading could be found in an encyclopedia! Farmer Jessup's was a pretty good one—big print. One subject suggested another, and the first thing you knew, a lot of time had flown over your head. Had she ever read Rollo's Trip to Cambridge? Few had, of her generation. There was a man in it, who wasn't very good at remembering things, a Mr. George. He undertook to read the Encyclopedia all the way through from cover to cover; always when he laid his volume aside, he would put a marker between the leaves to recall where he had left off reading. He got as far, did Mr. George, as Xerxes, but then, omitting to put in his marker, he was obliged to go all the way back to Aaron again.

All these months, he had been as casual and indifferent as if she had been another man. If rooming with another person has always its crowded and bothersome sides, he had put up





**C.** *That night on the porch Fred got out his guitar and made Mary sing with him. It was so easy to feel gay and young with these Jessups. They didn't know the things about her that her husband did.*

with them in the same common sense spirit that she had. They lived that way because they were poor, and preferred to spend their extra dollars on concrete amusements and luxuries.

The Jessups would have given them another room for the asking. It wouldn't have cost them an extra cent. But Highland, though he felt sure of this, had not the nerve to make the suggestion. Mary, of course, knew that she was nothing to him, and never could be, and he had no reason to think that the knowledge hurt or offended her in any way (she had never given him any reason to think so); but to have others even suspect that he was indifferent to her, would hurt her. It hurts any wife to have people know that her husband is indifferent to her. It hurts her even if she detests him.

Highland could discover no way of changing present arrangements without hurting his wife's feelings. It would be awkward to suggest any rearrangement to the Jessups and still more awkward to suggest it to Mary. She would think that from

indifference he had passed to antipathy and resentment. He would be making her feel that her ubiquitous nearness had got frightfully on his nerves. So he was up and out before she was awake, and to bed long after she had gone to sleep.

If one of the Jessups happened to be about, when Mary, sweeping her knitting into the brocade bag she had made to hold it, rose to say good night, he always punctiliously kissed her, and walked with her to the foot of the stairs. His code commanded him to treat her, in the presence of others, as a loving husband should treat his wife.

But to Mary, the light smiling touch of his lips upon her cheek, was the same kiss he had always given her, when his notion of good manners, and the respect which is owing to the holy estate of matrimony, impelled him to kiss her. If kissing the wall-paper at the height of a girl's cheek from the ground, had been the proper thing to do, to keep people's feelings from being hurt, he would have kissed the wall-paper. It would



have made no difference to him which he kissed, the wall-paper or the clear tan, undershot with vermilion, of his wife's cheek. He was kissing neither to give pleasure nor to receive pleasure, but to make a woman's hopeless position in this world seem sound and conventional. He kissed not to give pleasure; but to spare pain. So Mary thought.

But it was no longer so. It gave him pleasure to kiss that clear tan cheek now. It was a privilege. His privilege. But she must never know.

IN THE early spring, Highland was startled to see his first wife's writing on one of the envelopes in the morning mail. It was a cold and formal letter about the boys. Bud Junior had had the operation for mastoiditis, one side only. He had suffered a lot, and was very much pulled down. Now there were indications that there was trouble in the other side. He had gone out without his overcoat and played in the wet snow. She was very much worried; but that wasn't the point.

The boy, it seemed, talked all the time about his father, and wanted him. Highland could use his own judgment. She had no objection to his seeing the boy. She was sending the letter to his club. She supposed they would have his address. He

might telegraph if he was coming. It would be a comfort to Bud Junior to know. So much for Bud Junior.

Montie was well. He hadn't bucked up much in his studies and she was afraid he was a little precocious. His teacher thought that in another year it would be well to send him to a boarding school, etc., and so on. No word of herself, or of how she was using her new-won liberty. He wondered if Uncle Fisher had come out of hiding.

He showed the letter to Mary, and asked her what he should do; just as if the decision lay with her.

"Why, you must go, of course," she said promptly. "The poor little kiddie."

"I want to go, of course, but the boy can't mean anything to you, one way or the other, and my going does mean something to you. It means that I'll have to spend a whole lot more than my share of what little money we have on myself. It costs like the very devil to travel these days."

Her answer to this surprised him, and revealed in her a quality that he had never suspected, a maternal quality.

"If he was my kiddie," she said quickly, "I'd go. If I didn't have the money, I'd steal it. If the person I stole it from starved to death, I should worry!" She made him see the thing as she saw it, and he decided at once to go.



**B**ud had always punctiliously kissed his wife in the presence of others. His code demanded that he show her this respect. But he suddenly realized that it gave him pleasure to kiss her now. It was a privilege. But she must never know.





**C.** *The forty-eight hours of Mary's agony were soon a dim memory. Bud had been splendid, an inspiration. He had patted and stroked her hand for hours, all the time admiring her courage.*

Not once did it occur to her that of his own free will he might be leaving her forever; that once he was back in New York, he might think of her, so far away and all, as only a sort of bad dream from which he had waked. For in her mind he had come to be the personification of goodness, honesty, loyalty, and faith to duty.

Then suddenly at parting, he had said, "Give me a kiss," and had whipped his arm around her, and kissed her lips. She had obeyed without thought, as one often obeys a sudden, and unexpected command—had tilted up her face with childish candor and given him the kiss that he had told her to give him. It was an affair of a moment, a touch as it were of butterfly wings, and no more. It wouldn't have happened that way if they had been alone. They had parted as he thought husbands and wives ought to part, when a person like Farmer Jessup, who thought so highly of them both, was looking on.

**S**HE STOOD with heightened color, and a flutter in her breast: nothing much, just butterfly wings again, until the train under its canopy of dark smoke was small in the distance.

After that she climbed back into the buckboard, and chatted with Farmer Jessup, and with him waited for the up-train that was to bring young Jessup home again for one of his flying visits.

But it was to be a longer visit than usual.

He who usually came off the train with a flying leap, before it had stopped, did not come at all now until after the smoking car had emptied itself. He had two big bags this time instead of one little one, and it was not himself who wrestled with them, but the brakeman.

He waved to them from the platform; waved his left arm. The right was in a sling. You could see it plainly against his light gray suit. It was black silk. His face was pale and thin. He had on a red necktie. There was a fountain pen with a patent nickel clip in the breast pocket of his coat. He had a fob to his watch. Her husband would never have been caught wearing one.

She had waved to him; not exactly a wave; that lovely straight-arm, straight-up gesture, that a girl makes (taking a step forward if she happens to be standing) with the palm of her hand forward, and all the fingers spread.

It wasn't anything. He had slipped on an iced-over platform up in the mountains somewhere, and broken both the bones in his fool forearm. All that worried him was that he wouldn't be able to hug mother the way he always did (it was the old-fashioned mother-and-son way, lasted a long time, and was accompanied by a very gentle to and fro rocking motion, at the exact tempo of a baby's cradle), and that mother would scold him because he hadn't mentioned his accident in the telegram which had announced his home-coming.

"Mother'll never forgive me," he said, "for not costing her two more nights' rest."

Why, of course he could sit on the back of the buckboard and let his feet hang over! What nonsense! Well, then, he'd sit astride the horse!

"There's plenty of room on this seat for all three of us," said Mary, going into action. "We came over that way and my husband takes up more room than you do. You'll sit on the right so's your arm won't get bumped, and I'll sit in the middle so's I won't fall out, and Mr. Jessup can drive from the left



side just as well as he can from the right. . . . No. I'll drive. Please let me drive."

She sat in the middle, on the very edge of the seat, and, a rein in each hand, flushed and excited, her eye a little wild and nervous, continuously and jocosely warned as to what outrageous misbehavior to expect next from the docile old plug between the shafts of the wagon she drove for the first time in her life.

Her riding experience at McGregor's stood her in little stead. This horse steered differently; he was not bridle-wise! They made her laugh, and she made them laugh. But presently she was demanding to be told how, and they told her. Young Jessup told her, while old Jessup chuckled.

Horses' heads, Fred Jessup told her, are very firmly put on. It's a trick nature has. Old Mingo's head had been put on in that way. Even if she were to let go of the reins entirely and suddenly it was exceedingly doubtful if his head would fall off, not all the way off, anyhow. But perhaps she was a college girl and had played on the tug of war team, or tugged on it. She had a mighty impressive way of tugging—so steady.

But old Mingo wasn't really a horse; he was a mule. Most stubborn. It was believed that he had sat on a hot stove once in his remote childhood, and it was now known to be very difficult to get him to sit down anywhere at any time. When you tugged the reins that way, he thought you wanted him to sit down and that always made him want to go somewhere else, when maybe you wouldn't feel the same about his having to sit down, and would let him off.

It was indeed doubtful if Mingo could be made to feel like going somewhere else in any other way. She might try. She might loosen the reins and slap him with them. . . . see that? He slows right up, and looks round at you. He thinks you are trying to kill flies, and he's thanking you. . . . Take a little hold of him, or he'll stop altogether.

If she took both the reins in one hand, she could rest the other. Didn't people ever drive with both hands? Only trot hoes (he gave a sly imitation of Farmer Jessup's Down-East way of talking) and chariot horses. Had she never seen a Roman Matron driving a gold chariot drawn by four white horses, and racing a Roman Patron with a gold laurel wreath on his brow and a short purple skirt and a pronounced Adam's Apple who stood in another gold chariot and leaned against the mouths of four black horses?

He was chock full of nonsense. He was like a schoolboy out of school. It was a delightful drive. They were dears, those two Jessup men. Then it was so easy to be just the way you felt with them. They took you at your face value. They didn't know things about you, the way your husband did. Often when your husband was round, you felt like cutting up like a kid, and just didn't.

He was going to stay till his arm was well. That would be a long stay; because it had only just been broken. Wouldn't his mother be glad that as long as it had been broken, it had only just been broken! It would be the longest visit he had made home since he had "flown the coop" to earn a living.

He was mighty sorry not to see that fine big husband of hers. They had had one bully good talk together, and he believed that there might well have been other talks where that one came from.

Of course he swallowed without question, as his father and mother had done, the myth that Highland had gone East on important business.

"Why doesn't he bring his business out here?" he asked. "This is the place to do business. This is what they call God's country in the best sellers and the movies!"

NEITHER Mary nor Farmer Jessup suspected how much effort all this talk and banter cost the young man. Nor did his mother suspect. She simply knew. She saw clear through the pallor to the underlying courage and suffering. Wherefore she gave orders, and he, opposing with every whimsical objection that he could think of, with speeches against all forms of tyranny, allowed himself to be overruled, and did as he was told.

The center of life shifted from Mrs. Jessup's kitchen to the end of the piazza. Here she caused a day-bed to be made soft and delicious with cushions and pillows. Hither she brought a small table, with a copper dish on it to receive ashes, with matches and a half-emptied package of cigarettes remaining from his last visit home.

The house itself was between him and the ocean wind. He was pointed so that through an opening among the rose vines (silk pink roses, large, lippy, and having each a bright, golden eye) he could look down the two steps into Farmer Jessup's garden.

This, but for the overpowering luxuriance of its roses and heliotropes, and the exotic quality lent it by fuschias, and scarlet passion vines, might have been lifted up, white picket fence and all, from Cape Cod, or Martha's Vineyard, and brought (rolled up like a rug) to be spread out in the California sun.

In the center of the garden was the figurehead from an old whaler. He was a young gentleman just going to burst out of his coat and knee breeches. He had low shoes with square toes; deep ribbed stockings, enviable calves, buckles to the shoes, and the breeches. He had very curly hair and upon it a sort of derby hat with a very low crown and a very curly brim. He had in his right hand a scythe and in his left a sheaf of wheat. He stood, one foot higher than the other, upon a boldly carved block of scroll-work. The name of the ship from which he had been salvaged upon the occasion of its being broken up, had been the Good Harvest. Every six months, the old figurehead received a thick coat of white paint.

The circle in which he stood was the meeting-place of four narrow paths edged with white-washed stones. You glimpsed beyond him the gate that opened on the country road. It was of white pickets hinged to one side of a sperm whale's lower jaw and latched to the other. The jaws met at an acute angle and formed a kind of Gothic archway. One jaw was kept bare to show the ivory teeth bedded in it, the other was bright green and scarlet from the twining tendrils of a passion vine.

Mrs. Jessup, it seemed, never had time to sit down; going, coming, hovering, and going again and returning to the side of the patient was all that rested her—that and the loving bantering smile on the boy's face.

But Mary had a place to sit, a tough cushion at the top of the garden steps.

SHE had been made a regular member of the family. Hers to be on the watch, and carry any emergency orders that might be issued by the invalid; hers to fetch and return his cigarette holder when he dropped it and it rolled away. Hers to read aloud to him if he wished, to talk when he wished for talk. At other times to knit (and feel like a real person, and a member of a family) and to fill his eye.

Between them they kept him down all the rest of that day, and nearly all the next. Thereafter the broken arm stopped hurting and he rebelled against being babied any more. The doctor to whom Mrs. Jessup frantically telephoned in this emergency was unable, owing to her deafness, to make her understand that there was no earthly reason why Fred shouldn't do exactly as he pleased, and dropped in in person an hour or two later to take the invalid's part.

It would do him good to walk and driving wouldn't hurt him. Three good meals a day would keep him from wasting away before his mother's eyes. A square meal every two hours might be a good cure for some ailments. It was even advised in acute cases of clubfoot, and sick headache; but it was bad for broken bones. Now while he was at it, he'd just look into Mrs. Highland's throat—beautiful job, the pillars hadn't been hurt. Didn't she sing? She ought to sing with a throat like that. She should begin at once.

The last time Mary had ever sung for pleasure was that time, six years ago now, when she had come home singing "Son of my soul, Thou Saviour Dear. . . ."

That night Fred got out his guitar and made her sing with him, and for him. It was a lot of fun; because the guitar needed them both. Fred held it, and stopped off the chords with his left hand, while Mary stroked the strings under his direction.

The old people sat in a couple of rocking chairs and rocked. There was a moon. Fred knew lots of songs. Why shouldn't she call him Fred? He was just a boy and it seemed natural to call him that. He had been on the glee club. His voice wasn't much. But he made all the words count, and he had a good ear. Perhaps the best things about his singing were his good taste and his wonderful memory. Stephen C. Foster he placed first among our native composers:

"Heigh! Nelly! Ho! Nelly!  
Listen lub, to me,  
I'll sing for you, play for you,  
A dulcem melody!"

He did most of the singing. Mary was shy about it. She didn't know many songs—lots of snatches of songs that she wouldn't want the Jessups to know that she knew. But she was rather thrilled to find what a [Continued on page 121]



# Sinning in Silks & Sanctity

By Frank Ward O'Malley

Illustrated by Arthur Little

*U* Into the fastness of his New Jersey retreat there came to Farmer O'Malley, late of Broadway Broadwayish, a rumor that the world was getting wicked and wicked. Naturally he could not withstand the temptation to go and see for himself.

**W** AN STARS—three stars—swimming aloft in the last faint flush of the afterglow, lighted dimly my way across lush, sweet-smelling Jersey meadowlands on a recent evening as I, thoughtfully disturbed, wandered homeward after paying our monthly bill at the beautiful country estate of our family bootlegger. I always, incidentally, pay the monthly applejack and gin bills in person. When a very young child I learned that whenever I was sent to our grocer to pay the monthly store bill, the grocer always gave me an orange.

But to return to my original line of thought.

I was, I repeat, distressed in mind on my homeward way because of a gloomy chat I had just had with our family bootlegger. After he had receipted his bill, he had given me not only an orange but also had added cracked ice, vermouth and gin. Then we had sat on his vine-covered porch discussing sadly the deplorable lapse in recent days from the high moral standards of

a generation of decent, law-abiding Americans now passing away.

The wife and pretty daughter of our bootlegger had passed us on his porch, I remember, and had departed in their car to attend a charity function being held that evening, I believe, in our Fire House by the Ladies' Aid of the New Jersey Applejack Retail Distributors' Association. The brevity of his daughter's skirts had caused the bootlegger father's head to shake sadly. Then he had plunged gloomily into a discussion of these morally hideous days—of the shocking brazenness of woman's dress; the daily street crimes and nightly indoor orgies in New York and other metropolitan centers; smoking and drinking among young girls; mere boys at country club dances with flasks on their hips—in brief, all that terrifying trend toward moral and social degeneracy, especially in our New York night life of today, that the metropolitan newspapers, militant clergymen and chronic reformers are now constantly viewing with more than alarm.



"But surely," I had tried to protest reassuringly to the saddened bootlegger, "night life in New York today, lawless though it may be, cannot be as bad as in the days of New York's notorious Haymarket, its old German Village, the old Raines Law hotel, the Bowery dives of Red Light days, the——"

"Worse!" my bootlegger had gloomily interrupted, shaking up another. After he had poured he had gone on morosely with modern night-life details that left me as troubled as he. I, too, am a father.

Now, disturbed, as I strolled home in the beauty of the evening, memories came to me of sin that I—solely, of course, as an innocent bystander—had witnessed in the New York night life of terrible days. If metropolitan night life now was even more shocking than it was when——

WELL, take just one night that came back to me as I strolled. Down near New York's old Academy of Music one night, I ran into a playwright, now dead, who announced, while shaking hands, that he wanted to fight me. He had been stepping down to Fourteenth Street between acts, and the melodramas of those days usually had five acts.

When I told him fighting bored me, he pleaded piteously with me to take him some place where he *could* have a good fight. I helped him into a hansom—taxicabs hadn't arrived then—and took him down to the mirrored place of business run by the late Mr. Trailing Arbutus Biggie Donovan.

There at the street curb the playwright wept bitterly for a while because the cabby and I would not enter Mr. T. A. B. Donovan's and watch him pick his fight. He entered alone at last and instantly picked one.

Glass crashed indoors. Oaths that would have terrified Long John Silver rose above the poundings of fists on flesh: A bung starter, slipping from a bloody hand in action, smashed through the window into the street. The saloon lights went out. Silence.

"Come on in and have a drink, people," the playwright called thickly, yet cheerily to the cabby and me. "They're all unconscious and I'm tending bar."

But wait! After I had poured the playwright back into his own Tenderloin apartment an hour later, I walked round the corner to the old Rector's—new then—for a bite.

A noted Broadway comedian, a writer of best sellers related to the comedian through marriage, and a friend of the novelist were about to depart as I entered Rector's. I was preparing to greet them when suddenly three brawny young strangers halted them abreast of the, until then, arty display of lobsters and other sea foods which the late George Rector always exhibited against a background of cracked ice and green things on a table just inside the restaurant lobby.

A fist flew. Six pairs of fists flew. In time out of a squirming mass of novelist, lobsters, comedian, bluefish, brawny strangers, shrimps, stark naked raw oysters, police, waiters and crabs, came the cause of the ruckus. The three brawny strangers belonged to a class that was a common Broadway pest of the good days. They were college boys—Princeton, I think. College boys always in the good days felt cheated if, on the morning after they returned to the dear old ivy-twined col, they could not say truly, and nonchalantly, to their fellow intellectuals on the campus, "Well, Stubby, we sure did clean up the three biggest"—yawn—"guys we could find in Rector's last night. Gotta ciggie, Stubby?"

I CRAVED no sea food that night after watching a police surgeon amputate a soft-shell crab from beneath the subcutaneous tissue of what once had been a bright little schoolboy face in Princeton's classic halls. I strolled down Broadway to the rhythm of receding ambulance and patrol-wagon gongs.

At Broadway and Twenty-ninth Street an excited crowd that had spilled out of the dance-hall dives that then dotted the neighborhood called for attention. In a basement opposite the stage door of the old Weber and Fields' Music Hall the headless body of a freshly-murdered dance-hall patron had just been found—an innocent, venerable retired sea captain from Long Island idly looking at New York night life, so the papers next day described the victim. He had worn a gold watch. The waiter therefore gave him knockout drops so it wouldn't hurt, carried him to the basement and hacked his head off at his leisure.

Authoritative word finally came out to us in the crowd that the police had just hoed the ex-captain's half-charred head out of a dying fire in the basement furnace.

I called it a night and hurried home.

Ah, those outspoken, carefree nights of direct action! Not all

nights in the New York of the good days were so fetchingly interesting, of course, as the one I have just described. But even on the quietest nights then there was always Jack's.

Rare was the night hour in Jack's restaurant when a college boy or a bad young broker failed to rise in the Battling Nelson Grill and speak out of his turn. Instantly, the famous Waiters' Flying Wedge slammed into action. Broker or college boy thereupon hit the Sixth Avenue car tracks lightly, crashed through the Hippodrome's glass entrance and splashed into the Hippodrome tank. The bottom of the tank to this day, so old wives' tales say, is paved with rusty old Psi Upsilon pins where it isn't white with the bleached and broken bones of bad young brokers.

The interesting old Suicide Hall in the Bowery! Mike the Bite's, Jack the Bear's, Trailing Arbutus Biggie Donovan's—a din of shouts and flying fists, of crimson love, bung starters and crashing glass! Red light glowed in the night sky from Fourteenth Street to Longacre Square. Painted ladies with wide swinging hand-bags crowded pedestrians off Broadway curbs from dusk to dawn. Chief indoor sports were the "panel" and "badger" games. Restaurant proprietors hired a bouncer first; the chef was an afterthought. The old-fashioned table castors held cruets of vinegar, pepper, salt, mustard and knockout drops. The drops worked fast, but the waiter had to work faster or the freshly gilded lady at the next table would beat the waiter to the patron's purse pocket.

It was difficult to believe that, comparatively, those were the good days—nights, rather—and these the bad. Nevertheless details my bootlegger had given to me haunted me.

"Youths, misses, yes, and their grandparents," he had said, hollowly, "nightly guzzle illegal liquor in these so-called midnight 'clubs' that now smear Broadway and even side-streets just off Fifth Avenue. Sodom and Gomorrah? Why, New York will wake up some morning to find the flagpole of the Woolworth Building barely sticking up into the bottom of hell! Professional dancing girls, all but naked——"

I FELT it my duty to go. Hastily I packed some old clothes, a gray flannel shirt, my revolver and a cap that Gyp the Blood, back in my newspaper days, had given me as a keepsake when they sternly told him to take off his hat in the electric chair. I scribbled my name and address on a card in case my face was unbecomingly when the body was found. I kissed my wife and little ones good-by and started for the metropolis, unshaved. . .

By midnight that night I had learned that within a scant three-quarter-mile stretch of Broadway there are twenty-four of these midnight "little clubs" going nightly full blast. I place the number exactly at twenty-four because long before midnight at the doors of twenty-four of them I had been thrown out.

"Thrown out" is putting it, perhaps, too uncouthly. Rather, when I sought entrance the evening-clothed guardians of the portals—any one of whom made a Leyendecker illustration for a dress shirt advertisement look like the portrait of a section hand who drinks—gazed haughtily, at best with cold smiles of contempt, at the late Gyp's cap, my clothes and broken shoes. I was garbed, remember, in a way that would have made me more than welcome in the least disreputable night life resorts of the good days that were.

The "little club" managers would not unbend even to the extent of explaining why I could not enter. As rebuff followed rebuff, a curious obsession began to grip me; I had not been barred at half a dozen doors before I became obsessed with the notion that I was a Town Topics reporter trying to get one of the Vanderbilt boys to put me up at the Union Club.

Midnight came and I had not yet been permitted a glimpse of the sodden orgies and degenerate dances which I knew, on the authority of all our foremost reforming for-god's-sakers, were dragging Manhattan to depths so low that soon the city would need a step-ladder to climb into hell. Disheartened, I had not now even the old corner saloon to turn to for solace.

IN DESPAIR I went to Jack's. I was admitted, but only to the men's grill, and they hid me in a far corner. I stayed until I had finished a quart and a pint of coffee and two quarts of ginger ale. Not even a religious argument started. Not a "rah" was heard for dear old Yale. And it was a Saturday night!

In the club where I lunched the next day—an actual club—I saw in the Sunday paper a page interview with a woman for-god's-saker. She proved conclusively my worst fears. While I read, into the club came two members, one a Justice of the Supreme Court of the State of New York, the other a brilliant young





**C.** *In New York's new night life you must dance decently, and wear evening clothes; in the New York night life of a generation ago decency in anything was out of bounds.*

Assistant District Attorney. I am not a professional reformer, nevertheless I did feel it my duty to tell these, in a way, officers of the law about the scandalous multiplicity of these illegal drinking clubs and of the way their managers had feared to let me pass through their portals of hellishness.

"Oh, calm yourself, lad," said the venerable Justice—whose next words proved that he had missed the whole uplifting theme of my hot protest. "I can get you into any of them. I frequent them all. Once or twice a week after seeing a show my wife and I—"

"Your wife?"

"My wife, of course! Whose wife do you think—" The Judge stopped and eyed me sharply. "Do you mean to say you tried to enter a Broadway supper club unaccompanied by a lady? Where did you think you were—back in the days of the Haymarket?"

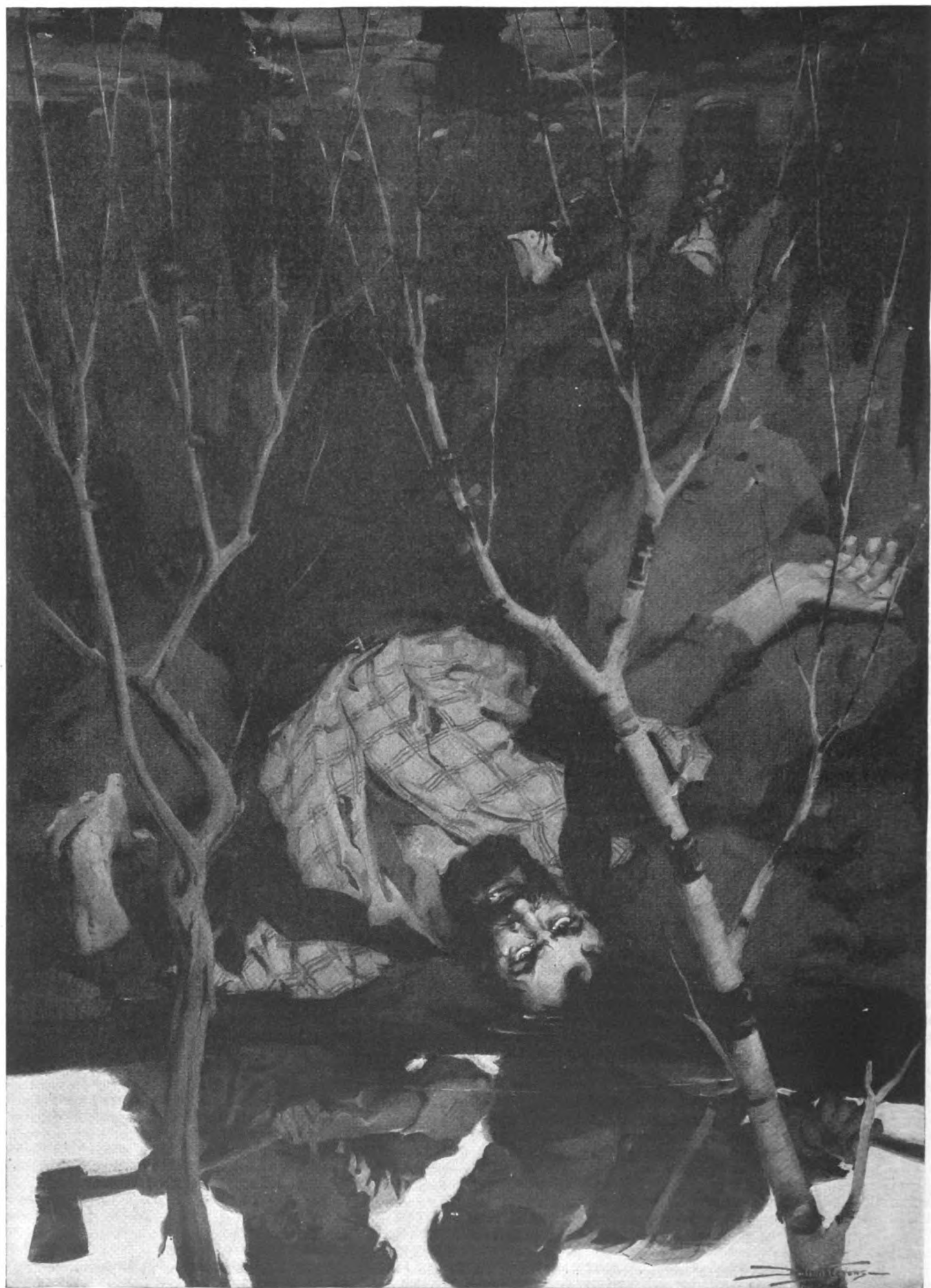
In one-syllable words that a country boy like myself could understand, the Justice and the Assistant District Attorney schooled me briefly in the etiquette of the New Hellishness. I went home that day, but only to get my dress clothes. The next night I was back on Broadway—now arrayed like the lilies of the field. Instead of an identification card I carried the card

of the Justice of the Supreme Court, a word of introduction penciled on a corner of it. With me was my wife, whom I had persuaded, without marked opposition from her, to be an innocent bystander while we watched New York plunge to perdition.

Sin—so I mused while getting into evening clothes that Monday night—at least socially was looking up. My Justice friend had pointed out that the drinking club managers these days make up their advertising mailing lists almost exclusively from the Social Register. In the old days of legalized ossification, on the other hand, the only Broadway night resort that made a pretense of exclusiveness limited its patrons only to persons listed in the city and suburban telephone books. As a rule, however, the managers of night life resorts asked only that a patron be a member of one of two sharply defined classes—(a) persons listed in the City Directory, and (b) persons not listed in the City Directory.

They did not insist, as now, that the male patron be accompanied by a perfect lady; not even by one who was a lady. There was, in fact, an added thrill in starting out on the night of adventure either alone or as one of a party strictly stag. One looked forward then to picking and choosing at random from the garden of feminine loveliness [Continued on page 116]





**C** How he did it he hardly knew, with an axe, he thought; no, not his own, for he had left the cabin without it. They had lunged for him first, he thought—he was not sure.

**C** If you don't like a story that will clutch at your heart and bring a lump to your throat, you would better pass this one by, because it carries a feud to its relentless end and the simplicity of its telling only adds to its poignancy

# The Last MAN CHILD

By Emma-Lindsay Squier

Illustrated by Dalton Stevens

**F**ROM the far woods came the hollow sound of an axe. And the woman with sharp features and iron gray hair smiled grimly from the doorway of the cabin.

"Your pap and Lem is gettin' the fence back in place," she announced, and there was a note of bitter triumph in her voice.

The girl bending over the stove in the far corner of the room, straightened up and listened. But in her face was no answering response of satisfaction. Her dark eyes were clouded, and she made an impatient little gesture.

"Yes, and young Abel'll cut it down t'night and move it back agin. Foolishness, I call it, this here everlastin' feud about an old fence!"

The mother whirled in the doorway, and her sharp features grew more grim. There was something sinister about the intense blackness of her hard, bright eyes and the tight, straight line of her mouth.

"Foolishness, is it!" she said, shrilly, and the girl did not answer, but bent again to her cooking.

"Foolishness, you call it, do you? I call it by a different name, my girl. Young Abel's grandpap killed your grandpap, and his uncle put a bullet through my brother's head. In my time a Beadesly wa'n't safe out'n his own yearld without one of them white trash pickin' him off from a tree or a rock. Foolishness, eh! And nigh all of your kinfolks killed by that wicked Owens clan!"

The girl did not look up, but her face set into stubborn lines.

"That ain't young Abel's fault," she said in a sullen monotone; "it ain't his fault that he's an Owens, nor that his kinfolks has been at outs with our'n. That ol' fight would of died out years ago if Pap and Lem had let that fence alone. Young Abel ain't done nothin' but stand up for his rights."

From the inner room of the cabin came the gurgling laughter of a young child. Then the patter of small feet, and Amanda Beadesly's eyes softened.

"Buddy, come to yore mammy," she said, and held out her arms to him. Almost three years old was the man child, and he was straight and sturdy of body, with eyes that were softly dark like Florrie's. The mother caught him up with a gesture that had something of fierceness in it.

"You don't talk like a Beadesly," she said to the girl; "a body'd think you wa'n't of our stock at all. But Buddy here, he's goin' to larn from the cradle that he's of our clan. He's goin' to larn t' hate them Owensens, and to never let 'em git ahead of him nor any of his family."

The girl shifted a frying pan from an open hole to the back part of the stove, and the red gleam shone ruddily on her heavy braided hair, twisted around her head.

"You talk as if they was a hull tribe of Owensens left," she remarked. "They's only young Abel—our kinfolks cleaned out the rest of the family years ago."

The mother nodded shortly.

"An' a good thing, too, that he's the last o' the line," she said. "Though I reckon when he marries—"

It was something more than the heat from the glowing range that colored the girl's cheeks and sent the hot blood coursing up to her forehead. But the mother did not see. With her work-roughened hand, she was smoothing back the dark brown hair from around the child's face.

The cabin was not one of those pitilessly bare homes that one finds so often in the Kentucky mountains. For the Beadesly place lay on the slope of the smiling Weneboga valley, and all around them the land was richly black, the soft loam smelling of fertility and boundless pent-up energy. The dark pine trees stood stiffly along the upper ridges of the Kennebeck Mountains, singing sonorously to the clustering maples and alders that grew on the lower levels. And down the valley, as far as the eye could see, was the sheen of sunlight on fields of grain, the heavy wheat bending to every breeze in rippling undulations of green.

None could know, save those who had lived long in that mountainous land, that an invisible cloud of hate overhung the rich meadows and brooded in the shadow of the dark pines. For the fertile valley was divided in ownership between two once powerful clans, the Beadeslys and the Owensens. Once long ago the two families had been friends, had shared tools and supped in each other's cabins. But that was farther back than anyone living could remember.

Down the middle of the valley coursed a clear brook, having as its source a mountain spring that gurgled up in a stone cup under the rocks of the Kennebecks. Until the first quarrel, both families had shared the cool waters amicably, nor had they thought to establish the ownership of the spring. But a Beadesly, with his kin, had fenced in the spring so that it lay upon his land. That night there came the Owensens—as the Beadeslys knew they would come—and a gun fight ensued.

**T**HUS THE first blood was shed; and through the years the war went on, hotly, ruinously. Where, before, the smiling Weneboga valley had housed many comfortable cabins, and had pastured hundreds of cattle and horses, now were left only two cabins, wherein dwelt the remnants of the two once powerful clans. In one of them lived old Bartholomew Beadesly, with his wife Amanda, the girl Florrie, his son Lem, and Buddy, child of his old age. In the other cabin across the slight ridge, lived young Abel, the sole survivor of the Owens family.

New laws had come into the country, and they who dwelt in the valley were dimly aware of the restraining powers that said that feuds should cease. There was peace of a kind, but it was a deadly, brooding peace, the pause that the rattler makes when he coils and is ready to strike.

The spring rains and the storms that followed them, had leveled the dividing fence in many places. Both young Abel and the elder Beadesly men knew of it, but there was planting to do, and all the innumerable tasks of early spring. So the fence had lain as it had fallen, and the girl Florrie dared to hope that it would be forgotten.

But when the summer came with its lull of work, old Bartholomew and his son Lem spoke of the dividing line. Now was the chance to put up a new fence, a stronger one, a fence that young Abel should not easily tear down.

The mother had watched from the door as the two went swinging up into the woods with their axes, and she smiled as she heard the first dull blows of steel against living wood as great trees were hewn to make for the Beadesly clan a lasting victory of hate triumphant.

When the sunset was reddening the valley with its good-



night kiss, when the dark pines on the upper slopes commenced to sing their sonorous song of coming night, Florrie stole away from the cabin where her mother was busied with the evening meal, and with the lithe, nervous steps of a young forest animal, swung down the trail and disappeared over the ridge.

Quickening her steps to a run, she skirted the fringe of alders that grew beside the brook, and paused only at the door of another cabin, a smaller one, nestled against the side of the hill as if for protection. As she halted in the doorway, a strongly built young figure rose from a kneeling position beside the small stove.

"Honey!" said young Abel, and with two long strides he had taken her in his arms.

For an instant they stood so, lost to everything but the sweetness of the moment. Then she stirred in his arms, and half freed herself.

"Don't keep me, Abel," she said nervously, "I've got to go right back, they'll be wonderin' about me in a minute. I had to come to tell you—"

He drew her back into his embrace, and his lips rested on her hair. "Whatever you come to tell me, I'm glad of it if it brought you here to me," he said, caressingly. "Honey, I've been thinkin' of you all day, how it wouldn't be long now with the good prices I'll git for these crops before you and I kin sneak off to Spinneytown—"

Florrie sighed, but she did not move.

"Oh, Abel, I wonder if I'm wicked to love you so. Sometimes it seems t' me that I cain't go through with it—marryin' you agin Pap's wishes. Why, Abel, he and Maw would turn me out'n the house if they knew me and you was promised. Already Maw wonders why I stand up fer you the way I do, but she don't really suspicion nothin'—"

She stirred in his arms and raised her face to his.

"I hate this quarrel between our families, Abel! It ain't right, it ain't civilized. I used to think it was, afore I went to school those few months, and afore I knew you—"

There was silence, as they kissed.

"But, Abel, it's all wrong. Here we have the finest land in all of Linden County between our families, and ef we'd let bygones be bygones, we all could be mighty happy. I thought maybe when the fence fell down that everything ud be forgotten. But now—"

Abel held her off and looked at her searchingly.

"But now, what?" He asked, and his voice had suddenly become stern.

"They—oh, Abel, promise me you won't do nothin' about it, please promise me—"

She raised her dark eyes to his pleadingly.

**B**UT HIS arms had fallen from around her. His mouth had gone into a straight hard line—it was the mouth of the Owensens, who had all been fighting men.

"They've made another fence around that spring. Is that what you've come to tell me?"

"Yes, that's it, but I came, most of all, Abel, to beg you to let it go, please don't stir up no more trouble. You and me will be gettin' married soon, and maybe ef you gave up about the spring, Pap and Maw might not take it so hard—"

But young Abel's hands had clenched into hard knots.

"By God, I'll *not* let it go!" he said tensely. "Why wasn't they willin' to let the fence lay where it lay? I'd never have put it up, but they cain't do me dirt behind my back like that, I'm damned if they can! That fence comes down tonight, and when I put it up the spring will be on *my* land so there won't be no mistake."

The girl gave a little cry.

"Abel, please—"

He turned on her, almost fiercely.

"No, I say! There never was an Owens yet who laid down to be walked on. They's two of them, and only one of me, but they'll find out—they'll find out—"

Florrie was silent for a moment. Other women might have cried, might have wrung their hands in the sheer futility of their despair. But she did neither. She looked at him from under level brows, and presently he took her hands in his.

"Florrie," he said almost pleadingly, "cain't you see, if I gave up to them, they'd think I was soft. I wasn't goin' to touch that fence, it would have rotted there on the ground for all of me. But since it's been down I've been watering my horses at the spring. It's handy to the barns and Roger"—Roger was the big brown horse he loved—"likes the water there. You ought to see him, Florrie"—the clan fight was lost for a

moment in the Kentuckian's admiration of a good horse—"he's awful cute, he puts his nose in the water and blows bubbles. Plays in it long after he's had his fill. They ain't goin' to shut me and Roger out, nohow."

Florrie still regarded him steadily and without speaking. And sensing the sorrowful rebuke in her dark eyes, he caught her to him again.

"Florrie, you-all knowed I was an Owens when you fell in love with me. You knowed about all this. It's been goin' on fer years, and it cain't stop now, not as long as your pap and your brother set themselves to do me dirt whenever they kin. It's me or them, Florrie, you know that. You've either got to be an Owens or a Beardedly. You cain't be both."

The girl lifted her head, and her hand stole up to his cheek.

"Why, Abel, there ain't no choosin' about it, I chose you long ago. Ain't it somewhere in the Bible that a woman shall leave her kinfolks and go with her husband? I'm willin' to do that, Abel, I'll go with you to Spinneytown jest as soon as you say the word. And after that, you know I won't have no family but you. I'm not askin' much of you, Abel, jest that you don't stir up no new trouble. Pap and Lem won't stop at nothin'—" her lips were against his cheek—"and I don't want to be a widder woman afore I'm a bride."

He laughed, and held her closer. The sun had set, and the long shadows of the mountain had crept unnoticed down upon the valley.

**D**ON'T YOU worry about me, Honey, I kin take care of myself. You know I ain't aimin' to cause you no heartaches—not once sence I met you hev I raised my hand agin your kinfolks. But that there spring, now—"

She released herself slowly, and turned to go.

"All right, Abel, I know you got to do what you think is proper, but I did hope that if I come and asked you—oh, it's gittin' dark," she broke off, "I've got to hurry home."

She moved toward the door, but young Abel held her back and spoke on impulse.

"Honey, fer your sake, I'll not fence in the spring on my land. I'll cut the fence down t'night, jest to show them that they cain't get ahead of an Owens, not with a dozen axes. But I'll let it lay, and ef they build it up, I'll cut it down again. Is that better, Florrie?"

He knew that she was not satisfied. But he loved her because she accepted the partial sacrifice gratefully.

He watched her lithe figure until it disappeared behind the alders, and the grimness around his mouth had been smoothed away. But now, as in the far distance he heard the dull thud of an axe, his eyes narrowed, and once more his lips set into hard lines. It was again the mouth of the Owensens, who were all fighting men.

Florrie's mother looked up petulantly as the girl entered the cabin, warmly lighted now by firelight and an oil lamp that burned with a yellow flame.

"Where you-all been so long?" she demanded. "What with you runnin' around the woods at night an' the men folks still workin' at the fence, supper's gittin' stone cold."

The girl, unused to lies, flushed, and murmured an excuse. She caught Buddy up from his play, and tossed him until he shrieked with delight. Then, swinging him in her strong arms, she sang a snatch of an old-time song.

The older woman's face softened. Florrie, with the rosy-cheeked child nestling against her softly rounded breast, was a pretty and satisfying picture.

"That's right," she said jokingly, "better git used to 'tendin' Buddy. It'll come in handy one o' these days when you have a young 'un of your own."

The girl did not answer, but she hid her face suddenly against the child's cheek. A great hope—and a great fear surged through her heart. A baby of her own—Abel's baby! An Owens! A boy baby, perhaps, who should grow up to hate the child she held in her arms—a Beardedly. It was as if a weight had pressed upon her heart when she heard her father's gruff laugh as he stood in the doorway with Lem, her elder brother.

"Well, the fence's up. Guess that'll hold the young Owens hound fer awhile."

"Yes," added Lem, "an' he won't even know it's up until mornin'."

"I s'pose," said the girl, in the sullen monotone she always used when speaking of young Abel or the feud, "that he couldn't hear your axes?"

"I s'pose he could, my girl," responded her father as he



**Q** *You-all knowed I was an Owens when you fell in love with me. You knowed about the feud. It's me or them, Florrie, you've either got to be an Owens or a Beardesly. You can't be both.*

strode over to the corner of the cabin and deposited his axe, "but he ain't goin' to figger out that we've put up the fence agin—not until he sees it there."

Lem had taken down a lean mountaineer rifle from its peg above the stone fireplace. He handled it carefully, almost lovingly. He sighted down its long, sinister length, and smiled grimly to himself.

"Some o' these days, mister rifle," he told it, "we'uns is goin' to see young Abel at the end of yore sight, and then—"his finger pressed against the trigger, and it clicked viciously—"then, the last of the Owenses is goin' out o' the world."

Florrie clasped Buddy a little more tightly to her breast. She wanted to cry out, to spring against the burly figure of her brother, to wrench the rifle from his hands, to beat her fists against his sneering face. She wanted to scream at him, "I am Abel's woman, we are promised—you shan't kill my man because of a fence—I'll protect him with my life! I'm not a Beardesly. I'm an Owens, because I belong to him—"

But she did neither. She only stared at him as he put the gun back on its peg, and obeyed silently her mother's command to get her father's supper on the table.

That night Florrie stared sleeplessly at the patch of starlit sky that she could see from her bed. She was listening, with every muscle in her body taut. And when, in the silence of the black hour that presages the dawn, she heard far away the dull sound of an axe, she caught her breath, and a mad fear tore at her heart lest her father and brother, hearing it, should steal out with their lean mountaineer rifles to take the life of the man she loved, the man she was to marry.

But they slept, profoundly, with deep gurgling snores. And it was only when daylight came that they found young Abel had come and gone in the night, and that the fence they had built was leveled to the ground.

**O**N THE next day Florrie came to young Abel, having made of her clothes a little bundle which she carried in her hand.

"Ef you still want me," she said simply, "you'll have to take me now, Abel."

He took the bundle from her, and led her into the cabin.

"You've left home fer good?" he queried.

"Fer good, I reckon, Abel. I couldn't hold my tongue when

I heard them carryin' on about that fence, an' the spring, and you-all—I up an' told them that me an' you was promised, an' they told me—to get out."

Abel took her in his arms very tenderly.

"You don't mind, do you honey?"

"No," she said slowly, "not so long as I have you."

But he knew that she did mind. The ties of blood are strong in the mountains. Her kinfolks had loved her in their restrained way, and her father had been proud of her beauty and her strength. She did not enlarge upon the scene in the cabin when she had stood before her family and told them that she loved young Abel, but he knew that it had been savage for her and hard to face.

He brought Roger from the meadow, the big, brown horse walking with happy mincing steps as if he had been a colt. He knew Florrie, and stuck his ears forward when he saw her. She had given him many dainty morsels, and had always a caress for him whenever she saw him.

"Make yore bow to yore mistress," said young Abel gaily, and Florrie tried to match his mood. She put her face against Roger's soft wrinkly nose, and stroked his well-kept mane.

"You-all won't be jealous, will you?" she said softly. And as if he denied it stoutly, Roger nibbled at her sleeve, his eyes bright with affection.

So on the broad back of the favorite horse the two rode down the mountain trail, and at Spinneytown they were married.

Thus Florrie became an Owens. And in the cabin on the slope of the Kennebecks, they never spoke her name. Life there went on much as before, only the iron gray hair of the mother turned somehow to white, and in the eyes of the father there was a hurt look as of a big animal who has been struck unjustly. Lem was sullen and silent, his heart was black with bitter hate. They could never understand.

In the cabin that nestled snugly against the hillside like a child against its mother's breast, young Abel and the girl Florrie lived, and loved, and worked. Abel was happy, and sang while he worked. But Florrie—sometimes of an early evening she would steal over the ridge, and up to the top of the slope, where she could look down and see through the trees the warm, yellow lights that shone from the cabin windows where her kinfolks dwelt. She used to wonder, as she stood there in the dusk, what they were doing; whether Buddy was playing or was asleep, how



**C** When at last she heard his step on the threshold, it was as if an icy finger touched her heart and stopped its beating. "Florrie," he said thickly, "help me hitch the team. I'm goin' int' Spinneytown t' give myself up."



her mother's face would look, flushed from the firelight, how her father's rough voice would sound as he called her, "my girl"—then she would hurry back along the narrow trail, back to the cabin which she now called home, and Abel never knew she had been away.

WITH THE waning of summer came heavier work for out-of-doors, crops to harvest, to market, endless chores of house and farm. Autumn passed into the whiteness of winter, and then with the spring, came Florrie's baby.

The doctor, brought from Spinneytown, laid the soft little body in the girl's arms, and he spoke reassuringly.

"A boy, and as fine a one as I've seen."

Abel wiped his perspiring brow. The night had been a torment to him.

"Ain't that fine, honey?" he beamed down at Florrie. "A boy!"

To him it meant the continuation of his line, a new life to carry on the name of Owens.

Florrie smiled at him, wanly. But in her heart was a deep fear. A boy baby! An Owens! to grow up learning hatred of that boy baby across the ridge—

On an impulse she turned weakly in bed.

"Abel," she said in a whisper, "I want my mammy. Will you go and fetch her to me?"

Young Abel stared at her without speech. His eyes turned away and questioned the doctor. It was his first thought that Florrie's mind had given way.

"Why, honey—" he said uncertainly, and stopped. He had sworn when a boy, never to cross the boundary line that separated the two farms. The Beardslys had made the same oath. It was a rule in clan warfare that enemies must stay—

and shoot—on their own land. It was a rule that was often broken, of course. But young Abel had kept to his own side.

The doctor spoke briskly.

"Get your mammy, well, I reckon. Of course he will." He turned to Abel authoritatively. "Fetch her as soon as you can. Every woman needs her mother at a time like this."

"But—" Abel began.

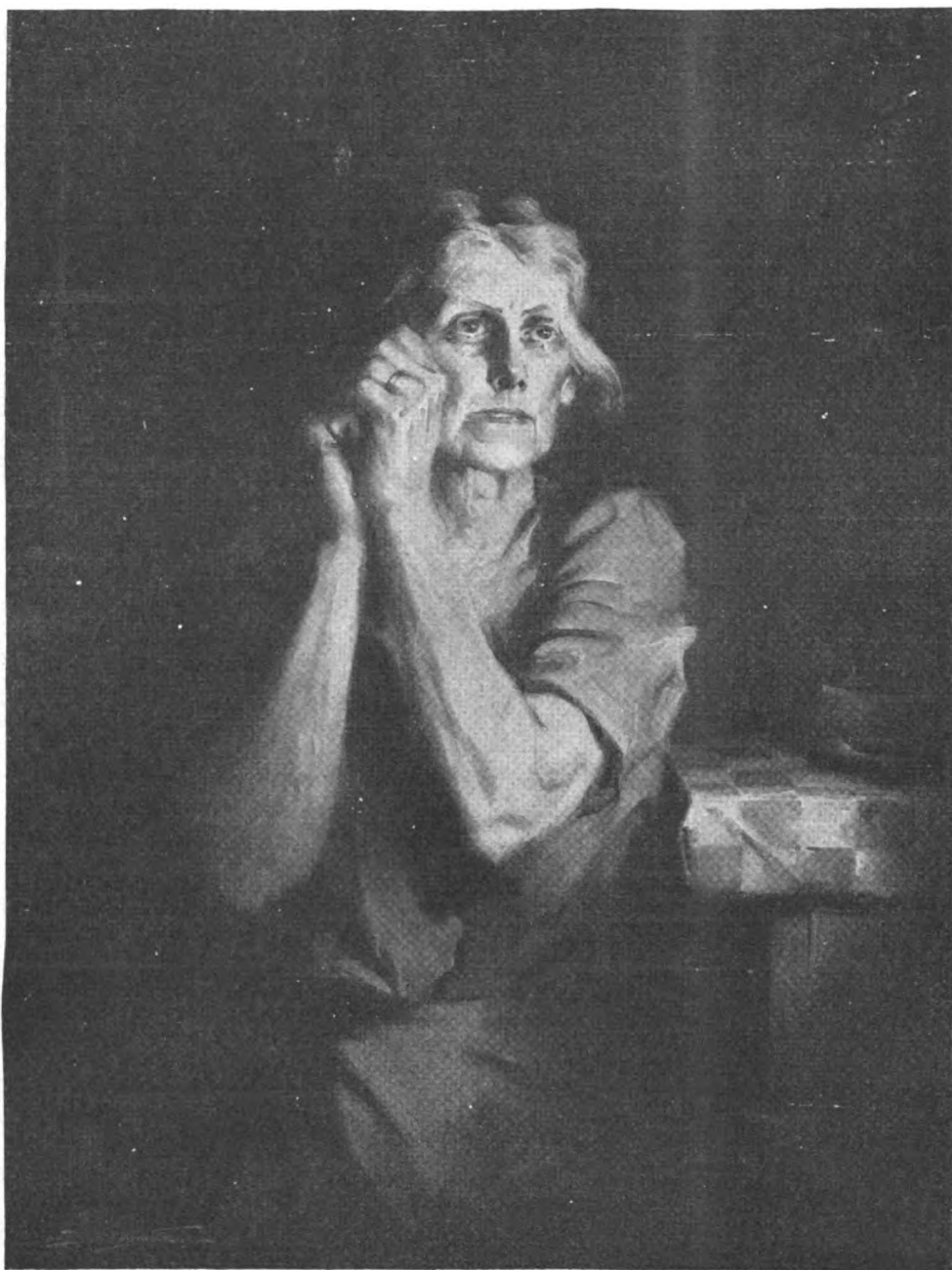
Florrie's look caught and held Abel's hesitating speech.

"ALL RIGHT, honey, I'll fetch her ef she'll come," he said.

With long, swinging strides he hurried out through the pasture, across the meadow, and along the narrow trail that led over the ridge. The Beardsly men labored with their axes in the far woods. So when he paused in the open doorway of the cabin, the woman who faced him from the shadowed room, peered at him suspiciously, but without recognition.

"I'm Abel Owens," he said briefly, and Amanda Beardsly stiffened to rigid defense. "I've come at Florrie's bidding," he went on mechanically, "to ask you to come to her. She's got a baby—a boy baby—and she wants you."

For an instant there was silence. He could not know that the mother heart of the older woman had yearned and leaped in response to his words. He only knew that her mouth had twitched, and that her voice came to him in a tense, low tone.



¶ "Oh, God, forgive me, I've been wrong. Don't let her die, my girl—my girl——"

"You—git back where you belong—git back to your woman—she ain't no child o' mine and I ain't a-goin' to her. Tell her that when she chose t' be an Owens she stopped bein' a Beardsly. Git back now onto yore own land, or——" her hand indicated briefly the long rifle that hung above the fireplace, "I'll take a shot at you myself, sence the men folks ain't here t' do it."

He had half expected some such reply, yet the cold cruelty of it dismayed him. He spoke almost pleadingly.

"At sech times as this, Mis' Beardsly, it might be jest as well t' forgit about quarrels. I've come here in peace t' ask you t' come t' Florrie. She needs you, and wants you. You kin say that she ain't your'n, but in your heart you know that she belongs t' you, jest like her baby belongs t' her, no matter what happens. I ain't askin' for myself, Mis' Beardsly, it's for Florrie. The first words she said when she got strong enough t' talk, was, 'I want my mammy.'"

Again the mother heart was wrenched in longing. Her girl, her Florrie, who in this moment of travail and triumph was calling for the mother who had borne her! But the stern repression of the mountaineer folk closed and sealed the half-open door of tenderness. The girl Florrie was no longer her girl. She had chosen to be an Owens. She had turned against the family that had reared her, against its teachings of class hatred, against all that the name of Beardsly stood for.

"Tell her," said the older woman, and [Continued on page 110]





**C.** Peggy was an unchecked barbarian, healthy as a hunter and restless as a diabolical mass of quicksilver. Her instinct, within the sound of music, was to dance; and the sailors seized on this as a form of entertainment.





# Peggy

By Henry Holt

Illustrated by Frederic Dorr Steele

**C** "If you love a man  
so badly that it hurts,  
and you know  
you're only a counterfeit  
like me, should you take  
what the gods offer,  
or should you leave him  
for some other girl  
who could give him children  
with real blood instead  
of the counterfeit thing?"  
That was Peggy's problem

**O**F PAINTING, literature or sculpture, Captain David Fenton knew as little as most other weather-beaten mariners; but it has never been denied that when a really suitable situation arose, a situation which gave adequate scope, he was an artist at what his deck-hands would have called "cussin'." The fact that he could do it in about eight different languages—a stern necessity, this, considering the polyglot crews one finds at sea—enabled him to go full speed ahead for fifteen hectic minutes without a single repetition.

Yet, when the supreme moment, the human limit of chagrin arose, he stood mute as a newly-opened oyster.

His ship, the wheezy old steam freighter Nancy, had left New York, bound round Cape Horn for Valparaiso, Batavia, Chinese ports, and heaven only knew where else. Exactly twenty-four hours after the vessel chugged past Sandy Hook, Peggy appeared. The chain locker had been her hiding place.

Peggy was twelve and grubby; as grubby as she was twelve; chain lockers would make an archangel look grubby. Lest you should imagine that her little face was particularly dirty where she had rubbed her tear-stained eyes with her grubby hands, it should be explained that on being taken before the captain, Peggy incontinently put out her tongue at him. She was not of the weeping order.

That was where Captain David Fenton emulated the oyster in its silence.

But after a while, power to make inarticulate sounds returned.

When, finally, speech came to him, it was very characteristic.

"Holy sufferin' cats! What is it?"

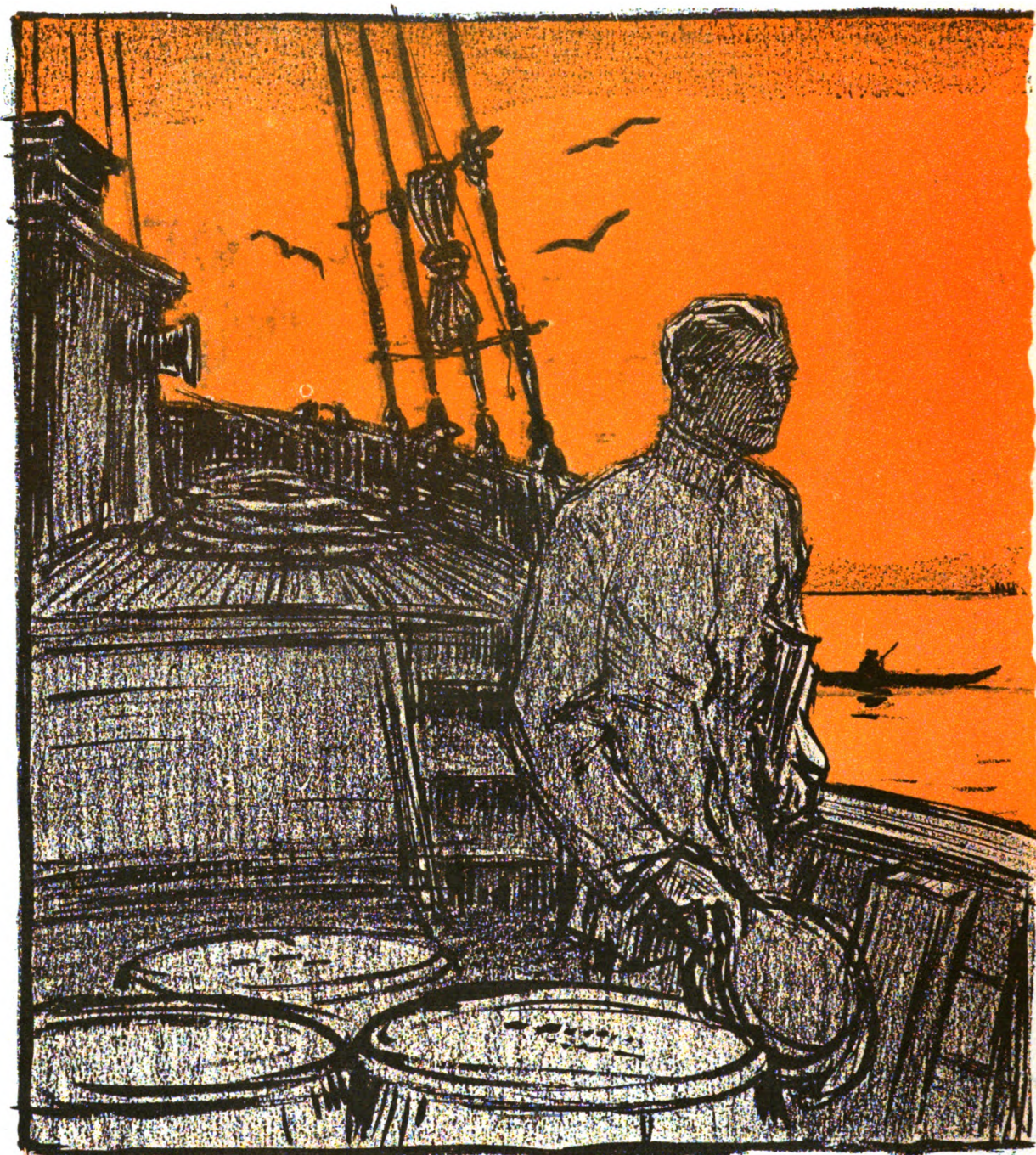
The question was addressed to Perkins, the mate, to whom Peggy owed the pleasure of this introduction. It was Perkins who had caught sight of her peering tentatively round the chain locker door.

"It's a stowaway, sir," declared the mate.

**W**ELL, I'll be—" the skipper began and checked himself. Ordinary "cussin'" seemed so woefully inadequate. He ran gnarled fingers through his silvered hair. "But, Lord, Perkins, we—we can't—dammit, look at the thing. Look at it! I ask you, d'you think we can drop it overboard, or at Valparaiso? Of course, we can't. It's a girl, I suppose."

He was looking at Peggy's bedraggled pigtail, while Peggy's gray-green eyes, in which the very devil of mischief lay hid, were unerringly taking stock of the master-mariner. He had funny criss-cross lines all over his face, particularly about his eyes, which were extraordinarily blue. You couldn't see his chin, because he had a beard growing there, a white beard that waggled as he talked. He spoke very loudly, as though he wanted everyone on the ship to hear, and he was upset about something. Very likely because she had come on board. But he wouldn't hit her. Definitely, he wouldn't hit her. So that was all right. She could put her tongue out at him any time





**C** The man gave Peggy a long, keen look as though searching his memory. Peggy's brain sped backward.

she liked and he wouldn't hit her. It was comforting to know it.

"What's your name, kid?" Incautiously, Perkins touched her shoulder as he spoke, earning thereby, as reward, a glance of withering scorn. She had sensed the fact that the skipper was judge and jury in this case, and that Perkins only ranked as a common cop.

"Peggy," she answered, defiance unquenched.

"Peggy what?" demanded the skipper.

"Peggy Saxley," the prisoner admitted glibly, after a second's thoughtful pause.

"Where do you live?"

Silence shut down upon Peggy. She gave a toss to the pig-tail and then, apparently, forgot the existence of the two men.

"Say, where do you live?" the mate echoed bluntly.

SOMETHING the stowaway shared in common with a tigress flashed into her expression. Even Perkins saw that he was not making himself really popular with Peggy. He glanced at the skipper who, with more understanding, jerked his head in the direction of the door. It was an order against which Perkins

would dearly have loved to mutiny, but, with no alternative, he sidled from the cabin. Peggy's greatest sorrow for hours afterwards was that she had failed to celebrate her triumph as he went out by putting her tongue out after him.

"Now, little girl, you've got to tell me where you belong," said David Fenton, subsiding into a chair with a helpless feeling of suspended control.

Wide-eyed, she looked at the skipper with great ingenuousness. She had anticipated something severe in the way of reprisals at the hands of constituted authority as soon as she was discovered on board. Anticipated reprisals, and been prepared to take her medicine. Now, as the felon feels a wave of feeling akin to love for the judge who is letting him down lightly, Peggy warmed to the captain and was aware that in another moment she would blurt out her story. But Captain Fenton, ill-versed in such delicate cajolery, blundered. A gnat may irritate an elephant, and Captain Fenton felt rather like that elephant. Bringing his hand down on the table with a crash he barked, "Answer me!"

"Won't!" she said with finality, yet no suggestion of sulkiness. It was a mere statement and it carried such conviction





“Yes, it’s me,” she said. “I’ve wondered what it would have been like for me if that shark got you.”

that Captain Fenton never doubted it. You see, even if you are a hardened old sea-dog you can’t wring facts out of little girls with the aid of a rope’s end; moreover, from what he had seen of this young lady, the skipper was beginning to suspect that if she made up her mind, physical pain couldn’t influence her decision. Wherein, he struck upon a fact as abiding as the granite hills.

“Very well, have it your own way,” he said, affecting indifference without ease. “I’ll hand you over to the steward. You’ll be locked in a spare cabin and fed on bread and water till you change your mind and ask for me.”

The barb sank deeply, for Peggy was a healthy young animal, and had eaten nothing in thirty-six hours.

Old Barns, the steward, knew by familiar signs that the skipper was madder than a rattler with a steam-roller on its tail. It was an excellent idea to carry out instructions implicitly and with dispatch when the captain was in that mood.

“Yes, sir,” he said, catching hold of Peggy and withdrawing her from the Presence without noticeable tenderness. Opening a door, he ushered her into a temporary prison where, in a lowered, husky voice, he uttered the word, “Hungry?”

With brow wrinkled in suspicious delight and surprise, she appraised him swiftly; and after about ten seconds, mirth was reborn in her grubby face for the first time since she had tasted the sorrows of a life on the ocean wave. She nodded, and loved the old steward passionately. He placed a finger on his lips in warning, closed one eye, and stalked off to the ship’s larder with a dark scowl on his kindly face to veil his intention.

THE STEWARD openly brought her a glass of water and two large slices of dry bread; and then, inside the cabin, Peggy’s dreams came true. It was real pumpkin pie that he gave her—fished out of his pocket as the conjurer fishes out the rabbit.

“If you gotta go without grub, you shan’t do it on an empty stummick,” he said. “How old are you?”

Peggy told him with difficulty. She was extremely busy.

“Huh! Just the same age!” wheezed the steward in his curious stage whisper, a yearning look in his watery old eyes; grandfathers are curiously devoted to the offspring of their own.

“Wat yo’ run away from home for?”

Piecemeal, between bites, she told him snatches of her life



and why she had come on board the Nancy, while Joe Barns rubbed his chin.

"An' to hell with the whole lot of 'em," she finished.

"Say, kid," the old steward broke in, still rubbing his chin reflectively, "I guess you'd better go right to the old man an' tell him. He's one of the best, an' you'll soon have him buffaloed. You got the mate's goat, though."

Two words and a gesture were Peggy's retort. Even Joe Barns coughed, though his face twisted whimsically at the two words. Peggy's education evidently had lacked nothing in colorful speech.

"That's all right," he said, "but you might just as well tell the skipper now as do it later an' be starved."

By using that last word, the steward spoke in a language that Peggy fully understood. Her eyes narrowed.

"I getcha," she said, sliding down from the bunk on which she had sat, mun hing. "That guy with the whiskers? I can talk to him."

"Come on, then," urged the steward. Half an hour later Captain Fenton was making one or two points very clear to the mate Perkins.

"I can't figure out yet, Mr. Perkins, whether she's a limb of Satan himself, or whether there's something almighty nice about the kid. I never had no little uns of my own, an' I guess they're a plague anyway; but till we get back to New York, Peggy's going to be my kid, plague or no plague. Do you understand? My kid."

Which put a period to the immediate troubles of Peggy and at the same time taught David Fenton that fatherhood, even by proxy, may, indeed, add to life's complexities. There were days when the skipper was convinced Peggy was the devil's own infant with most of her father's characteristics, but these days were sandwiched in between others when he was less sure of this.

As an instance, he understood the devil fought for evil,

whereas Peggy fought for what she wanted, irrespective of whether it was good or bad, and fought, too, with amazing persistence. She demanded warmer quarters for the ship's cat. Even the cat, a hardy beast, accustomed to roughing it, thought it was comfortable enough in the draughty after wheel house. The skipper swore he wouldn't have the animal in the saloon. Peggy's way of compromising on this particular problem was to take the cat to bed with her.

Peggy saw Perkins cleaning a revolver. She had always wanted a revolver and her young wisdom told her the last thing to do was to ask the mate for that gun. Here was a clear case for strategy. When Perkins was on watch, she hunted in his cabin until she found the weapon and then stole it. According to her simple code, "taking" things one wanted was morally identical with buying them, only in the latter case one could be impudent, and in the former one must be careful.

Nobody found any way of curbing or "improving" Peggy. She laughed at the mate brazenly; she wheedled the steward. For the skipper, she had a queer sort of awe tempered by a tinge of scorn because he never spanked her. How could anybody hope to get her to do things or not to do things unless they spanked her? She sensed it as a weakness in the skipper, and after she discovered that he didn't like her to swear, she swore to make him angry—and for the fun of getting away with it. Not that she wanted to hurt the skipper; considering her dozen years only, she felt rather maternal toward him, and though she had liked him the instant she realized he wouldn't hurt her, she was beginning to like him in a way she had never cared for anyone.

Before the freighter rounded Cape Horn, Peggy had developed into an institution on board the Nancy. Authority and discipline were influences she had never before encountered, and the merest suggestion of them converted her into an instinctive wild-



**U** Up in Vermont, Pop dropped anchor for the last time. Peggy took care of him. But the fall brought double pneumonia and Peggy bit her lips hard when the doctor told her the truth.





**C.** "Life is wicked, Mary," Peggy sobbed, without looking round to see who was there. "I didn't ask to be born in an East Side tenement, and I didn't ask to love him. I couldn't help that."

cat. But David Fenton noticed that she had a habit of working things out for herself in her own way. Curiously, her way, he observed, was not always inherently wrong.

"That kid's got character," he muttered to himself once, the pride he took in her forcing itself through his anger after she had defied him utterly. "Yes, by heck, there's no doubt about it, she's got character, all right."

As the months went, and the ship toiled on her endless course, Peggy was left very much to her own devices, with results that amused the deck-hands, but would have shocked a more delicately nurtured community. She was an unchecked barbarian, healthy as a hunter and restless as a diabolical mass of quicksilver. Her instinct, within the sound of music, was to dance; and presently the sailors seized on this as a form of entertainment.

There was a little Cockney on board who had an amazing knowledge of hornpipes and step dancing. To the tune of a broken-winded accordion, he taught her all he knew of dancing, and Peggy absorbed the knowledge in the same voracious way that she absorbed various queer kinds of knowledge not to be found in books. Books spelled school to Peggy, and school spelled rebellion.

From Hong Kong, the freighter traded to Iquique, and from Iquique to New Zealand. The immediate prospect of return to New York faded into the dim background. Once, in the middle of the Pacific, while Peggy and the skipper were watching the play of flying fish, David Fenton frowned over the thought that some day he would lose her.

"What about your folks?" he said. "You know, we'll hit New York sooner or later."

"To hell with New York," was her epitaphic summary of the situation. "Say, Pop, what makes flying fish fly?"

Peggy was thirteen when the freighter sidled to the rickety pile wharf of Iloilo, one of the dots you see marked on the chart between Fiji and Samoa. That dot is rather more important than it looks on the chart, for Iloilo is a Pacific Ocean trading center, and men and women spend their lives there far from the maw of cannibals. Indeed, the church at Iloilo was designed by a famous American architect, and only the more fastidious of

mortals can fully appreciate the cuisine of the exclusive Pacific Club at Iloilo.

But Peggy wasn't thinking of churches or cookery when her rusty floating home lay at Iloilo for a few hours. She went ashore in search of devilment, found none, and returned to the freighter, there to kick her heels, frankly bored. Iloilo meant nothing in her young life.

She sat on the ship's rail, dangling her legs over the side. It was very hot. She watched the vividly-colored fish darting and flashing in the water below. For ten minutes, that amused her. But she was terribly bored. Even Pop was too busy to take any notice of her.

She puffed out her cheeks, raised her head to yawn, and saw a boy about sixteen standing on the wharf a dozen feet away.

**T**HE YAWN stopped midway, and Peggy screwed her eyes up in the sun to get a clearer view of the youth. Since she had left New York, she had seen very few white boys, and even to a girl of thirteen a boy is a boy. But what she didn't like about him was that he was laughing at her. As though a girl couldn't yawn without being laughed at! Quick anger flashed into the gray-green eyes. She looked away and her little form stiffened. Then she looked up again; perhaps it was because the sun blinded her or perhaps because the little tiger within had taken possession of her, but she leaned too far backward and toppled in an ignominious heap on the deck.

Conscious of neither bumps nor bruises, Peggy boiled with rage as her ears caught the high note of the boy's joyous laughter. In that instant, history was being written, though the boy was unaware of the fact, as was Peggy, who, with fingers clenched in her hot little palms and with teeth tightly set, gathered herself up and walked aft determined to die rather than limp.

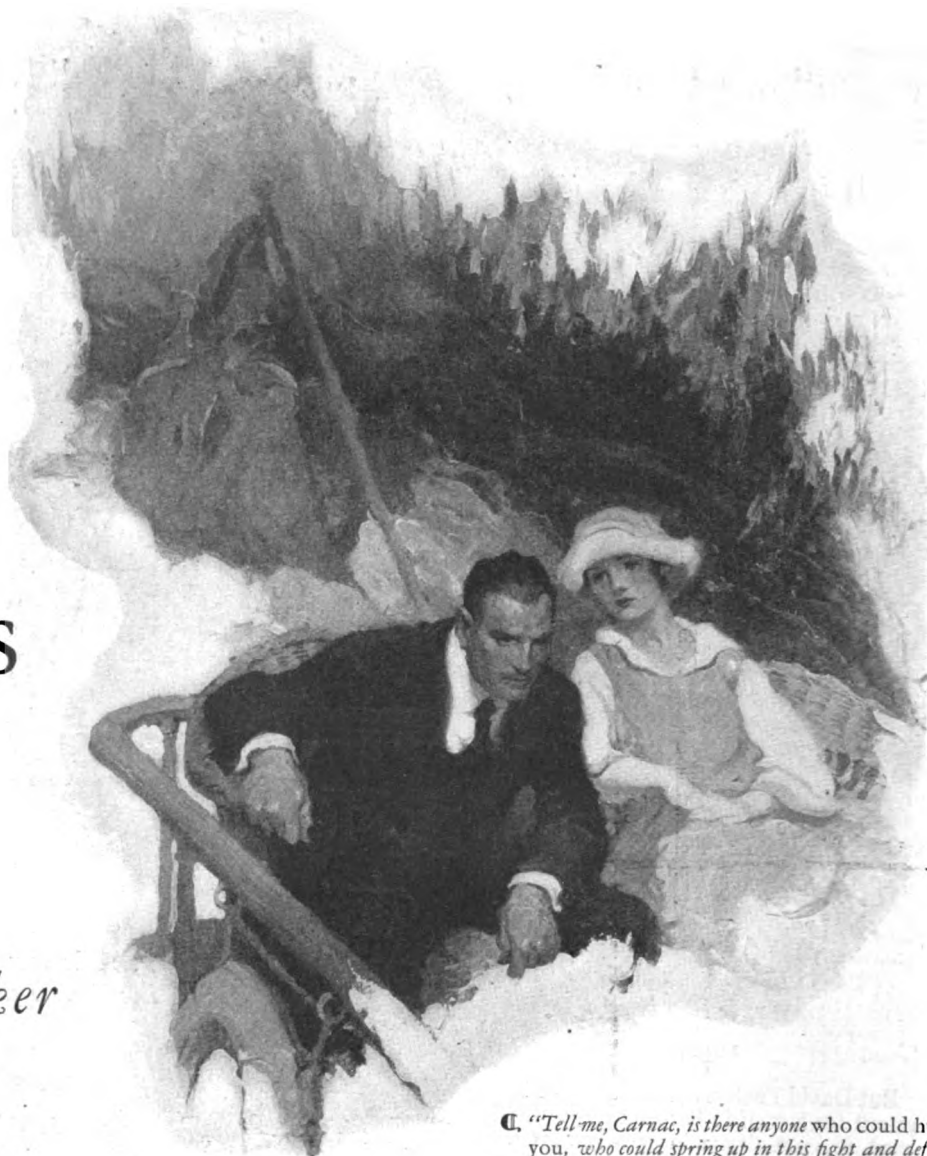
Possibly if Peggy had not been so bored up to this incident, her mind might now have worked differently. As it was, a burning desire took hold of her. Here was devilment all ripe, waiting to be plucked. She could still hear—she could feel—the boy's laughter. From behind the [Continued on page 128]

The Novel  
of a  
Wild Youth  
who aspired  
to the  
Seats  
of the  
Mighty

# Carnac's Folly

By  
Sir Gilbert Parker

Illustrated by  
Walt Louderback



“Tell me, Carnac, is there anyone who could hurt you, who could spring up in this fight and defeat you—man or woman?” Junia asked, anxiously.

**A** A brief résumé which tells of Carnac Grier's initial folly and the consequences which followed

ART WAS the cause of it all—Carnac's love for it, and his father's intolerance of anything that distracted either of his sons from his own beloved business. Before his death he turned his big lumber enterprise over to his assistant, Luke Tarboe, disinheriting his two sons, but in a secret will Carnac was to get the business in three years. The boys had gone their own way; Fabian to a rival lumber camp and Carnac to New York, and art and the unhappiness of finding himself the dupe in a marriage to his model, Luzanne Larue. In rage he left her, keeping his miserable secret even from Junia Shale, the girl he had always loved. Restless, he turned to politics, standing for a seat in Parliament against Barode Barouche—unaware that he was competing with his own father. Barouche, much upset, sought a reconciliation with Carnac's mother, only to be denounced by her for having ruined her life years ago. He then decided to use the story given him by Luzanne Larue of Carnac's secret marriage to her. When the question, “Where is your woman?” was hurled at Carnac he parried it successfully, but he knew he would have to face this scandal before election.

**You can now go on with the story**

**A**S CARNAC drew near his friends at the back of the hall, Fabian's wife stepped forward. “Carnac,” she said, “I hope you can come with us on the river in Fabian's launch. There's work to do there, and this is the day for it. It's pay-day in the lumber-yards on the Island.”

Carnac laughed. “I'd like nothing better than a couple of hours among the rivermen. Where's the boat?”

Fabian's wife told him, and then added: “I've got the roan team here, and you can drive Junia and me down to the boat landing if you care to.”

“Good,” he said, “good! I'd like nothing better.”

A few moments afterwards, with the cheers of the crowd behind them, they were being driven swiftly by Carnac to the wharf where lay the “Fleur-de-Lys.” On board was Fabian, who had just arrived.

“Had a good meeting, Carnac?” Fabian asked.

“I should call it first-class. It was like a storm at sea—first wind from one direction, then from another; but I think on the whole, we had the best of it. Don't you think so?” he added to Fabian's wife.

“Oh, much the best,” she told him with a confident smile. “That's so. Junia, isn't it?”

“I wouldn't say so positively,” answered Junia. “I don't understand Monsieur Barouche. He talked as if he had something up his sleeve.” Her face became clouded. “I'm certain he's got something up his sleeve,” she continued. Have you any idea what it is, Carnac?”

Carnac laughingly shook his head. “That's his way. He's always bluffing. He does it to make believe the game's his, and to destroy the confidence of the enemy. He's a man of mark, but he's in for the biggest fight he ever had—of that I'm sure. . . . Do you think I'll win?” he asked Junia presently with a laugh, as they made their way down the river with speed. “Do I look like a winner? Have I conquest in my eye?”

How seldom did Junia have Carnac to herself in these days!

When Carnac asked his question Junia smiled up at him. “Yes, I think you'll win, Carnac.” Presently she added: “I'm not sure that you've got all the cards, though—I don't know why, but I have that fear.”

"You think that——" Carnac stopped, absorbed in thought. She nodded. "I think Monsieur Barouche has some cards he hasn't played yet. What they are I don't know, but he's confident. . . . Tell me, Carnac, is there any card he can play that would defeat you? Have you committed any crime against the law?—no, I'm sure you haven't, but I want to hear you say so. She smiled cheerfully at him."

"He has no card of any crime of mine, and he can't hit me in a mortal place."

"You have the right policy for this province. But tell me, is there anyone who could hurt you, who could spring up in the fight—man or woman?"

She looked him straight in the eye, and his own did not waver.

"There's no one has a knock-out blow for me—that's sure. I can weather any storm." He paused, however, disconcerted, for the memory of Luzanne came to him, and his spirit became clouded. "Except one—except one," he added.

As THEY neared the Island Fabian said to Carnac: "Don't be surprised if you get a bad reception here. It's the worst place on the river, and I've no influence over the men—I don't believe Tarboe could have. They're a difficult lot. There's Eugene Grandois, he's as bad as they make 'em. He's got a grudge against us because of some act of father's, and he may break out any time. He's a labor leader, and we must be on guard."

Carnac nodded. He made no reply in words. They were nearing the little dock, and men were coming down to the point where the launch would stop.

"There's Grandois now!" said Fabian, with a wry smile, for he had a real fear of results. He had, however, no idea how skilfully Carnac would handle the situation—yet he had heard much of his brother's adaptability, of his pliable vitality. Yet Carnac was not demonstrative. It was his quiet way that played his game for him. He had the sense of physical speech without words. He was a bold adventurer, but his methods were those of the subtlest. If a motion of the hand was sufficient, then he let it go at that.

"You people after our votes never come any other time," said Eugene Grandois, sneeringly, as Carnac and Fabian landed. "It's only when you want to use us."

"Would you rather I didn't come at all?" asked Carnac with a friendly smile. "You can't have it both ways. If I came here any other time you'd want to know why I didn't stay away, and I come now because it's good you should know if I'm fit to be your representative in Parliament."

THERE'S sense in that, my bonny boy," said an English Canadian laborer standing near. "What have you got to say to that now, my little skeezicks?" he added teasingly to Eugene Grandois.

"He ain't got more gifts than his father had, and we all know what sort of a man he was—that's so, bagosh."

"Well, what sort of a man was he?" asked Carnac coolly, with a warning look at Fabian, who was resentful. Indeed, Fabian would have promptly struck the man if his brother had not been present, and then been torn to pieces himself.

"What sort—don't you know the kind of things he done? If you don't, I do, and there's lots of others that know, and don't you forget it, *mon vieux*," answered Grandois, angrily.

"That's no answer, Monsieur. It tells nothing," remarked Carnac.

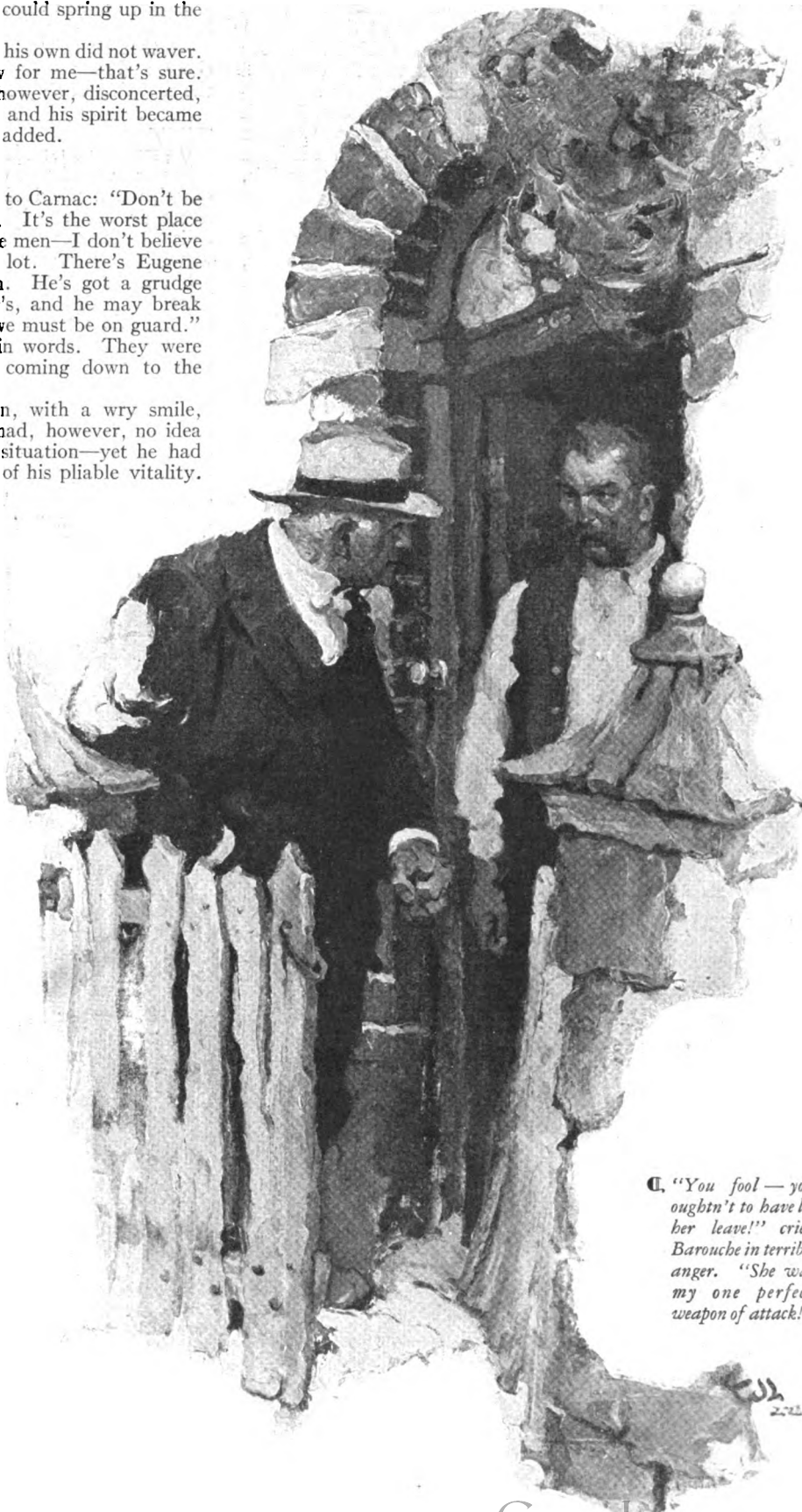
"You got left out of his will."

"My father had a conscience and he used it. He gave me a chance

to become a partner in the business, and I wouldn't, and he threw me over—what else was there to do? I could have owned the business today, if I'd played the game as he thought it ought to be played. I didn't, and he left me out—that's all."

"Makin' your own way, ain't you?" said the English laborer. "That's hit you where you're tender, Grandois. What have you got to say to that?"

The intense black eyes of the little habitant sparkled wickedly, his jaws set with passion, and his sturdy frame seemed to



"You fool — you oughtn't to have let her leave!" cried Barouche in terrible anger. "She was my one perfect weapon of attack!"



fasten to the ground. His gnarled hands now shot out fiercely.

"What I got to say! Only this, that John Grier played the devil's part every day he lived. He turned me and my family out into the streets in winter-time, and the law upheld him, old beast that he was—*sacré diable!*"

"*Beast—devill*! Grandois, those are hard words to use about a man in his son's presence, and they're not true. You think you can say such things because I'm standing for Parliament. *Beast—devil*, eh? You've got a free tongue, Grandois; you forgot to say that my father paid the doctor's bill for your whole family when they were taken down with smallpox; and he kept them for weeks afterwards. You forgot to recall that when he turned you out for being six months behind with your rent and making no effort to pay up! Who was the devil and beast then, Grandois? Who spat upon his own wife and children then? You haven't a good memory. . . . Come, I think your account with my father is squared; and I want you to vote to put my father's son in Parliament, and to put out Barode Barouche, who's been there too long. Come, come, Grandois, isn't it a bargain? Your tongue's sharp, but your heart's in the right place—is it a bargain?"

He held out his hand with murmurs of applause from the crowd, but Grandois was not to be propitiated. His anger, however, had behind it some saving sense of caution, and what Carnac said about the smallpox incident struck him hard. It was the first time he had ever been hit between the eyes where John Grier was concerned. His prestige with the men was suddenly under a shadow, yet he dared not deny the truth of the statement. It could be proved. His braggart hatred of John Grier had come home to roost. Carnac saw that, and he was glad he had challenged the man. He believed that in politics, as in all other departments of life, candor and bold play were best in the long run. Yet he would like to see the man in a different humor, and he heard with joy and relief Junia say to Grandois:

"How is the new baby boy, and how is madame, Monsieur Grandois?"

It came at the right moment, for only two days before had Madame Grandois given to her husband the boy for which he had longed. Junia had come to know of it through a neighbor and had sent some jellies to the sick woman. As she came forward now, Grandois, taken aback, said:

"*Alors*, they're all right, ma'm'selle, thank you. It was you sent the jellies, eh?"

She nodded with a smile. "Yes, I sent them, Grandois. May I come and see madame and the boy tomorrow?"

THE INCIDENT had taken a favorable turn.

"It's about even—things between us, Grandois?" asked Carnac, and held out his hand. "My father hit you, but you hit him harder by forgetting about the smallpox and the rent, and also by drinking up the cash that ought to have paid the rent. It doesn't matter now that the rent was never paid, but it does that you recall the smallpox debt. Can't you say a word for me, Grandois? You're a big man here among all the workers. I'm a better Frenchman than the man I'm trying to turn out. He's for breaking down the old custom in education, and I'm for keeping it. Just a word for a good cause. They're waiting for you, and your hand on it before you begin. Here's a place for you on the roost. Come up."

The "roost" was an upturned tub lying face down on the ground, and in the passion of the moment, the little man suddenly gripped Carnac's hand and stood up on the tub to great cheering; for if there is one thing the French-Canadians love, it is sensation, and they were having it. They were mostly Barouche's men, but they were emotional, and melodrama had stirred their feelings.

Besides, like the Irish, they had a love of feminine nature, and in all the river-coves Junia was known by sight, at least, and was admired. She had the freshness of face and mind which is the heart of success with the habitant peoples. She had heard French speakers of all degrees, but now, with Eugene Grandois on his feet, she heard a speech which had in it the best spirit of Gallic eloquence, though it was crude. But it was forcible and adroit in its way.

"Friends and comrades," said Eugene Grandois, with his hands playing loosely, "there's been misunderstandings between me and the Grier family, and I was out against it, but I see things different since M'sieu' Carnac has spoke—and I'm changing my mind—certainlee. That throwing out of my house hit me and my woman and little ones hard, and

I've been resentin' it all these years till now; but I'm weighin' one thing ag'in' another, and I'm willing to forget my wrongs for this young man's sake. He's for us French. *Alors*, some of you was out to hurt our friend M'sieu' Carnac here, and I didn't say no to it; but that's all over, and you'd better keep your weapons for the election day and use them ag'in' Barode Barouche. That's what I say. I got a change of heart. I've laid my plate on the table with a prayer that I get it filled with good doctrine, and I've promise that the food I'm to get is what's best for me and for all of us. M'sieu' Carnac Grier's got the right stuff in him, and I'm for him both hands up—both hands way up high, *nom de pipel!*"

At that he raised both hands above his head, with a loud cheer, and soon after Carnac Grier was carried to the launch on the shoulders of Eugene Grandois's friends

"WHO are you, ma'm'selle?"

It was in the house of Eugene Grandois in Montreal that this question was asked of Junia. She had followed up the experience on the Island by a visit to Grandois's house, carrying delicacies for the sick wife. Denzil had come with her, and was waiting nearby in the street.

She had almost ended her visit when the door opened and Luzanne Larue entered carrying a dish she placed on the table, eying Junia closely. First they bowed to each other, and Junia gave a pleasant smile, but instantly she felt here was one who was a factor in her own life—how, she could not tell.

To Luzanne, the face of Junia had no familiar feature, and yet she felt here was one whose life's lines would cross her own. So it was she presently walked over to Junia, and said, "Who are you, ma'm'selle?" in a sharp voice. As Junia did not reply at once, she put the question in another form, "What is your name, ma'm'selle?"

"It is Junia Shale," said the other calmly, yet with heart beating hard. Somehow the question foreshadowed vexatious things, associated with Carnac Grier. Her first glance at Luzanne showed the girl was well dressed, that she had a face of some beauty, that her eyes were full of glamour—black and bold, and, in a challenging way, beautiful. It was a face and figure full of daring. She was not a local or French Canadian; yet she was French; that was clear from her accent. Yet the voice had an accent of crudity, and the plump whiteness of the skin and waving fulness of the hair gave the girl a look of an adventuress. She was dressed in black with a white collar which, by contrast, seemed to heighten her unusual nature.

"Junia Shale—you are Junia Shale?" The voice was bitter and resentful. "We must have a talk—that's sure," Luzanne said with decision.

"Who are you?" asked Junia calmly

"I am Luzanne Larue."

"That makes me no wiser."

"Hasn't Carnac Grier spoken of me?"

Junia shook her head, looked at the bowl on the table and turned her face toward the door of Madame Grandois's room. "Had we not better go somewhere else to talk, after you've seen Madame Grandois and the baby?" she asked with a smile.

Luzanne made no reply, but taking up the dish she went into the sick-room, and Junia heard her voice with that of Madame Grandois. Luzanne appeared again in a moment, and spoke: "Now we can go to the house where I'm boarding. It's only three doors away, and we can be safe there. You'd like to have a talk with me—ah, yes, surelee!"

HER EYES were combative and repellent, but Junia was not dismayed, and she said: "What shall we talk about?"

"There's only one thing and one person to talk about, ma'm'selle," Luzanne said.

"I still don't know what you mean."

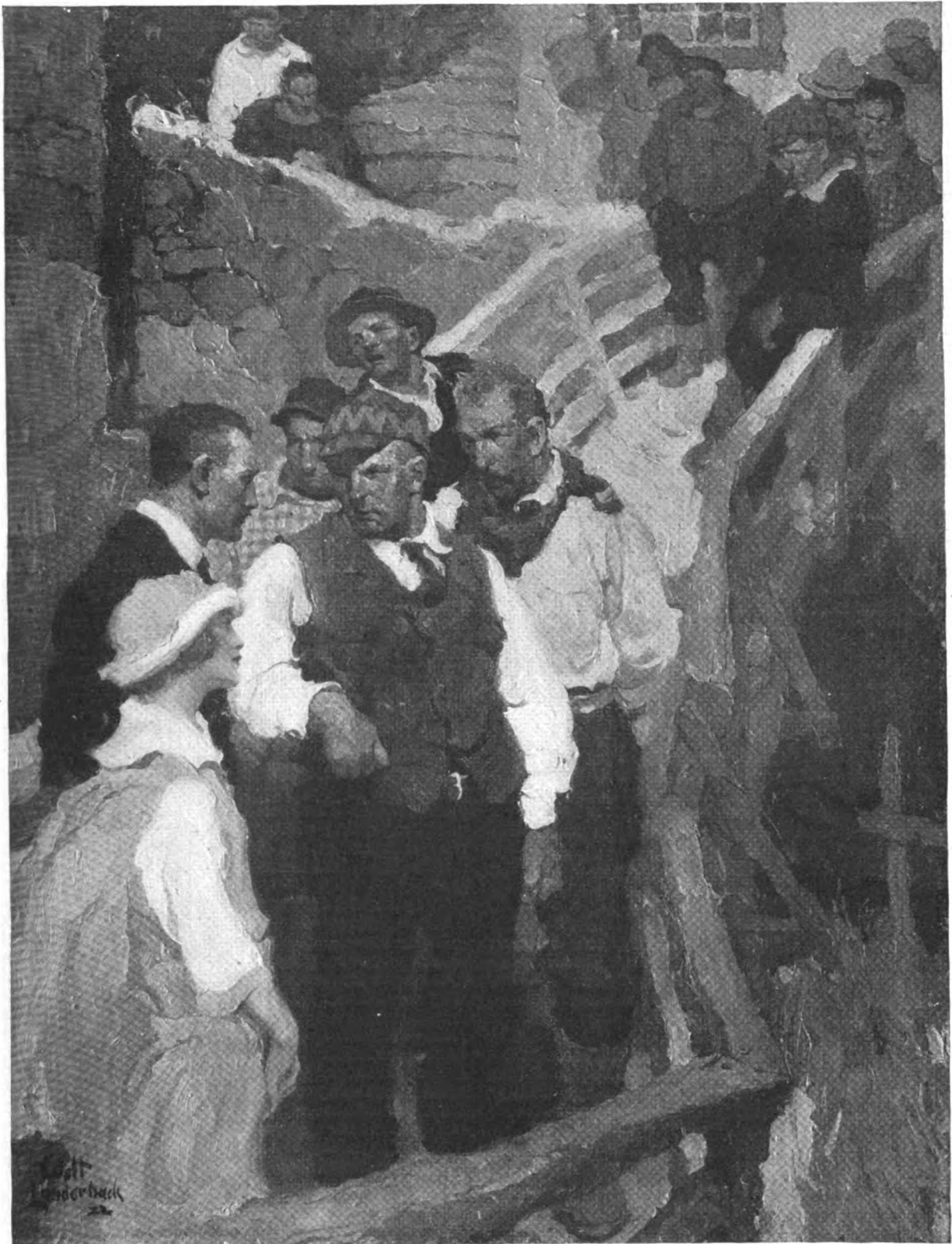
"Aren't you engaged to Carnac Grier? Don't you think you're going to marry him? . . . Don't you like to tell the truth, then?" she added.

Junia raised her eyebrows. "I'm not engaged to Carnac Grier, and he has never asked me to marry him—but what business is it of yours, ma'm'selle?"

"Come to my lodgings, and I'll tell you." Luzanne moved toward the door. They passed into the street, and were wordless till they reached Luzanne's lodgings.

"This is the house of Monsieur Marmette, an agent of Monsieur Barouche," said Junia. "I know it."

"You'll know it better soon. The agent of M'sieu' Barouche



“Those are hard words to use about a man in his son’s presence, and they’re not true,” cried Carnac.

is a man of mark about here, and he’ll be more marked presently—but yes!”

“You think Monsieur Barouche will be elected, do you?” asked Junia, as they closed the door.

“I know he will.”

“I’ve been working for Monsieur Grier, and, you may be sure, that isn’t my opinion,” Junia replied.

“I’m working for M’sieu’ Barode Barouche, and I *know* the result.” There was something in her voice that startled Junia.

They were now in Luzanne’s small room, and Junia noted that it had all the characteristics of a habitant dwelling—even to the crucifix at the head of the bed, and the picture of the French Canadian Premier of the Dominion on the wall. She also saw a rosary on a little hook beside the bed.

"How do you know Barouche will win?" Junia asked.

"Because I am the wife of Carnac Grier, and I know what will happen to him. . . . You turn pale, ma'm'selle, but your color isn't going to alter the truth. I'm Carnac Grier's wife by the laws of the United States."

"Does Monsieur Grier admit he is your husband?"

"It doesn't matter. He must pay respect to the law under which he married me."

"I don't believe he was honestly married to you," declared Junia bravely. "Has he ever lived with you—for a single day?"

"What difference would that make to the marriage? I have the certificate here." She touched her bosom.

"I'd have thought you were Barode Barouche's wife by the way you act. Isn't it the duty of a wife to help her husband's interests? Shouldn't you be fighting against Barode Barouche?"

"I mean to be recognized as Carnac Grier's wife."

SHE DREW from her breast a folded piece of blue paper. "There it is, signed by Judge Grimshaw who married us, and there's the seal; and the whole thing can't be set aside. Look at it, if you like, petite."

She held it not far from Junia's face and Junia could see that it was registration of a marriage of New York State. She could have snatched the paper away from Luzanne, but she meant to conquer Luzanne's savage spirit.

"Well, how do you intend to defeat your husband?"

"I mean to have the people asked from a public platform if they've seen the wife of the candidate, and a copy of the certificate will be read to all. Then, what do you think will happen?"

"It will have to be done tonight or tomorrow night," remarked Junia, quietly.

"Because the election comes the day after tomorrow, eh?"

"Because of that. And who will read the document?"

"Who but the man he's trying to defeat—tell me that."

"You mean Barode Barouche?"

"Who else?"

"Has he agreed to do it?"

Luzanne nodded. "On the day Carnac became a candidate."

"And if Carnac Grier denies it?"

"He won't deny it. He never has. He says he was drunk when the thing was done—*mais, oui*."

"Is that all he says?"

"No. He says he didn't know it was a real marriage, and—"

Luzanne then related Carnac's defense, and added: "Do you think anyone would believe him with the facts as they are? Remember I'm French and he's English, and that marriage to a French girl is more life and death than to an English girl; and this is a French province!"

"And yet you are a Catholic, and French, and were married by a Protestant judge."

"That is my own affair, ma'm'selle."

"It is not the thing to say to a French Canadian here. What do you get out of it all? If he is your husband, don't you think it would be better to have him successful than your defeated victim? What do you think will be yours if you defeat him?"

"Revenge—my rights—the law!" was the sharp rejoinder.

JUNIA smiled. "What is there in it all for you? If the man I married did not love me, I'd set the law in motion to be free. What's the good of inviting God to punish you for cruelty? What's the good of trying to destroy a husband who doesn't love you, who never loved you—never."

"You do not know that," retorted Luzanne sharply.

"Yes, I do. He never loved you. He never lived with you for a single day. That's in the power of a doctor to prove. If you are innocent and virtuous, then he has taken nothing; if you have given your all, and not to Carnac Grier, what will his mind be about you? Can't you see where you are? Is it money? He has no money except what he earns. His father left him nothing—not a dollar. Why do you hate him so? I've known him all my life, and I've never known him hurt man or animal. When did he ever misuse you or hurt you? Tell me, did he ever treat you badly? How did you come to know him?"

She paused and Luzanne flushed. The first meeting! Why, that was the day Carnac had saved her life, had taken her home safe from danger, and had begun a friendship with, behind it, only a desire to help her.

Junia saw the impression she had made, and set it down to her last words.

"Tell me," she added, suddenly following up her advantage,

"where did you first meet him? What was the way of it?"

Suddenly Junia came forward and put her hands on Luzanne's shoulders. "I think you loved Carnac once, and perhaps you love him now, and are only trying to hurt him out of pique and anger. If you destroy him, you will repent of it—so soon! I don't know what is behind these things you are doing, but it is all horrible, and you'll be sorry for it when it is too late. Yes, I know you have loved Carnac, for I see all the signs—"

"Do you love him then, ma'm'selle?" asked Luzanne exasperated. "Do you love him?"

"He has never asked me, and I have never told him that; and to speak truth I don't know; but if I did I would move heaven and earth to help him, and if he didn't love me I would help him just the same. And so, I think, should you. If you have ever loved him, then you ought to save him from evil or wrong. Tell me, did Carnac ever do you a kind act, one that is worth while in your life?"

For a moment Luzanne stood dismayed, then a new look passed over her face and drove the dark light from her eyes. It was as though she had found a new sense.

"He saved my life the day we first met," she said with hesitation, but under the hypnotic influence of Junia.

"And now you try to hurt him—to strike him when he is trying to do the big thing. You threaten to flaunt his marriage, which he repudiates, in the face of those who can elect him to play a great part for his country."

Junia saw the girl was in a state of emotional turmoil.

"Besides, he's not the only man in the world," Junia continued. "Doesn't that ever strike you? Why try to hold him by a spurious bond when there are other men in the world as good-looking, as clever. Is your world so bare of men?—no, I'm sure it isn't," she added, for she saw anger rising in the impulsive girl. "There are many men who'd want to marry you, and surely it's better to marry someone who loves you than to hold to one who doesn't love you at all. Is it hate? He saved your life—and that's how you came to know him first, and now you would destroy him! He's a great man. He would not bend to his father's will, and so he was left without a cent of his father's money. All because he has a conscience, and an independence worthy of the best that ever lived. That's the soul of the man you are trying to hurt."

"COME, ma'm'selle, tell me the truth. He didn't know he was being married, and when you told him it was a real marriage he left you at once. You and yours tricked him—the man you'd never have known if he hadn't saved your life. I suppose you thought that with your beauty—yes, you are beautiful—you'd conquer him, and that he'd take it all like a lamb, give in, and become a real husband in a real home. Come now, isn't that it?"

The other did not reply. Her face was alive with memories. The lower things were flying from it, a spirit of womanhood was living in her—feebly, but truly, living. She was conscious of the insanity of her pursuit of Carnac, and a new look came to her eyes. For a few moments she stood silent, looking at Junia, and then she said with agitation:

"If I give this up—" she took from her breast the blue document—"he'd be safe in his election, and he'd marry you, is it not so, ma'm'selle?"

She held out her hand, and an instant later the blue certificate was in Junia's fingers. She felt a sudden weakness in her knees, for it seemed she had in her grasp the career of Carnac Grier, and it moved her as she had never been moved in her life.

With the yielding of the certificate, Luzanne seemed suddenly to lose self-control. She sank on the bed beside the wall with a cry of distress.

"Mon Dieu—O mon Dieu!" Then she sprang to her feet. "Give it back, give it back to me," she cried, with frantic pain. "It's all I have of him!"

"I won't give it back," declared Junia quietly. "It's a man's career, and you *must* let it go. It's the right thing to do. Let it stand, mademoiselle. You can be happy in the memory that you gave Carnac back his freedom."

"But the record stands," said the girl helplessly.

"Tell the truth and have it removed. You owe that to yourself and to the man who saved your life. You could have it done at once at Shipton."

"What will you do with the certificate?" She glanced at Junia's bosom where the paper was hidden.

"I will give it to Carnac, and he can do what he likes with it," Junia answered her.





❧ "I mean to be recognized as Carnac Grier's wife, and that will lose him the election," declared Luzanne.

By now the tears were streaming down the face of Luzanne Larue, and hard as it was for Junia, she tried to comfort her, for the girl should be got out of Montreal at once, and only friendliness could accomplish that. She would see Denzil—he was nearby waiting.

There would be a train in two hours for New York and the girl must take it.

Barode Barouche was in a state of excitement. He had sure hope of defeating Carnac with the help of Luzanne Larue.

The woman had remained hidden since her coming to Montreal, and the game was now in his hands. On the night before the poll he could declare the thing not easy to be forgiven by the French Canadian public, which has a strong sense of domestic duty. Carnac Grier was a Protestant, and that was bad, and if he added to that an offense against domestic morality, he would be beaten at the polls as sure as the river ran. He had seen Luzanne several times, and though he did not believe in her, he knew the marriage certificate was real. [Continued on page 112]





Q. Photograph by Lewis N. Hine for Survey Graphic

Q. John Brophy is president of District Two of the United Mine Workers of America that covers fourteen counties in Central Pennsylvania. He has 43,000 union men in his organization, and on April 1st, 20,000 miners in non-union counties rose to his strike call. He is one of the half-dozen leaders who have broken the backbone of the largest unorganized coal fields in the country and he is helping to set the policy of 600,000 miners.



U. Drawing by John J. A. Murphy

*A man's philosophy is his suffering*

*declares John Brophy, leader of 43,000 coal miners. What friends and family are, the Union is. The Union is the cure of distress and worry. The Union is the way of Service. It is the answer to human fear and loneliness*

# A Coal Miner's Life

*By John Brophy*

I COME from a line of coal-diggers. My great-grandmother was a tradition in our family. As a girl she had worked in a coal-pit. When very old she would say:

"I've slid down the rope into the pit many a time."

In the shallow shafts of the pre-Victorian days, a rope would stretch from the minehead to the depth, where she worked. My father joked her on her young days as a collier. She was one of those thousands of English and Scots women who were miners at the hardest underground work, about whom blue-books were written and, later, laws were passed that lifted them out of the pit to the minehead.

My grandfather worked his life in pits. He broke a leg, and a collar-bone, and took bruises and minor fractures as the years went by. At the age of sixty, he stood at the pithead ready to be lowered, his pick on his arm. Paralysis struck him. The pick dropped. He never went down the shaft again. The doctor said it was the toil and the many accidents that brought the final stroke. He raised his family in the one house, almost in the pit, for a lifetime.

In that house my mother was born and in the same house I was born. My grandfather took his eldest son into the pit with him, and they worked together for years. So in turn I was taken into the mine by my father. It was apostolic descent.

I was named after my uncle, my father's oldest brother. One day, he had got work at a new pit, where the cage had not yet been put in. The miners went up and down in a large bucket. He and his brother had gone down to the pit, and dulled their picks on the coal. They rang the bell for the engineer to drop the bucket to take them up. Perhaps the engineer was irritated

because they rang so soon. He hoisted the bucket very fast. The two men hung to the chain, with only one foot inside.

Then the engineer stopped the bucket suddenly. They tried to steady it, but too late, and the engineer kept hoisting with the bucket still swinging. It caught under a cross-arm and tipped. My uncle fell backward to the bottom. He was killed instantly. His brother fell forward in the bucket, and clung to the rope. He reached the pithead, seized an iron bar and rushed to the engine room. The engineer had run for his life.

My father worked himself out before he was sixty. He had been in the pits since he was eight years old. His lungs clogged by coal dust and dried up with gas and smoke, and the heart slowed down, the work of car-pushing was hard on him. Car-pushing is shoving a two-ton car up a three percent grade.

"By the time I get it up to the face, I fall down exhausted, my heart beating like a trip-hammer," he would say.

When he was done, lying in bed and his mates calling in to talk with him, he seemed to me a frame worn-out and worked-out.

Great-grandmother, grandfather, uncle and father—worn-out, paralyzed, killed; those are the facts in the life of a miner. That was the life I inherited. I wanted to make that life better. If those who get the coal out of a mine have not the right to say something about the organization of that work and that life, who has the right?

I was born at St. Helen's, twelve miles out from Liverpool, England, on November 6, 1883. St. Helen's was a rapidly growing industrial town, with glass factories, chemical plants, coal-pits, and a large Irish population. My mother was English. My father was of Irish descent, but born in England.



My father had seen something of the world. He had served six years with the colors, and six years with reserve, seeing some service even then. He had been in the South African campaign, had stayed in Ireland for a couple of years, had taken part in the Egyptian Wars, had knocked about on the Mediterranean, and had taken a group of convalescent soldiers up the mountain of Cyprus. My father was always moving on. It was his desire for something better, or sometimes a scrap over conditions.

I attended the Parochial school. I remember the thrill of exultation at the age of six when I was presented with a book.

Our home was a four-room house in a row of houses. From early childhood I can remember my father, a miner, returning home in the late afternoon with his face black from the pit. He would have his cup of tea and then wash up in the pantry. When I was about six, my father made a trip to America, bringing back presents for us children from my uncles and aunt in Philipsburg, Pennsylvania.

WHILE HE was away, my mother did outside work. When my father came home, he went back to work in the pit where he was making a new air-way. A current of air struck him on the side, and he was laid up with pneumonia. We were in for a long siege, and became poor. My mother went out to work. Always in a crisis the burden full on her. Once I was sent out to buy bread, and lost a shilling. My father's illness, the hard work, and the lost shilling broke her down.

In the Town Hall was a reading room, where I used to pore over magazines.

A family who had lived in Pennsylvania came to see us. They talked of my uncles and aunt in Philipsburg, and how one uncle had bought a house and garden and a cow. To us who lived in an industrial city, it seemed affluence to be owning your home with a garden and a cow. Specially it had an influence on me.

So, bit by bit, we decided to come to America. The final decision was largely made by my mother, for English conditions suited my father better. We left St. Helen's in December of 1892—my father and mother, two sisters and I. I was just turned nine years old.

We came to Philipsburg, Pennsylvania. We arrived at dusk of a winter day and walked a mile to the home of Aunt Eliza. We all lived together in her house, badly crowded. Philipsburg was America to me. I went to school for one year, and got to the third reader, and long division. I was then ten years old. That was all the schooling I ever had. I was more interested in reading than the average boy in school. Slowly I lost some of my strangeness and fear of my surroundings.

Work in the mines was very slack—these first American years were the early 1890's, a period of panic—and our family was poor. In the spring we moved into a little house on an alleyway. It had been built for a stable, and then windows and a door put in. It cost \$3.50 a month, and I am convinced that was all it was worth. The rest of the alley was lined with stables. It was a terrible place for flies. We could not get money enough together to buy furniture. Old Country friends in the neighborhood helped with a few chairs, a bed, and an old stove.

For my father in the mines, there was only a day or two of work a week. Coal always was disorganized. The present troubles are the same as I have seen for the last thirty years. It is misery that keeps the tie to the Old Country. Loneliness, illness and poverty keep an immigrant an alien. Good luck and good times make him an American.

IN PHILPSBURG we began by taking a Liverpool weekly from the Old Country. It had a column of Lancashire dialect. There were a large number of Lancashire people in the town, and my father would have me perform for visitors by reading aloud that column. When we gave up that Liverpool weekly, and took the Utica Globe, that marked a change in becoming American.

As long as papers from the old home are the main reading, it means the thoughts are still there. The change into thinking American took us about two years. My father had me read newspapers aloud to him. I got the reading habit. It seemed to me one way of seeing the world, just as my father had seen the world in his way.

I went into a mine at Philipsburg with my father when I was eleven years old. He was working in a top drift; in a wet back-heaving. Every few days it would accumulate considerable water. Then it would take a half-day to bail it out. He took me along. At seven o'clock in the evening, my Uncle Charley would come into our wet mine-place, and ask me how much work

I had done that morning, with a pretense at seriousness.

"You bailed all this water out," he would say to me, "you dug all this coal?"

Then the mule and driver would come in, and the other miners would gather, and everyone jollied the Kid on what he had done.

My father would read something in the paper, and, differing with it, would look up and say:

"If I could only write a letter, I'd tell them what."

I, a boy of eleven, would think to myself: What a wonderful thing to write a letter, and a letter that could be read by the public. He helped me to break up the idea that this little corner where we happen to live is the whole world. He had read more than the average miner of his time, but about all the writing he ever did was to sign his name.

Then came the year of the miners' strike, 1894. It was an act of desperation; a panic year, a falling market. It was strike or submit tamely to bad conditions. It was a twelve weeks' strike, and brought a great deal of poverty. In that strike year we were still living in the stable in the alley. There was lack of nourishing food for my mother, so a baby brother died.

Because of his activities, father was blacklisted when the strike was over. He could not get work at his old place in the Pardee Mine, where he had worked on the best quality coal in the Moshannon vein. So he had to go looking for work in little top veins. It was slack work and a miserable existence.

Three years we stayed in Philipsburg. Father had grown desperate. He was a good, a willing worker, with a pickman's pride, his rib trimmed, his place clean, steady stroke, no scurry or bustle. In those three years, if he could have taken his family back to England, he would have packed up. He left better conditions in England—eight to ten shillings a day, five days of work a week, and a union.

Those days I went more poorly clothed than other children, and the clothes were made over and home-made, and I was sensitive because of that. It was an unhappy period for me. It was largely, I think, because of the unhappiness of my mother. It was not a sordid poverty, because love was there. But it was bitter, because hurt was done to one I loved.

IN THE late summer of 1895 we moved on to the mining camp of Urey. Our home was a three-room shanty. We lived better and had more food than in Philipsburg. When we began to have a little money, it was a wonderful thing. In the mining camp my father became something of a personage, because he was the best entertainer in a place of no social variety.

The English-speaking miners in the dusk after work would stroll in and sit on the two logs of a tree, opposite the company store, and my father would sing the songs of the English "free-and-easy." They were a growing body of folk ballads, developed in the public houses. They were songs about a famous character, or a great mine accident, or a strike. My father told the rich experiences of his life. The men would talk over the day's work. Only a few of the miners were English-speaking.

Some of the dollars we laid by were now spent on the doctor for another little brother who had been born in Philipsburg.

After several months, work fell off. Because of sickness in our family and the poverty, it was decided I should go to work. So my father went to the boss. The mining law said that a boy to work in the mines must be twelve years of age.

"Johnny will be twelve soon?" asked the boss.

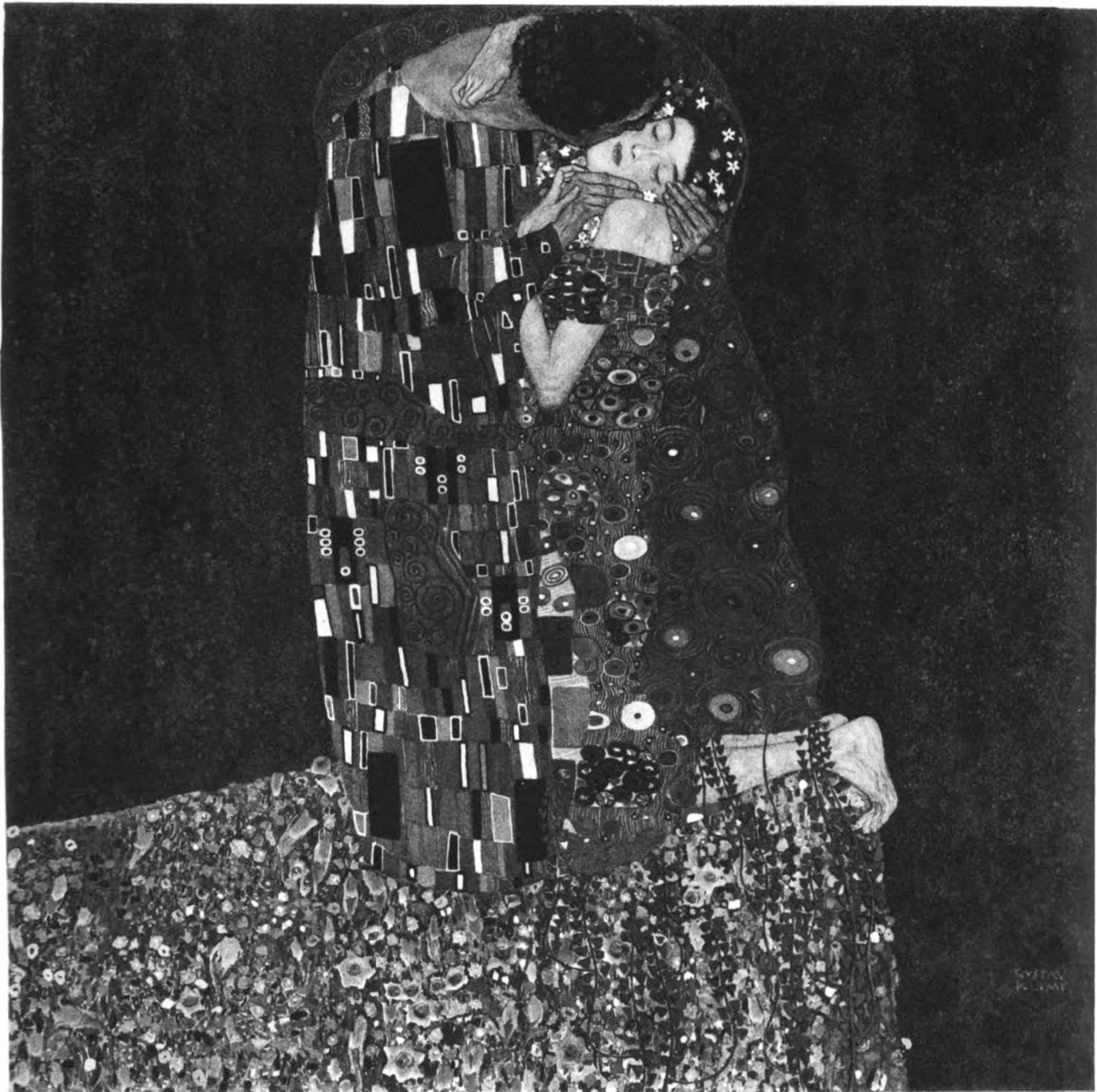
"Yes, on November 6th," replied my father.

"Well, let him start."

It was November 1st. I went in at seven o'clock in the morning and tried to shovel. I filled my father's lamp with oil, and did many other little things to keep moving, so as not to get cold. I soon learned to use the pick in undermining. In a small weak way, I did the work of a miner, as far as the strength of a boy would permit. There was no check weighman on the tippie, and no labor organization.

My father bought me the only two books in the company store. They had been there for two years. One was Buffalo Bill's story of the Wild West. The other was the Civil War, illustrated. I read the Buffalo Bill book not as a melodrama, but as a description of the West. It gave me a vista of plains and buffaloes, then the coming of cattle, horses, wagon trains, the pony express, and at last the railroad.

The Civil War book gave me an idea of the South. So the picture of the continent spread out for me, with something of history in it. In the Philipsburg school, I had learned no history of the country. It wasn't in [Continued on page 108]



The Kiss by Gustav Klimt

# The Vienna Workshop in America

By Willard Huntington Wright

A MODERN ART has developed along two distinct lines—the purely pictorial, or esthetic, and what is generally termed the arts-crafts. Though differing fundamentally as to objective, these two phases of art expression have much in common. Beauty, in the broad sense, is the motif of each; and the same spirit of research and of revolt against the older classic traditions and academic formulas, animates them both.

The purely esthetic development of modern art (which has taken place for the most part in France) has to do exclusively with the laws of composition and form, with the technical problems relating to light, color, and chiaroscuro, and with the philosophic interpretation of life as expressed through line, mass, volume,

rhythm and organization. In this field Courbet, Manet, Monet, Renoir, Picasso, Cézanne, Gauguin, Matisse, and Macdonald-Wright represent the dominant and influential figures.

The other line of art evolution—the arts-crafts—which has been confined, in the main, to Germany and Austria) embraces architecture, architectural sculpture, interior designing, mural painting, friezes, ceramics, metal work, and all forms of decoration, such as documentary canvases, allegorical panels, and even the more illustrative types of landscape and figure painting. In this field are included such widely divergent names as Galland, Puvis de Chavannes, Josef Hofman, Klimt, Bakst, Reinhardt, Maxfield Parrish, Boechlin, and Joseph Urban. [Continued on page 102]



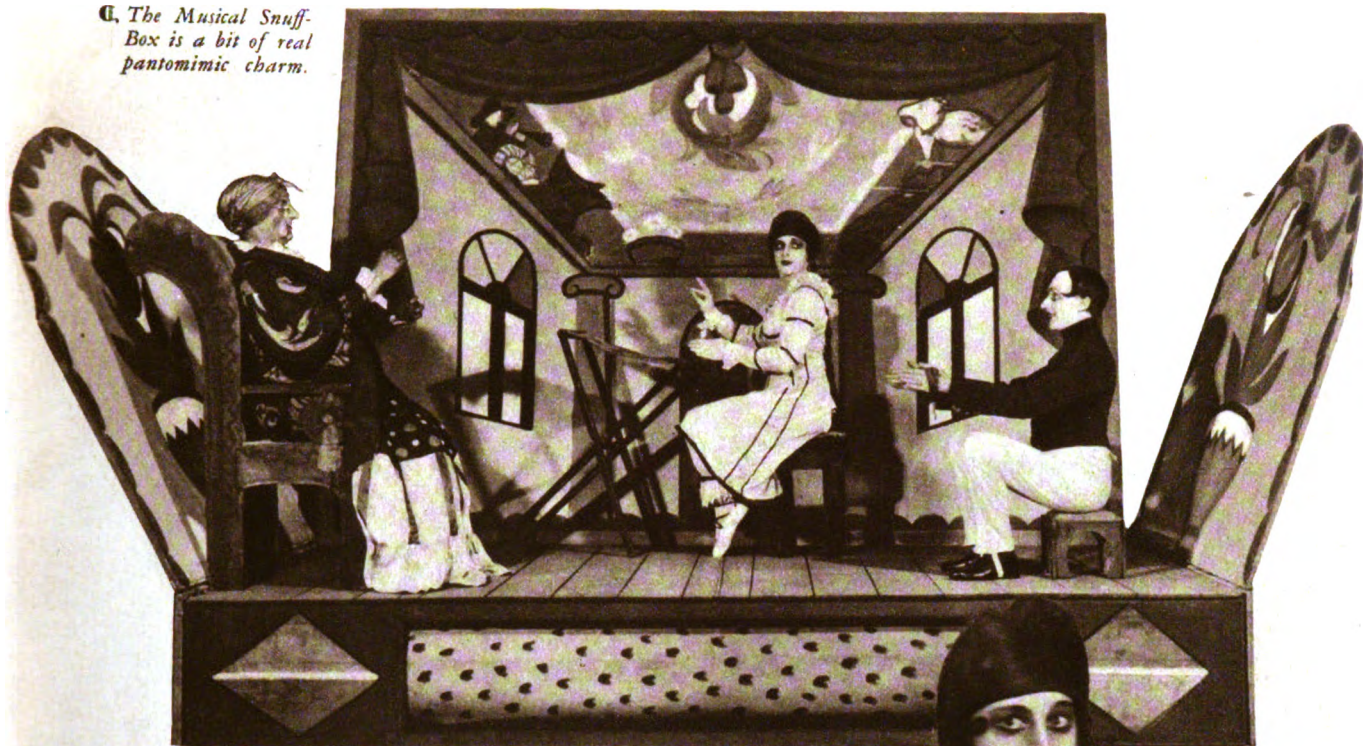
**C** PLAY of the Month



**C** This is not all of Balieff's company but enough of them are shown to give a good idea of the way their humor is expressed.



*C. The Musical Snuff-Box is a bit of real pantomimic charm.*



# Chauve-Souris

*THE outstanding sensation of the New York theatrical season is not likely to tour the country. Here is the story of Balieff's Russian novelty and again The Play of the Month carries Broadway to all parts of the United States*

**W**HEN A RUSSIAN vaudeville, charging five dollars a seat, packs a New York theater in the regular season, moves to another theater, packs it all summer, and prepares for its second season, something has happened.

The Chauve-Souris success has caused more comment in intelligent circles than any of the intellectual plays that have been produced or revived within the past year. These intellectual plays have been many. They have included The Hairy Ape, Anna Christie, A Bill of Divorcement, The Nest, The Pigeon, The Deluge, Madame Pierre, S. S. Tenacity, Fanny Hawthorne, Candida, and Back to Methuselah.

In this unusually intellectual season the Russians stood out. Dostoyevski's novel, The Idiot, was dramatized for a few performances. Andreyev's He Who Gets Slapped ran longer than anyone would have supposed it could run. The welcome accorded to the foremost dramatic singer in Russia, perhaps in the world, Chaliapin, was worthy of his tremendous manner.

The success of the Chauve-Souris was far more surprising than that of Chaliapin, or of Pavlova before him, because in grand-opera singing and in dancing there is little nationality. The Chauve-Souris is nearly all national. It is spoken and sung in Russian; the themes are mostly traditional Russian, and largely peasant themes.

A few critics have tried to pass it off as a fad for foreign things. These critics are quite hopeless, since there is no case on record of this kind of a success against the obstacles of a wholly unknown language. The audiences have gone because they could have a better time at the Chauve-Souris than anywhere else. Many in the audiences could not explain why this variety show is far above our own, but an audience can feel what it cannot analyze.

*C. When the exquisite figure from the Snuff-Box becomes animated, she remains delicately in character.*





The actors in Chauve-Souris have something of the same superiority that will be seen in the regular company of the Moscow Art Theater, if Mr. Morris Gest decides, by the time these lines are printed, that he can bring over that company also. It is the parent company, from which the Chauve-Souris company is a lighter off-shoot. The regular company cannot run so long, for it gives plays in which the drama cannot be at all grasped without the words. There will, however, be a great chance to study the methods of fine actors who have those gifts that cannot be developed in a country like this, of unbroken runs and of the constant fitting of a mere personality to every particular part.

Consider the most success-



ful of all the Chauve-Souris features, the Wooden Soldiers. The idea is familiar enough on our stage. Yet if an American manager took a million dollars and went out to obtain and drill the actors to do this pantomime as well, he would certainly fall clearly short. The result would be very much inferior both in technical excellence and in the purity of the comic sense.

ISADORA DUNCAN, not long ago one of the world's most creative dancers, has recently spoken of Moscow as having the most artistic atmosphere in the world. To compare it with Berlin before the war, with Paris or Vienna, is not our purpose, but it has in it much of the spirit that has in the last century put Russia so high in creative art; that has given us Pushkin, Tolstoi, Dostoyevski, Turgenev, and Krilov in literature, not to speak of such later writers as Chekhov and Gorki; that has given us Roerich and Bakst in painting, Pavlova and so many others in the dance, and in music, first Glinka, then the Mogu-



Q. So many people said Katinka, as danced by Mme. Karabanova, must be seen again, that Balieff had to use her every night as an encore on the second bill.





Anton Chekhov's satirical elopement episode presents a bookful of life in five minutes.

Mme. Fechner as the little peasant girl who gathers mushrooms and lovers in *The Three Huntsmen*.



chaya Kuchka or Mighty Clique—Rimski-Korsakov, Borodin, Musorgski, Cesar Cui, and Balakirev. More recently, Chaikovski, and then Glazunov.

The Chauve-Souris is not composed altogether of such artists as appear at the Arts Theater, but it has some of them, and it has the heart of a great tradition. Its soul is joy, fun, naturalness, but it makes all the difference when this fun and naturalness have for their expression the accumulated skill of a nation going through an age of expression.

THE DIRECTOR, Mr. Balieff, with his clown's personality and his grotesque English, no doubt makes it much easier for American audiences. He gives them a kind of comedy that they understand, presenting it in every interval between the Russian features. This confidential and absurd colloquy with the audience exists in the United States as well as in other countries, but Mr. Balieff's form of it is his own, and it has the value of making the whole show possible in a foreign tongue.

An idea of the simplicity of method pursued by this company in reaching its comic effects would be gained by English-speaking spectators if they knew that the four men who are singing a song, with such success that the audience rocks with laughter, are, in fact, singing one word over and over and over again with varying emphasis. It is the Russian word for painter, "zhivopisets." One day at lunch the man who plays the hind

legs of the horse in a Chekhov skit showed the same ability to make comedy out of any words whatever. And this is also the same man who is the drummer boy in the Wooden Soldiers.

An example, by the way, of how simple is real art of this type is in this little drama made out of a short story by Chekhov. There could be no better sample of that humor in which the Russians are often dominant, and which is never dreamed of by people who are familiar only with Dostoyevski and Tolstoi, just as in painting most of us are familiar with no one but Verestchagin and Bakst. So fixed is the idea of the tragic in connection with Russia that when Tolstoi's Resurrection was put into the movies, the scene of trudging to Siberia in the broiling sun was put on the screen as across plains deeply covered with snow.

This Chekhov story is only a few moments, picturing a man and a woman eloping in a rickety cab, with a still more rickety horse, which breaks down at the end, and enables the husband to catch the woman, whereupon everybody repents and the policeman stands as a symbol of law and order. The virtuous speeches that decorate the end of the comedy make a pleasant contrast to the real cause of the triumph of virtue—the collapse of the horse.

So exclusively have the translators and the musicians given the serious aspects of Russian literature, that to many it was almost a shock to see the name of Chekhov put down as the author



of *The Sudden Death of a Horse* or *The Greatness of the Russian Soul*. As a matter of fact, Chekhov has written many short stories that are hilarious. Similarly, to those who know our harping on the melancholy of the Russian folk songs, it was not easy to realize how characteristic is *Katinka*, next to *The Wooden Soldiers* the most popular of the *Chauve-Souris* features on both bills.

Perhaps some idea of the naturalness of feeling of the gypsy scenes may leak through a translation. At any rate, we give two that are almost literal, and almost preserve the meter, although, of course, our translations have no technical or language value:

### II. Eyes of Black

Eyes of blackness, eyes of passion,  
Eyes of fire and of beauty,  
But once did I see you,  
All my calm was gone.  
I forgot the world,  
Just for you alone.

(Chorus repeats the whole first stanza)

Eyes of blackness, eyes of passion,  
Eyes of fire and of beauty,  
Had I never seen you  
I'd not suffer now,  
I'd have lived my life  
As a happy song.

Eyes of blackness, eyes of beauty,  
Eyes of fire and of beauty,  
You have destroyed me.  
Eyes of blackness  
You have carried off forever  
My own happiness.

### III. Once Again

Ah, once!  
Two guitars beyond the wall  
Sadly are a-singing  
Mem'ried melodies of youth.  
Dear one, is it thou there?

Ah, once, once again,  
Once again, again, again.  
(Repeat)

Yes, I recognize you now.  
Your rhythm in D-minor  
And your melody I know,  
And its rich refrain.

Ah, once, once again,  
Once again, again, again.

Evening, a field, little lights,  
And a far-away road,  
Oh, my heart sings from sadness,  
Alarm is in my soul.

Ah, once, once again,  
Once again, again, again.

Ah, my destiny, my lot,  
Ah, my evil fortune,  
I'd have crushed you long ago  
If I'd but freedom.

Ah, once, once again,  
Once again, again, again.

Where are they, ah, where are they,  
Eyes so full of languish?  
Passion's unaccounting gage  
And a high white forehead.

Ah, once, once again,  
Once again, again, again.

THERE have been plenty of dances like the one here staged to Copenhagen plate, but not many full of such an exquisite blending of blues and grays and white.

If we had as much money as Henry Ford, it would give us pleasure to offer about \$500,000 to any American company that could turn into a short drama the old French ballad, *The King Orders the Drums to be Beaten*, with a result as tragic and as delicate as this. It is a tale of kingly love, queenly jealousy, a little poison and a sad end. As Mr. Balieff himself says. "It is

an old story, but with what dramatic power is it produced!"

Many of us can still hear the refrain of the drums, "Rat-a-plan, rat-a-plan," as it sways from gaiety and wooing to shame, to jealousy, to bitter revenge. We have some sort of familiarity with the American stage, and if anybody wants to indicate an American actress who can get as much out of this refrain as is given by the Russian actress, Mme. Dianina, with her easy, charming, and dramatic gamut of emotion, we shall be relieved.

In short, this company, equipped as it is with limitless spontaneous feeling, and with a good deal of the established Moscow technique, is able to take many kinds of themes from life, gay and tragic, and present them with fascinating ease, grace and art. Undoubtedly merry-making predominates, and if we wish to see the more somber themes carried to their ultimate power we shall have to hope that Mr. Gest will be successful in arranging for Mr. Stanislavski to bring his great company to America.

Mr. Balieff and Mr. Gest need no suggestions from us, but here is one to which they are more than welcome. A stunning little piece could be made out of the convicts hauling the boats on the Volga, one of the best known songs in Russia. There is a famous painting by Repin, taken from the song, that would be a marvelous setting. It may be that Messrs. Gest and Balieff will reply that such a dramatization would be too much of a test of the average American's intellectuality.

Among the artists connected with the *Chauve-Souris* stage decorations are: Sudjekin, Remisov and Roerich. Back of them are several well-known Russian artists of high standing—Verestchagin, Repin, and Serov, noted for their portrait work; Vaznetsov and Nestorov, who deal largely with religious subjects, and Shickin, whose landscapes, especially forests, are famous.

The career of the company is now so well known that it can be briefly told.

Balieff and his fellow-artists did not stop with their regular work at the Moscow Art Theater. The spirit of joy and non-sense so possessed them that after each performance they fell into the habit of getting together and entertaining one another. Balieff gravitated to the head of the group which, in time, formed a private club.

It was inevitable, however, that these artists should not keep their light hidden. The public heard of the private performances and Balieff at last yielded to the demand and opened a kind of cabaret. Such was the beginning, back in 1908, of the present *Chauve-Souris*.

NO ONE who has seen the performances here will be surprised to learn that Moscow reveled in what was then known as *The Bat Theater*. Soon the club's accommodations became too small and Balieff and his players were forced to move to the basement of the largest apartment house in Moscow. The popularity of the entertainment had not abated when, by the coming of the revolution, artistic circles were thrown into chaos. Balieff led, and by way of the Caucasus, made his entry into Constantinople, and at last to Paris.

He was without resources or prospects. His friends were scattered, the doors of Russia were barred to him, but he set about finding and luring to Paris those who had helped him to success in Moscow.

First among those to be secured were Mme. Tamara Deykarhanova, who had been with him since the inception, and Mme. Fechner. Gradually others joined him. Nicolas Remisov, a young Russian painter, who like Balieff was an exile from his native country, was glad to associate himself with the company, to design the scenery and costumes.

At last Balieff's moment came again. In December, 1920, under the title *The Chauve-Souris*, *The Bat* was revived at the Théâtre Femina, in Paris. There was a period of uncertainty while Paris nibbled at the offering; then Balieff's comedy and the sincere, artistic work of all of his players won through to the French heart.

The next year Balieff and his company crossed the Channel and opened at the Pavilion Theater in London. At that playhouse, they met with discouragement, but when the performance was moved to the Apollo, London awoke and the English took the Russians to their hearts, exceeding in their cordiality even the French.

In New York, Mr. Gest arranged for a limited number of performances, but this original plan was immediately upset. On April 21st, last, the company celebrated the one-hundredth performance. Now, at the Century Roof, in New York, the second bill is going strong, there will be a third bill downtown, and no one can see the end.

**A** It would take all of your time to read all of the current books. Each month the book which is most worth your knowing is condensed here so that you can read it in thirty minutes

## *Simon* *Called* **PETER**

*By Robert Keable*

**T**HE GLAMOUR of no other evil thing is stronger than the glamour of war. It would seem as if the cup of the world's sorrow as a result of war had been filled to the brim again and again, but still a new generation has always been found to forget. A new generation has always been found to talk of the heroisms that the divine in us can manifest in the mouth of hell and to forget that so great a miracle does not justify our creation of the circumstance. . . .

Thus to lift the veil on life behind the lines in time of war is a thankless task. The stay-at-homes will not believe, and particularly they whose smug respectability and conventional religion have been put to no such fiery trial. Moreover they will do more than disbelieve; they will say that the story is not fit to be told. Nor is it. But then it should never have been lived.

The old-fashioned pious books made hell stink of brimstone and painted the Devil hideous. But Satan is not such a fool. Champagne and Martinis do not taste like Gregory powder, nor was St. Anthony tempted by shriveled hags.

Paganism can be gay and passion look like love. Moreover, still more truly, Christ could see the potentialities of virtue in Mary Magdalene and of strength in Simon called Peter. The conventional religious world does not.

**R**OBERT KEABLE in his searching new novel thus lays down his thesis, and moves directly into a recital of the events in the life of Peter Graham, chaplain in the World War. Having been a chaplain with the South African forces, Mr. Keable is able to introduce a verisimilitude that is decidedly convincing.

Peter Graham, minister to a parish that ran down to the river and included slums, had been invited to preach at St. John's, the great fashionable church of mid-Victorian faith and manners. Graham was coming on; the bishop thought well of him—"a young fellow with quite remarkable gifts."

On this Sunday morning, as Peter walked toward a meeting with Hilda Lessing, at whose home he would breakfast before services, he was pondering his sermon, and his thoughts inevitably turned to the question of war. England was not yet in; but momentarily her ultimatum, preceding the crash, was expected. Peter, suspended over this abyss, had but one text for his sermon—"Christ had compassion on the multitude."

He and Hilda were not engaged; there was merely an understanding. But after his sermon, which won the admiration of the Rector, the young people walked through the park and the weight of the tragic moment forced them into each other's arms. Then the expected blow fell and the fury of war was about them. Peter asked at once for an appointment, but it was not until the struggle had



**A** Robert Keable, clergyman himself and son of a clergyman, acquired some surprising ideas as a result of his war experiences, which are said to form the background of his successful novel, "Simon Called Peter."

become a grim deadlock that he was sent over. On the boat, he had a glimpse of a pair of flashing eyes—eyes he was to see again and out of whose depths he was to learn many things that would change the whole course of his life.

At Rouen, where he was sent first, conditions were surprisingly different from what he had expected; he did not find the great need for the kind of creed he, as a young chaplain, was so eager to offer; he could not fit himself in. Later on he was transferred to Havre, and thrown into association with Arnold, a Presbyterian chaplain, things were no better, in fact they were worse, but there he met Julie, the girl of the flashing eyes whom he had noticed on the boat on his way to France.

**T**HE CENTRAL ward at No. 1 Base Hospital, where a concert was being given, looked as gay as possible.

There were women in plenty. The staff had been augmented by visitors from most of the other hospitals in the town. Jack Donovan and Peter were a little late, and arrived at the time an exceedingly popular young subaltern was holding the stage amid roars of laughter.

Once inside, one had to make one's way among beds and chairs, and the nature of things brought one into rather more than the usual share of late-comers' scrutiny, but nothing could abash Donovan. He spotted at once a handsome woman in a nurse's indoor staff uniform and made for her. She with two others was sitting on an empty bed, and she promptly made room for Donovan. Graham was introduced, and a quiet girl moved up a bit for him to sit down; but there was not much room and the girl would not talk so that he sat uncomfortably and looked around.

Suddenly he became conscious, as one will, that someone was particularly looking at him. He glanced back over the chairs,

and met a pair of eyes, roguish, laughing and unquestionably fixed upon him. The moment he saw them, their owner nodded and telegraphed an obvious invitation. Peter glanced at Donovan: he apparently had not seen. He looked back; the eyes called him again. He felt himself getting hot, for, despite the fact that he had a kind of feeling he had seen those eyes before, he was perfectly certain he did not know the girl.

He looked steadily toward the chairs. The back of the girl who had looked at him was toward him now, for she was talking sideways to somebody; but he noted an empty chair just next her and that her uniform was not of the nurses of this hospital. He felt confident that she would look again, and he was not disappointed. Instantly, he made up his mind, nodded and reached for his cap. He got up and walked boldly over to the vacant chair. He was fast acclimatizing to war conditions.

PETER sat down on that empty chair and met the girl's eyes fairly. She was entirely at her ease and laughing merrily. "I've lost my bet," she said, "and Tommy's won."

"I haven't any idea who you are," he said, "though I can't help feeling I've seen you before."

The girl chuckled with amusement and turned to her companion. "He doesn't remember, Tommy," she said.

The second girl looked past her to Peter. "I should think not," she said. "Nobody would. But he'll probably say in two minutes that he does. I think you're perfectly shameless, Julie."

Julie swung around to Peter. "You're a beast, Tommy," she said over her shoulder, "and I shan't speak to you again. You see," she went on to Peter, "I could see you had struck a footling girl, and as I don't know a single decent boy here, I thought I'd presume on an acquaintance and see if it wasn't a lucky one. We've got to know each other, you know. The girl with me on the boat—oh, damn. I've told you!—and I'm swearing and you're a parson, but it can't be helped now—well, the girl told me we should meet again, and that it was probably you who was mixed up with my fate-line. What do you think of that?" she asked the bewildered Peter.

Peter had not an idea, really. He was going through the most amazing set of sensations. He felt utterly at a loss to deal with a female of so obviously and totally different a kind from any he had met before; but with it all, he was very conscious of being glad he was there. "I'm highly privileged, I'm sure," he said and could have kicked himself for a stupid ass.

"Oh, Lord!" said Julie, "for goodness' sake don't talk like that. There's the worst of a parson: he can't forget the drawing-room. At any rate, I'm not sure that I'm highly fortunate, but I thought I ought to give Fate a chance. Do you smoke?"

"Yes," said Peter, wonderingly.

"Then for goodness' sake smoke, and you'll feel better. No, I daren't here, but I'm glad you are educated enough to ask me. Nurses aren't supposed to smoke in public, you know, and I take it that even you have observed that I am a nurse."

"To be absolutely honest, I had," he said. "And I observe, moreover, that you are not wearing exactly an English nurse's uniform, and that you have what I might venture to call a zoological badge. I therefore conclude that, like my friend Donovan, you hail from South Africa. What hospital are you in?"

"Quai de France," she said. "Know it?"

Peter repressed a start. "Quai de France?" he queried. "Where's that now?"

AT THAT moment, a song started but his companion dropped her voice to a stage-whisper and replied: "End of the harbor, near where the leave-boat starts."

Then she looked away toward the platform, and he studied her face surreptitiously. It seemed very young till you looked closely, especially at the eyes, and then you perceived something lurking there. She was twenty-seven or twenty-eight, he concluded. She looked as if she knew the world inside out, and as if there were something hidden below the gaiety. Peter felt curiously and intensely attracted. His shyness vanished. He had no intimation of the doings of Providence, and nobody could possibly be more skeptical of fate-lines than he, but very strangely it dawned on him as he studied her, that he would fathom that look somehow, somewhere.

"I'm practically not made up at all," she whispered, without turning her head, "so for heaven's sake don't say there's too much powder on my nose."

Peter shook silently. "No, but a faint trace on the right cheek," he whispered back. She turned then and looked at him and her eyes challenged his. Yet it is to be supposed that Hilda knew nothing whatever about it.

"Right on my mother's knee . . . ." sang the platform.

"Without a shirt, without a shirt," gagged Peter, sotto voce, and marveled at himself. But he felt that her smothered laughter amply repaid him.

The song ceased in time, and immediately she began again.—

"I hope to goodness tea isn't far off," she said. "By the way, you'll have to take me to it, now, you know. It will be a fiendish squash and I wouldn't go if I hadn't you to get me tea and take me away afterwards."

"I'm highly privileged, I'm sure," said Peter again, deliberately.

"You are," she said. "Look how you're coming on! Ten minutes ago, you were a bored curate, and now you're—well, what are you now?"

Peter hesitated perceptibly. He felt he might say many things. Then he said, "A trapped padre," and they both laughed.

"Thank goodness you're not sentimental, anyway," Julie said. "Nor's your friend; but the matron is. I know her sort."

PETER did not consciously say to himself that this meeting marked the beginning in his awakening, but actually it did. His doubts of his efficiency as a chaplain remained, grew, led to letters to Hilda that disturbed that young lady, who held visions of a future bishop for a husband. Meanwhile, Julie was always there; not that he saw her often, though visiting at her hospital was part of his official duty. In the end, the girl, along with the general army conditions behind the lines, so seriously disturbed him, shook his faith, that he took his troubles to Padre Arnold, old and wise:

"Arnold," said Peter as he pulled up a chair and got his pipe, "I don't know that I'm even a Christian heretic. I don't know what I am and where I stand. I wish I did. I wish I even knew how much I disbelieve, for then I'd know what to do. But it's not that my dogmas have been attacked and weakened. I've no new light on the Apostles' Creed and no fresh doubts about it. I could still argue for the Virgin Birth of Christ and the Trinity, and so on. But it's worse than that. I feel . . ." He broke off abruptly and pulled at his pipe. Arnold said nothing. They were friends enough by now to understand each other. In a little while, the younger man found the words he wanted.

LOOK here, it's like this. I remember once on the East Coast coming across a stone breakwater high and dry, infield half a mile from the sea. There was nothing the matter with the breakwater, and it served admirably for certain purposes. But it was no longer of any vital use in the world, for the sea had receded and left it there. Now that's just what I feel. I had a religion; I suppose it had its weaknesses and its faults; but most of it was good sound stone and it certainly had served. But it serves no longer, not because it's damaged, but because the need for it has changed its nature or is no longer there."

Arnold stirred to get out his tobacco pouch. "The sea is shifty, though," he said. "If they keep the breakwater in decent repair, it'll come in handy again."

"Yes," burst out Peter. "But of course, that's where illustrations are so little good; you can't press them. In any case, no engineer worth his salt would sit down beside his breakwater and smoke a pipe till the sea came in handy again. His job is to go right after it."

"True for ye, boy. But if the old plan was so good, why not go down to the beach and get on with building operations of the same sort?" Arnold asked.

"Arnold," said Peter, "you couldn't have put it better. That's exactly what I am here to do. I knew in London that the sea was receding to some extent, and I thought there was a jolly good chance to get up with it again out here. But that led straight to my second problem: I can't build on the old plan, and it doesn't seem any good. I remember preaching in the beginning of the war from the text, 'Jesus had compassion on the multitude.' But the crowd isn't interested in Jesus any more. It doesn't believe in Him."

"I wonder," said Arnold.

"I don't see how you can," said Peter. "Do you think Tommy worries about his sins? Are the men in our mess miserable? Does the girl the good books talked about, who flirts and smokes and drinks and laughs, sit down by night on the edge of her little white bed and feel a blank in her life? Does she, Arnold?"

"I'm blest if I know; I haven't been there. You seem to know a precious lot about it," he added dryly.





## **J**ulie

*This beautiful war nurse in Mr. Keable's book plays an important part in Peter Graham's change of attitude toward life and religion*

*Drawn by Henry Raleigh*

**I**N THE end, Arnold advised Peter to get down among the multitude and make a few inquiries. That is exactly what the young chaplain did. He came to know women of the town and drunken men; to tolerate and to do things he could scarcely have dreamed of in London. This attitude, these experiences, were reflected in his letters to Hilda and he was not greatly surprised when she wrote telling him that she thought it best, in view of the fact that he was so very much changed since he had gone away, to break off her engagement to him. He was shocked but resigned; it was impossible to explain in letters and besides, back there was Julie.

So Hilda, in one swift moment, went out of his life and out of the book. Toward Julie his emotions were mixed. When away from her, she was a subtle influence of which Peter was, mostly, unconscious. When he was with her, she fascinated him, the two of them caught in the meshes of an irresistible passion. This feeling reached a certain dramatic climax on New-year's eve, when Julie and Peter, with four of their friends, made a night of it starting with a dinner at a Havre restaurant.

**J**ULIE was the very spirit of bedevilment and fun. She leaped up and the next minute circled on the table in a whirl of skirts. So light that she seemed hardly to touch the table, she danced as if born to do it. It was such an incarnation of grace and music that a little silence fell on them all. To Peter, she appeared to dance for him. He could not take his eyes off her. He cared nothing what others thought or saw. There was a mist before him and thunder in his ears. He saw only her flushed, childlike face, and sparkling brown eyes, and a wave of her loosened hair.

The music ceased. Panting for breath, she leaped down amid a chorus of "Bravos!" and held out her hand for the liqueur glass. Peter put it in her fingers, and he was trembling more than she and spilt a little of it. "Well, here's the best," she cried, and raised the glass. Then, with a gay laugh, she put her moistened fingers to his mouth and he kissed them, the spirit on his lips.

Then Tommy, as usual, remembered [Continued on page 122]





¶ When Uncle Walt says:  
Be calm and you'll be happy,  
*you just have to believe it*

¶ Illustration by  
F. Strothmann

# What's *All The* SHOOTIN' For? *By Walt Mason*

STRANGERS and tourists who call at my ivy-mantled tower to give me the once-over, frequently ask what caused the oblong dent in the top of my head. This depression holds about a pint, and I find it a great convenience when I am arduously engaged in Literary Labors. Before sitting down to write a thoughtful and serious essay like this, I fill the dent with ice-water, and it keeps my faculties from overheating. Some day, probably, somebody will invent an air-cooled intellect which won't smoke under the severest strain; but as things are now I consider the dent in my head a great blessing.

I acquired it long ago, in Atchison, Kansas. I was young then, and my heart was hot and restless, and I got excited over every issue before the people. At that time a historic railway strike was in progress and I was all worked up over it. I have championed so many causes I don't remember whether I was championing labor or capital just then, but I was on one side or the other; and one evening I mounted a dry-goods box that was standing against a store building and gave a good imitation of William J. Demosthenes, calling upon my hearers to strike for their altars and their fires, and also for the green graves of their sires; and just as I was reaching the peroration, somebody dropped a brick from a window two or three stories up, and it bounced off my dome of thought, leaving the depression which I now find so useful, but which I considered a blemish until age gave me wisdom.

My roommate in those halcyon days was a young man named Tubb, and he was even more passionate than myself in his desire to be of public service. The woes of the taxpayers kept him

awake at night, and he would forsake his job and meal ticket at any time, in order to join any old forlorn hope that might be in evidence. At that period the prohibition experiment was new in Kansas, and the authorities were making desperate efforts to enforce the law. The attorney-general was more industrious than a cranberry merchant, and he was appointing deputies by the dozen, so the entire state might be covered. Mr. Tubb had convinced himself that the Anheuser-Busch products were the chief evil of the time, and that it was his duty to enroll in the attorney-general's army; and, having enlisted, he was the busiest warrior in the business.

The forces of Barleycorn were not taking their punishment in the proper spirit; they fought back with whatever weapons they could get their hands on and most of the weapons seemed to hit Albert Edward Tubb. I got sick and tired of patching him up. He'd come home one evening with his nose out of alignment, and the next evening a lot of his teeth would be loose, and he had to have beefsteaks on his eyes, and poultices on his brow; and again his collarbone would be broken, and I had to get a wooden one to take its place; and I had to keep a complete stock of interchangeable parts on hand, so I could keep him going. One evening when I was fastening a new celluloid ear to his head the building went up in the air about twenty feet, and fell apart as it came down, and the fire department had a great time digging us from the ruins; an indignant jointist had placed a bomb under it.

Tubb was taken to a hospital and I saw no more of him for more than thirty years. The other day he called to see me, and we sat under my banyan tree, and talked calmly of old times, laugh-

ing at the sound and fury that filled our youth. I had been reading the morning paper, which contained a heartrending story of conditions in Russia. I remarked that things were in appalling shape in that country.

"Yes," said Tubb, in a bored way, "but what's the difference?"

Age has its compensations. The old man leans the back of his chair against the woodshed, and watches the hurrying, agitated, strenuous crowd go by; he hears people declaiming and protesting, and sees them shaking their fists at the firmament, demanding this and imploring that, and he knows that it makes no difference; it is all old stuff. The Moving Finger writes, and the seventh sons of seventh sons foretell the future at so much a head, and Daniels come to judgment, but in the end a man waxes old and realizes that nothing makes any difference.

China is all shot to pieces and has a fresh crisis every morning, with matinees twice a week. But I can't do China any good by pawing the ground and getting excited. By such a course I might induce a stroke of apoplexy, and my health is more important than anything that can happen in China.

Alaska, a country teeming with possibilities, has been ruined by bureaucracy, the papers say. Had that happened when I was young I'd have kicked up a hideous commotion, writing furious letters to the newspapers, and abusing the administration in the forum. But the family veterinarian says I have high blood pressure, and nothing could be worse for me than excitement, so I let Alaska slide. And probably Alaska will work out her salvation just as soon, and just as thoroughly, as she would if I were to burn a ton of fireworks.

**I** SOMETIMES wonder if anything I ever did made any difference. A long time ago Jim Pulsifer and Hank Evergreen were opposing candidates for county treasurer. I knew them well and considered them highly virtuous citizens, so well matched as to morals and abilities that it made little difference who won. This being my conviction, I set forth on the morning of election day to spend the day fishing. Hard by the village pond I met Rev. Septimus Bucksmith, the pastor of our church, and when he learned that I didn't intend to vote, but was going to fish for red herring in the brook, he was greatly shocked. He argued that it was my duty to vote, even where one candidate seemed as good as the other. I was setting an evil example and undermining those bulwarks and palladiums which are the foundation of our government. So, being overborne, I put away the fishpole and bait, and went to the polls and voted for Jim Pulsifer. This man was elected by one vote, so it would seem that when I turned back from my fishing excursion I did something portentous.

After being in office a year Jim was pinched for using the county money to back certain ponies, and eventually he went to the penitentiary, but the county never got its money back, and when last I saw it, was on its uppers. For a long time I felt guilty and humiliated. But it turned out that Hank Evergreen also was arrested for buncoing a lot of farmers, and he also went to the penitentiary. Had he been elected, and Jim defeated, they'd have gone to the pen just the same, so really it would have made no difference had I gone fishing instead of going to the polls to defend the Constitution.

This is the comfortable philosophy of the aged, that nothing makes any difference. There's no sense in getting excited, in arguing. Everything will come out right in the end, because it was so ordained in the beginning, and not because men charge around.

That great and good man, Superintendent Voliva, of Zion City, recently has made public some of his remarkable discoveries in astronomy and kindred sciences. He informs us that the earth

is flat, and rests upon four posts; also that the firmament is solid, with the sun and moon and other well-known planets suspended from it like chandeliers, or lanterns in a country theater. Time was when I couldn't have calmly read such a statement. I'd have jarred the welkin out of place denouncing such false teachings and pointing out that the authorities were shamefully neglecting their duties, since Voliva was still at large. But now I read Voliva's decrees with amusement and enjoyment. The man is a

great humorist, even if he doesn't know it, and a great humorist is a distinct blessing in a world that is heavy with weariness. And, moreover, it may be he is right. His theory is far more convincing than that of the recognized scientists who say the earth is whirling around the sun, and the sun around the earth, and the moon around both—or whatever it is they say. And, anyhow, what's the difference? The planetary system will chug along just the same, all cylinders hitting, no matter what we believe, or don't believe about the matter.

"Let the rest of the world go by," says the popular song; and the deathless Omar speaks of "a book of verses underneath the bough," as a symptom of felicity. One must be in the sere and yellow leaf to appreciate these things, to thoroughly enjoy the calm, ruminative life. There are people who call me a hermit, and ask why I don't mingle with the madding throng, ignorant of the fact that in

other days I was the life and soul of said madding throng. Old Tom Fanning, for instance, is always asking me to go downtown with him. He wants to introduce me to about 10,000 people. I ought to get acquainted with the Live Wires, the men who Do Things, the men who put the town on the map. Yesterday Tom insisted that I go in his car.

After a while he came back, and I helped to pry his hat off. It had been jammed down over his head until the brim was around his neck; his coat was split up the back, and his chin had been driven in about two inches.

Such things happen to men who will not sit quietly at home, who must mingle with the madding throng.

**M**Y LIFE is a quiet, gentle routine. I take a walk every morning, then write one of those songs that will go sounding down the ages; then after eating a hearty meal, I ride a few miles in my tin car, and eat again, after which I write another song that is not born to die. Then, after a hearty meal of ham and eggs, I sleep a few rounds, after which I eat a hearty repast, and so on until bedtime.

We have a civic league in our town, and the officers and members often rebuke me severely for not attending. I used to attend the meetings of such organizations long ago, and found that they were chiefly schools of oratory.

It is a good thing for the old man to let the world go by, and simply watch things from the shelter of his banyan tree. For the truth is he is a back number. The more active he becomes, the more he is in the way, and the younger men can't help looking forward to his funeral with impatience.

So I sit through the long afternoons in the shade of my upas tree, and watch the world go by. Sometimes I think it is headed in the wrong direction, there is so much jazz stuff, so much flapperism, so much yawping about sex, so much noise, so much craziness of costume, so much joy-riding and so little working; but the old boys in all ages were prone to shake their heads and predict catastrophe.

So I cheer up and ask myself, "What's the difference?" I lag superfluous on the stage; the world belongs to the young folks going by; let's see what they'll do with it.

## From the Sidelines

**I** HAVE an easy rustic chair, it stands upon my lawn; and sitting calm and peaceful there, I watch the world roll on. Perhaps it isn't rolling right. perhaps it's jumped the track; but I'm too old to whoop and fight, and try to put it back. Men say, "While we are throwing fits, and viewing with alarm, there in his chair the dotard sits, nor cares for good or harm." But if I joined them on the pike, and pawed with them the sand, invoking Pete and likewise Mike to save our native land, they'd say, "Go, dotard, to your seat, and dream the hours away; you are too gray, too cold your feet—we need young blood today!" And so I sit before my coop, a bent and wintry guy, and quaff a cup of Volstead soup, and watch the world go by.

Walter Mason



# Q. SCIENCE of the Month

Q. When you consider  
that science  
and invention  
are responsible  
for the comforts  
and conveniences  
of modern life  
you will understand  
the eager interest in  
the latest developments  
of today's  
scientific problems  
and achievements

## Latest Reports On Psychic Research



Q. Drawing by Harry Townsend

By James Hopper and E. E. Free

D R. CHARLES RICHEL, professor at the University of Paris, is just out with a new book on the subject of Psychic Phenomena. That is to say, on that subject which has to do with such things as table-tipping, automatic writing, haunted houses, ghosts, divination and telepathy. In this book the French scientist concludes firmly that we must accept some of these phenomena. That they are real.

Then, as he specifies exactly which ones we must consider real, he names among them the very one which, surely, to the average man, is the most extraordinary. The phenomenon of ectoplasm.

In this, as everyone knows, a singular substance seems to exude out of a person in trance—a substance which seemingly can be felt as something solid and living, which seems capable of moving objects, and which seemingly can take on different shapes. The shape of a hand, an arm, of an entire human body, even.

Dr. Richet is a scientist of reputation and integrity, a distinguished physiologist. He has studied the psychic phenomena for years, not only analyzing the existent mass of evidence, but experimenting carefully himself. His book, which is to be translated and published in the United States, is an exhaustive treatise. This might be a good time, then, to determine, if possible, the position of science on the troubling phenomena called psychic.

Ten years ago there were only two attitudes toward the

psychic phenomena: that of the sceptic and that of the believer. By far the greater number of scientists, we might say almost all of them, held the first attitude. They were sceptics. They denied altogether the reality of psychic phenomena. All so-called psychic phenomena, they said, are merely fraud and self-delusion. There *are* no psychic phenomena, they said.

A few scientists, however, held the second attitude. They were among the believers. They not only accepted the reality of psychic phenomena, but accepted, in explanation, the theory of the existence of spirits. Spirits being conceived as the non-material personalities of persons who have died

THIS was ten years ago. At the present time, we must take account of a new third group which as rapidly grown in the past decade. This is the group of scientists that holds neither the attitude of the sceptic, nor that of the utter believer.

These men believe that, beneath a mass of fraud and illusion, there exist psychic phenomena that are real.

They believe that these real psychic phenomena are due, not to the action of spirits, but to the working of natural forces at present unknown to science.

It is with these men that Richet belongs; it is of their attitude that he is the foremost advocate.

The three attitudes—that of the sceptic, the believer, and the new group—would be about as follows if applied to a well-known phenomenon, such as the wireless telephone.

Imagine three men who have been cast away on a desert island before the wireless came into being. Imagine them, rescued and returned to civilization, brought to a wireless telephone.

The first man might say: "This is an amusing trick but, of course, it is fraud and bunk. There can be no such thing as the transfer of the voice over distance except by means of a wire."

The second man might say: "This is wonderful and marvelous. Of course, it is done by spirits. It proves that spirits really do exist."

The third man might say: "Well, I don't think that spirits do it. But I think it's happening all right. It isn't all bunk and fraud. Underneath must be some hidden natural force with which I am not acquainted. I'm going to find out what it is!"

**T**HE PSYCHIC phenomena that, in his book, Dr. Richet examines, are more or less familiar, at least by hearsay, to everyone. They comprise:

1. Apparitions. Here belong the reports of the existence of ghosts and fairies; of haunted houses; of ghastly sounds, moans and groans;appings and the clanging of chains. Here belongs that singular phenomenon of ectoplasm; in which, as we have seen, a singular substance, issuing out of a person in trance, seems to be able to move objects, to make itself felt, and to take on shape that may be even that of an entire human body.

2. Movement of objects. Table-tipping belongs here, and all phenomena in which objects move without any visible means. They often take place at the medium séance. Tambourines are shaken by invisible hands; chairs mysteriously stir; objects move from one part of the room to another.

3. Telepathy and Clairvoyance. The securing of information otherwise than through the five senses. The clairvoyant seems to be able to describe things occurring at a distance; the telepathic person, or "mind-reader," claims to secure information from the minds of other persons, absent or present. The best-known instances of telepathy are those in which a person receives a sudden impression of accident or danger to another person who is far away.

4. Premonition and Foresight. Here come "warnings." Smith suddenly, while reading a book, gets a sharp sense of impending disaster. Later in the day, he breaks his leg, or a medium in seance says, "Beware of a black-haired man." You go to the races, get a tip from a black-haired man, and lose money.

5. Automatic Writing. In a trance state, a person writes on a paper or on a slate, something that he feels he is not writing out of his own volition, but prompted or directed by some supernormal agency. "I am Napoleon," the writing may say. "Do not buy those lots at Cocoanut Beach." Poems, entire novels, mostly very bad, have been written in this way. The ouija board belongs here; it is automatic writing done with a board instead of with a pen.

6. Trance Control. The customary phenomena at the "séance." The medium, in state of trance, claims to become subject

to a spirit control. The control, through the medium, answers questions and gives advice. He communicates with the spirit of the departed with whom the medium's client wishes to speak.

**O**UT OF all this mass, what does Richet accept as real?

Compared with the mass examined, he accepts little. But that little, in itself, is a good deal. It comprises some phenomena that are certainly among the ones that the average man would regard as most extraordinary.

For instance, he accepts something of Premonition.

He accepts what we have called movement of objects, and which he calls telekinesia.

As we have seen, he accepts ectoplasm. He says of premonition, after examining all the facts: "One conclusion disengages itself out of all these facts; it is that premonition is a demonstrated fact. A strange fact, paradoxical and apparently absurd, but which we are forced to admit."

Of movement of objects he says, "Proofs of telekinesia exist which to my mind are sufficient and even superabundant."

Of ectoplasm, he says: "The facts of ectoplasm seem demonstrated as rigorously as those of telekinesia, though here we deal with phenomena which are more dramatic and extraordinary."

Science, he says, must acknowledge these phenomena.

When Dr. Richet writes this, does he mean that science, admitting these phenomena, must accept also the explanations which, in many minds, go with them?

He does not. He simply means that, in his mind they are facts with which science must reckon, which science must accept as facts to study. He turns over these facts to science, as it were, and says, "Now go to work and discover what are the natural laws beneath all this."

For he does not think that the phenomena, mysterious as they seem in outward aspect, are supernatural. He thinks they probably are due to the working of forces that are unknown at the present time, but which are natural, and which will be known some day. As lightning, once so very mysterious, is now known to be a discharge of electricity.

As Dr. Richet thinks, so does his group—the group that might be called that of Younger Science. It thinks that, in the mass of psychic phenomena, after you have accounted for most of it by calling it error or calling it fraud, there still remains something that must be accepted as true, and that is due to the working of natural forces at present unknown of science.

**R**ICHET probably, among his own kind, is an advance skirmisher. We doubt if many of his brother soldiers have charged as audaciously forward as he. We doubt if many follow him in his acceptance of ectoplasm, for instance.

The phenomena of ectoplasm take place always through a medium. Mediums so often have been convicted of fraud, fraud seems so inseparable from the métier of the medium, that the present writers would leave out as suspicious all phenomena connected with them.

They also would explain premonition as

due to the well-known fallibility of man's senses, and his woful capacity for exaggerating the meaning and significance of the word coincidence.

They would then accept a still smaller amount of the mass of psychic phenomena than does Richet, ascribing this residue, as do Richet and his group, to the working of unknown forces that will be found eventually to be natural forces when discovered.

Natural forces, not spirits. There exists, in our judgment, no adequate scientific evidence of the existence of spirits of any kind whatever.

## WHY THE SUN STAYS HOT

*Old Sol can preserve his youth and energy merely by contracting two hundred feet a year*

**W**HY DOES the sun stay hot? At present, to this question, science has two answers. One is radioactivity; the other is contraction.

The energy radiated continually by the sun is enormous. All the energy we have upon earth—the energy of coal, of water-power, of food—is energy we have caught from the sun. Yet this energy, intercepted by the tiny earth, is almost as nothing compared to the huge amount poured out by the sun on all sides into space.

How does the sun keep this up all the time? Where does this colossal energy come from?

Perhaps from radioactivity. How much radium or other radioactive elements there may be in the sun we do not know; nor, therefore, how much heat it may produce. Perhaps it is enough to preserve the sun's youth.

Or this energy may come from the sun's contraction. If one drops an object from a high building, one obtains energy from the fall. The speed of the fall, suddenly stopped, turns into heat. But contraction is a falling. When the sun contracts, all of the matter near the sun's surface falls a little toward the center.

The amount of matter near the sun's surface is, of course, very great, and even a very short falling of it would create much energy.

It has been figured that if the sun contracts two hundred feet in diameter a year, this contraction will balance the energy it loses by radiation in the same time.

To keep hot, in other words, the sun has only to contract itself by two hundred feet once every year.

Which is a small matter for a body with a diameter of nine hundred million miles.

## NEW WAVES FOR RADIO?

*Wireless Telephony may help to discover and use unknown gaps in space*

**T**HE MUSIC which the radio fan receives from his broadcasting station comes to him as does the sunlight from the sun. The wireless wave is an electro-magnetic wave, and so also is the light wave an electro-magnetic wave.

The difference between the two is merely one of dimension. The usual broadcasting wave is about three hundred and sixty meters from crest to crest; light waves are much shorter—less than a millionth of a meter from crest to crest.

There are other electro-magnetic waves—for instance, the waves of radiant heat, and of the radium rays.

Between wireless and radiant heat waves there is a gap; and between ultra-violet and X-ray, there is another gap. In these gaps, there may also be waves—waves that we have not discovered yet, that can do things as interesting as those we know.

**WANTED: THE OZONE TRUTH**

*Experimenters are looking for information that may eliminate impure air*

THE United States Bureau of Mines, working together with the American Society of Heating and Ventilating Engineers, is carrying on experiments in Pittsburgh on the possible use of ozone as an air purifier—on its possible use in making air good to breathe in places where it is foul and where ventilation is difficult.

Ozone is in the air in very small quantities. In a way it is a more active oxygen. Where a molecule of oxygen is made up of two atoms of oxygen, a molecule of ozone is made up of three atoms of oxygen.

In the experiments being carried out in Pittsburgh by the Government, electric sparks are passed through the air. The sparks change into ozone some of the oxygen in the air. The small quantity of ozone already in the air is thus increased by another very small quantity.

It is hoped that this increased quantity of ozone will be found to purify the air, destroying its odors and killing its bacteria, and that we will have thus an efficient way of keeping air good in mines, tunnels, theaters—all the places where this necessity of life is often so foul. But whether ozone actually does purify the air, and, if so, just how efficiently it does, are things still to be determined by the experiments of the Bureau of Mines.

**WHEN THE DESERT WAS WET**

*Once upon a time America's Great Basin country was a region of lakes*

THE GREAT Basin Country of the West, now an almost bone-dry desert, was once a green lush land of beautiful lakes. Recent publications of the U. S. Geologic Survey recall attention to this fact. Because of climatic changes, these lakes have shrunk or altogether vanished.

The largest remnant, the Great Salt Lake of Utah, renowned for its bitter waters, was once a mighty body of fresh water which covered a large part of Utah and a part of Nevada. On the mountains that rise behind Salt Lake City or Ogden, the traveler can still see the great wave-cut terraces which mark the ancient shore-line.

Farther West, in the mountains of Nevada, the waters of another lake once stretched over eight thousand square miles. Other valleys pillowed some twenty or thirty lakes, all of which are now gone. Beautiful lakes once lay under the eastern slope of the Sierra Nevada. The shrunken, bitter residue of one of them remains as Owens Lake; the others, Searles and Panamint, are mere arid basins.

**GOOD GERMS EAT BAD**

*The cause of so many human ills is set upon by one of its own kind and destroyed*

THE GERMS that attack us, causing disease and even death, are in turn subject to attack by other germs—by other germs that prey on them as they prey on us, making them ill and killing them. This is the conclusion of Dr. Felix d'Herelle, the French bacteriologist.

From persons suffering from a certain kind of dysentery, Dr. d'Herelle isolated the germ that causes the disease. He was able to isolate, at the same time, a something that attacked the dysentery germs and destroyed them—which made the dysentery germs ill, killed them, and then disintegrated and dissolved them.

Many bacteriologists, including most of

those who are American, think that this "something" is chemical in nature. But Dr. d'Herelle thinks that it is a living organism. He calls it the Bacteriophage—the germ devourer of the germ.

**THIRTEEN MONTHS A YEAR**

*New Calendar under consideration would have twenty-eight days in each month*

WE MAY have some day a thirteen-month calendar. The year, in this calendar, would be divided into thirteen months of twenty-eight days each.

There would be a January Zero each year, which would be New-year's day. And then every four years there would be in addition



*The Camera-man was on hand when this blast furnace "choked."*

a July Zero to take care of leap year's day.

The establishment of such a calendar is being more and more seriously considered. It was recently endorsed by a convention in Washington called to discuss such a reform and has the backing of many astronomical organizations.

In this new calendar, each month would begin on a Sunday, and any certain date of the month would always fall on the same day. The fourth of any month would always, for instance, be on Wednesday—a simplicity altogether lacking in our present foolish and complicated system.

**VOLTS FOR STEAM**

*Electricity, usually generated by steam power, now returns the compliment*

ELECTRICITY today has supplanted steam as the power preferred for factories. But factories, though finding electricity cheaper and better, also have some need for steam.

An apparatus recently devised fills this demand. It makes steam from electricity. The factory using it can still use electricity as its main source of power and have steam where it needs it.

The new device is in point of fact an electric boiler. It makes use of the fact that electricity, passing through water, raises the temperature of the water. High tension alternating currents, led through the water by means of electrodes, change it into steam.

This new electric steam generator is somewhat like a huge breakfast-table coffee percolator without the coffee.

**MORE SMOKE THAN FIRE**

*But there is often serious danger when a blast furnace "slips"*

THE ACCOMPANYING picture is not of a conflagration, but a rare photograph of a "slip" in a blast furnace.

Tons of iron ore and coke occasionally stick in the throat of such a furnace for a while, and then slip down suddenly, throwing out tremendous clouds of ore dust through every vent and chink. These abrupt "slips" cannot be foreseen and are by no means enjoyable. Workmen have been killed by them. This one was snapped by a camera which happened to be at hand by a singular bit of luck.

**COUNTING THE STARS**

*Ancients thought there were only 3,000 stars; we know there are billions of them*

How many stars are there in the sky? More and more, as we find better ways of seeing and counting them. The ancients thought that the stars they could see were all the stars in the heavens; they dreamed of making a perfect catalog which would hold all the stars.

Now we know this cannot be done, will never be done. When primitive man lifted his eyes to the heavens, he saw perhaps three thousand stars. Galileo, through his telescope, was able to see probably half a million. Herschel, a little later, through his glass, saw enough to estimate that there must be five or six million.

But the modern telescope, with its photographic attachment, has multiplied and multiplied even Herschel's estimate. The photographic plate is like an eye which does not blink, which does not tire; a stupendously patient eye which fixes what it will see till it does see it.

With that eye, we see about two billion stars. That number of stars has been photographed.

But there are probably other thousands of millions too faint to sensitize even the patient photographic plate.

And there are the dark stars—those unlit, invisible stars which are known to exist through their influence on their more luminous sisters.



## CHEMISTRY AT A GLANCE

*Science of chemical composition began with the discovery of oxygen in 1774*

THE FOLLOWING events mark the most important points and milestones in the growth of chemical science:

In 1774, oxygen was discovered by Joseph Priestley, an Englishman. Here began the study of chemical composition.

In 1789, the laws of chemical combination were announced by Antoine Laurent Lavoisier, a Frenchman. This was the beginning of chemical science as distinguished from alchemy.

In 1807, Sir Humphry Davy discovered the alkali metals, sodium and potassium, giving great impetus to the search for new elements.

In 1828, urea was produced artificially by Friedrich Wohler, a German—a most far-reaching discovery in that it proved for the first time that substances produced in Nature by living things could also be made artificially in the laboratory.

In 1834, Michael Faraday, an Englishman, discovered the laws of electro-chemical combinations, thus beginning electro-chemistry.

In 1839, photography began through the efforts in invention of Louis Jacques Mandé Daguerre, a Frenchman.

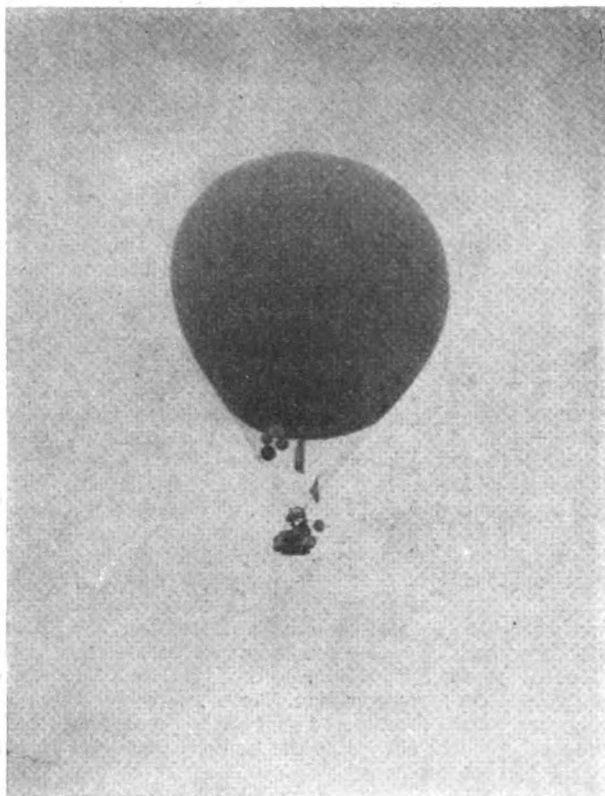
In 1856, Sir William Henry Perkin discovered the dye called *mauve*, the first of the aniline dyes and the beginning of the dyestuff industry.

In 1859, Robert Wilhelm von Bunsen and Gustav Robert Kirchhoff, Germans, perfected the important spectroscope, thus making it possible to determine the chemical constituents of the stars.

In 1887, the theory of the nature of solutions announced by the Hollander, Jacobus Hendricus Van't Hoff, opened up the modern science of physical chemistry.

In 1898, Madame Curie, a Pole, and her husband, a Frenchman, discovered radium, thus paving the way for the modern knowledge of the internal structure of the atom.

the electric arc which does the melting, and from the heated metal which is being melted. This difficulty was met in an ingenious way. The carbon rod that has the arc at its end is made hollow, in the shape of a tube. Down this tube a current of gas is blown to the very end, where the glowing arc is. The gas drives the water away from the arc and from the metal on which it plays, keeping both dry.



## MAKING BALLOONS SAFE

Helium gas, first found in the sun, is non-explosive and will not burn

IN THE recent balloon race held at Milwaukee, the navy balloon was filled with helium, instead of hydrogen. The great advantage of helium is that it is non-explosive and will not burn. Its use will much lessen the probability of such deplorable disasters as the late destructions of the Roma and the British built ZR2.

The history of helium is a romantic one. It was first discovered in the sun, and for a long time afterwards was not known to exist on earth. It was Lockyear who, in 1868, found it in the sun through spectroscopic examination, and who called it helium.

Later on Dr. Hillebrand of the U. S. Geological Survey extracted some from a terrestrial mineral called pitchblende, but without knowing what he had in his hands. And it was not till 1895 that Ramsay, repeating Hillebrand's extraction from pitchblende, identified the gas thus extracted as that which Lockyear, years and years before, had found in the sun.

## THE MIGHT OF THE TINY ELECTRON

Smallest unit yet known is the building stone of matter and electricity

THE RADIO has introduced several new words into the everyday vocabulary. Among them is the word "electron."

An electron is simply a tiny particle of electricity. Also, it is a tiny particle of matter. For matter and electricity are now known to be the same thing—or different manifestations of the same thing. The electron is the tiny building stone of both; the ultimate particle out of which, as far as we know, everything is built. Electricity is made up of electrons; and the atoms of matter consist of electrons marvelously held together in infinitesimally tiny systems.

The vacuum tube of your radio outfit is an apparatus for producing electrons and using them to detect wireless waves. An electric current in a wire is simply a stream of billions on billions of electrons passing through the wire.

The size of an electron is such that it would take seven million millions of them laid side by side to make an inch. The number passing through a fifty-watt electric lamp (not at all a large-sized lamp) is something like 3,000,000,000,000,000,000 a second—if that means anything!

## TO BOIL OR NOT TO BOIL?

Engineers have turned their attention to the making of our favorite breakfast beverage

IF YOU want good coffee, make it in a glass or porcelain pot, say the research scientists connected with the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

But what do these scientists know of making coffee? They know a good deal and will know more, for they have attacked this problem, disruptive of so many homes and so many campfires, in the only way it can be solved. With thermometer, and manometer, with complicated and precise apparatus, with patient and careful and laborious experimentation, they have attacked it.

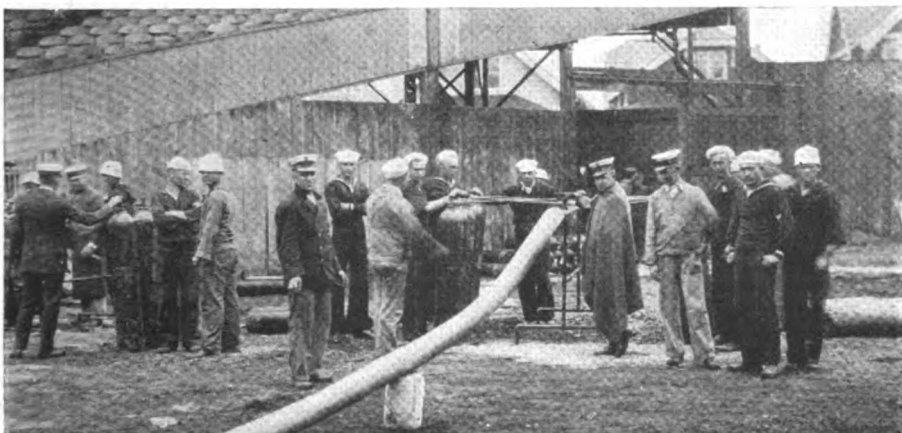
How much water and how much coffee; should it boil or should it not; should the grounds be precipitated with the white of an egg? All these questions they will be able to answer with authority in time.

## IS GLASS A LIQUID?

Scientists think it is a viscous fluid and old age finds it crumbled into glittering dust

IS GLASS a solid? The experts say no. It is a liquid. A very thick, viscous liquid.

It is like a very thick syrup, but still thicker. As every housewife knows, very thick syrup crystallizes when it has stood a long while. That is what happens also to glass when it gets old. When it gets old—very old—the chemicals which are in solution in the viscous glassy liquid crystallize out. The glass, little by little, becomes all crystals. Then it easily crumbles into glittering dust.



Fly with safety, say the sailors, so they fill their balloon with helium. Official photograph U. S. Navy

## A MIRACLE OF MELTING

Fusing metal under water is made possible by an amazing little torch

AN ELECTRIC torch which will melt metal under water was used recently in New York to cut out a broken section of a thirty-six-inch water-main at the bottom of the bay.

The difficulty in the devising of such a torch is to find a way to keep the water away from

Ⓐ Katharine Dayton's Story of the Way of a Man with a Maid—Continued from page 51

## When a Girl's Thirty

me, mother. No, I won't," said Victoria. Lately her eyes had been troubling her, and when her mother insisted she see a doctor, Victoria had compromised on a clever young specialist she had sat next to at dinner recently. She felt sure she could appeal to his better nature not to make her wear them. Glasses!

There was little of the sere and yellow to be noticed about Miss Tory Kent as, an hour later, she swung briskly down Madison Avenue to Dr. Merrick's office. If you could have seen her—tall, dark, slender, the crisp air accentuating the warm rose tints in the dusky olive skin, you would never have imagined that life for her had, at that moment, all the flavor of a bad nut.

Dr. Merrick began by asking Victoria questions and writing her answers on a little card. Was she subject to rheumatism? And then—very courteously—"How old are you, Miss Kent?" It would have been so easy to say twenty-nine! And so nearly true because only yesterday she had been!

"I'm thirty," said Victoria, and in her voice was the sound of earth falling upon a coffin. Hateful snoop!

"It's impossible to tell until you've had the drops in your eyes, Miss Kent," he was saying. "But I don't think you'll need glasses yet, anyway. It's a condition, you know, that is more noticeable as we grow older." Victoria left with these pleasant words ringing in her ears.

SHE JOINED Muriel Tanner at the Bagby concert, and Muriel added her straw.

"Tory, dear," she said, "I've a perfectly wonderful new man for you. One of Dick's best friends."

"What's the catch?" asked Victoria, sceptically. "You know, dear, I've met so many of Dick's friends—"

"He's a widower with one dear little girl, if you call that a 'catch.' Really, Tory, it's about time you woke up to the fact that any man who is a suitable age—"

"And just what age might that be?" interrupted Tory.

"Well, I'm thirty-two this month, so you must be thir—"

"Come on," Tory interrupted. "I'm due at the day nursery meeting at Gertrude Annesley's."

Still pondering the problem she considered the women gathered in the Annesleys' drawing-room. Almost immediately they had resumed the buzz of talk interrupted by her entrance.

"—Said she wanted ten dollars a month more if she made broth for the baby! Think of the nerve, my dear. . . ."

There followed an election of officers. Everyone, apparently, would gladly have been president, but nobody was willing to be secretary, which entailed a considerable amount of work.

"You really ought to take it, Tory," Lisa Stillwell sounded determined. "We are all so tied up with husbands and children and houses—"

There it was again—the good old alibi, reflected Victoria.

"I'm sorry," she said. "I'm going to be too busy this year."

"Tory Kent, you're engaged!" Lisa fairly squealed. Victoria's negative nods were as so much fuel to the flame. "You are—you are!" Lisa insisted.

Victoria's lips framed the words "got to go—tea!" and she made her escape.

"She'll tell the world now, all right," said Victoria, safely in the street, "and how will I explain it? What a fool—what a—oh, *Heavens!*" For she had just seen—and been seen by, which was more to the point—Mr. Joralemon. Mr. Joralemon was little and fat, with a playful trick of shaking his forefinger roguishly at any marriageable young woman and inquiring cryptically of the world in general, "what the young men were thinking of?"

"I CAN'T bear to hear that today," thought Victoria.

"Little Tory Kent!" beamed the old gentleman. "Dear me, it doesn't seem possible it was—let me see, how long ago was it when you used to sit in my lap? It must be nearly—"

"Oh, all of that," agreed Victoria hastily.

"Ha! Ha! I daren't do it now!" he chuckled fatuously. "Gad, what *are* the young men thinking of! I declare, if I were a younger man, Tory. . . ." With which facetious threat Mr. Joralemon toddled off. But the Camel's Back had been broken.

"Old *idiot!*" snapped Victoria aloud—and collided with a tall young man walking rapidly in the opposite direction. "Oh, I beg your pardon! I didn't mean—I mean—why, Jim Brice! Thank goodness it's you and I don't have to explain!"

"But that's exactly what you'll have to do," declared the tall young man, removing his hat. "When I've spent this entire day bemoaning the dulness of life and then a hitherto cruel fate relents and sends me a beautiful young goddess who almost butts me off my feet and calls me an old idiot I insist upon having an explanation. Who's made you mad, Tory?"

"Mr. Joralemon," she laughed. "Tell me, how are Elsie and the baby?"

"Don't try to dodge," he persisted. "Why can't we go and get some tea? Please say you'll come," he pleaded boyishly. "You're the only cheering thing I've seen today!" There was something in his voice and manner that made Victoria look at him in surprise. She had known tall, good-looking, perfectly conventional Jim Brice for as long as she could remember, but always as Elsie Brice's older brother. Certainly she had never noticed him as he was today—impetuous, frankly admiring, sincerely glad of their encounter.

"Cheering!" she repeated, when they were seated in the almost deserted tea-room of the big hotel. "I can't imagine what's cheering about me today!"

"You would if you knew your Gilbert and Sullivan:

When a man's afraid,  
A beautiful maid  
Is a cheering sight—

"If you wish a literal translation—I'm afraid because I've had a thousand blue devils chasing me all day, and you're the beautiful maid."

"It isn't," said Victoria, considering him gravely, "by any chance your birthday?"

"While hesitating to attribute it wholly to chance," he returned, equally grave, "it is my birthday."

Victoria's hand went out to him impulsively. "Shake," she said solemnly. "It's mine, too—and isn't it hideous?"

"Oh, I wouldn't go so far as that. It's just sort of rotten. You ought not to mind. You're nothing but a kid."

"I'm *thirty*," said Victoria. But it didn't sound nearly as horrible to her as when she had said it to Dr. Merrick that morning. Sympathy and understanding mingled with the amusement in Jim's eyes. It even sounded rather funny as she told it, especially poor Mr. Joralemon's part.

"But seriously, what shall I do with Lisa? I can explain until I'm blue in the face but she won't believe me! Oh, did you ever hear anything so unutterably silly?"

"It doesn't strike me as silly," said Jim. "I'm thirty-eight today and I hate it, but by tomorrow I'll be busy working and will have forgotten it. With a girl it's different."

"That's what I mean," she interrupted eagerly. "That's why I want to try my hand at decorating."

"With me," he continued, "it's more an annoyance than anything else. I've done well enough, but I want more out of life than I've got."

"Jim Brice," she broke out impulsively. "You're so—*nicel*!" Why haven't you ever. . . . she stopped.

"Ever what? Married?" he grinned. "The trouble with us is, Tory, we're incurable idealists. You've been waiting for a beautiful knight in nice, shiny armor, and I've been waiting for a second Ninon de l'Enclos. And here I am thirty-eight and still being thrown at the head of everybody's wife's best friend. . . ."

THEY can't be as bad as husbands' best friends," murmured Victoria.

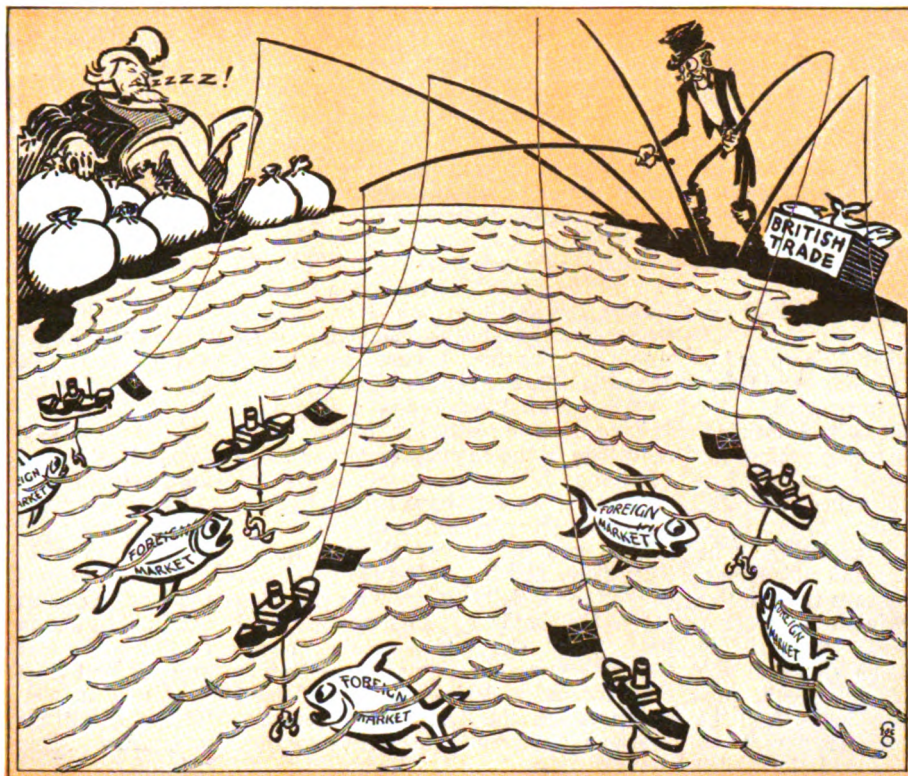
"—And I'm fed up with it! See here," he broke off abruptly. "I have a big idea Tory. We've discovered that we're both looking for the same thing, haven't we? And we both want to go on as we have been a little longer, don't we? Well, what do you say we tell them we're engaged, and then we can do as we like?"

"You're joking, of course," said Victoria, but her eyes danced.

"I never was more serious in my life," he protested. "It's the psychological moment for us, Tory. You can always back out if you're bored. And, by Jove, I've got a job for you, too!" In spite of herself Victoria was caught in the current of his enthusiasm. He was, it appeared, remodeling a house in the East Forties for a client at present in Europe.

"You know the sort of thing," he explained eagerly. "Two old houses thrown into one—stucco, and a little Italian garden at the back. This chap is a friend of mine. He doesn't want a [Continued on page 102]

**C** We may have most of the world's gold in America, but it is England, which we look upon as poverty-stricken, that is again getting the world's trade



**C.** Drawn by F. G. Cooper

## Poor Little Rich John Bull

By James H. Collins

**F**ORTY-SEVEN million dollars, right in your hand!

A bundle no larger than a Sunday newspaper, for it is made up of several hundred million dollars, said to be the first bonds ever issued in such a large denomination.

They let you hold them only a couple of seconds, down in the deepest vaults of a great Wall Street bank, one bundle out of several hundred million dollars, but that is long enough to conjure up mental pictures. For there, in your hand, you have the luxury, the margin of comfort, the culture and gentility of thousands of British people—noblemen of high estate, solid country families, the bishop, the barrister, the Harley Street specialist, the university professor, the gracious English gentlewoman, and young Britons in school and college.

These million-dollar bonds were sent over by John Bull as security for his first war borrowing in this country. They are secured, in turn, by bonds deposited with the British Government by well-to-do Britons with money invested in enterprises all over the world, yielding the dividends and interest that make possible their standard of living.

However, those bonds all went back to London some months ago, and the smaller bonds behind them, loaned to their government in the war pinch, are back in the strong boxes of the individual investors who lent them.

But the comfortable living standard of the well-to-do British family has not been restored. The value and earning power of pre-war securities have fallen as new securities earning more interest were put upon the market, and the heavy burden of British taxation has shrunk what is left.

Strange things are happening to British people who, before the war, lived in comfort, security and luxury that seemed perma-

nent—the people that we have known for two generations in the pages of novelists from Trollope to Wells. Yesterday, the stock-broker and solicitor helped them with their money affairs. Today, they need the auctioneer's professional services. For they are selling estates, jewels, pictures, books and the nicer things of life, because reduced income and increased taxation make it impossible to keep them. Not even royalty escapes—a few months ago King George sold his yacht. A certain shabbiness has become genteel, and more economical ways of living are seen on every hand.

**A**ND it is not John Bull alone who feels the pinch. For his own comfort, in the old days, he had to make comfort and opportunity for people in other lands. There was a generous margin between his income from world investments and his living expenses. This margin went back into the London money market to be put into new securities—Argentine railroads, East Indian rubber plantations, South African mines, telegraphs, telephones, trolley cars and electrical enterprises in many lands. It is estimated that British investments in other lands amount to about \$20,000,000,000, and that approximately \$1,000,000,000 interest and dividends used to come back every year to be invested in still more foreign enterprises, and with it a generous slice of the Briton's profits and savings from home enterprises.

"Interest" is a magic word to the Britisher. Where our get-rich-quick sharper assures his victim that a thousand dollars put into his scheme today will return ten thousand tomorrow, the British get-rich-quick specialist—and he is as common over there as he is here—promises so much more interest. One or two percent above the average rate British [Continued on page 104]



[Continued from page 100]

cut-and-dried 'decorator' because he's marrying an English girl and he wants to bring her back to a house that looks like a home. And that's where you come in. Don't you see?"

"No, I don't," said Victoria, dreamily. "It sounds too heavenly."

The waiter brought their check. But it was an hour before they reluctantly took their departure.

OF COURSE there was a good deal of explaining to do. Mrs. Kent, after the first surprise, was pleased to hear that her daughter had decided on someone the family had always known.

Lisa Stillwell gave a wonderful dinner-party in their honor.

"It's so absolutely what she's wanted to do for me for years," Victoria confided to Jim on their way home in the taxi.

He had been watching her all evening, her vivid personality flashing against the background of the other women as it had since he had first known her, with the same question in his mind.

"That's not what's worrying me," he answered, a trifle grimly; and added, matter-of-factly, "Hendriks says the painters will be out of the house in a week."

"Oh, good!" she said. "I'm simply dying to get the curtains up. Did you notice those of Lisa's? Ours"—the pronoun was quite unconscious—"will be like that only with French headings."

In the darkness of the taxi Jim smiled at the change in the impatient and imperious Miss Kent, heretofore so scornful of the detailed domestic conversations of her married friends.

For Victoria had plunged into her job with all the pent-up energy that had sought expression for years.

"We've done pretty well, I think," she said, one afternoon, several weeks later, as she stood on a stepladder and surveyed the almost completed living-room. It was Saturday, and she and Jim had lunched together and gone back to the house to work as had become their habit lately.

"I wish you'd get off that ladder and stop talking with tacks in your mouth," he told her. "It's getting too dark to see, anyway, and I want you to come down and hear what I've got to tell you."

With a final adjustment of a recalcitrant curtain pulley she descended and came over to sit beside him on the window seat. She sighed happily as she looked about her. The room already had a charm and character of its own. Jim's words brought her back to earth with a jerk.

"I had a letter from Ralston today. They get back the twenty-first—that's two weeks from today—and he wants the house ready. Can you do it?"

"Jim!" she cried sharply. "Oh, he can't! He mustn't!" Of course she had known the Ralstons would want their house some time, but she hadn't dreamed it would hurt like this. It wasn't their house! It was her house—hers and Jim's!

"You're tired out," Jim said gently, helping her on with her furs. "Let's motor up in the country tomorrow if it's not too cold."

"No. If we only have two weeks more we'll need every minute of it."

Tory was right about the two weeks. They fairly flew by, and as the time grew shorter the little house grew dearer.

"We've simply got to have one meal here, Jim," she told him that night. "I'll get a woman mother has sometimes to cook for us, and we can have dinner, and a fire in the living-room afterwards—a real house-warming." And so they decided it.

FRIDAY afternoon at three o'clock Victoria arrived at the house in her mother's motor, laden with packages. The cook wasn't due until four. The house looked adorable. It seemed so still and peaceful, and yet expectant—as if it were just waiting to be lived in.

"It ought to have been my house!" she thought. She sat at the living-room table and picked up her knitting while waiting for the cook. "This is where I belong—in a home. That's all I know

how to do—and it's all I want to do—and now I'll have to make them for other people and never for myself!" Because suddenly she knew she never could make another home without Jim—big, funny, clever Jim, who wanted a *Ninon de l'Enclos*!

Four o'clock came, but no cook. Half-past four. . . . She inspected the bundles Mrs. Kent's chauffeur had left in the kitchen. Grapefruit—that was easy. Soup—Victoria, slightly hazy as to the component parts of soup, decided to eliminate that. Steak—there was only one thing to be done with steak, thank goodness! Potatoes—string beans—salad. Victoria pulled her green working smock over her dress and pitched in. She had never in her life got a meal unaided. At half-past six Jim let himself in the blue front door. As he opened the door into the kitchen he saw Victoria bending over a small, coal-black object which lay on the floor.

"It's THE st—st—steak!" she said, pointing feebly, and collapsed beside it.

"Tory—darling!" he gasped, bending over and taking her in his arms. "Don't laugh so, dearest—what is it?"

"It's so f-f-funny!" she wailed. "We think we're so s-s-smart and d-d-different, and I'm just like one of those d-d-darn' fool b-bri-d-es—and we might just as well be m-m-married and done with it!"

"Listen to me, dearest," he pleaded. "There aren't any Ralstons—don't you understand? This is your house if you'll only take it! I bought it that day we ran into each other—I didn't know why, and I felt I'd been a fool, but the minute I saw you I knew you were the only person I wanted in it. You're all the color and light and warmth I need in my life and in my house, Tory—and I'll try not to let it be stupid and humdrum for you if you'll only. . . ."

"I love h-h-humdrum!" she laughed and cried against his shoulder. "It's so—so exciting, Jim, with you and c-cooks that don't come, and b-burning steaks, and other people's houses, and. . . open the windows, dearest, so we can breathe!"

## The Vienna Workshop in America

*Art of the Month—Continued from page 85*

The greatest impetus was given to this branch of modern creative effort by the young Secessionists of Austria, who are now working for what has come to be known over all Europe as the Wiener Werkstaette.

This revolutionary enterprise grew out of the gigantic task of designing and decorating the Stocklet House in Brussels—a millionaire nobleman's private marble palace. Josef Hofmann, one of the greatest of modern architects, who had complete charge of the work, established a shop in Vienna for the sole purpose of designing and making the furnishings and decorations for this famous residence. Associated with him in this work were Kolomozer and Gustav Klimt.

Through the compelling personality of Hofmann (whose name coincidentally is the same as that of the great pianist) the influence of this "Vienna Workshop" soon became a vitalizing factor in modern

decorative art. Every day at a certain hour Hofmann appeared at the famous Café Kremser, and about him gathered an ever-increasing circle of young art students and *révoltés*. Here his ideas were disseminated; and in time they spread over all Europe. Recently there has been born a Wiener Werkstaette of America; and many of the finest specimens of this organization's work have been exhibited in New York.

But though Hofmann was the central figure of this new movement, and the "master" of the Café Kremser *cénacle*, the artist who has had perhaps the widest and most profound influence among all the workers of this distinguished group, is Gustav Klimt, who died two years ago at the age of fifty-six.

Klimt's preëminence rests not alone on the richness of his imagination, nor yet on his amazing technique, but on the very fullness and diversity of his genius. He has

achieved a maturity and mastery of expression in several different creative media. Among his best known works are *The Kiss* and *Medizin*—the originals of which are in Vienna. The former, which stands fifteen feet high, is familiar to Americans through the numerous reproductions of it.

Klimt's directing genius can be found in the works of such broadly varying artists as Peche, Fräulein Lickards, Hauesler, Joseph Urban and Oscar Strnad. Moreover, his influence has reached to architecture, modeling and metal designing. There is scarcely an important gallery in Europe which does not possess some example of his work.

Gustav Klimt, in fine, holds very much the same position in relation to the modern workers of the decorative and craftsman's realm of art, that Cézanne holds in relation to the workers in the modern school of purely esthetic and experimental painting.



# Josh Billings as a Prophet on Tires



**YOU** may recall what Josh Billings had to say about cats:

"The hardest thing in everyday life iz tew pik out a good kat, not bekause kats are so skase, az bekause they are so plenty."

If this Yankee philosopher of the 70's had been talking about the tire situation today he couldn't have stated the case any better.

\* \* \*

There are 200 or so different brands of cord tires.

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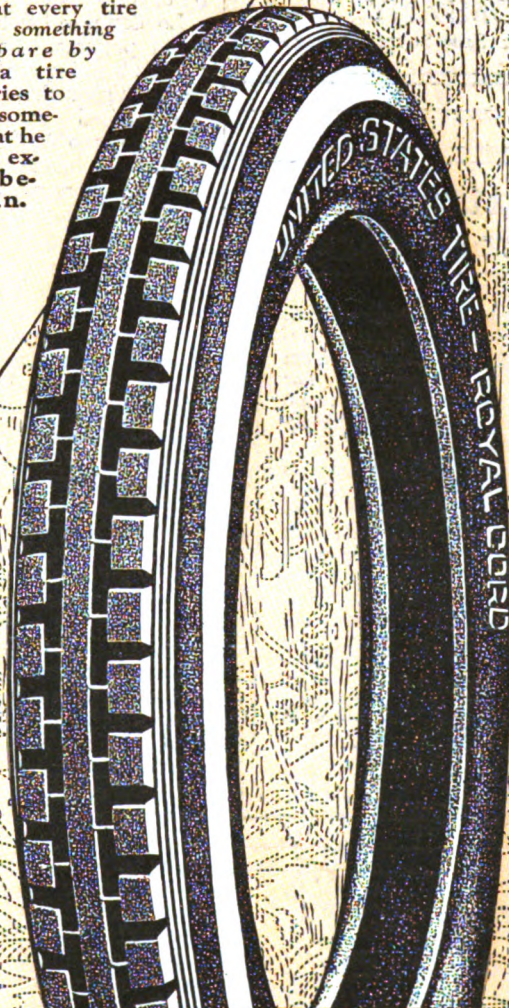
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## Business of the Month

[Continued from page 101]

investors are accustomed to, sounds better and makes a stronger appeal.

Roughly speaking, for every dollar that he puts into home enterprises, John Bull invests three dollars abroad. Out of more than eighteen hundred securities listed on the London stock exchange last year, nearly twelve hundred were foreign, colonial and American investments. In the last normal year before the war, the grand total of home and foreign securities absorbed by London was \$2,500,000,000. Three-fourths of it went abroad because, years ago, John Bull found that there was where his luxury and comfort came from. At home, his money earned three to four percent, but in newer lands it earned twice the interest. So, with his money, and his ships, and his trade—not forgetting his diplomacy—he became the most enterprising and daring developer of other people's resources, and London became the supreme banking center of the world.

London now has less money to invest in world projects. And yet it is still the world's banking center. The dollar today stands higher than the pound sterling as international currency. Other countries are turning to Wall Street for money. Yet, despite its handicaps, London has been investing more money since the armistice than it did ten years ago.

**W**ILL New York now become the world's banking center? Since the first British war borrowing here in 1915, more than one American has believed that it would. We have been steadily absorbing the world's gold until we have more than half of it, and John Bull is apparently crippled and out of the game. Others have predicted relentless war between the bankers of London and New York for the world's business through foreign investments.

But there will be no such war. The world has grown, and needs more capital for its development. It must depend chiefly upon British and American capital, say economists, and the burden of financing is so great that each country will welcome a strong partner.

And London will still be the world's banking center—though saying so usually starts an argument.

"Why, look at our natural advantages!" protests the patriotic American. "We have half the world's gold. We are investing more money in other countries right now than London. The dollar is the standard everywhere. We cannot help being the world's banker."

But John Bull has natural advantages, too. And something better—natural disadvantages. London is no longer the world's banking center in the sense of being the only one. Yet it will be the chief center, no matter how our own world investments grow. London has the advantages of banking organization and connections. It has the experience, and, most of all, the international viewpoint. We have more money now, but John Bull has already recovered so far that he has cheaper money, and as things grow more normal, will be able to lend at more reasonable rates.

Back of his banking organization are investors who, for a hundred years or more, have been purchasing foreign securities,

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If you are interested in investments the financial department of Hearst's International offers you a careful selection of authoritative booklets published by leading financial institutions. They contain information of value to the investor—the man who believes in making his money work. Any of the booklets listed will be sent on request without cost. Here are a few of them.

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whereas such securities are still regarded with suspicion by many American investors who refuse to judge them by the same standards applied to domestic securities. And John Bull honestly sells his money, soliciting the foreign borrower's business, whereas some of our bankers still make the mistake of treating the borrower as though he were the salesman.

On top of that, John Bull is working under the pressure of his natural disadvantages, and when your competitor is doing that, look out!

About a year ago, when the British Government was still spending money extravagantly, and British business men were talking about the prosperity that must come out of the world's hunger for commodities, a courageous executive of the North Country, Arthur Balfour, master cutler of Sheffield, began talking plainly:

**"A** MAN may be hungry for food and clothes, and yet be unable to get either. Hunger doesn't buy. Let us stop talking about a hungry world, and instead talk of a beggared world. Until the world is on its feet, we in this country must sweat blood. It must be such economy as no official at the Treasury has ever visualized. Luxury must be crushed, waste must be extirpated, the whole nation must take the vow of poverty.

"Our industrial greatness rests absolutely on three things—the moral character of the British people, the confidence of the banker in British solvency, and the industry of the people. No patches can avail us. No economic hocus-pocus can get us out of the ditch. There is only one way out of poverty—it is work. We have got to work as we never worked before. We have got to produce wealth, and we can only produce wealth by half-starving ourselves while we work. The most rigid economy must go side by side with tremendous industry. There is a knocking at our door, and the figure that stands there is Lazarus."

Shortly after, John Bull made drastic reductions in government expenses, and just the other day the British income tax was cut from six shillings in the pound to five. British business, facing the facts, no longer waits for orders from beggared customers, but is going out to put them on their feet, through loans that enable them to restore their industrial and transportation systems, buy or produce raw materials, and earn money with which to buy the British products that they need.

What natural disadvantages will do for people who tackle them courageously is shown in one of John Bull's own industries—shipbuilding on the Clyde. This Scotch river is little more than a ditch—so narrow that a ship can only be launched parallel with the stream, and then with control devices to stop it in two or three ship lengths. Almost the last place in the world to start shipbuilding. But through sheer skill and pluck in overcoming disadvantages, Clyde shipbuilding has been made the greatest industry of its particular kind in the world.

If we regard John Bull as a competitor in our new world banking, that is the sort of competitor he is going to be. Actually, we have set up in a department of banking new to us, but old to him. So, instead of becoming our competitor, he is much more likely to be our teacher.



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Don't take chances with sore throat.

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Upton Sinclair's Striking Novel of the Second Coming—Continued from page 44

## They Call Me Carpenter

is coming, the horrors of class war are upon you, ruin and destruction are at hand! Your towers of pride shall fall, your own children shall destroy you because you knew not the time for justice when it came."

The doors of the jail opened again, and three or four policemen came out, with clubs in their hands. "Get along, now!" they said roughly, and began poking the prophet and his disciples in the back; they poked them down the stairs and along the street for a block or so—until they were sure the ears of the jail inmates would no longer be troubled by offensive sounds. But still they did not arrest them, and I marveled, wondering how long it could go on. I had an uneasy feeling that the longer the climax was postponed, the more severe it would be.

There was quite a crowd following us now, hoping that something sensational would happen. We started to walk again, and came to Main Street, which in our city is given up to ten-cent picture shows, and old-clothes shops. A block or so distant we saw a mass of people, and something warned me—my heart sank into my boots. Another mob!

There was shouting, and people running from every direction. The throng would surge back, and a few run from it. "What's the matter?" I cried to one of these, and the answer was, "the Brigade is cleaning out the reds!" Comrade Abell, who knew the neighborhood, exclaimed in dismay. "It's Erman's Book Store! Erman told me last week he'd been warned to stop selling the *Liberator*!"

Now, I don't know whether or not Carpenter had ever heard of this radical monthly. But he knew that here was a mob, and people in trouble, and he shook off the hands that sought to restrain him, and pushed his way into the throng, which gave way before him, either from respect or from curiosity. I learned later that some of the mob had dragged the book-seller and his two clerks out by the rear entrance, and were beating them pretty severely. But fortunately Carpenter did not see this. All he saw were a dozen or so men carrying armfuls of magazines and books out into a little square. They were dumping the stuff into a pile, and a man with a five-gallon can was engaged in pouring kerosene over it.

"My friend," said Carpenter, "what is this that you do?"

The other turned upon him and stared. "What the hell you got to do with it? Get out of the way there!" And to emphasize his words he slopped a jet of kerosene over the prophet's robes.

Said Carpenter: "Are you one that should be set to judge books? Have you read these that you are about to destroy?" And as the other, paying no attention, knelt down to strike a match and light the pyre, he cried, in a louder voice: "Behold, the beast has been let loose in your heart, and he ravens within!"

"One of these damned pacifists, eh?" cried the man, and he dropped his matches and sprang up with fists clenched. Car-

penter faced him without flinching; there was something so majestic about him, the man did not strike him, he merely put his spread hand against the prophet's chest and shoved him violently. "Get back out of the way!"

I well knew the risk I was taking, but I could not refrain. "Now, look here, buddy!" I began; and he whirled upon me. "You one of them, too?"

"I belong to the Brigade," I told him quickly.

"Oh, ho! Well, pitch in here, and help carry out this bloody Arnychist literature!"

I WAS about to answer, but Carpenter's voice rang out again.

"Shall ye be wolves, or shall ye be men? That is the choice, and ye have chosen wolfhood. The blood of your brothers is upon your hands, and murder is in your hearts."

There were a dozen men within sound of this discourse, and I judged they would not stand much of it. Suddenly one of them began to chant; and the rest took it up, half-laughing, half-shouting:

Rough! Tough!

We're the stuff!

We want to fight and we can't get enough!

The crowd joined in, and the words of the prophet were completely drowned out. A moment later I heard a gruff voice behind me. "Make way here!" There came a policeman, shoving through. "What's all this about?"

The fellow with the kerosene can spoke up: "Here's this damned Arnychist prophet been incitin' the crowd and preachin' sedition! You better take him along."

It seemed ludicrous when I looked back upon it; though at the moment I did not appreciate the funny side. Here was a group of men engaged in raiding a book-store, beating up the proprietor and his clerks, and burning a thousand dollars' worth of books and magazines on the public street; but the policeman did not see a bit of that, he had no idea that any such thing was happening! All he saw was a prophet, in a white nightgown dripping with kerosene. He took him firmly by the arm, saying, "Come along now, we've had enough of this, and started to march him down the street."

"Take me, too!" cried Moneta, the Mexican, beside himself with excitement; and the policeman grabbed him with the other hand, and the three set out.

I NO LONGER had any impulse to interfere. In truth, I was glad to see the policeman, considering that his worst might be better than the mob's best. About half the crowd followed us.

When we came to the station house the officer pushed Carpenter through the door, and bade the rest of us keep out.

"I'm a practicing attorney," said Abell, "and I represent the man you have arrested. I presume I have a right to enter."

"And I am a prospective bondsman," I stated, with sudden inspiration. "So let me in also."

We entered, and the policeman led his prisoner to the sergeant at the desk. The latter asked what the charge was, and was told, "disturbing the peace and blocking the traffic."

"Now, sergeant," said I, "this is preposterous. All this prisoner did was to try to stop a mob from destroying private property."

"You can tell all that to the magistrate in the morning," said the sergeant.

"What is the bail?" I demanded.

"You are prepared to put up bail?"

I answered that I was; and then for the first time Carpenter spoke. "You mean you wish to pay money to secure my release? Oh, no. Let there be no money paid for me."

"Let me explain, Mr. Carpenter," I pleaded. "You will accomplish nothing by spending the night in a police cell. You will have no opportunity to talk with the prisoners."

He answered, "My Father will be with me." And gazing into the face of the sergeant, he demanded, "Do you think you can build a cell to which my Father cannot come?"

The officer was an old hand, with a fringe of gray hair around his bald head, and no doubt he had been asked many queer questions in his day. His response was to inquire the prisoner's name; and when the prisoner kept haughty silence, he wrote down John Doe Carpenter, and proceeded: "Where do you live?"

Said Carpenter: "The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but he that espouses the cause of justice has no home in a world of greed."

So the sergeant wrote: No address.

He nodded to a jailer, who took the prophet by the arm and led him away.

Abell and I went outside and joined the rest of the group. None of us knew just what to do—with the exception of Everett, who sat on the steps with his note-book, and made me repeat to him word for word what Carpenter had said!

COMRADE Abell told us where the police court was located, and we agreed to be there at nine o'clock next morning. Then I parted from the rest, and walked until I met a taxi and drove home.

I felt desolate and forlorn. Nothing in my life had any interest for me. This was the afternoon when I usually went to the athletic club to box; but now I found myself wondering, what would Carpenter say to such imitation fighting? I decided I would stay by myself for a while, and take a walk and think things over. I had been dissatisfied with my life for a long time; the glamour had begun to wear off the excitements of youth, and I had begun to suspect that my life was idle and vain. Now I knew that it was; and also I knew that the world was a place of torment and of woe.

I returned home in the afternoon, and a few minutes afterwards my telephone

rang, and I discovered that somebody else was dissatisfied with life.

"Hello, Billy," said the voice of T-S. "I see dat feller Carpenter is in jail. Vy don't you bail him out?"

"He won't let me," I said.

"Vell, maybe it might be a good t'ing to leave him in jail a week, till dis Brigade convention gits over."

"Funny!" said I. "I had the same idea!"

"Listen," continued the other. "I been feelin' awful bad because I told dem fellers I didn't know him. D' you suppose he knows I said dat, Billy?"

"Well," said I, "he knew you were going to say it, so probably he knows you said it."

"Vell," said T-S, "maybe you laugh at me, but I been t'inkin' I tell dem fellows to go to hell."

"What fellows?"

"De whole damn' world! Billy, I like dat feller Carpenter! I never met a feller like him before. You t'ink he would let me go to see him in de jail?"

"I'm sure he'd be glad to see you," I said; "if the jailers didn't object."

"Sure, I fix de jailers all right!"

"But T-S," I added, "I don't believe he'll sign any contract."

"CONTRACT nuttin'," said T-S. "I shoost vant to see him, Billy. Is dere anyt'ing I could do fer him?"

I thought for a moment; then I said: "You might do something for one of his friends, and that's young Everett. He got pretty badly hurt, and he's sticking at the job of taking down all Carpenter's speeches. He ought to have a surgeon, and also a first-class stenographer to take turns with him. Have you got another man like him?"

"I dunno," said T-S. "You don't find a young feller like Matt Everett every day."

I started. "What do you say is his name, T-S?"

"Matthew," said T-S. "Vy you ask?"

"Nothing," said I; "just a coincidence!"

Our conversation ended with the remark by T-S that he would call up the station-house and arrange to see Carpenter. Five minutes later the telephone rang again, and I heard the magnate's voice: "Billy, dey say he's been bailed out!"

"What?" I cried. "He declared he wouldn't have it done."

"Somebody done it vitout askin' him! De money vas paid, and dey turned him out," answered T-S!

"Who did it?"

"Guess!"

"You mean it was you?"

"I wouldn't 'a' dared. I only shoost found out about it. Mary Magna done it, and she's took him avay somever."

"Good Lord!" I exclaimed; and before my mind's eye flashed another headline:

**FAIR FILM STAR FREES LOVE-CULT PROPHET.**

Can the movie queen save Carpenter? Or, more important, will he permit himself to be saved? The forces of intolerance cry for the life of this Figure from the Stained-glass Window whose ideals seem so strange in these times. Upton Sinclair's novel reaches a startling climax in the concluding instalment. See *Hearst's International* for October.

# School Days

When you say, "Now study hard," give him an

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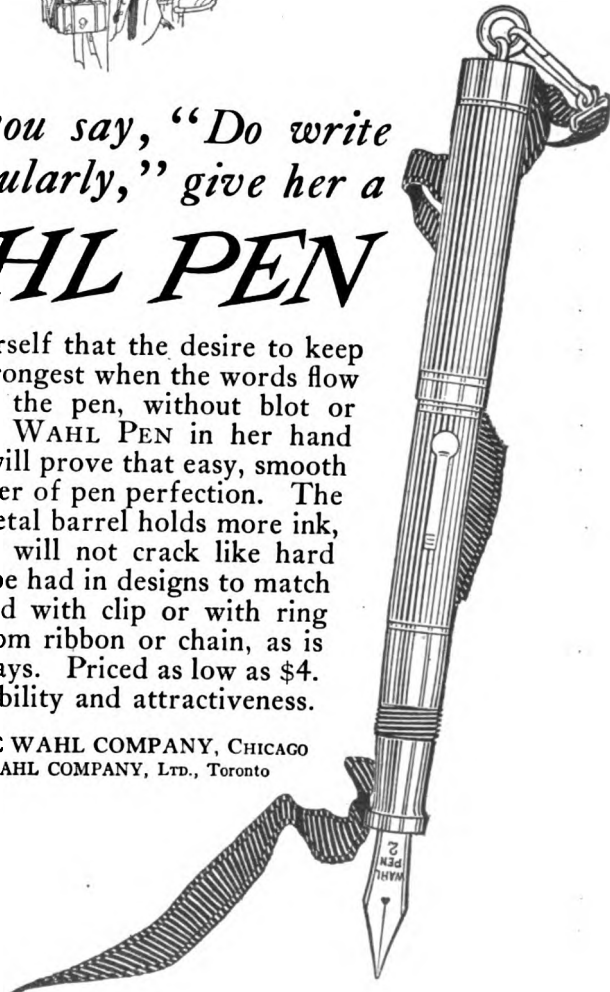
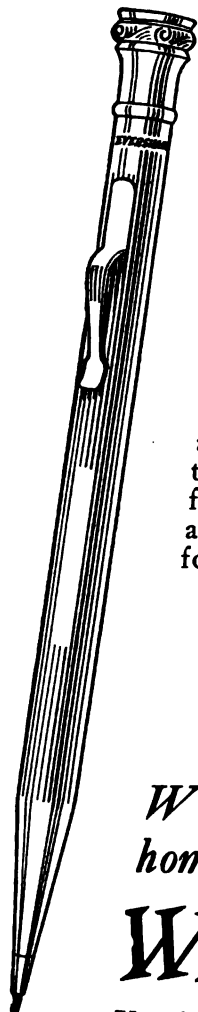


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❧ *The Philosophy of a Man Who Worked With His Hands to Lead Men—Continued from page 84*

## A Coal Miner's Life

the third reader course. It began in the fourth reader. I used to borrow that older reading book and take it home over the week-end.

Later, my father and I went to another camp for work. It was overcrowded, with a slow turn, and pay delayed. So we tried again. This time, it was night work in a heading. We could not pay the \$5 for a wagon to move the family. So I, a boy not quite fourteen, walked six miles to work each evening, worked all night in the pit, and walked back six miles in the morning. I slept through the day. It was too hard, and we cashed in on some of the money owed us at the first place, and moved to a farmhouse near this mine. We worked there a few weeks. The place went to the dip, got wet, and the steep grade made the cars too hard to push.

Then on again to another camp, where a couple moved in who had a case of books. I read for months out of their bookcase—Stanley's *African Travels*, Livingstone, Rider Haggard.

I was small, but compact and set, and could do a man's work at sixteen. Just because I did not grow rapidly, I could do more than those youngsters who became larger men.

THE UNION had not yet grown into my life. In the year 1902, I followed the anthracite strike in the Philadelphia North American, especially the hearings before the Anthracite Coal Commission. The manner in which John Mitchell presented the miners' case was a source of gratification to me, and one of the incidents is still fresh in my memory. When he was questioned on the miners' earnings, and the point was made to him:

"They don't work every day."

He replied:

"But they live every day."

That idealized Mitchell for me as the leader of labor: with that answer, he had knocked them out.

I began to get the idea that there were books. I read Macaulay's *England*, and Justin McCarthy's *History of Our Own Times*. In the Sears and Roebuck catalog, I found descriptions of books for sale, and read about the books I could not buy.

In Greenwich, the mines were newly opening up and a company town was building. To Greenwich we moved. I joined the local union, and became secretary. This opened a new field. I discovered there were a *Mine Workers' Journal*, a record of membership, a national and a district and a sub-district organization, with the hierarchy of officers, and the network of locals. I began then to find out what organization is. Later I served nine months as the Greenwich checkweighman. On that job I read Lloyd's *Wealth Against Commonwealth*, Richard Ely on the labor movement, Henry George's *Progress and Poverty*, and then nearly all of George.

Then came the 1906 strike, lasting three months. This was my first strike. The operators tried to scab the mine where my father and I had been working. There

were 400 miners in the town, and about 200 houses. The operators evicted some of our people. So we started a tent colony. The mine guards built a tight board fence around company property and ran a special train of scabs into the Greenwich station—the first and only passenger train I ever saw on that line. They ran it to the place where they had evicted our people. The scabs were foreigners who stood there confused.

I was secretary of the local union. Two or three of us marched into the crowd of scabs, and got fifteen or twenty of them out. I led the procession of scabs past the company office, and the company store, past the boss and his clerks. I marched the crowd over to Germantown, and was proud that I did not lose one of them. We gave them dinner and shipped them out. Strike conditions were not too bad. Some of the evictions were in the rain, but mostly the weather was good. Some of the deputies strode round with big guns in the holster. But there was little violence.

In this same year, I became a citizen of the United States. My father had not taken out his naturalization papers.

When the strike was over, the boss gave my father and me a place with a bad roof and hard conditions. This was a way of getting rid of us.

"Let's go West, and see what we can do," said my father. With \$120 we started on a blind lead to Southern Illinois. Then came word that the children in Pennsylvania were sick. Back we came, and moved the family to Nant-Y-Glo.

These experiences at Greenwich and Nant-Y-Glo covered five years, and all the time I was reading. Then I took a notion I wanted a change and went out to Iowa, and from there to Michigan.

I spent the next three years in Bay City, Michigan. It was a beautiful place to me who had just come in from mining camps. We rode to work by train, reading, playing poker and seven-up, and talking. Conditions were pleasant. I went on the mine committee, and became president of the local union.

UNTIL then, I had the idea it was a waste of time to read anything but economics and history. But some reading lists of the Socialist Labor Party got me away from that, because they emphasized good literature, and I read Dickens, and Carlyle's *French Revolution*. I learned the use of encyclopedias. I spent hours in the library, going over titles, recognizing them from study of book catalogs, especially those lists in Sears-Roebuck.

In summer when the mines were closed, I worked as a general laborer on railroad crane work; and another season in a wooden box factory.

Solon DeLeon, son of the S. L. P. pioneer, came to Bay City, and we met. We decided to hold a soap-box meeting at the gate of the crane works.

"They will spot you," he said, "and you'll lose your job."

"My time out here is up," I answered.

I returned to Pennsylvania, a marked

man because of my old record in the union. How to get a job was the problem. But my father succeeded in getting me in at the Springfield Mine in Nant-Y-Glo. I was elected checkweighman, and served on the tippie for three years, till elected president of District Two in 1916. This office I have held since then.

IN DISTRICT TWO, there is a successful cooperative movement, with over twenty stores, and a central association, conducted by T. D. Stiles. We have a paper, the *Penn Central News*, devoted to labor and cooperation, and controlled by the cooperative movement and the United Mine Workers. Our organization has authorized careful investigations into car-pushing, workers' compensation, and conditions in the non-union fields.

Two years ago, we began the campaign for the Miners' Program. It is a campaign of education by pamphleteering, workers' education, labor press, and labor research. We miners are Americans, and have respect for American institutions. We hope to bring changes about in the American way, in the way that is provided for under our Constitution, in accordance with law.

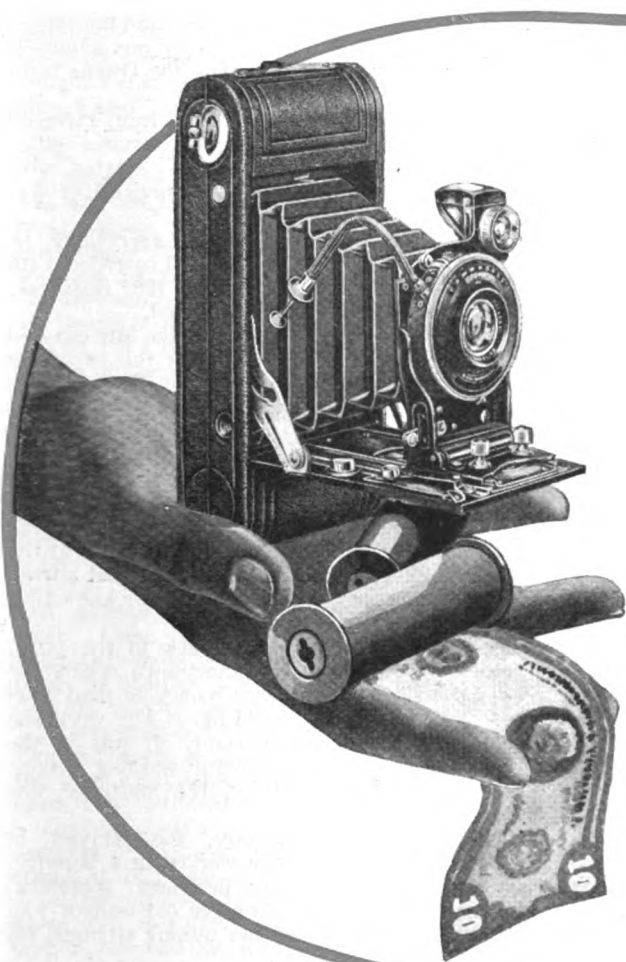
I believe in the necessity for organization. Organization is the opportunity and the way of doing things. It is not a piece of machinery, but a group of human beings with a common purpose.

Some men with ideas of a better social order have tried to work alone or in small groups outside the union. But always the problem has been for me, How can these ideas function in organization? I have slowly worked out the adjustment between progressive ideas and trade unionism in order not to make the absolute break. I reserve the right of mental freedom inside the organization. But I do not forget that the union is the way of service in the mining community. What family and friends are, the Union is. A man's philosophy is his suffering. The Union is the answer to human fear and loneliness. It is the cure of distress and wrongs.

Even today non-union towns are towns of fear. Non-union miners are afraid of the boss, spies and spotters, gunmen and coal-and-iron police. They fear the blacklist on their job and eviction from their home. They are afraid to tell the boss what wages they want, and afraid to demand pay for dead work. They do not dare to ask for a checkweighman to weigh their coal, nor to trade at the cheapest store, nor to meet and discuss their problems as free Americans.

But in a union community, after a year of privation, men will give up their meager job to save the union. What is it that makes a union indestructible? It isn't wages and hours alone. It is that union men are free men. Union towns are free towns. Union miners have the right of free speech, free assembly, collective bargaining, a checkweighman, the right to trade and live and act as they please. Organization brings freedom. For that, once it has been won, men will starve, fight and die.

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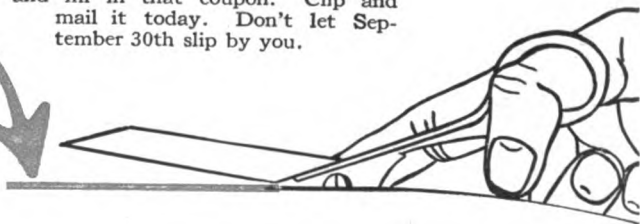
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Emma-Lindsay Squier's Story of the Feud that Knew No End—Continued from page 69

## The Last Man Child

her voice was rising to shrillness now, "that when she had her mammy, she didn't want her. Now git out'n here afore I shoot you for the thieving dog you are!"

Young Abel's face went grim and hard as her own, and he looked at her a moment in silence. It was a blasting, blazing look, full of hatred and contempt.

"Woman," he said finally, "some day, my son is goin' to be grown up, an' he's goin' to know what kind of people the Beardslys are, how they deny their own kin in time of need."

The girl Florrie heard young Abel's step in the outer room of the cabin. She listened for another footstep, and half thought to see behind him, as he stood in the doorway, the familiar figure of her mother, and to hear the well-known voice saying, "Florrie, my girl!"

But only Abel stood in the doorway. And in his face she read defeat.

"She wouldn't come," he said as if with difficulty. "She——" he paused, wishing to spare her the sorrow of her mother's cold refusal.

"All right," she said briefly, "I don't mind," and turned her face to the wall.

That night young Abel went out and rebuilt the fence, so that the bubbling pool of water lay securely on his own land. He did not tell Florrie what he had done, but she knew, for she heard the far sound of his axe in the woods. And she held her baby closer to her breast.

But for a month there was quiet. Then one morning he came to Florrie and his face was white.

"The skunks—the dirty beasts—they've poisoned the water in the stone cup—Roger drank it and it killed him—*Damn them!* I'll have their blood for it——"

Florrie could think of no words to comfort him. But when he reached for the rifle behind the door of the cabin, she sprang for it, thrust it behind her, and stood before him defying him for the first time of their married life.

"No—no——" she breathed, "you cain't do that, Abel, you mustn't kill for the sake of a horse——"

He made an inarticulate sound, and seized her by the shoulders with his strong, brown hands. He hurt her, but her muscles almost as hard as his own, tensed under the grip, and she did not flinch.

"You mustn't, Abel, not because they're my kinfolks, but because it's wrong t' kill, and you got me and the baby t' think of. They ain't worth it. Abel, please, for my sake, because you love me—don't take the gun. You kin get it away from me, but you'll have t' fight me."

HE STOOD, breathing hard, his hands still clenching her shoulders.

"You-all are hurtin' me, Abel," she said quietly and he dropped his hands. Then, without a word, he went out of the door, down through the meadow, and across the grain fields to the spring. He stumbled again and again, for he was drunk with bitterness and lust of vengeance.

"Damn them! Damn them!" he was saying over and over. His mind was a

seething blank of red passion. He lurched against a fallen log, and then he saw them.

They were there, the elder Beardsly, and Lem, the boy. They were on the other side of the brush fence, their axes in their hands, and they were grinning at him, sardonically.

What happened then he did not clearly remember. He heard himself cry out, hoarsely, felt his body tearing through the gap in the brush fence, saw the gleam of the elder Beardsly's axe as it whirled in his hand. He caught at the wrist, and suddenly the axe was in his own hand. He felt himself assailed by heavy bodies, he shook himself free, his axe flashed high above his head—once—twice—

Florrie had been waiting a long time in the little cabin. When at last she heard his step upon the threshold, it was as if an icy finger had touched her heart and stopped its beating. For he stood there waxen faced, disheveled, with torn clothing and a great red gash across his shoulder.

"Florrie," he said thickly, "help me hitch the team. I'm goin' int' Spinneytown t' give myself up. I've killed yore pap and yore brother."

The trial of young Abel Owens still remains a tragic epic of Linden County. For there in the court room sat Amanda Beardsly, with her child staring wonderingly at the ring of strange faces about him. Her face had the grim hardness of chiseled rock, and her eyes were tearless as if sorrow had drained them dry.

ACROSS the sun-heated room sat Florrie Owens close beside young Abel, her husband, and she held in her arms the two-months-old baby whose coming had been such a joy and such a sorrow. And sometimes she looked across the room at her mother, the mother who was trying to send her husband to death. The older woman never looked at her. And it was only when the attorney for the prosecution made a clever, damning stab at young Abel's character, that she relaxed for the moment.

It was a simple enough trial as trials go. There was nothing to establish except the degree of young Abel's guilt. That he had killed the two Beardslys, he had confessed. How he did it, he hardly knew. They had lunged for him first, he thought—he was not sure.

Florrie had procured for her husband's defense the ablest lawyer in Linden County. There was a little ready money on hand, and the farm could be mortgaged. He had led her to think that a verdict of self-defense might be won, thus securing her husband's acquittal.

But somehow it had not turned out so. His questions, indeed, to young Abel, had brought out clearly the fact that he, and not the two Beardslys had made the first advance in that battle of death. The jury at the fifth day of the trial, brought in a verdict of manslaughter and young Abel was sentenced to ten years imprisonment.

For the first time in her life, the girl Florrie fainted. Young Abel stood silently, his head bowed, and they let him go to his wife and hold her unconscious form in his

arms. Amanda Beardsly left the court room without ever looking behind her, holding in her arms the man child who was to carry on the hatred for those of the Owens clan.

The ablest lawyer in Linden County promptly appealed the case, and the appeal was granted. More money was required, and for the second time the Owens farm was mortgaged.

To Amanda Beardsly a lean, rat-eyed lawyer came, offering his services—at a price. It would be an easy matter, with added legal assistance, to convict Abel once and for all.

She assented dully to everything he said, her mind warped and corroded with hatred. She mortgaged the Beardsly farm to pay the fee he asked.

Ten years was the toll the law exacted from young Abel's life for the two lives he had taken, and on a hot, dusty day in July, he went to prison.

WHEN they took him away, Florrie did not cry. She watched the train until it was only a black dot on the converging lines of steel. She was unconscious of the stifling heat, even of the baby that stirred against her, fretfully. She only knew that her man was gone.

Florrie did not go back to the farm. She stayed on in Spinneytown, where she could work and earn money to send Abel the things he would like. The work she found was not pleasant. It was in the kitchen of a restaurant washing dishes. As time slipped by, the mortgage was foreclosed.

Amanda Beardsly, too, stayed in Spinneytown. She worked in a laundry. She had lost her fierceness, somehow. She was just a shrunken old woman who each day pushed her waning strength far beyond its limits.

Then one night, the door of her small room opened and Florrie stood there, holding her baby in her arms.

"Abel's—dead." She said jerkily.

Then Amanda Beardsly spoke, voicing the old hatred of the clan.

"One less Owens in the world."

Florrie nodded.

"Yes, he's dead. That leaves just us—just me and you—an' our children."

The older woman stirred uneasily.

"Well?" she said, harshly, "what are you here for?"

"Today," Florrie answered, "I passed you in the grocery store; and I heerd you sayin' to Buddy, 'thar goes a woman of the Owens clan, with an Owens brat in her arms. They're pizen, the whole tribe of 'em, and you're always to hate 'em.' After all the sufferin' this here feud has brought both of us, yo're goin' t' rear yore boy in hate of me and mine?"

"In hate of all Owensens, an' all that they stand fer," answered the other.

Suddenly Florrie laughed. It was not a real laugh, and in spite of herself the older woman shuddered. Then as suddenly she became quiet, and coming to the table, laid her baby upon it. She turned upon Amanda Beardsly, and spoke rapidly, in a



high cracked voice, that sounded hysterical. "You're a fool—a fool—a fool!" she said, monotonously. "Don't you see what has happened? *We're caught*—all of us, in a web of hate. It has got us all. It got yore kinfolks, it got Abel's, it got Pap and Lem. It killed my man. It has made a broken woman of you, it has made me old before my time. And for it, we have—what? Jest nothing. Who has yore farm, tell me that! Tell me that, will you?" Her voice rose shrilly and insistently. "*That's* what has happened to us—we've got nothing, nothing—you an' me, only our children—well, what of them? Are they goin' t' be caught too in this here family hate? *Are they*, I say?"

THE OLDER woman moistened her lips. She had been thinking, vaguely, of some of the things that Florrie had spoken of. Sometimes she had almost realized—but now she closed her mouth grimly.

"My son is a Beardsly, your'n is an Owens. That's my answer."

The girl Florrie put her hand into the bosom of her dress.

"That's yore answer, is it? Well, then, this is mine. Your son ain't never goin' to hate me, because—" her hand came out with an ugly bladed knife—"I'll put my baby out o' the way first, out o' the way of hate—there'll be one less Owens t' suffer from hate—"

Her arm rose. But before it could fall, the older woman had leaped for it, had checked the downward swooping steel. There was a moment's struggle, when they swayed to and fro, with sharp hisses of breath. Buddy screamed aloud and hid his face against the wall.

It was only a moment. For suddenly Florrie's face went blank and white, the tense hand opened, the knife clattered harmlessly to the floor.

The girl swayed for an instant, then dropped down in a heap, and her head struck sharply against the table leg.

In that instant all the bitterness of the past was forgotten. It was not Abel Owens' wife who lay there so deathly white and still, not a woman of the Owens clan, it was Florrie the girl whom Amanda Beardsly had borne the girl whom she had loved, the girl who, in childbirth, had wanted her mammy.

"Florrie—Florrie—" she was saying, in an agony of fear. She knelt beside the girl, chafed her wrists, dashed cold water across her temples. And suddenly tears flooded to the eyes that had long been tearless, a prayer welled up to lips that had only prayed for vengeance.

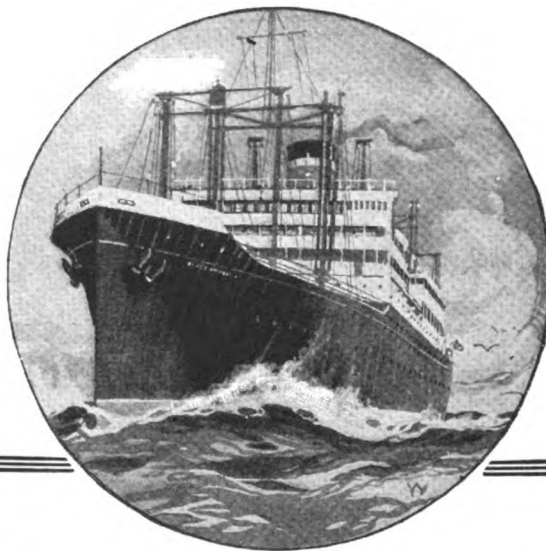
"Oh, God, forgive me, I've been wrong; don't let her die, my girl—my girl—"

Slowly Florrie's eyes opened, opened with an effort, and her brows contracted sharply. The face that bent above her was hidden in a dim mist, and a voice came to her as from a great distance—

"Florrie, honey, don't you know me? It's yore mammy—"

She raised her hand slowly to the face above her. It was wet with tears. She tried to smile but only sobs came. And she hid her face against the thin shoulder of her mother, while two arms closed tightly around her rocking her as if she had been a little girl again.

"Oh, Florrie, my girl, my girl, I've missed you so—I've missed you so—"



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*Sir Gilbert Parker's Novel of Love and Politics in Canada—Continued from page 81*

## Carnac's Folly

He had no credence in Carnac's lack of honor, yet he felt it was very strange that he had not fought his legal wife, if his case was a good one.

Day by day he had felt Carnac's power in the constituency growing, and there was reason to fear his triumph unless some sensation stopped it. Well, he had at hand the sufficient sensation. He would produce both the certificate of marriage and the French girl who was the legal wife of Carnac Grier. That Luzanne was French helped greatly, for it would be used by Carnac's foes as an insult to the people of French Canada, and his pulses throbbed faster as he thought of the possible excitement in the constituency.

**F**ORTUNATELY, the girl was handsome, had ability, and spoke English with a French accent. She was powerful for his purposes.

On the afternoon of the day that Junia had had her hour with Luzanne, he started for the house where Luzanne was lodging. He could not travel in the streets without being recognized, but it did not matter, for the house where the girl lodged was that of his sub-agent, and he was safe in going to it. He did not know, however, that Denzil had been told by Junia to watch the place and learn what he meant to do.

Denzil had a proper respect for Barode Barouche as a Minister of the Crown; but he had a far greater love of Carnac. He remained vigilant until after Junia and Luzanne had started in a cab for the railway station. They left near three quarters of an hour before the train was to start for New York; and for the first quarter of an hour after they had gone Denzil was in apprehension.

Then he saw Barouche enter the street and go to the house of his sub-agent. The house stood by itself, with windows open, and Denzil did not scruple to walk near it, and, if possible, listen. He drew close and kept his ears open.

He was fortunate, he heard voices; Marmette was expaining to Barouche that Junia and Luzanne had gone to the station, bound for New York. Marmette had sent word to warn M. Barouche by messenger, but the messenger had missed finding him. Then he heard Barouche's voice in anger say:

"You fool—you oughtn't to have let her leave! It's my bread and butter—and yours too—that's at stake. I wanted to use her against Carnac Grier. She was my perfect weapon of attack. How long ago did she leave?"

Marmette told him.

Denzil saw Barode Barouche leave the house with a look of grim concern and talking hard to Paul Marmette. He knew the way they would go, so he fell behind a tree, and saw them start for the place where they could order a cab.

Barouche and his agent stopped at the door of a livery-stable, and were there told that no cabs were available. There was none in the street, and time was pressing. Not far away, however, was a street with a tram-line, and a tram would take

Barouche near to the railway station from which Luzanne would start. So Barouche made hard for this street, and had reached it, when a phaeton came traveling along, and in it was one whom Barouche knew. Barouche spoke to the occupant, and presently both men were admitted to the phaeton just as a tram-car came near.

Denzil's spirits fell. By his watch, he saw there remained enough time for Barouche to reach the station before the New York train started! He got aboard the tram himself, and watched the phaeton moving quickly on ahead. Watching, he saw the driver of the phaeton strike his horse with a whip, and the horse, suddenly breaking into a gallop, slipped and fell to the ground on the tram-track. A moment later the tram came to a stop behind the fallen horse, and Denzil saw the disturbed face of Barode Barouche looking about for another trap, for, in any case, it would take at least three or four minutes to get the horse up and clear the track for the tram. There was no carriage in sight—only a loaded butcher's cart, a road-cleaner, and a heavily loaded van. These could be of no use to Barouche.

In his corner, Denzil watched the play with anxious eyes. It was presently found that the horse had injured a leg in falling and could not be got to its feet, but had presently to be dragged from the tram-lines. It had all taken near to five minutes of the time before the train went, and, with a look of despair, Barouche mounted the steps of the tram. He saw Denzil, and shrewdly suspected he was working in the interests of Carnac. He came forward to Denzil.

"You're a long way from home, little man," he said in a voice with an acid note.

"About the same as you from your home, m'sieu'," said Denzil.

"I've got business everywhere in this town," remarked Barouche with sarcasm—"and you haven't, have you? You're traveling privately, eh?"

"I travel as m'sieu' travels, and on the same business," answered Denzil with a challenging smile.

**D**ENZIL had said the thing which roused sharp anger in Barouche.

Anger shook him as he saw Denzil take out his watch.

"The poll closes in three minutes, m'sieu'," said Denzil, and his look beat back the fury in Barouche's eyes.

"The poll closes only when the train leaves. So don't put on airs yet."

"I'll put on airs if I've won, m'sieu'," Denzil answered quietly, for he saw people in the tram were trying to hear.

Barouche had been recognized, and a murmur of cheering began, followed by a hum of disapproval, for Barouche had lost many friends, since Carnac had come into the fray. The tram did not go quite to the station, and as it stopped, the two men hurried to the doors. As they did so, an engine gave a scream, and presently, as they reached the inside, they saw passing out of the station, at the far end, the New York train.

"She started five minutes late, but she did start," said Denzil, and there was malice in his smile.

As he looked at his watch, he saw Junia passing out of a door into the street, but Barode Barouche did not see her—his eyes were fixed on the departing train. For a moment Barouche stood indecisive. Then he held out his hand to Denzil with imitation courtesy, as though to say good-by.

"Give me a love-clasp, spider," he said with a kind of sneer. "I'd like your love as I travel to triumph."

A light of hatred came into Denzil's eyes. *Beelle—dog—wasp—spider*, he had been called by this big man—well, he should see that the wasp could give as good as it got. His big gnarled hand enclosed the hand of Barode Barouche, then he suddenly closed on it tight. He closed on it till he felt it crunching in his own and saw that the face of Barode Barouche was like that of a man in a chair of torture. He squeezed, till from Barouche's lips came a gasp of agony, and then he let go.

"You've had my love-clasp, m'sieu'," Denzil said with meaning, "and when you want it again, let me know. It's what M'sieu' Carnac will do with you tomorrow night. Only he'll not let go, as I did, before the blood comes. Don't be hard on those under you, m'sieu'. Remember wasps and spiders can sting in their own way, and that dogs can bite."

"Little black beast," was the short reply, "I'll strip your dirty hide for Hell's gridiron for that."

**T**HE DAY of the Election came. Never had feeling run higher, never had racial lines been so cut across. Barode Barouche fought with vigor, but from the going of Luzanne Larue, there passed from him the confidence he had felt since the first day of Carnac's candidature.

Several times he came upon Carnac in the streets, and they saluted courteously; yet he saw the confidence of Carnac in his bearing. Twice also he came upon Junia, and he was startled by the look she bestowed on him.

"A devilish clever girl that," he said to himself. "If he wins, it'll be due to her, and if he wins—no, he can't marry her, for he's already married; but he'll owe it all to her. If he wins! No, he shall not win; I've been in the game too long; I've served too many interests; I've played too big a part for him to win."

Feeling ran higher and higher, but there was no indication that Barouche's hopes were sure of fulfilment. His face became paler as the day wore on, and his hands freer with those of his late constituents. Yet he noticed that Carnac was still glib with his tongue and freer with his hands. Carnac seemed everywhere, on every corner, in every street, at every polling booth.

Carnac was not as confident as he looked. But one good thing had happened. The girl who could do him great harm was not in evidence, and it was too late to spoil his immediate chances now, even if she came.

He had a new feeling toward Tarboe, who had given him such powerful support. There was, then, in the man the bigger thing, the light of fairness and reason! He had had no talk with Tarboe, and he desired none, but he had seen him at three of his meetings, and he had evidence of arduous effort on his behalf.

It was folly electioneering on the day of the poll, but Carnac saw a few labor leaders and moved them to greater work for him. One of these told him that at the Grier big-mill was one man working to defeat him by personal attacks. It had something to do with a so-called secret marriage, and it would be good to get hold of the man, Roudin, as soon as possible. He must go to the mill at once; and he started for it. On the way he met Luke Tarboe.

"There's trouble down at the mill," Tarboe said. "A fellow called Roudin has been spreading a story that you're married and repudiate your wife. It'd be good to fight it now before it gets going. There's no truth in it, of course," he added, with a curious look in his eye, for he remembered the letter Carnac received one day in the office and his own conclusion then.

A FEW moments later Carnac was in the yard of the mill. In one corner he saw the man he took to be Roudin talking to a group of workmen. He hurried over, and heard Roudin declaring that he, Carnac, was secretly married to a woman whom he repudiated, and was that the kind of man to have as member of Parliament? Presently, Roudin was interrupted by cheers from supporters of Carnac, and he saw it was due to Carnac's arrival. Roudin had courage. He would not say behind a man's back what he would not say to his face.

"I was just telling my friends here, m'sieu, that you was married, and you didn't acknowledge your wife. Is it so?"

Carnac's first impulse was to say No, but he gained time by challenging.

"Why do you say such things to injure me? Is that what Monsieur Barouche tells you to say?"

"No, I didn't hear it from M'sieu' Barouche. I got it from better hands than his," answered Roudin.

"Better hands than his, eh? From the lady herself, perhaps?"

"Yes, from the lady herself, m'sieu'."

"Then bring the lady here and let us have it out, monsieur."

Roudin shrugged a shoulder.

"Then you're not honest. You do me harm by a story like that, and when I challenge you, you don't respond. You say you know the woman, then produce her—there's no time to be lost. The poll closes in four hours, and it's not decent to make such statements and not prove them. It isn't playing the game in the right way—do you think so, messieurs?" he added to the crowd which had grown in numbers.

At that moment a man came running from the entrance toward Carnac. It was Denzil.

"A letter for you, an important letter," he kept crying as he came nearer.

*Will that letter help Carnac to victory, or does it mean his defeat? Will the folly of his impetuous youth now result in his downfall? Two women hold his fate. See the exciting concluding instalment in Hearst's International for October, ready September 20th.*



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*When Ulysses Met David, King of the Jews—Conan Doyle's Story continued from page 5*

## A Point of Contact

its long colonnades the greater part of that side of the island which looked down upon the Sidonian port, so-called because only twenty miles away the older city of Sidon maintained a constant stream of traffic with its rising offshoot.

Inns were not yet in vogue, but the poorer traveler found his quarters with hospitable citizens, while men of distinction were frequently housed in the annexes of the temples, where the servants of the Priests attended to their swarthy. On that particular evening there stood in the portico of the temple of Melmoth two remarkable figures who were the center of observation for a considerable fringe of Phenician idlers. One of these men was clearly by his face and demeanor a great chieftain.

His companion was a short, thick-set man, bull-necked and swarthy, clad in some dusky cloth that gave him a somber appearance relieved only by the vivid scarlet of his woollen cap.

"Be not impatient, sire," he was saying. "Give me two days, or three at the most, and we shall make as brave a show at the muster as any."

The other frowned and stamped his foot. "We should have been there now had it not been for this cursed mischance," said he. "Aeolus played us a pretty trick when he sent such a blast out of a cloudless sky."

"Well, sire, two of the Cretan galleys foundered, and Trophimes, the pilot, swears that one of the Argos ships was in trouble. Pray Zeus that it is not the galley of Menelaus. We shall not be the last at the muster."

THE officer bowed and departed, while the Chieftain stood with his eyes fixed upon his great dismantled galley over which the riggers and carpenters were swarming. Further out in the roadstead lay eleven other smaller galleys, waiting until their wounded flagship should be ready for them. The sun, as it shone upon them, gleamed upon hundreds of bronze helmets and breast-plates, telling of the warlike nature of the errand upon which they were engaged. Save for them the port was filled with bustling merchant-ships taking in cargoes or disgorging them.

At the very feet of the Greek chieftain three broad barges were moored, and gangs of laborers with wooden shovels were heaving out the mussels brought from Dor, destined to supply the famous Tyrian dye-works which furnished the most noble of all garments. Beside them was a tin ship from Britain and the square boxes of that precious metal, so needful for the making of bronze, were being passed from hand to hand to the waiting wagons.

The Greek found himself smiling at the uncouth wonder of a Cornishman who had come with his tin, and who was now lost in amazement as he stared at the long colonnades of the Temple of Melmoth and the high front of the Shrine of Ashtaroth behind it. Even as he gazed some of his shipmates passed their hands through his arms and led him along the quay to a wine-shop, as being a building much more within his comprehension. The Greek,

still smiling, was turning on his heel to return to the Temple when one of the clean-shaven priests of Baal came forward.

"It is rumored, Sire," said he, "that you are on a very distant and dangerous venture. Indeed, it is well known from the talk of your soldiers what it is that you have on hand."

"IT IS true," said the Greek, "that we have a hard task before us. But it would have been harder to bide at home and to feel that the honor of a leader of the Argives had been soiled by this low dog from Asia."

"I hear that all Greece has taken up the quarrel. Yes, there is not a chief from Thessaly to the Malea who has not called out his men, and there were twelve hundred galleys in the harbor of Aulis."

"It is a great host," said the priest. "But have ye any seers or prophets among ye who can tell what will come to pass?"

"Yes, we had one such, Calchas, his name. He has said that for nine years we shall strive and only on the tenth will the victory come."

A tall man clad in a long white robe with a golden fillet running through his flowing auburn hair, was striding down the street with the free elastic gait of one who has lived an active life in the open. His face was ruddy and noble, with a short crisp beard covering a strong square jaw. In his clear blue eyes, as he looked at the evening sky and the busy waters beneath him, there was something of the exaltation of the poet, while a youth walking beside him and carrying a harp, hinted at the graces of music. On the other side of him, however, a second squire bore a brazen shield and a heavy spear, so that his master might never be caught unawares by his enemies.

"They are but barbarians," said the Priest. "He is a small king from the mountain parts opposite Philistia, and he comes here because he is building up the town of Jebus which he means to be his chief city. It is only here that he can find the wood and stone and craftsmanship that he desires. The youth with the harp is his son. But I pray you, chief, if you would know what is before you at Troy to come now into the outer Hall of the Temple with me, for we have there a famous seer, the prophetess Alaga, who is also the priestess of Ashtaroth. It may be that she can do for you what she has done for many more, and send you forth from Tyre in your hollow ships with a better heart than you came."

TO THE Greeks who, by oracles, omens and auguries, were forever prying into the future, such a suggestion was always welcome. The Greek followed the priest to the inner sanctuary where sat the famous Pythoness—a tall, fair woman of middle age, who sat at a stone table upon which was an abacus or tray filled with sand. She held a style of chalcedony and with this she traced strange lines and curves upon the smooth surface, her chin leaning

upon her other hand and her eyes cast down. As the chief and the priest approached her she did not look up, but she quickened the movements of her pencil, so that curve followed curve in quick succession. Then, still with downcast eyes, she spoke in a strange, high, sighing voice like wind amid the trees.

"Behold! I see an island to the west, and an old man who is the father, and the great chief, and his wife, and his son who now waits him at home."

"Yes, maiden, you have said truth," the Greek answered.

"I have had many great ones before me, but none greater than you, for three thousand years from now people will still talk of your bravery and of your wisdom."

"For ten years you will strive and then you will win, and victory will bring rest to others, but only new troubles to you. Ah!" The prophetess suddenly started in violent surprise and her hand made ever faster markings.

THE WOMAN had looked up with wild inquiring eyes.

The Greek was aware that two new figures had entered the room. They were the ruddy Barbarian whom he had marked in the street, together with the youth who bore his harp.

"It is a marvel upon marvels that two such should enter my Chamber on the same day," cried the priestess. "Have I not said that you were the greatest that ever came, and yet behold here is already one who is greater. For he and his son—even this youth whom I see before me—will also be in the minds of all men when many ages have passed. Hail, stranger, hail! Pass on to your work, for it awaits you, and it is great beyond words of mine." Rising from her stool the woman dropped her pencil upon the sand and passed swiftly from the room.

The Greek chief looked with interest at the Barbarian.

"It would seem," said the Greek, "that the gods have chosen us both to play a part in the world."

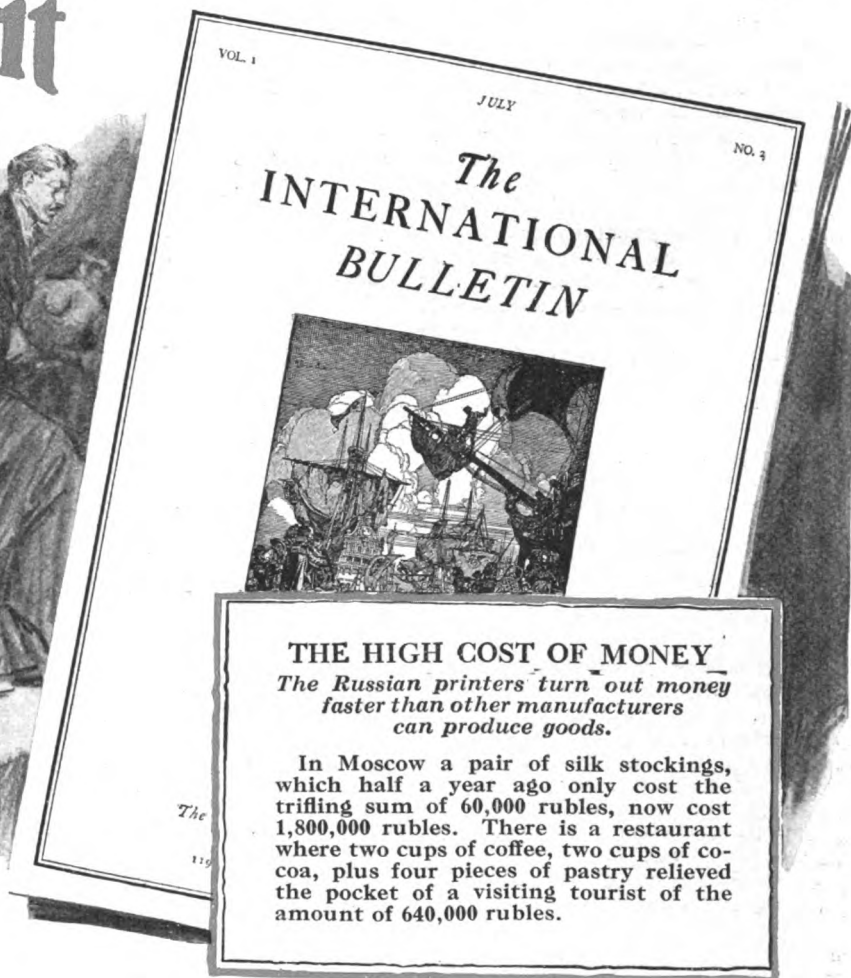
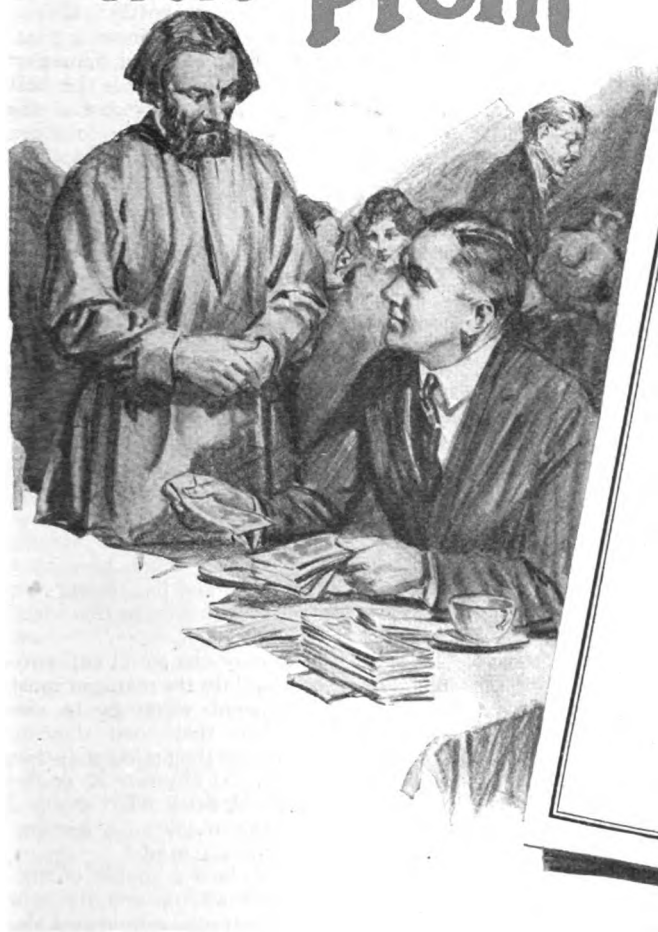
"Stranger," the Barbarian answered, "there is but one God."

"Say you so? Well, it is a matter to be argued at some better time. But I would fain have your name and style and what it is you purpose to do, so that we may perchance hear of each other in years to come. For my part I am Odysseus, known also as Ulysses, the King of Ithaca. For my work, it is the taking of Troy."

"And my work," said the Barbarian, "is the building of Jebus which now we call Jerusalem. Our ways lie separate, but it may come back to your memory that you have crossed the path of David, second King of the Hebrews, together with his young son, Solomon, who may follow him upon the throne of Israel."

So he turned and went forth into the darkened streets where his spearmen were awaiting him, while the Greek passed down to his boat that he might see what was still to be done ere he could set forth upon his voyage.

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Hearst's INTERNATIONAL Magazine

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¶ *Frank Ward O'Malley's Adventures into the Wicked World—Continued from page 63*

## Sinning in Silks and Sanctity

lavishly abloom in the primrose path. Thus a charming companion was acquired early; preferably was won away from some strange broker at a nearby table. Then the strange broker added further to the gaiety by making the first good swing at your jaw of the many you looked forward to in the coming night.

Now prohibition, I was beginning to see, and its consequent increase in the consumption of hard stuff, at last was bringing into being a class distinction that long was sadly lacking in our social order. The rush to get stewed was creating an American aristocracy! Kipling's typical Englishman who, if he were alone on a catboat in the Indian Ocean, would instinctively change to evening clothes at six o'clock, had nothing at all on us. Now that the hard-boiled shirt at last had become a requisite of New York night-time hellishness everybody who was anybody, I found, was beginning to change to evening clothes instinctively even as early as five-thirty.

The first supper club we visited differed only in minor details from all the rest. It resembled the old Haymarket in but one respect; it, also, was above the street level. But whereas the steps leading up to the Haymarket were all edged with brass to make a fall more difficult, the "little club" stairs we now ascended were padded with billows of wealthy carpet.

Along the velveted and veloured luxuriousness of stairway were arty lamps of beaten copper shedding light of esthetic dimness. Exquisitely rendered dance music came to us. In fact only a hint of vulgarity marred for us those moments of sumptuous stair climbing. It came from a large, white-haired, handsome devil of two hundred and thirty pounds displacement who seemingly was the host to the party climbing behind us.

"And so finally," puffed the impressive looking man near the stair-top, "I told the damn' fathead that I not only wouldn't sell, but that if he didn't take himself and his dirty million-dollar check out of my study at once my butler would kick him out of the door into Fifth Avenue—the damn' scoundrel!"

But I suppose the middle classes do manage to squeeze into the clubs at times.

A FRENCH maid received my wife. A manager who reminded me of a young John Drew in *The Squire of Dames* received me. This time he was respectfulness itself.

We were graciously admitted to high midnight society.

A small room—small, at least, for a restaurant—glowed on walls and ceiling with textile hangings decoratively splashed with most modern art.

Surrounding a waxen dancing floor were tables seating in all two hundred—no more. Missing was the old-time orchestra of earlier dance-hall days, which usually consisted of three pieces: a piano, a piano stool and a pianist in a gray derby hat, shirt sleeves and upturned cigar. Instead, here was an orchestra of six pieces; at a

salary cost, I learned later, of one thousand, six hundred dollars a week.

I ordered food. The waiter, I fancied, still lingered expectantly.

"And by the way, waiter," I said, with what lightness I could affect, "bring two Bronx cocktails first, then some real beer with the lobster, and after that—well, if you have a good Scotch—"

"Sorry, sir," broke in the waiter in hurt tones, "but we never serve alcoholic drinks—beer, *especially*, never!"

Every other natty clubman and clubwoman round us who wasn't dancing seemed to be drinking cocktails, champagnes, Scotch or rye. My Irish rose up. I sent for the manager himself. The manager could help me little beyond explaining in his best-bred manner that the clubmen who were drinking must have brought their liquors in suitcases. This was a common practice, he added sadly, that he was unable to stop without resorting to really vulgar squabbings.

When all seemed lost, a life-saver arrived. It was the young Assistant District Attorney, who was accompanied, according to rule, by a lady. He greeted me and took a table next to ours.

A telepathic glance that seemed to have something to do with me shot from the manager's eyes to the eyes of our life-saver.

"WHY, of course he's all right," cried the Assistant District Attorney to the manager. "Anything he wants!"

"As I was about to explain," the manager continued evenly, "we never serve beer here nor in any of the several other clubs under this management. We never mix cocktails nor serve highballs to anyone. We do serve to those we know flasks of gin, Scotch, rye, Bourbon, brandies, champagnes—"

"Brother," I broke in throatily, "start with the gin, cracked ice, a tall glass for mixing, a glass of orange juice, and never mind the vermouth."

From then until the usual closing hour of four o'clock in the morning, the only taint of Puritanism I encountered was the rule stipulating that clubmen must mix their own cocktails at table.

As my knowledge of the New Hellishness progressed, I found myself mentally making comparative lists of the rules of night life conduct today and in the past. Now you must wear evening clothes; in 1900 football clothes and an undershirt of fine chain mail were de rigueur. You have to be sober to gain admission now; you were expected to be plastered, sloshed, orey-eyed, then. A lady must accompany you now; in 1900—but the less said the better. In New York's new night life you must dance decently; in the New York night life of a generation ago decency in anything was considered out of bounds.

Seemingly the New Hellishness first made a list of the classes that monopolized the old night life of Manhattan, gathered them all together and then put the rollers under them.

One inviolable rule is that a candidate for admission must be at least temporarily

burdened with money. The half-pint flasks of Scotch cost six dollars, or twenty-four dollars for a quart bottle. Champagnes cost ten dollars and more a pint.

In defense of the prices the managers point out that the dance music is the best they can get, with the weekly cost of the orchestra alone ranging from fourteen hundred to twenty-five hundred dollars; that the clubs' exhibition dancers are Bessie McCoy Davis, Peggy Marsh, Irene Castle, Gilda Gray and similar entertainers demanding wealthy salaries; that good hard liquor comes high, even at wholesale rates; that the little of "little clubs" has two hundred employees.

I LIKED the city's New Hellishness. Thanks to the Justice of the Supreme Court and his card, I saw it all. Out of it all I quickly learned that Manhattan, now that it is bone dry and all that sort of thing, still nightly sets forth seeking sin as of old, only to find, alas, that Satan's unquenchable pride has taken him on a new tack. Mr. Devil and his Missus now are trying to get their names in the Social Register.

I saw, in fact, only one social catastrophe. In one of the clubs the manager must have twice whispered warnings to one couple on the floor that their dancing technique bulged from the manager's strict standard of ethics. At any rate he finally walked out on the dancing floor, stopped the orchestra in the middle of a bar and clapped politely for attention.

"I have twice warned a couple on this floor," he said with all the severity of a Rev. John Roach Straton denouncing the stage, "that their dancing is indecent. The music will not be resumed unless the couple leaves."

Listen! That manager had been so considerate that he had waited to halt the music at a moment when the couple was so close to the exit that the young man and woman could duck out.

"They danced," angrily muttered the manager, "as if they thought this was a country club or something!"

No private rooms; no improper dancing; no fights; no lawns; and therefore no promiscuous spooning out in darkened sedans and limousines while the band plays on; no maidenly checking of corsets and stays in the ladies' room before going on the dance floor; no flat hats above receding chins but bulging hip pockets; no—

"MOTHER," I said firmly, one night lately, while thinking these things over on our own vine-clad porch, "our dear little ones soon will be reaching an age when we shall have to keep them in Manhattan in summer as well as winter. There are too doggone many country clubs around here!"

She saw, of course, what I meant. When my little son and daughter are old enough to take to fox-trotting, highballs and cigarettes, I want them safe in New York's Tenderloin, where they can learn to drink and dance and smoke in the way that young ladies and gentlemen should.



# A Chance for the Little Drug Store—



"Here, boy, take this grip and me to a subway train that will bring me to Long Island City. And be sure to let me keep you in sight."

**I**T WAS in the quiet hour before noon at the information desk of New York City's busiest railroad station, Grand Central. A medium sized man of middle age straightened himself from a leaning position assumed while listening to lengthy explanations from the clerk. A genial smile illuminated his pale, studious face as he said, "I thank you, son, but I'm mighty sure I could never follow all your directions. I'd feel safer following a Redcap." Then with a nod of appreciation to the clerk he hailed a passing porter.

He followed his guide through what seemed a maze of twists and turns until he found himself seated in a subway train.

At last there was a breathing spell and time to think.

Here he was, Mr. M. S. Kahn, druggist, of Baltimore, with his heart and interest wrapped up in his drug store, traveling on the last leg of a journey which, within the last ten days, had taken him to four States. He had yielded to the persuasions of fellow druggists of his State to make this inspection tour of the American Druggists Syndicate, unofficially and unannounced.

Years ago Kahn and other druggists of the country found themselves working long hours for small profits. They were being compelled to use their stores as outlets for manufacturers and jobbers who dominated prices, conditions and dealers.

Then along came the American Druggists Syndicate idea.

It invited the small druggists to join an independent organization in which they would make their own supplies and dictate their own policies. Every druggist would be part owner, manufacturer, and dealer. The



M. S. Kahn

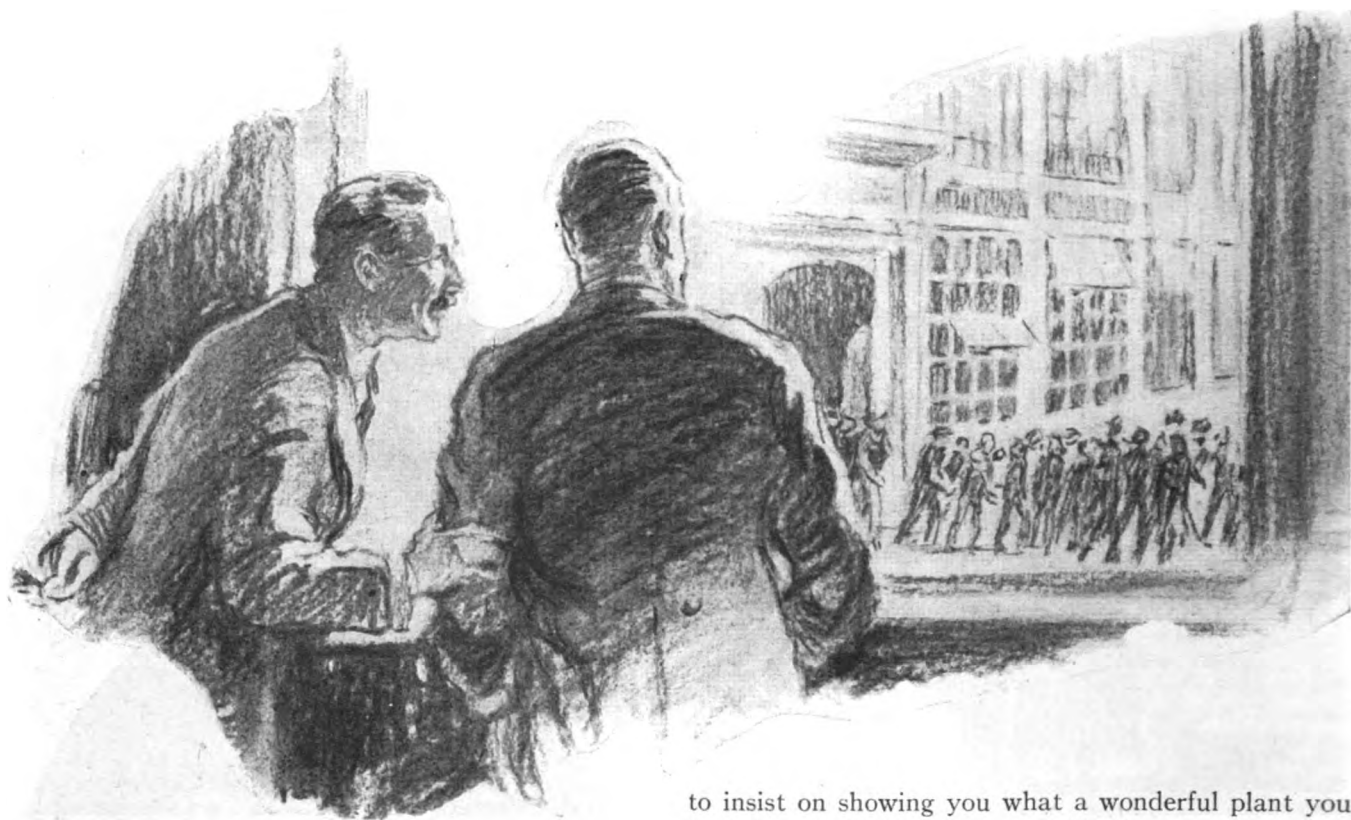
idea was Utopian, but it proved practical.

It grew from an idea to an organization of 26,000 enthusiastic coöperators—members with tangible assets that would bring many million dollars in cold cash, even in dull times, and the unique satisfaction of not owing the banks a dollar.

Back of all this are four A. D. S. factories—the four big reasons that pulled Mr. Kahn away from Baltimore and his A. D. S. drug store.

The A. D. S. is proud of these four factories. The pride increases as the top is approached, if there is such a thing as top in a democratic organization of this kind. The executives have been trying to make Kahn and the 25,999 other A. D. S. men share the intensity of their pride. They are urged almost constantly to take time off to see their wonderful plants.

But the druggist is a busy man. He takes few



vacations. The Home Office keeps on urging nevertheless, following the maxim that little drops of water wear out a stone.

Mr. Kahn finally gave in when a number of A. D. S. druggists urged him to represent them on a tour of the plants. His visits were to be in each case a complete surprise. None of the executives were to be warned.

At the send off in Baltimore, it was understood that he would see all, and bring back his impressions as viewed from the standpoint of the small shareholder. So primed, he had been through the A. D. S. plant at Huntington, W. Va., and to the two plants at East Killingly, Conn., and Newark, N. J., respectively.

His retrospection was interrupted by the subway guard warning him to get off at the next station. As he walked down the station stairs, he realized that he was approaching the mother plant, and determined that his inspection would be just as thorough as in any of the others.

On enquiring at the great building containing over twelve acres of floor space, Kahn was surprised to learn that the democracy of the organization was carried out to such details as entrances and exits.

"But," he asked as he noted the time clock, "does the president come in at this little door?"

"Yes, sir, everybody," answered the operator who took him up in the elevator. Within a minute he was shaking hands with Goddard, the man whom the shareholders have insisted on having, first as manager and then as president since the A. D. S. was organized. He showed his delight at seeing Kahn with a handshake that left the dealer's fingers tingling as he was led into the president's office. When the greetings were over, Goddard said, "Now that we've got you here, I'm going

to insist on showing you what a wonderful plant you have here. And I'll be your guide."

"No, no, Mr. President, I wish you wouldn't. I told those shareholders I'd see our plants just as they perform every day when there are no visitors snooping around. That is how I saw Huntington, East Killingly and Newark. If I saw this plant with the president for a guide, things might be spruced up a little. The very psychology of your being along with me might give just a little impetus to the work. Don't you think so?"

"You're right," agreed Goddard, "and I want you to see things as they are. Now go to it. And remember, the whole plant and everybody in it is yours while you're here. But you can't go now. There's the whistle for lunch. Let us stand at this window. In a minute there'll be something here you'll want to see."

As Kahn walked with him to the window, he saw the first rush of employees leaving the building for lunch. They seemed to flow out in an endless stream.

"Is it possible," asked Kahn, "that all those people work for us in this one plant? There must be a thousand."

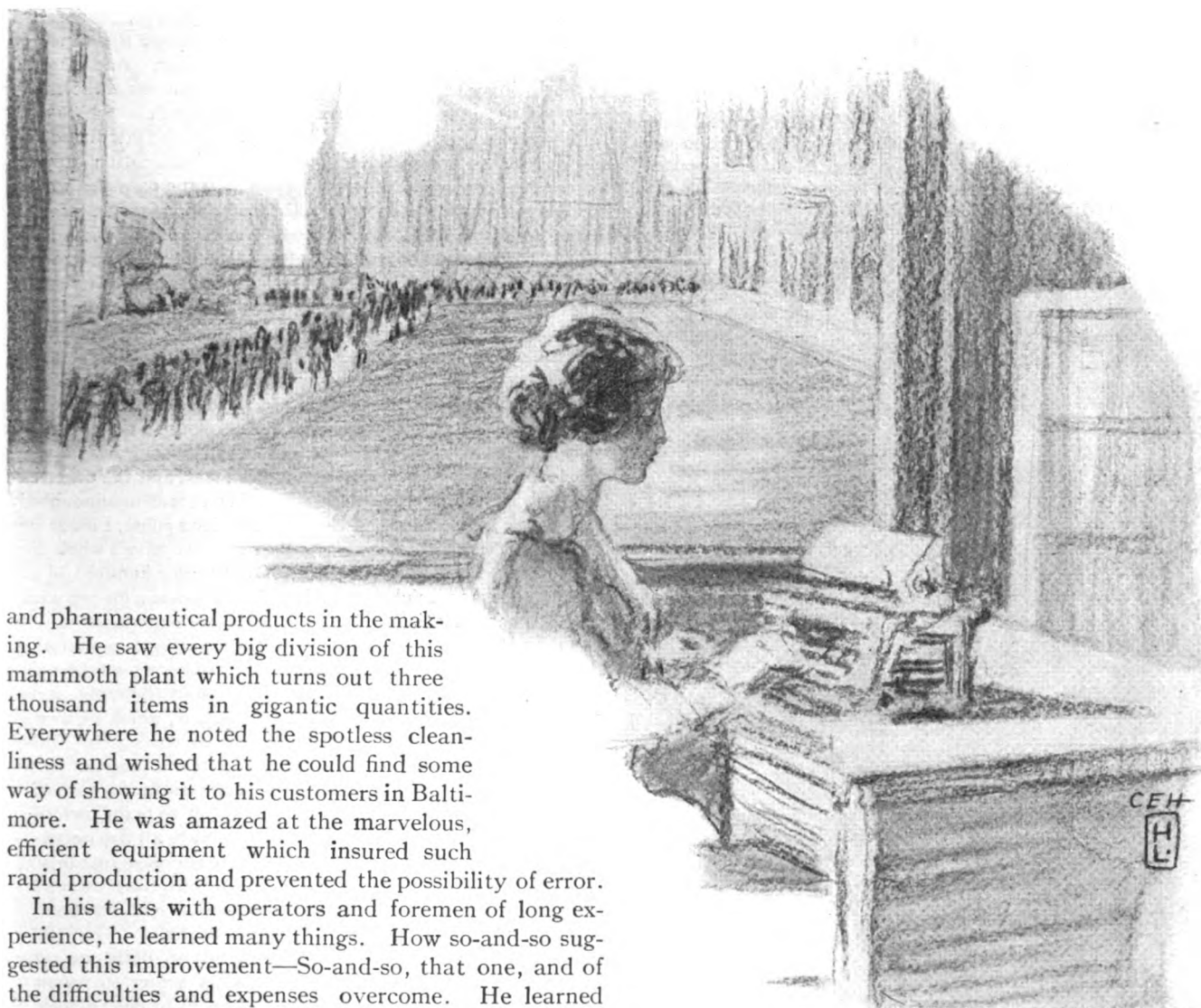
"More than that," answered the pleased president, "in all we have over twelve hundred people right here. Some difference, isn't it, from the early days?"

"When I think of those days, it is hard for me to believe my own eyes," said Kahn.

On returning to the factory after a quick lunch with the President, he was shown the door that would let him into the factory on his tour of inspection. Smiling, he warned Goddard not to wait for him.

"I might be here a long time, long after the hour when you go home. I intend to roam all over the place."

And thus at his own sweet will, Kahn began his tour of the A. D. S. at Long Island City. He saw everything from laboratories to shipping room. He saw perfumes



and pharmaceutical products in the making. He saw every big division of this mammoth plant which turns out three thousand items in gigantic quantities. Everywhere he noted the spotless cleanliness and wished that he could find some way of showing it to his customers in Baltimore. He was amazed at the marvelous, efficient equipment which insured such rapid production and prevented the possibility of error.

In his talks with operators and foremen of long experience, he learned many things. How so-and-so suggested this improvement—So-and-so, that one, and of the difficulties and expenses overcome. He learned manufacturing evolution from those who make it.

In the shipping department, he studied history from figures. The foremen enjoyed his amazement at the steady progression of shipping statistics. Going back to shipments of five and ten years ago, he saw how this organization of which he was part owner, has increased deliveries from hundreds to thousands, steadily. To tens of thousands in many items.

It was a tired but satisfied man who met the executives in the president's office as the syren announced the close of the day's work. To their requests for an opinion, he said:

"Gentlemen, I wish I could tell you how I feel. My experiences today have served well to back up the impressions I received at our other three plants. We have an organization to marvel at. It is so big, so fine in spirit and fact, that I now appreciate the difficulty you gentlemen have in trying to make druggists like myself realize it. I would willingly give a hundred dollars to charity if I could only find words to convey my true impressions to those druggists interested with us in Baltimore."

Mr. Goddard announced simply:

"Mr. Kahn, I'm glad for the sake of the organization. And I believe every druggist would feel the same way if he could afford the time to duplicate your tour. So

now I have a suggestion for you. Instead of making your report only to those few druggists who are interested with you, why don't you make it in the form of a letter to all A. D. S. men?"

"By George! That's a splendid idea," said Kahn. "I'll do it now while the feeling is on me."

And he sat as if alone in the room, and wrote rapidly, stopping only to refer to his notes.

Two or three days later, 26,000 A. D. S. druggists spread throughout the country received his letter. Reading it, they knew it came from a man of their own kind. They read:

#### TO MY FELLOW MEMBERS AND PROPRIETORS:

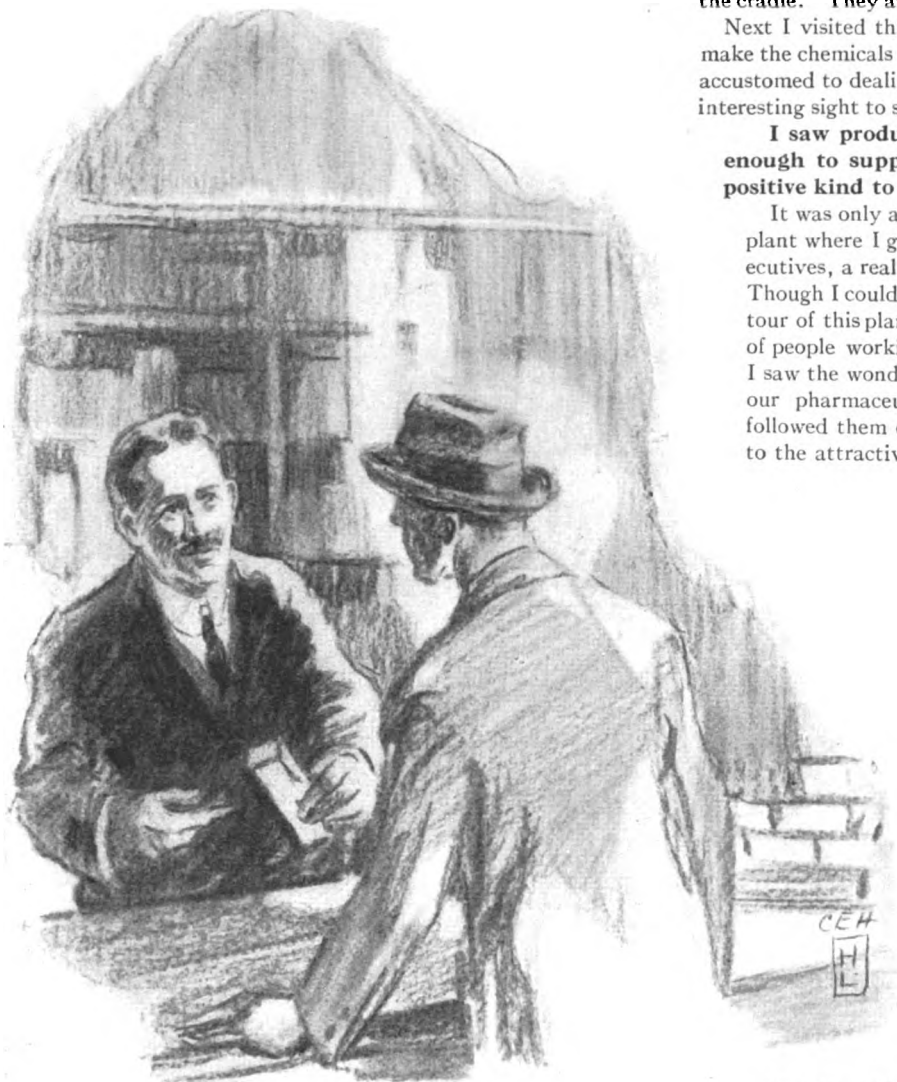
This letter is not from the president or any other executive of the A. D. S. It is from me, M. S. Kahn, a druggist like any of you. Apart from owning a good drug store in Baltimore and holding an office I'm proud of in the N. A. R. D., I am not known. But here I am in the office of the president of the A. D. S. and I have an experience to tell that will make your ears tingle if I can find words to tell it as it should be told.

Many of you will remember those bitter days back in 1905 when the manufacturers and jobbers had us so firmly in their toils that our outlook seemed hopeless. Like you I grasped the helping hand of the A. D. S. and bought shares and goods to protect myself and my customers. When Goddard told us in those days that it would grow, we hoped with him, but we doubted.



Gentlemen, in the last few days I have seen that growth. Down in Huntington, W. Va., I saw our stamping and enameling plant. Without announcement I walked in and saw the whole plant and processes from start to finish.

It was obvious even to a layman why A. D. S. enamel ware should be the highest quality in the world and sell at a price so low that it annoys competition. We are located so that the special earths and oxides can almost be wheeled into our door. We get the sheet metal from the local steel mills almost in our back yard, and gas fuel at next to nothing.



### Clip This Coupon—It is Worth 50 Cents

**COMPLIMENTARY COUPON**—This coupon entitles the reader of Hearst's International Magazine, who signs on the blanks below, to one full size tube of

**CHLOR-E-DIXO—the Tooth Paste for Acid Mouth**

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Name.....

Street.....City.....

This coupon will only be accepted wherever a CHLOR-E-DIXO campaign is on during 1922.

The books were brought out for my inspection, and it would do your heart good, as it did mine, to see our growth. Where we shipped tens and fifties, we now ship hundreds and thousands of bowls, bed pans and other items of hospital wear. And I found out that we have capacity to supply the hospital needs of the entire country. (And the plant is owned by you and me).

From there I went up to East Killingly, Conn., and saw our cotton mill produce the finest gauzes, bandages and such cotton supplies that the drug trade has ever seen. The mill is run on water power. The cotton is washed in water from the mountain lakes in a location entirely free from dust. Our operators learn their business from the cradle. They are descendants of descendants of cotton experts.

Next I visited this plant of ours at Newark, N. J., where they make the chemicals for Long Island City. To you and me who are accustomed to dealing only in small quantities of chemicals it is an interesting sight to see what large scale production really is.

**I saw productions in quantities that seemed large enough to supply the world. It needs assurance of a positive kind to realize that all this is yours and mine.**

It was only a short trip from there to the Long Island City plant where I gave Goddard, our President, and the other executives, a real surprise by walking in on them unannounced. Though I could have had the President for a guide, I made my tour of this plant, also, alone. We seemed to have a whole city of people working for us there. Over twelve hundred in all I saw the wonderful time-saving devices we have for preparing our pharmaceuticals, perfumes and toilet preparations. I followed them every step of the way from the raw materials to the attractive packages you and I display on our shelves.

Imagine, three thousand different items produced in this one plant, which we own.

Gentlemen, it is something in which every one of us can feel a personal pride.

**But that is not as far as we are going. We are going to bring prices down further. We have all the necessary equipment to increase our production. I found out that we will not have to increase our overhead any more than slightly. The increase in volume at little or no increase in cost is going to mean a nice reduction in prices to your customers and mine.**

There will be no difficulty about the increase in sales. It will mean merely talking a little more to our customers about this A. D. S. of ours. And, Man! we have something to talk about. From now on every customer of mine is going to hear the story behind the A. D. S. How it started, what it did, and what it is doing now.

**People will be glad to cooperate with us. They don't like the trusts or the chain stores any better than we do. When they learn that our objective is to reduce retail prices, they will be with us. Our policy of a square deal for the customer and the man behind the counter will keep them with us.**

**Yours for the Customer and the A. D. S.**

**M. S. KAHN.**

Therefore, dear reader, the next time your A. D. S. druggist wants to talk about his work and his hobby, the A. D. S., let him talk. He might tell how you and your neighbors have, perhaps unconsciously, helped him out of his old difficulties and put him in a position where he can sell you what he thinks best from a standpoint of quality and price.

If he talks of his A. D. S. tooth paste give him all your attention. There is more romance packed in that prosaic tube than you ever dreamed of. There is an ideal, a venture and a fight. These pages may tell you of them in a coming issue.

**(TO BE CONTINUED)**

Gouverneur Morris's New Novel of an Amazing Marriage—Continued from page 60

## The Better Wife

lot of voice she had, and how easy it was to make it do things. If he'd let her have some of his music, she'd learn a lot of his songs, so they could sing them together. She could read the tune part. She had had some experience in a choir, in Brooklyn. She wasn't a New Yorker, not really.

When he was singing Ben Bolt, Mother Jessup's skinny, bony hand (she couldn't get her wedding-ring off now, because the knuckle was in the way of it, and she had never had any engagement ring, only a kiss on the lips to bind a bargain and to make dreams come true) lay clawed on the arm of her chair. Farmer Jessup's hand dropped lightly on it, and covered it, and hid it from view. They rocked, then, in unison.

Had she heard this one? Did she know that one?

It became bedtime, high bedtime for broken arms.

Bedtime was it? It was time Mrs. Highland knew "What Will You Do?" If she didn't know that one, she had missed something. If she didn't hear it before she went to bed, she would go to bed as an uneducated person. That was what time it was! Now, please, mother! And mother pleased, and he sang a song that was to haunt Mary in her sleep, so flowing and sweet was the melody.

It is an old song written by a Lover (by S. Lover rather) for other lovers:

"What will you do, Love, when I am going  
With white sails flowing, the seas beyond?  
What will you do, Love, when waves divide us,  
And friends do chide us for being fond?"

"Though waves divide us, and friends do chide  
us,  
In faith abiding I'll still be true,  
And I'll pray for you, Love, upon the ocean,  
In deep devotion—that's what I'll do."

He made a pretty thing of it. He had the score somewhere. There were some more verses. But they needed fixing—they didn't scan right. You had to torture the words for the sake of the beats, and the beats for the sake of the words. He'd fix the words up somehow, and she'd learn the girl's part and they'd give a concert—that's what they'd do.

A YOUNG man with a broken arm gets his old father to help him undress, and then he goes to sleep flat on his back.

His old father and mother sleep in the room next to him. The old father sleeps like a top. The old mother keeps awake a good deal of the time listening. She is listening to see if the boy is still in pain. He might moan if he were, and she might hear him. She thought she had heard some of the music. She had beaten time on the arm of her chair to let them all know that she was hearing and enjoying. She had beaten march time when they were singing waltz time. But she didn't know that. We'll hope that the young man does have one twinge in the night, and moans once, just to please her with the sense of being needed and useful. We'll hope that his moan, to be on the safe side, will be loud as a cannon shot.

A husband is lying with his head to the west, and he goes bumping and jolting toward the east. He is very gritty with cinders by this time. He is traveling as cheaply as he may; and he is praying that God will not have mercy on the soul of the man who invented the upper berth, or the fat woman, with the two children, who is snoring in the lower one. That's what he is doing.

How, pray, does a pretty young wife sleep? She doesn't.

She lies on the extreme inner edge of her husband's great bed, so as not to be in the way. That's what she does.

Even when he is away seeing his second son by his first wife, habit is strong, and she doesn't come rolling out into the middle, and toss her arms this way and that. She doesn't, no matter how restless she is. Not once.

She lies extended with her pretty face toward the wall, and, as it were, hugs close to her bosom the delicious laughter, the adorable facetiousness, and the touching melodies of a perfect day.

MARY thought her husband the noblest thing in all the world. She thought there could be no higher ambition than to please him; no greater reward than to have succeeded. She must revamp her notion about life altogether, since life had given her someone to look up to; to go through all the rest of her life with a man to look up to, would be enough. She asked no more than that privilege of life; and this also, that life itself might be long.

Now here was life, of which she asked no more than the enduring opportunity to look upward, giving her other things. The things that she might have had if she had just been allowed to grow up naturally. A companion in whose eyes she was actually and uncontrovertibly as innocent as she felt. She felt more and more, lately, like doing all the things that a girl as young as she was, as innocent as she felt, and as naturally gay, sweet-tempered, and high-spirited feels like doing.

With Bud she would never feel this same innocence, so suited to her years. To seem real even to herself, it required the connivance of a companion to whom it was real. She and Bud were good companions now, jolly even sometimes, but always, they were tacitly agreeing to overlook those many threads of destiny that could never be untangled.

How could anything she ever did that becomes a girl of her age, seem anything but play acting in her husband's eyes?

But Fred Jessup and Farmer Jessup and darling Mrs. Jessup—to them a gale of high spirits was a gale of high spirits and no more. If she had now in her eye a little of that innocent, lilting light that hungrily courts admiration, it was to them precisely what it was, and no more. For them, there could be behind it no possible history of one who has had to charm for bread and butter.

Bud might not have liked her to seem so young and gay and enthusiastic and innocent and frolicsome. He might have

thought that she was overdoing things—considering. How could he believe that, as she seemed, so she felt?

The Jessups put upon all her known good qualities the highest possible valuation. With Bud away, the Jessups were her whole world. Who was hurt then, if there were moments when she accepted herself at their valuation of her? Then came out of her, all by themselves, pretty little airs and graces and ready gifts of mirth and sympathy by which she herself was continually and delightfully surprised. She charmed, she magnetized.

TIME, which had so often dragged for her, so often seemed (as it does when there is horror) to stand still, flew now.

It was no sooner time for breakfast, than it seemed as if the delightful meal, from the red Chauteris and the yellow cream to the golden brown rich cakes, was over. How the mornings galloped by, with their snippings of flower stems in the hot garden, and the arranging of the flowers in the cool pantry, and the replacing of the bowls and vases in their appointed places; and the brisk walk with Fred before dinner; the early afternoon in the shade of the roses, the men smoking.

The sudden cooling of the air about five of the clock, and the big drive behind old Mingo, with Fred beside her, no longer coaching her facetiously, but accepting her part mastery of old Mingo as just one more of those accomplishments that her friends expected of her—how the days did gallop by! How everything went at the gallop except old Mingo—and he would (almost) if you pulled the reins so hard that he really thought you were trying to make him sit down.

Then bedtime, and the young people begging to stay up just a little longer (it was so cool and sweet) and staying up sometimes, and quite a little longer, after the old ones had gone to bed!

One night Fred jumped suddenly to his feet, stepped down into the garden, walked as far as the old figurehead of the good Harvest, turned and (she could only hear him, it was such a pitchy night) sang:

"What will you do, Love, when I am going  
With white sails flowing, the seas beyond?"

He moved still farther away:

"What will you do, love, when waves divide us,  
And friends do chide us for being fond?"

There was silence then, a pause; there had to be. You couldn't answer questions like that offhand. You had to think them over, digest them. It took a little time. But presently, she began to smile in the dark, the sweetest smile, that parted a little presently, so that her answer could escape and go out to him, catch him, before the white sails flowing had carried him too far:

"Though waves divide us, and friends do chide  
us,  
No farther abiding I'll still be true,  
And I'll pray for you, love, upon the ocean,  
In days devotion, that's what I'll do."

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## An Easy Way to Remove Dandruff

If you want plenty of thick, beautiful, glossy, silky hair do by all means get rid of dandruff, for it will starve your hair and ruin it if you don't.

The best way to get rid of dandruff is to dissolve it. To do this, just apply a little Liquid Arvon at night before retiring; use enough to moisten the scalp, and rub it in gently with the finger tips.

By morning, most, if not all, of your dandruff will be gone, and three or four more applications should completely remove every sign and trace of it.

You will find, too, that all itching of the scalp will stop, and your hair will look and feel a hundred times better. You can get Liquid Arvon at any drug store. A four-ounce bottle is usually all that is needed.

The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

She felt just as young and innocent, as any girl of twenty-one ought to feel. That which she was, that peculiar and personal entity of the spirit, had never been taken from her by any man, nor given by her to any man. It was still her own. She was still complete. What if the Indians had burned away the half of her head in their camp-fire; and she remembered their doing so? Here she was, bobbed up again, serene and comfortable, with not so much as one least scrap of her pretty round head missing.

There was Bud's first wife, for instance. Nobody would point the finger of scorn at Bud's first wife, because she had only broken the spirit of the moralities. Loving Bud in the first place, she had given him

all that she had to give. Tiring of Bud, she found herself trying to take back from Bud that which can by no means be taken back, so that she might bestow the same on someone else.

Whatever it was that she had to bestow and wished to bestow could not, without besmirchment, be bestowed, until the law said that she was no longer Bud's wife. Impurity was not so much in the fact of being impure as in the wishing to be impure. Yet as the world goes, the impure wisher has only to restrain herself until a judge has spoken.

The first Mrs. Highland could think evil and do evil and get away with it, but Mary Highland, to whom evil had been done by others, was damned.

*So Mary sets foot on dangerous ground. Over her floods a wave of self-pity—and her husband is away, while close at hand is a man who, innocent of her past, finds her charming. Can she tread safely a path so beset? See Hearst's International for October, ready September 20th.*

## Simon Called Peter

**The Book of the Month by Robert Keable—Continued from page 93**

herself. "Girls," she said, "we must go. It's fearfully late."

Donovan sat up. "What about taxis?" Peter went to the door. "They'll fetch them," he said. "I've made an arrangement." He went a little unsteadily to find the maitre d'hôtel and settled the bill. They were tramping down the stairs as he came out of the little office, Julie leading, laughing uproariously at some joke.

A taxi came up. "Jump in, Julie," said Peter. She got in and Peter put his hand on the door. "I've settled everything, Donovan," he said. "See you tomorrow. Good night, Tommy."

In the closed and darkened taxi, he put his arm around Julie and drew her to him. "Oh, my darling," he murmured. "Julie, do you love me, as I love you? I can't live without you." He covered her face with hot kisses, and she kissed him back.

"Julie," he said at length, "my leave's come. Couldn't you possibly be in England when I'm there? I saw you first on the boat coming over—remember? And you're due again."

"It would be heaven, Peter. I could meet you in town easily," she told him. "I'll run down for a day or two to some friends in Sussex, and then come up to visit more in town."

"Splendid!" he answered. "I'll make all the arrangements. Shall we take a flat, or shall we go to a hotel? A hotel's more fun, perhaps, and we can have a suite."

She leaned over against him and caught his hand with a little intake of breath. "I'll leave it all to you, my darling."

**I**N LONDON, he met Julie. For three days, they were constantly together—from Friday until Monday morning when Peter's leave expired. What part the girl played in the great change in his attitude toward life and religion that occurred during that time Peter did not realize; it is doubtful if he ever realized it. Certainly, in many of the things she said, he did not follow her, but, nevertheless, the change took place. On Sunday, he went to church and when he came back, Julie was waiting for him.

Peter did not go over to her at once as she had expected. It was not that he

felt he could not, but simply that he was thinking of her in a secondary way.

"Where have you been and what have you seen?" demanded Julie.

"I've seen," said Peter, "a bigger thing than I thought the world could hold. I've seen something so wonderful, Julie, that it hurt—oh, more than I can say. I've seen Love, Julie."

She could not help it. It was a foolish thing to say just then, she knew, but it came out: "Oh, Peter, did you have to leave me to see that?"

"Leave you?" he questioned. Then he smiled and he came over to her, and took her hand and sat down, his eyes still full of light. "It's far bigger than you or I, Julie. Our love is like a candle held up to the sun beside it. Our love wants something, doesn't it? It burns, it—it intoxicates, Julie. But this love waits, waits, do you understand? It asks nothing; it gives, it suffices all. And you can spurn it, spit on it, crucify it, and it is still there when you need it, Julie."

Julie heard him through. "And when you saw this—this love, Peter, how did you feel?"

"I don't know, Julie. It went through and through me."

"And then you came back to Julie, eh, Peter?" she questioned.

He frowned. "What do you mean? Don't you understand? It was God's Love that I saw."

She hesitated a minute, and then her face relaxed into a smile. "You're as blind as a bat, my dear, but I suppose all men are, and so you can't help it. Now go and ring for breakfast while I change." And Peter, because he hated to be called a bat and did not feel in the least like one, went.

It rained on that last day so that Julie cried, "Why does it always rain in London on Sunday!" But they got out in the afternoon, and in the evening they went together to church. The sermon meshed with Peter's thoughts of the morning and as soon as they were out he began telling Julie how the words had impressed him:

"Oh, it's all so plain!" he cried. "Nothing ultimately can kill the Heart of Jesus."



If there were a way to that Heart, one would be safe. I mean a way that is not an emotional idea, not a subjective experience, but something practical. Some way that a Tommy could travel as easily as anyone, and get to a real thing. Julie, I never saw the idea before. It's colossal. It's a thing to live and die gladly for. I can see a great, wonderful vision, and it fills my sight."

"I, too," she said, "but it's not your vision, Peter."

"What is it, then?" he demanded.

"Oh, Peter, don't you know yet?"

He took her arm very tenderly at that. "My darling," he said, "the two aren't incompatible. Julie, don't be sad. I love you far more than anything else. I won't give you up, even to God!"

There, then, he sealed her with his kiss.

**J**ULIE stirred in his arms the next morning, but the movement did not wake him. She switched on the light. It was 5:30 and necessary. She kissed him and he opened his eyes.

"Half-past five, Peter," she said as gaily as she could. "You've got to get a move on, dear. Two hours to dress and pack and breakfast—no, I suppose you can breakfast on the train. How it brings the war home, doesn't it? Jump up."

Peter sighed. "Blast the war. I shan't move. Kiss me again, darling, and let your hair fall over my face."

She did so and its glossy curtain hid them. Beneath the veil she whispered, "Come, darling, for my sake. The longer you stay here now, the harder it will be. Now go and shave and bathe while I pack for you."

While he splashed about she sought his things and packed for him as she never packed for herself. She filled the suitcase but she could not fasten it. "Come and help, Peter," she called. He came out and shut the suitcase.

"Now," he said, "I'll be ready in a second and then we can have a few minutes together."

At the glass he marshaled his arguments, and then he came over to her. He dropped down and wound his arms about her. "Julie," he whispered, "my darling, say you'll marry me. You know how I love you. I love you so much that I can't live without you. I'll give up everything for you. I want to start a new life with you. I want to put you right in the center of everything and live for you, Julie. Say, yes, my love. You must say, yes."

She made no reply and a kind of despair seized him. "Oh, Julie, what can I say or what can I do? You're cruel, Julie; you're killing me. You must say yes before I go. We'll meet in Havre I know; but that will be so different. I must have my answer now. Oh, my darling, please speak. You love me, Julie, don't you?"

"Peter," said Julie slowly. "I love you so much that I hardly dare speak, lest my love should carry me away. But, Peter, I've watched you for three days; I've watched you in France. I've watched you from the moment I called you over because I was interested and felt my fate, I suppose. I've watched you struggling along, Peter. You're built for great things, my dear. I love you so that my love for you is my center, it's my all in all, it's my hope of salvation, Peter. Do you hear,

my darling, my love, it's my one hope! If I can't keep that pure and clean, Peter, I ruin both of us. I love you so, Peter, that I won't marry you."

He gave a little cry but swiftly she put a hand over his mouth. She smiled at him as she did so, a daring little smile. "Be quiet, you Solomon, you. I haven't finished. Now listen again, Peter: you can't help it, but you can't love me as I love you. I see it. I—I hate it, I think; but I know it and there's an end. You, my dear, you would put me in the center, but you can't. You would give up God for me, but you can't, or if you did, you'd lose us both. But I, Peter—oh, my darling, I have no god but you. And that's why I'll worship you, Peter, and sacrifice to you, Peter, sacrifice to your ultimate happiness, Peter, and sacrifice my all."

He sank his head into his hands and she heard him sobbing.

"Ah, don't, don't," she pleaded, "don't, Peter. It's not so bad as that. Your life is going to be full, my beloved, with a great and burning love. And I, my dear, I have something even now which no devil, Peter, and no god can take away."

He looked up. "Then there's a chance, Julie? You won't say yes, but don't say no. Let us see. I shall take no vows, Julie. I haven't an idea what I shall do. Oh, say you'll wait a while, Julie, to see!"

It was the supreme moment. She saw no crucifix to sustain her, but she did not hesitate. "No, Peter," she said, "I would not take that and you never could give it. I did not mean such place as that. It never can be, Peter."

**T**HE MAID came in answer to her ring. "Will you light a fire, please?" said Julie. "I suppose Captain Graham has gone?"

"Yes, ma'am, he's gone and he felt it terrible, I could see. But don't you fear, ma'am, he'll be kept, I know he will. You're that good, he'll come back to you, never fear. But it's 'ard on those they leave, ain't it, ma'am—their wives and all?"

"Yes," said Julie, and she never spoke more bravely. "But it's got to be, hasn't it? Would you pull the blind up? Why, it's sunny. I'm glad. It will be good for the crossing."

"It will that, ma'am. We gets the sun first up here. Shall I bring up the tea, ma'am?"

"I'll ring," said Julie, "when I want it. It won't be for a few minutes yet."

The girl went out and the door shut behind her. Julie lay on still for a little and then she got up. She walked to the window and looked out and she threw her arms wide with a gesture, and shut her eyes, and let the sun fall on her. Then she walked to her little trunk and rummaged in it. From somewhere far down, she drew out a leather case, and with it in her hand she went over and sat by the fire.

One by one, she drew out a few worthless things—a withered bunch of primroses, a couple of little scribbled notes, a paper cap from a cracker, a menu card, a handkerchief of her own that she had lent to him and that he (just like Peter) had given back. She held them all in her hand a minute, and then she bent forward and dropped them into the open fire.

And the sun rose a little higher and fell on the tumbled brown hair that Peter had kissed and that now hid her eyes.

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Correct answers shown in panel below

### 1. Would You Write—

|                        |    |                          |
|------------------------|----|--------------------------|
| Between you and I      | or | Between you and ME       |
| I FEAR it would come   | or | I WISH it would come     |
| WHO shall I call       | or | WHOM shall I call        |
| It's just AS I said    | or | It's just LIKE I said    |
| How MANY are there     | or | How MUCH are there       |
| I WOULD like to go     | or | I SHOULD like to go      |
| The FIRST TWO lessons  | or | The TWO FIRST lessons    |
| He sat AMONG the three | or | He sat BETWEEN the three |
| The wind blows COLD    | or | The wind blows COLDLY    |
| You will FIND ONLY one | or | You will ONLY FIND one   |

### 2. How Do You Say—

|              |                |    |                |
|--------------|----------------|----|----------------|
| evening      | EV-ning        | or | EVE-ning       |
| ascertain    | AS-cer-tain    | or | as-CER-tain    |
| hospitable   | HOS-pli-ta-ble | or | hos-PIT-able   |
| abdomen      | ab-DO-men      | or | ab-DO-men      |
| majority     | MAY-or-al-ty   | or | may-OR-al-ty   |
| unmanageable | a-ME-na-ble    | or | a-MEN-able     |
| acclimate    | ac-CLi-mate    | or | ac-CLi-mate    |
| prefound     | pre-FOUND      | or | pre-FOUND      |
| beneficiary  | ben-e-FISH-ary | or | ben-e-FISH-ary |
| culinary     | CU-li-na-ry    | or | CU-li-na-ry    |

### 3. Do You Spell It

|           |    |          |    |             |    |             |
|-----------|----|----------|----|-------------|----|-------------|
| calendar  | or | calendEr | or | repEtition  | or | replition   |
| receive   | or | recIve   | or | separate    | or | separate    |
| reprieve  | or | reprieve | or | acomodate   | or | acomodate   |
| donkeys   | or | donkeys  | or | trafficking | or | trafficking |
| factories | or | factoryS | or | acS-Sible   | or | acC-Ssible  |

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I wish it would come  
Whom shall I call  
It's just as I said  
How many are there  
I should like to go  
The first two lessons  
He sat among the three  
The wind blows cold  
You will find only one

### 2

EVE-ning  
AS-cer-tain  
HOS-pli-ta-ble  
ab-DO-men  
MAY-or-al-ty  
a-ME-na-ble  
ac-CLi-mate  
ben-e-FISH-ary  
CU-li-na-ry

### 3

calendar  
receive  
reprieve  
donkeys  
factories  
repetition  
separate  
accommodate  
trafficking  
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**C.** *Aldous Huxley's Story of a Strange Woman and a Stranger Plot—Continued from page 28*

## The Gioconda Smile

view of poor Emily's health." Mr. Hutton held open the gate that led into the drive.

"Libbard is only a country doctor. You really ought to see a specialist. I am serious. I think poor Emily is in a very bad state. Anything might happen—at any moment."

He handed her into the car. She leaned forward and shot a Gioconda in his direction. "Remember, I expect you to come and see me again soon."

Mechanically he grinned, made a polite noise and as the car moved forward waved his hand. He was happy to be alone.

A few minutes afterwards Mr. Hutton himself drove away. Doris was waiting at the cross-roads. They dined together, twenty miles from home, at one of those bad, expensive country hotels frequented by motorists. It revolted Mr. Hutton, but Doris enjoyed it. She always enjoyed everything.

It was after eleven when Mr. Hutton reached home. Dr. Libbard met him in the hall.

"Libbard?" said Mr. Hutton in surprise. "You here? Is my wife ill?"

"We tried to fetch you earlier," the soft, melancholy voice replied. "It was thought you were at Mr. Johnson's, but they had no news of you there."

"No. I was detained. I had a breakdown." Mr. Hutton answered irritably.

"Your wife wanted to see you urgently."

"Well, I can go now." Mr. Hutton moved toward the stairs.

Dr. Libbard laid a sympathetic hand on his arm. "I am afraid it's too late. Mrs. Hutton passed away half an hour ago. It was heart failure brought on by a violent attack of nausea, caused in its turn by the eating of something of an irritant nature."

**I**T'S A PITY they should have chosen the day of the Eton and Harrow match for the funeral," old General Grego complained.

Mr. Hutton overheard the remark. Was there no respect for the dead? In theory he didn't much care; let the dead bury their dead. But here at the graveside he had found himself actually sobbing. Poor Emily, they had been pretty happy once.

That evening, Mr. Hutton sat up late in his library reading the life of Milton. It was after midnight when he had finished. He got up from his armchair, unbolted the French windows and stepped out on the little paved terrace. He began to think with a kind of confused violence.

Oh, he was a futile and disgusting being. Everything convinced him of it. It was a solemn moment. He went to bed humble and contrite but with a sense that grace had entered into him. He slept for seven and a half hours and woke to find the sun brilliantly shining. Milton and death seemed somehow different in the sunlight. As for the stars, they were not there. But the resolutions were good; even in the daytime he could see that.

He had his horse saddled after breakfast and rode round the farm with the bailiff. After luncheon he read Thucydides on the Plague at Athens. In the evening he went to his library and made

a few notes on malaria in Southern Italy.

On the sixth morning of his new life Mr. Hutton found among his correspondence an envelope addressed in that peculiarly vulgar handwriting which he knew to be Doris's. He opened it and began to read. His wife dying like that, and so suddenly—it was too terrible. Mr. Hutton sighed, but his interest revived somewhat as he continued reading:

"Death is so frightening, I never think of it when I can help it. But when something like this happens or when I am feeling ill or depressed then I can't help remembering it is there so close and I think about all the wicked things I have done and about you and me and I wonder what will happen and I am so frightened. I am so lonely, Teddy Bear, and so unhappy. I am so wretched and helpless without you, I didn't mean to write to you. I meant to wait till you were out of mourning and could come and see me again. But I was so lonely and miserable, Teddy Bear, I had to write, I couldn't help it. Forgive me. I want you so much, I have nobody in the world but you. You are so good and gentle and understanding; there is nobody like you. I shall never forget how good and kind you have been to me. You are so clever and know so much I can't understand how you ever came to pay any attention to me, I am so dull and stupid, much less like me and love me, because you do love me a little, don't you, Teddy Bear?"

**P**OOOR LITTLE DORIS! He would write to her kindly, comfortingly, but he wouldn't see her again.

Five days later Doris and Mr. Hutton were sitting together on the pier at Southend. Doris in white muslin with pink garnishings radiated happiness; Mr. Hutton, legs outstretched and chair tilted, had pushed the Panama back from his forehead and was trying to feel like a tripper. That night, when Doris was asleep, he recaptured the rather cosmic emotion which had possessed him that evening not a fortnight ago when he had made his great resolution. And so his solemn oath had already gone the way of so many other resolutions. Unreason had triumphed; at the first itch of desire he had given way. He was hopeless, absolutely hopeless.

For a long time he lay with closed eyes, ruminating his humiliation. The girl stirred in her sleep. She was beautiful, desirable. Why did he lie there moaning over his sins? What did it matter? If he were hopeless, then so be it. A glorious sense of irresponsibility filled him. He was free, magnificently free. The girl woke, bewildered, almost frightened, under his rough kisses.

The storm subsided into a kind of serene merriment. The atmosphere seemed to be quivering with enormous, silent laughter.

"Could anyone love you as much as I do, Teddy Bear?" The question came faintly from distant worlds of love.

"I think I know somebody who does," Mr. Hutton replied. The submarine laughter was swelling, rising, ready to break the surface of silence and resound.

"Who? Tell me. What do you mean?" The voice had come very close, charged with suspicion, anguish, indignation; it belonged to this immediate world.

"A—ah!"

"Who?"

"You'll never guess." Mr. Hutton kept up the joke until it began to grow tedious and then pronounced the name, Janet Spence. Doris was incredulous. "Miss Spence of the manor? That old woman?" It was too ridiculous. Mr. Hutton laughed.

"But it's quite true," he said. "She adores me." Oh, the vast joke! He would go and see her as he returned. "I believe she wants to marry me," he added.

"But you don't intend. . . ."

Mr. Hutton laughed aloud. "I intend to marry you," he said. It seemed to him the best joke he had ever made.

When Mr. Hutton left Southend he was once more a married man. It was agreed that for the time being the fact should be kept secret. In the autumn they would go abroad together and the world should then be informed.

The day after his return he walked over in the afternoon to see Miss Spence. She received him with the old Gioconda.

"I was expecting you to come."

"I couldn't keep away," Mr. Hutton gallantly replied.

They sat in the summer-house.

"I am thinking of going to Italy this autumn," said Mr. Hutton.

"Italy. . . ." Miss Spence closed her eyes ecstatically. "I feel drawn there, myself."

"Why not let yourself be drawn?"

"I don't know. One somehow hasn't the energy and initiative to set out alone."

"Alone. . . . Yes, traveling alone isn't much fun," he replied.

Pressed to stay to dinner, Mr. Hutton did not refuse. The fun had hardly started. The table was laid in the loggia. A huge cloud was mounting up the sky and the first drops of rain fell.

**M**ISS SPENCE broke a long silence.

"I think everyone has a right to a certain amount of happiness, don't you?"

"Most certainly." But what was she leading up to? Happiness—he looked back on his own life and saw a cheerful, placid existence. And now he was not merely happy, he had discovered in irresponsibility the secret of gaiety.

"People like you and me have a right to be happy some time in our lives."

"Me?" said Mr. Hutton, surprised.

"Poor Henry! Fate hasn't treated either of us very well. You're being cheerful. That's brave of you. But don't think I can't see behind the mask."

Miss Spence spoke louder and louder as the rain came down more and more heavily.

"I have understood you so well and for so long, Henry."

A flash revealed her, aimed and intent, leaning toward [Continued on page 126]

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[Continued from page 124]

him. The darkness reengulfed her.

"You were a lonely soul seeking a companion soul. What you needed, Henry, was a soul mate."

A soul mate, he! a soul mate. It was incredibly fantastic.

"My heart went out to you. I could understand. I was lonely, too." Miss Spence laid her hand on his knee. "You were so patient. But I could guess, I could guess, Henry."

"How wonderful of you."

"Don't you feel that you have within you something that is akin to this storm?" He could imagine her leaning forward as she uttered the words. "Passion makes one the equal of the elements."

Mr. Hutton suddenly took fright.

"Passion? No," he desperately answered. "I am without passion."

But his remark was either unheard or unheeded, for Miss Spence went on, speaking so rapidly, and in such a burning intimate whisper that Mr. Hutton found it very difficult to distinguish what she was saying. Darkness, and then flash! her face was there, close at hand. A pale mask, greenish white; the large eyes, the narrow barrel of the mouth.

He began devising absurd plans for escaping. He might suddenly jump up, pretending he had seen a burglar. The spasmodic clutching of her hand recalled his thoughts.

"Marriage is a sacred tie and your respect for it even when the marriage was, as it was in your case, an unhappy one, made me respect you and admire you and—shall I dare say the word—yes, love you, Henry, all the more. But we're free now, Henry," she pleaded.

Free? There was a movement in the dark and she was kneeling by his chair.

"Oh, Henry, I have been unhappy, too."

Her arms embraced him and by the shaking of her body he could feel that she was sobbing. She might have been a suppliant crying for mercy.

"You mustn't, Janet," he protested. Those tears were terrible, terrible. "Not now, not now. You must be calm, you must go to bed." He patted her shoulder, then got up, disengaging himself from her embrace. He left her still crouching on the floor beside the chair on which he had been sitting.

How heartrendingly she had sobbed!

What had she said about passion and the elements? Something absurdly stale, but true, true.

She was probably kneeling by that chair in the loggia crying.

"WHAT are you thinking about, Teddy Bear? You look so solemn."

"Nothing."

There was a silence. Mr. Hutton remained motionless, his elbows on the parapet of the terrace, his chin in his hands, looking down over Florence.

"Are you worried about anything?"

"No, thank you."

Mr. Hutton turned round, smiled and patted the girl's hand. "I think you'd better go in and have your siesta."

"Very well, Teddy Bear. Are you coming, too?"

"When I've finished my cigar."

Mr. Hutton continued his contempla-

tion of Florence. He had need to be alone. Doris was always with him, like an obsession, like a guilty conscience.

He pulled an envelope out of his pocket. He hated letters; they always contained something unpleasant—nowadays since his second marriage. This was from his sister. He began skimming through the insulting home truths of which it was composed. Then his eye fell on a sentence at the bottom of the third page. His heart beat with uncomfortable violence as he read it. It was too monstrous! Janet Spence was going about telling everyone that he had poisoned his wife in order to marry Doris.

Then suddenly he saw the ridiculous side of the situation. The notion that he should have murdered anyone in order to marry Doris! If they only knew how miserably bored he was.

FOR a good many days the Hutton case had a prominent place on the front page of every newspaper.

Mr. Hutton's first emotion when he was summoned from Italy to give evidence at the inquest was one of indignation. It was a monstrous, a scandalous thing that the police should take such idle, malicious gossip seriously.

The inquest was opened; the astonishing evidence unrolled itself. The experts had examined the body and found traces of arsenic; they were of opinion that death was caused by arsenic poisoning.

Arsenic poisoning. . . . Emily had died of arsenic poisoning? When was the poison administered? The experts agreed that it must have been swallowed eight or nine hours before death. About lunch-time. Clara, the parlor-maid, was called. Mrs. Hutton, she remembered, had asked her to go and fetch her medicine. Mr. Hutton had volunteered to go instead; he had gone alone. Miss Spence confirmed Clara's statement and added that Mr. Hutton had come back with the medicine already poured out in a wine glass; he did not have the bottle.

Mr. Hutton's indignation evaporated. He was dismayed, frightened. It was all too fantastic to be taken seriously, and yet this nightmare was happening.

The inquest was adjourned. That evening Doris went to bed with a headache. When he went to her room after dinner Mr. Hutton found her crying.

"What's the matter?" He sat down on the edge of her bed and began to stroke her hair, mechanically.

"It's my fault, it's my fault!" Doris suddenly sobbed out. "I shouldn't have loved you. If they do anything to you I shall kill myself," she cried.

She drew him inert and passive toward her, clasped him, pressed herself against him. "I didn't know you loved me as much as that, Teddy Bear. But why did you do it, why did you do it?"

Mr. Hutton undid her clasping arms and got up. His face became very red. "You seem to take it for granted that I murdered my wife. What do you all take me for? A cinema hero?" He had begun to lose his temper. "It's all such damned stupidity. I suppose you imagined I was so insanely in love with you that I could commit any folly. When will you women understand that one isn't insanely in love? I don't know what the devil ever induced

me to marry you. It was all a damned stupid, practical joke."

Mr. Hutton stamped toward the door. "Teddy Bear!" The voice that came through the closed door was agonized. He touched the handle, then withdrew his fingers and quickly walked away. When he was half-way down the stairs he halted. She might try to do something silly, throw herself out of the window. Should he go back? He was damned if he would—he hated her.

He sat for a long time in the library. What happened, what was happening? He turned the question over and over in his mind and could find no answer. Suppose the nightmare dreamed itself out to its horrible conclusion. Death was waiting for him. He felt that some extraordinary kind of justice was being done. In the past he had been wanton and imbecile and irresponsible. Now Fate was playing as wantonly, as irresponsibly with him. It was tit for tat, and God existed after all.

He went upstairs to ask Doris's forgiveness. He found her lying on the couch at the foot of the bed. On the floor beside her stood a blue bottle of liniment; she seemed to have drunk about half of it.

"You didn't love me," was all she said when she opened her eyes.

Dr. Libbard arrived in time to prevent any very serious consequences. "You mustn't do this again," he said, while Mr. Hutton was out of the room. "There's nothing to prevent you," he said. "Only yourself and your baby. Isn't it rather bad luck on your baby, not allowing it to come into the world just because you want to go out of it?"

Doris was silent for a time. "All right," she whispered. "I won't."

Mr. Hutton sat by her bedside for the rest of the night. He felt himself now to be indeed a murderer. At six o'clock he undressed and went to bed for a couple of hours' sleep.

In the course of the same afternoon the coroner's jury brought in a verdict of wilful murder and Mr. Hutton was committed for trial.

MISS SPENCE was not well. She slept badly and suffered from nervous indigestion. Dr. Libbard used to call every other day. She talked to him a great deal—mostly about the Hutton case. Wasn't it appalling to think that she had had a murderer in her house? Wasn't it extraordinary that one could have been for so long mistaken about the man's character? And then the girl he had gone off with—so low class! The news that the second Mrs. Hutton was expecting a baby—the posthumous child of a condemned and executed criminal—revolted her; the thing was shocking, an obscenity.

One morning he interrupted her in the midst of her customary tirade. "By the way," in his soft melancholy voice—"I suppose it was really you who poisoned Mrs. Hutton, wasn't it?"

Miss Spence stared at him for two or three seconds with enormous eyes and then quietly said, "Yes." After that she started to cry.

"In the coffee, I suppose?"

She seemed to nod assent. Dr. Libbard took out his fountain pen and in his neat, meticulous calligraphy wrote out a prescription for a sleeping draught.



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## Henry Holt's Story of a Girl Stowaway—From page 75

## Peggy



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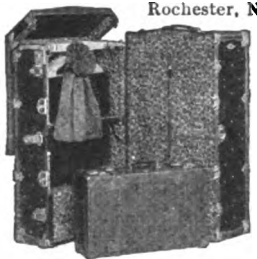


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funnel, she peered back and saw him standing right at the edge of the wharf, his face crinkled with amusement.

Peggy felt it was her turn to be amused. Like a panther, she darted under cover along the well deck, and sped up the gangway. She was immediately behind her tormenter, and then with a swift dart forward, pushed him into the sea.

When his head bobbed to the surface a minute later, Peggy leaned back and shrieked with laughter.

A figure appeared suddenly on the freighter's deck. There were hurried footsteps and a rope was flung over the side. "Hi! Catch hold, quick. Sharks!" came in a sailor's voice.

The grim warning sent a shiver through Peggy's frame. The boy grasped the rope. A fin, darting along the surface, cut a sharp ripple. Peggy's eyes filled with horror. She watched until the dripping boy's form was hauled over the rail. Then she fled into the fastness of piled up merchandise, there to sit hidden, curled up on a bale, shivering in the heat.

LIFE took Peggy over at least five of the seven seas during the next few years, for when the ship returned to America nothing would induce her to leave Pop. She grew up untamed as ever. Here and there, men made love to her. Once it was the Nancy's second mate who, in his innocence, built visions of happiness with her as his wife.

Then in Peggy's twentieth year, the Nancy called again at Iloilo. The freighter was to lie there for two days and nights. Peggy looked at Iloilo through different eyes this time. Devilment she would always seek, but it was now only a distraction from problems that were growing ever deeper.

She heard that at night there was dancing, of sorts, at the Assembly Room. Now, to Peggy, the dancers she met anywhere were only incidental; the dancing was the thing. Most of the men she met were raw specimens, but they stirred something of the savage within her. She chuckled quietly over one or two incidents of the evening.

Next evening Peggy re-adorned herself in the jade and sequins dress for another night of glitter, and had just emerged from the companionway when she saw a man crossing the gangway.

"Is Captain Fenton on board?"

Peggy looked at him for full ten seconds before replying.

"Not just now. He'll be back soon."

The man gave her a keen look, as though searching for some vague memory. Peggy's brain sped backward.

"Yes, it's me," she said. "I've tried to figure out sometimes what it would have been like—for me—if that shark got you."

A slow smile came to the man. Amusedly, he extended a hand to Peggy.

"Why, we're quite old friends, aren't we?" he said. "That must have been—"

"Seven years ago," she prompted. Peggy was rather pleased that she was

wearing her bespangled jade-green dress. "I'm not in any hurry. Come below and have a drink."

"You been here at Iloilo all the time?" she asked, setting glasses on the table.

"No, I was in England for five years—only came back six weeks ago. Leaving again in the fall."

Peggy regarded him with curious gravity. She might know sailors from A to Z but there were qualities about this man which no sailor shared. There were things about him that she wanted to store up in her memory.

Tomorrow the sea would lie between them. Her eyes narrowed the barest shade at the thought. Why didn't she want him to go away now? Why—her brain was flooded by a succession of puzzling questions.

"I want to ask you a question," she said at last, looking at the man keenly. "Maybe you'll think I'm a hell of a fool. What I want to get at is this: Why are you different from the other men I know?"

"In what way?" came from him with quick sympathy for her mood.

"I don't know. Can I talk like this to you? I think I can, somehow. I mean, you wouldn't think I was—mushy, huh?"

"I believe," he said, "that you and I could talk to one another a whole lot and not misunderstand. It's mental sympathy, I suppose, and—and mutual liking. One doesn't often find that in the truest sense. When it exists between a man and a woman, that sympathy and liking develop to something else that generally calls out the best in each. It's a case of reaching out at the stars."

Peggy frowned. "Do you mean gettin' married?" she asked.

"IN THE story books, yes. But life doesn't always work out that way. I wonder if you'll understand if I quote another line: 'A man's reach should exceed his grasp, or what's a heaven for?'"

The frown on Peggy's forehead deepened as she thought this over.

"Does it mean that love is all kidding? If so, it's wrong. I know. What's that last line again?"

He repeated it.

"Well, is it true that a woman's reach should exceed her grasp or what's a heaven for?"

The man smiled and shook his head.

A heavy step on the deck, and two minutes later, Pop and Jeffry Vance were immersed in the question of freights. Peggy, the dance forgotten for the time, sat listening and watching.

"All right, captain," he said at last. "You're sailing at noon tomorrow. I'll come down and (his glance shifted for an instant to Peggy) see you in the morning before you go."

Next morning the ship sailed, making Peggy desolate.

"Member young Vance who came down to the ship last night?" Pop asked.

"Why, yes, I kinda remember something about him," agreed Peggy.



"He's broke his blame leg," Pop said. Just six months after the Nancy sailed from Iloilo, she sidled to the wharf at Hoboken where Captain David Fenton left the freighter to the tender mercies of the highest bidder. Up in Vermont he dropped his anchor for the last time. Peggy cooked his meals and sewed on his buttons, and took care of him, but it was a subtly changed Peggy.

The fall brought double pneumonia to Pop. Peggy bit her lip hard when the doctor told her the truth.

The sun sank out of Peggy's life when Pop died. He was the only human being she had ever known—save one—with whom she could talk always with perfect understanding. "Mental sympathy and mutual liking," Jeffry Vance called it.

PEGGY, in her twenty-second year, foot free, in New York City opened up a field largely speculative. A hundred times, in retrospect, since that evening in the Nancy's cabin at Iloilo, she had gone over her conversation with Jeffry Vance, and struggled to analyze the bewildering emotion with which he had inspired her.

What was that he had said about people like him and her if they were together long enough? If they were together long enough! What had she missed?

Of a sudden, Peggy sat stiffly upright. "Blamed if I don't make myself like he'd like me to be!" she said aloud.

"Sally," she said to a fellow boarder next afternoon, "I got to earn money. You're on the stage, dancing. Think you could fix me with a job?"

Sally, very much amused, looked sideways at Peggy.

"You'd better come along and see little Rosenbaum," she observed.

Rosenbaum, fat, nervously irritable but marvelously clever, watched Peggy dance as she had danced in short skirts to an audience of sailors.

"Samuel," Rosenbaum grunted to the man by his side, "my bet is that inside six months this girl will be a hit in vaudeville."

It was a sort of Box and Cox life that Peggy lived in the six months during which the clever little Jew's prophesy came true. One of the boarders at the Ninetieth Street establishment had been an English governess looking for a job. A germ idea in Peggy's brain grew to a conviction until it boiled over in words.

"Say, Mary, you've got somethin' I want," she said impulsively. "If money'll do it, I've got the price. I'm going to take a little apartment. If you come an' live with me, how long will it take you to make me talk your way? Act your way, too. Can it be done?"

"It could—" Mary began hesitatingly, "in time, if you wanted it hard enough."

A WOMAN of twenty-six, with gray-green eyes about which lurked innate devilry, leaned back in the cushions of her limousine while it slid swiftly through the streets of Philadelphia. The car glided to a standstill and the woman swept into a house whose windows blazed with lights. Three minutes later, standing before her hostess, her hand turned ice-like and her face became as marble.

"Mr. Jeffry Vance," the hostess was saying, utterly unaware that, for one of

her guests, the world had suddenly stood still as Jeffry Vance bowed over the hand of the vaudeville comet.

"I have had the honor of seeing you once before, Miss Saxley," he said, affably.

"Of seeing me?"

"Yes. On the stage of the Oxford in London, four years ago."

"I was in London then, of course." Peggy hardly knew what she was saying. Fate shouldn't play sudden pranks like this on people without warning.

"I'm not likely to forget it," he said, his face clouding slightly.

"Not—why, Mr. Vance? You rouse my curiosity."

He searched her eyes swiftly, a curious light in his own.

"The girl I was engaged to was with me that evening," he began. As the signal for dinner was given, he went on hurriedly: "I don't know why on earth I should tell you, but if I may somehow I'd like to, later this evening. May I?"

"You may," she said with a smile and a slight inclination of her queenly head as they parted.

She was within three feet of Jeffry Vance again. Her eyes traced the outline of him, rested on the tinge of gray about his temples, and then smiled into his eyes—smiled valiantly.

"I wanted to tell you about that night in London," he was saying.

"Oh, yes," Peggy acquiesced. "Before you were married."

"Quite so. As I told you, my fiancée was with me." He paused thoughtfully, his features suddenly serious. "Miss Saxley—stop me, won't you, if this is bromidic?—but you know there's a theory that nine out of every ten men who marry carry to the grave the ideal memory of the woman they didn't marry. And it is you I have to thank that I'm not one of the nine. I never married."

A wordless sound came from the woman, but her eyes were marvelously steady.

"THE ONLY girl who ever made a lasting, a permanent impression on me," he went on, "was extraordinarily like you, Miss Saxley. I only met her once, and she has haunted me ever since the day I lost sight of her."

There was a queer note in Peggy's little laugh.

"Perhaps—perhaps she wasn't a bit like the girl you imagine. I wonder what really made you tell me this."

"I wonder," he agreed.

"This girl you only met once—tell me about her, won't you?" she asked. "How was she like me?"

"It is remarkable," Jeffry Vance looked at her closely. "The more I see of you the more impressed I am by the resemblance. And yet—and yet, somehow—"

"Somehow, what?"

"Well, her face and hair and even her voice were like yours, but she was a rough diamond."

"How rough?"

"Well, very. However, does that count in the eternal scheme of things?"

Peggy's heart sang within her as she rose suddenly.

"Will you call on me when you come to New York?" she asked.

"On Sunday next, if I may."

"I shall expect you."

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"Mary," said Peggy, her eyes smouldering, "if you love a man so badly that it hurts, if you want him so much that nothing else in the world counts, and you know you can have him if you set yourself to the task, and if you know you're only a counterfeit like me, and you know you'll be putting one over on him if you take him, should you take what the gods offer, or leave him for some other girl who could give him children with real blood instead of the counterfeit thing?"

"Peggy," she managed at length, "you have never spoken of it, but ever since you and I first talked I have known there was a man to whom you looked—a man you loved. Whether you receive it or not, you have earned the greatest reward life could offer."

Peggy sat very still, very white.  
"What a tangled mess life can be," she said slowly.

FROM the depths of a trunk, Peggy unearthed a frock. There was something of the old untamed tigress about her as she held the garment up and inspected it.

Four times since their meeting in Philadelphia, he had called at the apartment, and four times she had felt herself change as by magic to another being. Tonight they were all three to dine at the Carlitz—Jeffrey Vance, Mary and Peggy.

The limousine swept them toward the Carlitz. Vance came toward them, his gaze on Peggy. Then, in an instant, she had turned, passed through the revolving door and fled precipitately.

Jeffrey Vance stood awkwardly while you might have counted five, and then

darted after her, only to hear the slam of a taxi door and the grinding of gears.

"Where has she gone?" he asked Mary. "I must find her. I must. A very wonderful thing has happened just now. It came to me in a flash as she stood there. Peggy is the girl I have always loved."

"Come, we will go back home. Peggy will be there," Mary said.

Jeffrey crossed the threshold softly, and found Peggy, a crumpled little ball of jade-green, shoulders shaking convulsively. He stooped over the settee, and laid a hand on her shoulder.

"Life is wicked, Mary," Peggy sobbed, without looking round. "Life is cruel. God knows I didn't ask to be born in an East Side tenement, and I didn't ask to love him. I couldn't help that. It had to be, from the moment I first saw him. He once saw me in this green dress. He might remember it and then he'd know. I'd be terrified of seeing his face when he knew—because it'd hurt me so. But that would be better, wouldn't it, Mary?"

Then, with a quick turn of the shoulders her tear-stained face was turned to his.

"You!" she cried.

Suddenly in that shaded room, time and space and accident of birth were swept away into nothingness on a flood of golden glory. He stooped over her, closer, closer, until his lips touched hers.

"My sweet," he said after a while, fingering the jade-green thing tenderly, "promise me that you will never part with this dress. I've always—always kind of associated it with heaven."

"Well," came from Peggy with a triumphant ring, her arms clinging, "this is heaven, isn't it?"

*Blasco Ibañez Hears Peace and Fears War—Continued from page 54*

## Trembling Europe

European nations which are not at present in revolution know just as little where they are heading for. Lloyd George knows just as much as Lenin does about the Europe of next year. Both are equally blind, living only in the present, without any foresight today of what the hours contained in tomorrow will bring.

With all its diplomatic conferences and meetings for the maintenance of peace, Europe resembles an enormous ship, striving, in spite of its broken mast, to ride the storm. The officers meet on the bridge, and talk interminably, each one of them convinced all the while that he is saying nothing but empty words. The charts and nautical instruments on the table, the books, all that they have studied, all the experience they have had, are useless, for the storm is a tempest whose fury surpasses all the calculations of men; the force moving in it is a mysterious thing beyond human comprehension; new forces unknown to physics appear today to be moving about the world. Everyone talks as though possessed of a conviction and a faith; and everyone is in his heart convinced that no one has the remedy which can be sincerely trusted in by others, and which will conjure away the peril.

The only thing invariably noticeable in these meetings held by a restless Europe is the fear of war. Yet each representative there is doing all within his power to bring

war about. Everyone affirms that he desires peace; and we can believe that peace is really desired inasmuch as without it all of these people must die. But each one wants peace on his own terms with special provisions for his own convenience. With a whole series of truths each one supports his own particular peace project. But alas! Absolute truth is nothing but an illusion designed to embellish our lives. As a matter of fact there are as many truths as there are interests. For this reason, just as long as men try to establish peace on truth, and not on sacrifice and mutual self-abnegation, we shall be doomed to war.

CHARITABLE and pacific enterprises find it difficult to obtain funds because such enterprises are usually managed by individuals. As war is the undertaking of governments, funds can always be found for its support. After peace was last declared, at a moment when all resources seemed exhausted, we saw a number of poor and unimportant nations go right on warring with one another in Asia Minor; apparently they do not lack for money. To do good is the difficult thing. If it is difficult among men, it is even more so among nations.

I hate war; and I believe that while it exists humanity will continue to live in that prehistoric period which began when men

made their lairs in caves; it is not in this period that their real history is to be found. That all lies in the future. But, while I love peace, I also love clearness of vision.

The Russian communists, anti-militaristic and enemies of property as they are, are maintaining a Red Army of constantly increasing size, with which to crush any small republic which is disobedient to the red despotism at Moscow, and, when the moment is opportune, to invade Poland and other border states.

The Germans preserve their warrior class intact, and it is a large one.

England is in search of whatever is to her interest, nothing else. Everyone knows, of course, that God created the rest of the world so that England could have colonies.

France, seeing that her eternal enemy is still intact and still threatening her on her

own threshold, remains on guard, disposed to strike so as not to see herself again in the same position of ceaseless anxiety that she experienced for forty-four years.

The nations take their seats at conference tables in much the same fashion as do the uncouth riders of certain South American desert lands, who sit down to talk and have a drink at the tavern table, all the while keeping their revolvers in their belts, a finger on the holster. Suddenly there is a general flare-up and everyone is firing at everyone else, while no one knows exactly who began the fracas.

I do not see peace in this Europe that is constantly meeting to look for it. Europe thinks it is to be won by words, but in the thoughts behind the words Europe has not even the faintest semblance of any truly Christian feeling.



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## Continuing from page 23 William Slavens McNutt's Story of The Boy Who Read Dime Novels

"I mean that what he may be before you get through with him 'll get scared of what you may be by that time. I'm pretty sure of what he ain't, but I'm not quite certain of what you are, Adam. My scheme may not be any good, but it's the best there is, because there ain't any other that's any good at all. What do you say?"

"I'll—I'll do anything you tell me," Adam said desperately.

"Then go get this big roughneck and hit," Peg commanded. "Sneak up on him and hit him once anyhow!"

"You mean—now?" Adam faltered.

"Right this minute!"

ADAM hesitated, trembling, every aching nerve and tortured tissue protesting in terms of eloquent pain.

Old Peg watched him closely. "There is them that says it's better to be a live dog than a dead lion," he said solemnly. "But somehow, I figure that if I was, say, a lady lion, I couldn't get up much pride about having a dog for a mate, just because he happened to be alive."

Adam found Hotchkiss playing poker in the Pike's Peak gambling-house. He got in one blow.

He was unconscious for half an hour after Hotchkiss finished with him. Some men carried him to his shack in the rear of Peg Shelby's store and put him in his bunk. He lay there for hours, weeping convulsively like a whipped child. Several times old Peg crept to the door, listened and went away. The last time he did this there were tears in his eyes as he departed, and when he was out of hearing he blew his nose violently.

"Dang me!" he muttered to himself. "If I was that scared and hurt about anything, I don't know for sure—but what I'd find some yellow in me some place that I'd never known was there before."

In the morning he stumped across the street to the Gold Hill restaurant and talked with Nora for a long time.

"I suspicion that that boy of yours is liable to get to be a right sizable man all of a sudden," he said. "Don't look for him to come around courtin' no more till it happens, and for the love o' Sam Hill don't go spoonin' around him while his

growin' pains are hurtin' him the way they are now! If you love him, keep away from him!"

Peg stumped away then and found Badger Hotchkiss taking his eye-opener at the bar of the Pike's Peak.

"Mornin', Badger," the old man greeted him affably. "I hear you been kind o' workin' on that young fellow that's been clerkin' for me."

"He ain't got sense," Badger growled. "I licked him in the afternoon and the damn' greedy little hop-toad come sniffin' round last night lookin' for more. I sure give it to him! You tell that young mosquito the next time he comes buzzin' round me, I'll smash him good and proper with an ounce of lead!"

"That's what I come to see you about, Badger," Peg said casually, leaning against the bar. "You know I'm an old man. I been round a lot o' places and seen a great deal one way an' another. An' then again, my rheumatism gives me more of a misery each winter. Sometimes I get to feelin' like as if I'd be better off dead. The way it is with me now, I just naturally don't give a damn, one way or another, whether I live a little longer or die now. O' course I may not be quite as fast at gettin' down to business as I was when I was younger, but then the way I look at it—what's the difference? I wouldn't be a bit surprised if you was to beat me on the draw, in case you an' me should have to argue the thing out that way."

MUCH of the color went suddenly out of Badger's face. He wet his lips with his tongue and swallowed once before he spoke.

"What are you getting at, Peg?" he asked, with a note of real apprehension in his voice.

"Why, what I was talkin' about," Peg rambled on. "Bout this business o' your usin' a gun on this boy, Adam Cravath, that clerks over to my place. He didn't grow up in a gun country, Badger. Just as long as you don't use anything on him but your feet an' fists, I can't see no call for me to find out whether age and rheumatism have slowed me up so much that you could put a gun into business before I could get mine to workin'. But the way I



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feel about it, me bein' so old, like I was tellin' you an' havin' seen such a lot an' not much carin' a damn whether I live any longer or not, why if you ever get to operatin' on that boy with a gun or knife, why I reckon I'll just have to give you the opportunity to show me how sudden you can be with your weapon when it's put up to you where you have to be a damn' sight sudden 'n you ever were yet, if you want to stay where you can look down at the daisies, 'stead o' bein' put where they grow up from."

He stumped away for a few feet, turned, looked back at Badger and drew himself erect. His face was grim and there was a hard glitter in his eyes.

"What I said, goes!" he said sternly, all pretense of affability gone from his tone. "Get that, Badger! It goes!"

**A** DAY later, as Badger Hotchkiss was passing along the street, Adam jumped out of an alley and tore into him with a ferocity that, coupled with the surprise of his attack, enabled him to black Badger's eye and split his lip before the bigger man got well going. When Badger did get started, he did a job of brutal punishment which made his small opponent a dragged mess that inspired horror and pity, even in the minds of the callous men who carried him away to his shack and summoned a doctor to bandage him up.

"You better lay off of this fellow!" the doctor advised Adam when he had finished with him. "What ails you anyhow? You can't lick him."

"I know it," Adam said, "but I can try!" It was two days later when Adam, still bruised and scarred, rushed into the Pike's Peak saloon, just as Badger was lifting a drink to his lips, and sailed into his enemy. Hotchkiss caught him with a right to the jaw before the boy landed. The blow stretched Adam unconscious on the floor.

The sudden termination of this bout enabled Adam to recover during the night and to arrive early and be waiting for Badger at ten o'clock the next morning when the big fellow came in for his first drink. The boy inflicted some punishment before he was knocked cold this time; and when he was carted away and Badger stood grumbling against the bar, some one noted that his hand trembled, as he lifted his whisky to his lips.

He got very drunk during the afternoon and that night after nine o'clock Adam caught him on the street, reeling and maudlin, and for the first time managed to do some real damage. The fight went about ten minutes. On this occasion, and when Adam was finally knocked out, Badger Hotchkiss was almost as unpleasant a sight as the boy he had whipped.

On the following day, Adam tried again and was rewarded with a fractured rib that laid him away for a week and gave Hotchkiss a vacation.

At the end of the week, Adam sought out his enemy and the fight was on again.

The last boat for Nome and the outside—the Ice King—was due to leave Kasanak on the afternoon of the fourteenth of September. After that boat churned away from the bank, those who remained in camp were practically locked in for the winter.

On the night of the thirteenth, Adam lay alone in his bunk, sleepless, racked with

pain, enduring his crucial agony of mind and body. Throughout the long morning, he lay there with the blanket drawn over his head, fighting desperately for strength to resist the growing impulse to get aboard the Ice King and escape the well-nigh unendurable nightmare of punishment.

At one o'clock the first warning whistle blew. The boat would leave in half an hour. For twenty-five minutes thereafter, Adam lay in his bunk writhing in an agony of physical opposition to the panicky impulse for flight. At twenty-five minutes after one the final whistle blew. The boat would leave in five minutes.

Adam could endure the strain no longer. He rolled out of his bunk and started for the door. He meant to catch that boat.

Across the way Nora Nelson stood in the doorway of the Gold Hill restaurant, staring sullenly at the ground. Old Peg Shelby sat on a bench in the front of his store, smoking, apparently dreamily oblivious to all that went on about him. Across the street, a half block from the Gold Hill restaurant, stood Badger Hotchkiss, leaning against the front of a building.

He wondered if he had better duck back and run around the rear of the store to keep from having to pass the dread enemy. As he wondered this, there flashed into his mind a complete, startlingly clear picture.

It was a picture first painted for him in his imagination, when he was a boy of twelve, lying concealed in the hay-mow one summer afternoon, reading a forbidden paper-back weekly, a wild, impossible tale of a young tenderfoot in the Colorado mining camps, a local bully and a girl. The picture was of the hero of the story, the young tenderfoot, walking boldly across the street to thrash the villain while the girl looked on, at first, terror-stricken, and then proudly exultant, as the beardless young stripling vanquished his sinister-looking foe.

Those who believe that fiction is more a reflection of humanity than humanity a reflection of fiction, may find it difficult to credit what followed.

**A**DAM threw back his shoulders and laughed exultantly. He called across the street to Nora in a clear, strong voice:

"Don't worry, Nora, I'll take care of this fellow."

And then he started diagonally across the street toward Badger Hotchkiss, deliberate, smiling, the picture of cold, confident anger.

Hotchkiss dropped his hand to his hip and then held it suddenly out at arm's length, ostentatiously exhibiting an open palm; for, coincident with his initial move, a long, black-barreled .45 had appeared in old Peg Shelby's right hand. Peg was not aiming the weapon at anyone in particular. He appeared to be idly examining it.

But Hotchkiss understood. He understood Peg, but he did not understand Adam. Adam was not behaving according to Badger's understanding of the manner in which a human being would act. And there was in him no reservoir of sheer courage, from which to draw strength when he faced opposition he could not understand. The fear that shook him was the same fear he would have felt if confronted with a ghost. He turned and walked down the street toward the boat with an effort at nonchalance.

"Wait!" Adam called after him sharply. "I've got something to say to you."

Hotchkiss quickened his pace. Adam broke into a run. Hotchkiss looked over his shoulder and fled.

Old man Shelby made the afternoon suddenly hideous with a shrill rebel yell and let loose his gun in the air as an accompaniment. Badger Hotchkiss did not look around to find out whether the old man's gun was aimed at him. He took that for granted, and his feet moved more rapidly in answer to his understanding of the situation. He went through the shouting crowd on the bank like the wind through the air, and negotiated the six feet of distance between the shore line and the deck of the Ice King with an admirable leap. Badger Hotchkiss was on his way.

Adam Cravath turned back and walked

up the street toward the Gold Hill restaurant. Nora Nelson rushed into his outstretched arms, weeping in relief.

"There, there!" said Adam, masterfully protective, patting her shoulder. "Don't cry, little girl! Everything's all right!"

Across the street, old man Shelby was reloading his gun with trembling fingers. He was all filled up with emotions that nothing but shrill rebel yells to the accompaniment of gunfire could properly express.

"You bet ever'thing's all right!" he cackled, as he worked his long forefinger on the trigger of his upthrust gun. "Wheel Yip-pee! Wheel Yip-pee!"

\* \* \*

As explained earlier in this narrative, the Rev. Jason Ogilvie's one objection to Adam was his unfortunate taste in reading.

## The Inside Story of Ford's Jew-Mania—Continued from page 48

# Henry Swallows Old Bait

conclude their arrangements. Rodionoff sent his answer back to No. 124 X, as follows: "I explained clearly that it was impossible to postpone my departure. My conditions are following: During six months I will furnish you exclusively with material agreed upon. You to advance monthly fifteen hundred American dollars payable in Yokohama specie bank. You to pay for material already furnished. Rodionoff."

At the same time that he sent his telegram he also sent a letter to No. 124 X, repeating his money terms and saying, "Miss De Bogory is already translating my material and I hope you will find such satisfactory to you."

Absolutely no doubt seems to have existed even yet about the Hebrew gold mine in the neighborhood of Harbin. For, while Rodionoff is in Seattle, waiting to sail, we find Operator No. 124 X suggesting to the organization that a new offer be made to Rodionoff, this time dealing not with any photographs, but with the actual originals.

**I**n dealing with such spurious matter as the Protocols the Ford secret service agents were bound to be made the victims of intrigue. They forced their enemies to make use of forged documents and spurious letters. Notice the similarities to, and the differences from, the letter reproduced on page 46. There is no doubt in my mind that this is questionable, even though it is signed with a faithful-looking signature of Rodionoff:

March 17th, 1921.

Mr. C. W. Smith,  
20 Broad Street, New York City.

Dear Sir: Referring to our recent conversation, I am so fortunate as to have in my possession valuable material about Zionist work in Russia and other countries abroad. Moreover, I have very valuable documents in Russian language. I can get photographs from the originals, or the originals themselves if they are wanted, of the Zionist Protocols which are now being written by a JEW in Japan. These documents are of colossal importance. In the Far East I have my workers with whose

assistance the above mentioned material could be translated into English. . . . For this work I need a fund of \$3,000 a month. . . . I would like an appointment for a conference of all our agents of the Russian National Society and Mr. Ford's agents. I believe that such a conference should take place about March 20. I have already communicated with Mr. Boris Brasol and other agents and instructed them to be at your office on the above mentioned date at about eight o'clock in the evening.

**T**HERE is little doubt that such a meeting would have been just the thing Rodionoff desired, but that he wrote such a letter or that such a meeting was held, I doubt. Every Ford sleuth who had met him had been taken in by him, and had made excellent reports to his superior regarding him, and there was no need of the anti-Ford forces making use of a letter which looks like a forgery. The Black Hundred Boris Brasol, supporter of the Beilis murder trial, lawyer of the Russian school, fingerprint expert and detector of forgeries in the Russian government, would probably not have let himself be led into sitting down with Ford agents. He met Ford agents elsewhere. At least one of his close friends and supporters worked in the office of C. C. Daniels and was on the Ford-Daniels payroll.

If the forger of this letter had wanted to prove that Boris Brasol was to be put in touch with Ford agents he had no need of writing the letter. Boris Brasol, through Miss De Bogory and Dr. Houghton, was in touch with Ford supporters ALL the time. And they were in touch with him.

And while this contact with the Ford forces existed, Boris Brasol at the same time was in contact with the National Civic Federation, a crowd of standpatters who represent everything reactionary in American life. Ralph Easley, of this Federation, was dependent upon Brasol for his information about affairs in Russia.

At a certain date Easley began to be cautious. Brasol wrote for Easley, and Easley sent this information to members of the Federation. A protest was sent to the directors of the Federation, because of the anti-Semitic stuff which Brasol was putting into his material, and Easley was in-



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structed to edit all anti-Semitism from Brasol's material.

The Jew-hating of Dr. Houghton appears to have been sincere as well as energetic. During the war, while he was in military intelligence, he took it upon himself, according to information which I have from one of his subordinates, to investigate Jacob Schiff, Otto Kahn, Felix Warburg, the Rothschilds, Guggenheim, Samuel Untermyer, the Rev. Dr. Magnes and the Rev. Stephen Wise. In fact, this informant says that Dr. Houghton, as an American army officer, told this informant and others attached to his office, to investigate any Jew as long as he was prominent.

"The first big case I investigated for Dr. Houghton," runs a statement by this informant, "was the airplane investigation.

"I was ordered to proceed to Stamford, Conn., and investigate Gutzon Borglum,

with reference to his activities with airplanes and was instructed to see if I could make a connection between Borglum and Jacob Schiff."

An early contact of Dr. Houghton's with the Russian crowd that led him into protocoling was with Miss De Bogory. Six months after we had gone into the war, Dr. Houghton took her into his office. It was through her that Dr. Houghton came into contact with the "Black Hundred Russians" who interested Dr. Houghton and the American Secret Service in the mysteries of the protocols. She investigated prominent Jews, and a statement which I have at hand from an investigator in Houghton's office says that "some of her friends were Lieutenant Brasol, Count Sasnovsky and Wallevitch." Wallevitch was on Houghton's staff.

Mr. Ford must realize by now that

his set of "proofs" of the great Jewish conspiracy was a melodramatic forgery. Next month we shall give him a flagrant illustration of the way his anti-Jewish organization overlapped the anti-liberal war persecutions. We have in our possession information about Senator La Follette that should never have left the archives of the American Government. Henry Ford is a pacifist, Robert La Follette is a pacifist. Yet here we find the money of one used in the attempted hunting-down of the other.



*Henry Ford, in his detective work, had three men who had been in the United States Secret Service. A document, fired up in war-time by the censor against Senator Robert Marion La Follette, found its way into the hands of the Ford investigators. How did they get this government property? See Hearst's International for October, ready September 20th.*

## A Conspiracy of 1537

*Continuing a Literary Discovery—George Sand's Unpublished Play—From page 14*

LORENZO—In truth, Master, that coat of Venetian mail and those heavy gloves make you look like a Teuton warrior rather than a Florentine lover.

THE DUKE—By Saint Cosimo, you speak the truth! Bring me a doublet lined with sable, Neapolitan fashion, and perfumed gloves.

LORENZO—Are we going?

THE DUKE—Captain Cesena and Biomo, the Hungarian, Ferdinand the Andalusian, follow me.

Once in Lorenzo's room the Duke throws his sword on the bed and goes over to the fireplace. Lorenzo in the meantime ties the handle of the Duke's sword to the belt so that it cannot be unsheathed.

THE DUKE—What are you doing?

LORENZO—I'm hiding your sword under the pillow. It's just as well to be prepared for the worst, in affairs of this kind. But the woman, for whom you risk everything, must not suspect for a moment that you forgot her to think of your own safety.

THE DUKE—Do you think there's anything to fear here?

LORENZO—For the next few hours, I see no one but myself who could trouble you in any way.

THE DUKE—In that case, allow me to feel safe. I know your valor! How that fire cheered me! I was quite stiff with cold. (He takes off his cloak.) I've been told that Catterina is a good talker and knows her classics. The dust of old books sticks in my throat and I can't make love in metaphors. Tell her, please, that she must expect no compliments, and warn her not to feign a resistance which will not mislead me, anyway. Tell her I know all the tricks! (He wraps an ermine coverlet around him and throws himself on the couch.)

LORENZO (in a whisper to Scoronconcolo, at the door)—The time has come. My heart thumps so I can't walk.

SCORONCONCOLO—If it's from fear, let me go first.

LORENZO—No, it's from joy. (He takes his sword in his hand and walks to the couch, pulling aside the curtains softly.) Are you asleep, sir? (He thrusts the

sword through the Duke's body.) The deed is done.

The Duke falls to the ground groaning. Scoronconcolo slashes his cheek with the dagger. The Duke, bleeding, gets to his feet and rushes about the room.

LORENZO—Fool! You cut his face! Pierce his heart, his heart! (To the Duke) Stop there, sir, not so much noise! Let me muffle you! (He sticks his fingers in the Duke's mouth.)

SCORONCONCOLO—Five more stabs in the heart. . . . I want to make sure he's dead.

LORENZO (gets down from the couch)—At last! (He looks at his bleeding hand.) The finger will always be maimed. So much the better! A glorious wound, emblem of an hour worth remembering.

CATTERINA (entering with a torch)—I came up to see you, brother. Madonna sent me away from church saying I had prayed enough. But I'm afraid downstairs with Eleonora. We thought we heard strange sounds, the stamping of feet and muffled voices. There's a cry of death in the air. (She screams) Great God! What's that on the floor? Blood! And on you, and on that man, everywhere!

LORENZO—Come and kiss me, dearest. This arm knows how to protect and to punish. It is the arm of Lorenzo, the avenger!

CATTERINA—Lorenzino, what do you mean, whom do you want to avenge?

LORENZO—No one, now. I have no more enemies. My heart is full of pity.

CATTERINA—My heart, too. I hate one man, only.

LORENZO—Who is he?

CATTERINA—Your coarse and barbarous Duke! Imagine yesterday, when he passed under the window, he had the impudence to send me a kiss?

LORENZO—He won't do it any more. Come and see.

CATTERINA—See what?

LORENZO (with an infernal laughter)—Look, I said. (He pulls away the curtain.) There is the Duke. I, I killed him!

CATTERINA (screaming)—Oh! Assassin! A dead body! How terrible! (She throws herself in Lorenzo's arms and hides her face in her hands.)

LORENZO—Listen, Catterina. This man

bought you for a handful of gold. I sold you, and if you see him there, on that bed, it's because he was expecting you; he thought that like a courtesan you would throw yourself in his arms for money.

CATTERINA (straightening up suddenly) He thought that, Lorenzino?

LORENZO—Was I wrong in killing him?

CATTERINA—Are you sure he's dead? Take away the coverlet and give me the torch. I want to look him in the face. Give it to me, I'm not afraid any more! My hand doesn't tremble. Vile body, curse you! (to Scoronconcolo) Cut off his head and show it to the people! In its enthusiasm it will hail Lorenzo, Duke of Medici!

LORENZO—No, sister, I didn't kill this man to crown myself with the ducal crown! I killed him because I hated him; for his bravados, for the outrages he heaped on me, and to avenge your honor and mine. I killed him to quench my thirst, to cure my deep wounds, to find sleep, happiness and peace again. Now, I long for nothing more. I respect myself.

CATTERINA—Then you must flee. Every moment's delay is dangerous. The people's favor will be with the man who first exploits it. If you don't profit by your deed, you'll be victim of the people's ingratitude. Run, brother, I beg you on my knees!

SCORONCONCOLO—I, too, Master, beg you on my knees!

LORENZO—Flee like a criminal? Well, why not! Lorenzo never worked to please men, and now less than ever. Let's go. Let's escape from the vile beast called the masses who devoured the Pazzi. Life is sweet to me and now I want to live long to remember the day my sword killed the Goliath. Good-by, sweet Catterina. Good-by, sister dearest, the only person who never doubted!

CATTERINA (kissing him)—Brother, I can't bear it! (She faints.)

LORENZO (picking her up in his arms)—Let's carry her to her mother. Lock the door and take the key. I want to take it to Venice to our Strozzi. I want to keep it all my life.



Lucian Cary Tells of Two Strangers in Blufftown—From page 38

## In the New York Manner

together. There was just nothing to do but go home.

Joe had the impulse every afternoon at five o'clock to wait for her in the lobby. He repressed that. But he found himself taking long walks after dinner. Twice he walked all the way up Fifth Avenue to One Hundred and Tenth Street. He found himself wishing she wasn't so perfect. If she were only a little more ordinary he'd feel more at home with her. But, of course, she never would be ordinary. Anything she did or said or wore would have distinction.

He had reached this point in his reflections about her for the third or fourth time when he realized that he was actually walking across Sixtieth Street. He was almost exactly opposite her house. He hurried on. It wouldn't do for her to discover him mooning in front of her house, like a love-sick boy. He turned south at the first corner—he could get the subway at Fifty-ninth Street. And then it began to rain. It began to rain hard all of a sudden without the slightest warning—at least without any warning he had observed. Joe instinctively ran. He reached Fifty-ninth Street but the subway was a block east, at Lexington Avenue. He kept on running. The rain came faster. He dodged into the doorway of the drug-store on the corner. And then he saw her. She had an umbrella and she was wearing a raincoat. She must have known it was going to rain.

"Hello," she cried.

"Hello," he answered.

SOMEHOW her tone, her expression, her air were less formal than usual—as if in response to the informality of the occasion. "I've got an umbrella," she said, "I'll see you to the subway just as soon as it lets up a bit."

"Thanks awfully," Joe said. They stood side by side in the doorway and watched the rain. After a few minutes it did let up. She handed him the umbrella.

"It's nice to meet you this way," he said as they started off. "I wish there were some place we could go or something."

From across the street came the steady beat of a dance orchestra with drums and plenty of brasses. Joe looked across. An electric sign announced: Dancing 25 Cents. Miss Robinson's gaze followed his. She saw the sign. Then she stopped short.

"Do you know what I'd like to do?" she asked, impulsively.

"No," Joe said stupidly.

"I'd like to go over there and dance."

"Really?" Joe asked.

"Yes," she said. "I like that gorgeous, noisy, awful music."

The big orchestra was striking up The Sheik when they reached the floor. It played it with a bang. Joe put his arm around Miss Robinson. They danced. They danced the dance the music called for. Joe forgot all about Miss Ponsonby-Smith's four inches of space. They finished in an absolutely middle-class kind of whirl.

"Gee," she said, "that was fun."

When they reached the door of her house

an hour later he had to say something.

"Look here," he said, "won't you go dancing with me tomorrow night? We'll go to dinner first."

"At Cyrano's?" she asked.

"Of course," he answered.

Miss Robinson looked thoughtfully down at the toe of her shoe. They were standing under her umbrella. That is, she was standing under it.

"No," she said.

"I—I—I'm sorry," Joe stammered.

Miss Robinson continued to study the tip of her shoe.

"I'm sorry if I've presumed," Joe continued. It was the flattest refusal he had ever experienced. And ten minutes before she had been so jolly. What could have happened?

"Oh," she said, "you haven't presumed. Not in the least. You never would—conceivably."

She paused.

"I must go in," she finished. "Won't you keep my umbrella? You can bring it to the office in the morning."

"But I don't understand," Joe said. "I—I—I," he stammered.

She flashed a look at him.

"I've half a notion to tell you the truth," she said.

"Please do," Joe said stiffly.

"Well," she said. "You are a New Yorker—you've been used to it all your life—you won't understand what I mean. But I'm going to tell you. It's just—it's just that I'm not up to it—to your sort of thing. It cramps my style. I knew it would, but—it was fun to go to Cyrano's once. But a place like that makes me self-conscious. Why, I didn't dare to go with you until I'd got a new dress. You see, I'm from Iowa."

"What?" said Joe.

"I knew it wouldn't work that first time we walked up Fifth Avenue together—I knew it when we passed Hicks's and I said they served such good fresh-fruit sodas and you didn't say a word. Why—back home a man would have taken me in and bought me a soda. But you wouldn't—you wouldn't take a girl to a soda-fountain. You're too—too awfully New Yorkish."

Joe took her arm in his free hand.

"Look here," he said. "How long have you been in New York?"

She laughed.

"I came in September—I haven't been here a year."

"You've been here longer than I have," Joe said fiercely. "I came in October. I thought you were a New Yorker."

With a quick movement he caught her hand in his and snuggled it.

"I begin to get it now," he said. "I've been putting up a bluff on you and you've been putting up a bluff on me. And it's going to stop—right here."

He put his arm around her. He kissed her. And she let him.

She released herself and looked up at him, smiling.

"That," she said softly, "that wasn't a bit in your New York manner."

"No," said Joe Thayer, "that was the Indiana way."



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# The Leader of the Opposition

By RICHARD H. WALDO,

*Publisher of Hearst's International Magazine*

IN the Daily Express tomorrow will appear, says a Universal Service cable, dated London, June 2nd, the following interview with William Randolph Hearst:

"I HAD an interesting talk with your Prime Minister yesterday, but I met him first many years ago. I have always considered him one of the great men of the world. He radiates power and personality. He impresses one first with the strength of his mentality and then with the charm of his manner.

"History, however, judges a man not merely by his personality and appearance, but by his achievements. Lloyd George's chief claims to fame lie in what he has accomplished for his country. He has brought his country safely through the most critical period in its career in domestic affairs. He has advanced democracy without disturbance. He has been progressive with wisdom and judgment. The men who damned him most at one time praise him most today. The success of a man can best be measured by the success of his cause."

SUCH was the tribute paid by Mr. Hearst to the greatest figure in English public life today. And, strangely enough, Lloyd George could use the same words, with scarcely a change, to express the more enlightened foreign opinion concerning William Randolph Hearst, the greatest figure in American public life today.

MY two years' residence abroad, from '17 to '19, and my return to the International Chamber of Commerce meeting in '21, made astonishingly clear to me how profoundly Europe admires Mr. Hearst. His vision, his patience, his far-reasoning moulding of American public opinion are seen there in their proper perspective. And their importance to us as a nation is appreciated quite frankly by European realists in private conversation. For centuries of political training have taught the European statesman a high regard for real leadership, as such, without any special reference to contrasting opinion or divergence of political aims.

MODERN government, as all readers of this Magazine know, depends upon opposition, competently led, to stabilize its policies and, in fact, to enable it to carry on its business at all. In England, the leader of the "Opposition" is a respected as well as salaried officer of the Government. Here on this side we do not go quite so far, but even in our state and national legislatures, the Minority Leader is always a more or less important figure.

WITHOUT any general recognition of the fact on our own side of the water, the actual leadership of the Opposition in this country, and its only leadership worthy of the name, has been held for some years by Mr. Hearst. Public opinion, finding expression mostly through the daily press has,

for reasons patent enough to anyone familiar with the vast business operations of the modern newspaper, never lacked its outlets of the moneyed sort. This very fact has relegated the opposition to a less wealthy and less powerful class, and the newspapers giving voice to opposition views have been few, and usually weak. That was until the Hearst organization was created! Today, both sides of every vital question are put before the people with all the force and skill that our present civilization affords.

LIKE Lloyd George, Mr. Hearst has advanced democracy without disturbance. He has emasculated the plans of agitators and destructive radicals who feed upon dumb discontent. He has proved, through building the greatest business of its kind in existence, that absolute faith in democracy is far from being incompatible with the most brilliant commercial success.

SOME of our more timid friends have from time to time suggested that on account of the personal antagonism that necessarily accrues to anyone constantly making enemies through his public work—the name "Hearst's" might, perhaps, prove more of a handicap than a help to the progress of an International Magazine.

BUT to those of us who study more carefully the direction the winds of progress are blowing, the name seems the greatest single asset that an INTERNATIONAL magazine could have. Than Mr. Hearst, no man in America is better known—here or abroad—as having any definite foreign policy! And Mr. Hearst's policy is known, beyond equivocation, to favor strict adherence to the old time American policy of avoiding entanglements of any sort whatever.

HERE, then, is at least one magazine into which clever propaganda for European interests will not be allowed to creep. So long as it is so definitely trademarked with this guarantee of its pro-Americanism, its readers will know absolutely that liberal thought throughout the world is being presented as it actually exists. And in these days of world reconstruction there hardly seems possible any greater public service than keeping the American people thoughtfully and truthfully informed concerning the progress of their world-neighbors with whose fortunes and misfortunes their own welfare is so intricately intertwined.

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*Beginning*

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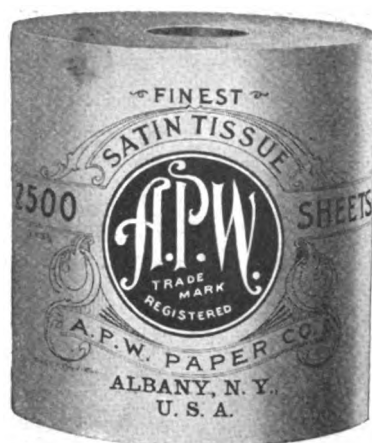


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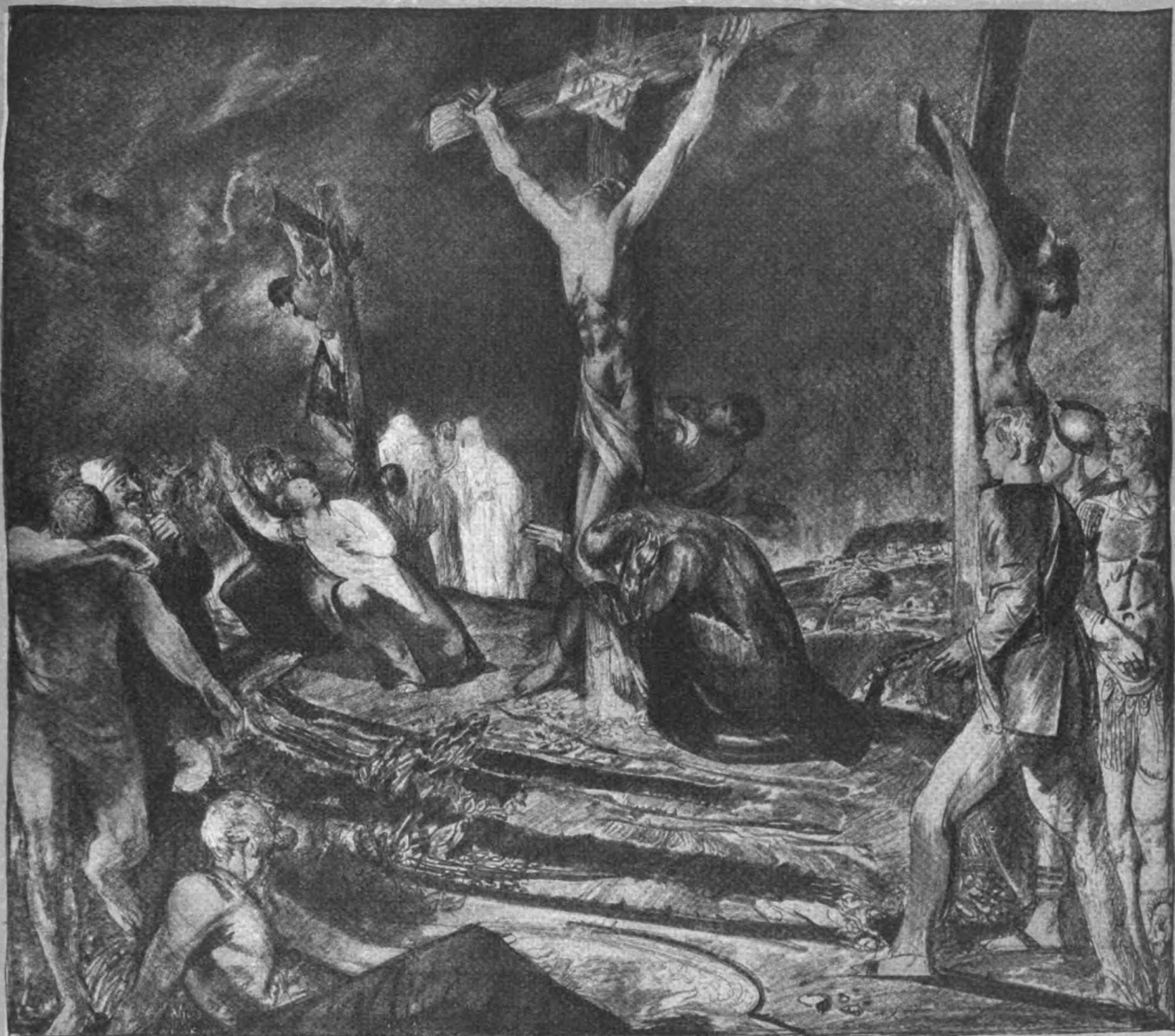
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# *I Saw HIM Crucified*

*By A. Conan Doyle*

**I** PROMISED you, my dear uncle, that I would tell you anything of interest concerning the siege of Jerusalem, but, indeed, these people whom we imagined to be unwarlike have kept us so busy that there has been little time for letter-writing. We came into Judea thinking that a mere blowing of trumpets and a shout would finish the affair, and picturing a splendid triumph in the Via Sacra to follow, with all the girls in Rome throwing flowers and kisses to us. Well, we may get our triumph, and possibly the kisses also, but I can assure you that not even you who have seen such hard service on the Rhine can ever have experienced a more severe campaign than this has been. We have now won the town, and today their temple is burning, and the smoke sets me coughing as I sit writing in my tent. But it has been a terrible business, and I am sure none of us wish to see Judea again.

In fighting the Gauls or the Germans, you are against brave men, animated by the love of their country. This passion acts more, however, upon some than others, so that the whole army is not equally inflamed by it. These Jews, however, besides their love of country, which is very strong, have a desperate religious fervor, which gives them a fury in battle such as none of us

had ever seen before coming East to wage this bitter campaign.

You know that our fellows of the Tenth Legion have been, ever since Caesar's time, as rough soldiers as any with the Eagles, but I can assure you that I have seen them positively cowed by the fury of these fanatics. If any man says a Jew is not a good soldier, you may be sure that he has never been in Judea. As a matter of fact, we have had least to bear, for it has been our task from the beginning to guard the base of the peninsula upon which this extraordinary town is built. It has steep precipices upon all the other sides, so that it is only on this one northern base that fugitives could escape or a rescue come.

However, all this has nothing to do with what I took up my stylus to tell you. No doubt it is the common gossip of the forum and of the baths, how our Army, excellently handled by the princely Titus, carried one line of wall after the other until we had only the temple before us. This, however, is—or was, for I see it burning even as I write—a very strong fortress. Romans have no idea of the magnificence of this place. The temple of which I speak is a far finer building than any we have in Rome, and so is the palace built by Herod or Agrippa, I really forget which. This temple is two hundred [Continued on page 145]

# NORMAN HAPGOOD *Writes On*

## *Fun and Ideals*

IN THE end, the attempt of this magazine to achieve leadership in American thought cannot be separated from the kind of fiction it prints.

If a widely-read periodical is to acquire lasting identity as a leader of progress, the same soul must pervade it from cover to cover. Often the various manifestations of a single spirit will be controlled by different editors, furnished by different writers. Occasionally one person may be expressive in both fields. One of the foremost American publicists has just written us a personal letter in which he says that his dream is to be "in a modest sort of way an H. G. Wells," putting his thought now in fiction and again in essay form.

The novel of which the first instalment appears next month is an ideal story for this publication. Diverting, even amusing, easy to understand and to talk about, it nevertheless stretches the conscience and the understanding. Of perhaps the most fertile thinker now living it takes the distilled essence and gives it with the attractive simplicity of a talent for spinning tales. No problem is too large for "Men Like Gods." Yet Wells has written nothing of simpler narrative interest.

To Mr. Herrick's novel beginning this month a similar test will apply. A young girl loses her father, who is her only friend. She and her mother are totally out of sympathy. Over many rough places she works out her own life. Is that an interesting story, or is it not? Is the answer of the utmost importance to every parent, or is it not?

If Dr. De Kruif's article on Vitamins, in this issue, and the series on drink abroad, and the Marconi article, in addition to being essential to our present-day knowledge were not also interesting to the untrained mind, they would miss the purpose of this monthly. If Wells's novel, in addition to being entertaining, lacked its importance of content, it would play a minor rôle. In the sport of writing policies in single sentence, we have constructed nothing more exact than "have fun while you read, but know something when you get through."

## *Muddling Along*

CAUSES in the end are what matter, not mere symptoms. The two largest aspects of the coal troubles are irregularity of employment and lack of participation by labor in the management. An outstanding result of this year's strike was fabulous profits for non-union operators. They got more than war prices, while paying wages at the November 17th or the April 17th scale. Before the war the operators were happy when they got ten cents a ton profit. Five cents was common. During the strike they got from one dollar to two dollars profit, and that on huger outputs. That shows the meaning of an increase in non-union production, and it shows why the operators have fought against investigating the non-union mines.

## *High Spots*

IN FOREIGN news many readers lack chart or compass. In our opinion, a serious reader might well select from the mass of topics the few most important, to bear always in his mind. Somewhat thus:

1. The relation of France to Germany. Until this is improved Europe will not recover.

2. The relation of Russia to Europe, and incidentally to America. Four and a half years of wavering, and every species of intervention, have made the problem insufferably heavy, but it must still be solved.

3. What is the rôle of the United States in general European reconstruction? On this matter no amount of thinking by Americans can be too much.

There are other first-class problems, as in India and in China, but they press upon us not quite so immediately. If any reader is clear on these three he will come near being a success as citizen of this world.

## *Drink Abroad*

THE SERIES on the fight against alcohol in foreign countries is something we have dreamed about for years. The human race loves to manufacture a sentence and then go to sleep for a decade or two and let the sentence go on working. The allegation that Europe confines itself to moderate drinking, principally light wine and beer, has been at work for more than half a century, entirely regardless of the facts, and for any reader, whether he believes in prohibition or not, it would be a good exercise to sharpen his teeth on this concrete information. He will gather from this article a general idea of what Mr. Hunt is doing. Next month he will have the actual, irrefutable facts about France. Before the series is finished the reader will have a conception of the rôle of alcohol in Europe that is far less naive than the idea so energetically propagated for over half a century.

## *Back to Jefferson*

MR. TAFT'S appointment as Chief Justice was a setback in industrial decisions. It fixed the majority of the highest tribunal on the side of feudalism. But few men are all right or all wrong. In other fields Mr. Taft is showing much value, his amiable temper bringing conflicting feelings into harmony, and his judgment, when the class conflict does not scare him, being good. That he rendered the child labor decision himself is significant.

Perhaps that decision will be recognized some day as the beginning of an epoch; the epoch of State Duties. State Rights succumbed to the Rights of the Nation. Gompers and Mrs. Kelly and others who have attacked this decision should recognize that the crime of conservatism lies in not recognizing that the spiral upward movement involves changes in direction. The slogan of progress must now be—Back to the Small Unit.

## *Only a Few*

NUMBERS are not always decisive. One man may signify more than a million. It was only a hundred ministers, out of the small sect of Unitarians, who came out with a demand that Mr. Harding turn out of jail the prisoners still there for political opinions. The ministers gave two reasons for their position:

1. What these prisoners did is by our laws no longer a crime.

2. All other countries have released such men.

Only a hundred, Mr. Harding, and you can, if you wish, stop your ears to the cries of wives and children, as well as to the clear voice of reason. Your heart is right, but sometimes your caution is so extreme as to look like weakness.

# Virtue, Progress and Love

*Green* **T**HE CONVENTIONALLY minded are not to be taken too hard. They are always the bulk of the world. They call for amusement and patience, not irritation. To quote Holmes from memory:

"Good old-fashioned folks are they;  
They say an undisputed thing  
In such a solemn way."

Most of our pillars of society realize little about world-movements. They are startled when Frazier wins the primaries in North Dakota, but they do not know that fundamental reforms all over the world now seem likely to come from embattled farmers rather than from Socialists. The farmers are now in power in Poland, Bulgaria, Austria. They have parties in Canada and Australia. In New South Wales a leader of the Farmer's Party says: "We do not want more people in towns and cities." The Green International is likely to play a bigger part in the next decade or two than is the over-talked Red International. When the International Labor Conference, set up by the Peace Treaties, meets at Genoa, October 18th, agricultural questions will loom large. Our Farm Bloc has not shown much sense yet. It is inexperienced and uneducated, but it feels the breath of freedom in its nostrils, and after a few more follies it may begin to represent adequately that element on the land which all over the world is beginning to rumble out the omens of its coming power.

*Do You Get This?* **A** RUSSIAN friend, wise and well informed, says in a letter: "What exists is the Russian problem, not the problem of the Soviet Government. The second is but a detail of the first. The gravest mistake of the last two years has been that to important European and American minds the perspective was reversed and the Russian question lost in that of the Soviet Government. This error was the result of social panic."

Social panic, we regretfully admit, still dominates Washington, just as it still dominates Paris. Our State Department is dragged along by facts, like a mule being hauled up hill. It finally recognized the Baltic States, after talking over two years about how smart it was in not recognizing them. In the end it had to let Bakhmetev go, although his leading representative remained.

Our friend goes on: "The social side of a revolution is bound to run its course, according to known laws, the same as in revolutions of the past. The greatest danger from a revolution comes from outside. While the revolutionary country is in the fluid state, outside pressure threatens its normal development, and thereby brings about excess of nationalism."

Exactly, O wise young man, but can you put such an idea over on Charles E. Hughes or Raymond Poincaré?

As to the present Moscow Government, which so alarms the conventionally minded, our Russian correspondent says: "The revolutionary social development will always end in the formation of a new ruling class, which will assume executive power and carry out the principal purposes of a national executive, namely, the feeding of the population and the protection of the national territory and sovereignty. The most unpardon-

able act of some of our present émigré politicians is to let their views on the social struggle blind them to their national duty."

Savinkov, for example, encouraged the Poles in their aggression against Russia. It was social blindness that made him do it. Certain Russian politicians in Paris wish to see an international commission of Russian control, with the duty of trying to force on the Soviet Government changes of policy. These politicians do not see that if such a commission succeeded it would outlast the present Moscow Government and create a dirty international mess long after the rule of Lenin is ended.

*Consider the Boy* **T**HE disgraceful steps, taken in mid-season, for several years, to try to prevent any other baseball clubs from having a fair chance against the New York teams ought to kill the game. Everybody suffers except the money-changers. What suffers most is the ideal of the small boy on the vacant lot. To teach him that in his favorite sport it is only money that talks is a poison more deep-seated than was the venality of a few players rightly banished for selling games.

*Love and Poetry* **W**HY, of the world's greatest poetry, does so little treat of love? Usually we think of love as the very stuff of which poetry is composed. This is largely true in the lower grades, but not at the top. It has not the leading rôle in the Iliad, in Æschylus, in Dante, in Virgil, in Pushkin, in Goethe, even in Schiller, in Milton or Shakespeare. The greatest poetry in English is perhaps in Hamlet, Lear, Macbeth, and Paradise Lost. After Shakespeare and Milton stands Wordsworth, again a poet in whose work love, in the more restricted sense in which we use it, plays but a minor part.

It is not that the greatest authors do not picture love. Romeo and Juliet stands alone. The Vita Nuova is poetry in its essence. It is only that with them it is part of life, whereas with the lesser breeds it is played up as the surest key to the popular heart.

*What is Virtue?* **P**ROGRESS, as was said a minute ago, is a spiral. To change the metaphor, the good in life is a mixture of many elements, one often increasing to the damage of another. It was this that the ever-wise Goethe had in mind when he said of Byron: "His fearlessness and majesty must cultivate those who admire them. We must be careful not to confine ourselves too warmly to what is moral and decorous. All greatness helps him who is able to appreciate it."

The trouble with moral judgments is that they are so often wrong. Rousseau speaks of the plays of Molière as "a school of vice and iniquity." What is now generally held to be Molière's greatest play, The Misanthrope, failed on the first night, because it disagreed with what was then the public prejudice. The pursuit of virtue must needs be our constant and increasing aim through life, but, like everything else, if not supplemented by other values, it tends to flatness and decay.

Some day, when we are too old for editing, we mean to write an epoch-marking volume on what morals are.





**C** Lilla looked Lambert directly in the eyes as he took her in his arms. "I did it," she said to herself with a curious, fatalistic honesty, as he kissed her. "It may be wrong, but I want him to kiss me." There was not one word of love, no words at all. If he had said any love word, something ironic in her would have laughed aloud and mocked him.

Beginning: *A Novel of*  
*a Modern Woman's Search for Freedom*  
**Her Own Life**

*By Robert Herrick*

*Illustrated by Dalton Stevens*

LILLA! . . . LIL-LA! . . . LIL-LA-A!"  
"Wha-t?"

The stocky figure of a little girl finally emerged from the lean-to on the further side of the barn and stopped.

"Wha-at is it?" she called back to her mother. Mrs. Vance, composedly folding her arms, stood motionless at the door of the ranch house, without reply. Slowly Lilla moved a few steps nearer, then paused. "What do you want?" she demanded.

The woman said nothing. Again the stocky figure resumed its tentative progress towards the commanding voice. Lilla did not come swiftly. She raised herself each step upon her toes with a peculiar little beat as if she enjoyed the muscular effort of her stout, sturdy legs. Her cotton dress was short, obviously too small for a girl of twelve, and the two braids of thick dust-colored hair had unraveled at the ends. Her face was smudged and sweaty. Her mother eyed her disapprovingly, noting every disorderly detail.

"Lilla," she said at last when the little figure had got within conversational radius, "I want you to come when I call you."

"I'm comin', can't you see?" Lilla answered sulkily. "What you want?"

"Lilla, don't speak like that—'wha-at you wa-ant!'" Her mother mocked the little girl's drawl. "You talk like Dan."

Lilla brushed a dirty paw over her hot face and argumentatively squinted her eyes. "Well, what's the matter with Dan?" she demanded.

"There is nothing the matter with him, but he's just a common laborer," Mrs. Vance explained, speaking slowly and precisely with the enunciation of New England.

Lilla considered this explanation for a moment, assorting it with other remembered reproofs, then concluding that it was hardly worth developing, demanded, "What you want me for?"

"I want you to go to your father and tell him he must stop his sawing and go to town this afternoon. It's getting late. Tell him he must go this afternoon."

"He said the horses were too tired," Lilla vouchsafed.

"I don't care! He must get there somehow. He's been putting it off and putting it off."

"But Prince is lame already," Lilla protested.

"Lilla, go tell your father what I say!"

THE LITTLE girl shrugged her broad shoulders, as if slipping off responsibility for this bit of folly, and turned back to the lean-to where she kept her pony. Mrs. Vance's gaze followed her, still critical. Lilla was conscious of what her tall, lean mother was thinking. Her mother's thoughts seemed to pierce her body and lodge in her mind. "A homely little girl . . . careless . . . A tomboy . . . Always dirty and tumbling into things and 'slack' like her father." "Slack" was one of Mrs. Vance's favorite words. Another was "vulgar." Both she and her father were "slack" and "vulgar." They didn't pronounce their words distinctly, in the New England way that Mrs. Vance held to be proper, and they laughed at "vulgar" jokes.

Lilla thought of these things as she tightened the girths expertly about Nellie's fat belly. What was the use of her riding up to the sawmill after her father! The horses weren't fit to travel—she knew it—and her father wanted to get out that lumber for the new barn before snow fell. He couldn't go to

Rome today: it was too late anyway. But she knew that her father would go, somehow, if her mother insisted. He always did, just as she always did, in the end. Her mother had made him put in the acetylene gas plant, which was always getting out of order and needing to be fed with carbide. Her father didn't want the gas thing—lamps were good enough for him; but her mother had talked and talked, and then one day the thing came and was put up and the pipes were run all over the old ranch house, and her mother was content—for a time. . . .

WHEN LILLA, riding astride on Nellie, passed the dingy little ranch house, she saw her mother's face in the front window watching her. It was a good-looking face, though worn and faded, and the smooth black hair was neatly arranged over the high forehead. Lilla felt that her mother was thinking—"How did I ever have a daughter like Lilla!" The little girl smiled with an inward chuckle at the joke. Her mother was different from her father and from her. She liked her mother in a way, as she guessed her father did, and she minded her mother in a way as her father did too. But they two were different. Her mother didn't seem to belong there, and she was always reminding them that she didn't belong on a Wyoming horse ranch, that she belonged somewhere else, back in Chicago, where they had lived before coming out here, or still farther away, back in Worcester, Mass., where Uncle Don lived, and all the other relations, in big wooden houses, and had money and clothes and "advantages." It was queer. . . .

Nellie took her time, and Lilla, absorbed in her own train of thoughts, let the horse dawdle along the trail in the warm October sunshine. It was queer somehow, the whole business. . . . Lilla could just remember the place outside of Chicago where they used to live, a place of long white streets, with houses a little ways apart on either side and broad cement walks—she had called it "Sidewalks." That was what she chiefly remembered of this early home.

Then the family had whisked away from Sidewalks on a steam train, traveling a long, long time in the stuffy cars. There had been five of them then, her parents and her two older brothers. Bill had died, and Ed had gone away somewhere. That was after the mine had run out. The family, she knew, had moved out to Wyoming because of the mine, which was no good, and then her father had bought a lot of horses—they still had a few—and then last year he had talked about getting a permit to cut lumber from the Government reservation in the hills, and sent for a gasoline engine and sawmill. Mother didn't approve. Lilla knew. She said her father ought to stick to something long enough to make it pay. Lilla supposed he ought to. But she rejoiced at the gas engine and the sawmill. She understood her father's reckless enthusiasms for something new. One didn't like to do the same things always. That her mother didn't understand. She didn't like to go to school every day in winter, that is, after she had become used to the excitement of galloping Nellie over the eight miles of rough prairie road to Rome, where the nearest school was. But her mother made her go every day, good and bad weather. She said her daughter must be "educated." There it was, her mother again. . . . And they all had to do what she said. She talked so much. She had ideas.

The distant mountains across the western horizon were taking on their evening colors, and Lilla hurried the pony by kicking Nellie's bulging ribs with the heels of her cowhide shoes. Of course it was too late for her father to go to town today. She might have gone perfectly well, with Nellie in the single buck-board. She would have liked the trip. But her mother said it wasn't the proper thing for a little girl to go riding around to the stores, getting things and hearing the talk in such places. She was severe with Mr. Vance for suggesting such a thing. "Can't you remember she is a girl?" she said to her husband. "No, I can't—most times," her father had replied, and laughed, and Lilla had laughed too, proudly.

"Well, she is. . . . and I'd like you to think of it sometimes, and what's to become of her out in this wild country?"

"OH, I GUESS she'll get along some as others," her father said easily, tweaking one of Lilla's pigtailed.

"You'd be willing to have her grow up and marry in Rome, wouldn't you?" her mother had said accusingly.

"I guess it don't make much odds where she marries, does it?"

Lilla had laughed as she always did when her father and mother got into an argument about her, but she could not tell what she was laughing at. Perhaps she laughed because their differences seemed to her unimportant.

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# The Leader of the Opposition

By RICHARD H. WALDO,

*Publisher of Hearst's International Magazine*

**I**N the Daily Express tomorrow will appear, says a Universal Service cable, dated London, June 2nd, the following interview with William Randolph Hearst:

"I HAD an interesting talk with your Prime Minister yesterday, but I met him first many years ago. I have always considered him one of the great men of the world. He radiates power and personality. He impresses one first with the strength of his mentality and then with the charm of his manner.

"History, however, judges a man not merely by his personality and appearance, but by his achievements. Lloyd George's chief claims to fame lie in what he has accomplished for his country. He has brought his country safely through the most critical period in its career in domestic affairs. He has advanced democracy without disturbance. He has been progressive with wisdom and judgment. The men who damned him most at one time praise him most today. The success of a man can best be measured by the success of his cause."

**S**UCH was the tribute paid by Mr. Hearst to the greatest figure in English public life today. And, strangely enough, Lloyd George could use the same words, with scarcely a change, to express the more enlightened foreign opinion concerning William Randolph Hearst, the greatest figure in American public life today.

**M**Y two years' residence abroad, from '17 to '19, and my return to the International Chamber of Commerce meeting in '21, made astonishingly clear to me how profoundly Europe admires Mr. Hearst. His vision, his patience, his far-reasoning moulding of American public opinion are seen there in their proper perspective. And their importance to us as a nation is appreciated quite frankly by European realists in private conversation. For centuries of political training have taught the European statesman a high regard for real leadership, as such, without any special reference to contrasting opinion or divergence of political aims.

**M**ODERN government, as all readers of this Magazine know, depends upon opposition, competently led, to stabilize its policies and, in fact, to enable it to carry on its business at all. In England, the leader of the "Opposition" is a respected as well as salaried officer of the Government. Here on this side we do not go quite so far, but even in our state and national legislatures, the Minority Leader is always a more or less important figure.

**W**ITHOUT any general recognition of the fact on our own side of the water, the actual leadership of the Opposition in this country, and its only leadership worthy of the name, has been held for some years by Mr. Hearst. Public opinion, finding expression mostly through the daily press has,

for reasons patent enough to anyone familiar with the vast business operations of the modern newspaper, never lacked its outlets of the moneyed sort. This very fact has relegated the opposition to a less wealthy and less powerful class, and the newspapers giving voice to opposition views have been few, and usually weak. That was until the Hearst organization was created! Today, both sides of every vital question are put before the people with all the force and skill that our present civilization affords.

**L**IKE Lloyd George, Mr. Hearst has advanced democracy without disturbance. He has emasculated the plans of agitators and destructive radicals who feed upon dumb discontent. He has proved, through building the greatest business of its kind in existence, that absolute faith in democracy is far from being incompatible with the most brilliant commercial success.

**S**OME of our more timid friends have from time to time suggested that on account of the personal antagonism that necessarily accrues to anyone constantly making enemies through his public work—the name "Hearst's" might, perhaps, prove more of a handicap than a help to the progress of an International Magazine.

**B**UT to those of us who study more carefully the direction the winds of progress are blowing, the name seems the greatest single asset that an INTERNATIONAL magazine could have. Than Mr. Hearst, no man in America is better known—here or abroad—as having any definite foreign policy! And Mr. Hearst's policy is known, beyond equivocation, to favor strict adherence to the old time American policy of avoiding entanglements of any sort whatever.

**H**ERE, then, is at least one magazine into which clever propaganda for European interests will not be allowed to creep. So long as it is so definitely trademarked with this guarantee of its pro-Americanism, its readers will know absolutely that liberal thought throughout the world is being presented as it actually exists. And in these days of world reconstruction there hardly seems possible any greater public service than keeping the American people thoughtfully and truthfully informed concerning the progress of their world-neighbors with whose fortunes and misfortunes their own welfare is so intricately intertwined.

## Hearst's International

A LIBERAL EDUCATION

*"The final aim of Truth in Advertising is to make the printed advertisement as dependable and as widely accepted as is the printed dollar bill."*

1.—GUARANTEES, without reservation, every printed statement of its merchandise advertisers.

2.—GUARANTEES their statements in transactions involving promise, purchase, service or delivery to the customer.

3.—GUARANTEES their advertised products purchased direct, or through retailers.

4.—GUARANTEES to refund your money, plus ten per cent as a fee to you for furnishing the facts in any case where, in your opinion, the advertiser or the product has not made good.



# *Hearst's International*



*Beginning*

## HER OWN LIFE

*A New Novel by Robert Herrick* ★

*The Distinguished Author of "TOGETHER"*



The distant mountains across the western horizon were taking on their evening colors, and Lilla hurried the pony by kicking Nellie's bulging ribs with the heels of her cowhide shoes. Of course it was too late for her father to go to town today. She might have gone perfectly well, with Nellie in the single buck-board. She would have liked the trip. But her mother said it wasn't the proper thing for a little girl to go riding around to the stores, getting things and hearing the talk in such places. She was severe with Mr. Vance for suggesting such a thing. "Can't you remember she is a girl?" she said to her husband. "No, I can't—most times," her father had replied, and laughed, and Lilla had laughed too, proudly.

"Well, she is. . . . and I'd like you to think of it sometimes, and what's to become of her out in this wild country?"

"OH, I GUESS she'll get along same as others," her father said easily, tweaking one of Lilla's pigtails.

"You'd be willing to have her grow up and marry in Rome, wouldn't you?" her mother had said accusingly.

"I guess it don't make much odds where she marries, does it?"

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right, not even food and clothes, and must accept her fate whatever it was, until she was strong enough to emancipate herself from the tyranny of her elders. . . . She sat glumly with Dan on the front seat of the old buckboard, and did not turn around as even her mother did for a last look at the shabby ranch house which had been her home for seven years, the only home she really knew.

So this was "Sidewalks!" Lilla, remembering her old name for the city, gazed appraisingly and contemptuously on the broad, flat, tree-lined streets of Lawndale, as the cab plodded up the empty, never-ending suburban street. Her aunt pointed out a pretentious yellow brick building, which was to become a familiar object to the girl and center of her life for many years.

"That's our new high school, Lilla," she said, "where you'll go to school."

LILLA looked at it composedly and resumed her gaze at the drab-colored houses, each one set back from the parkway thirty or forty feet, and spaced from its neighbors by another twenty or thirty feet, like soldiers standing at attention, each one almost exactly like its fellows, with a pointed roof, a front porch, a front and rear entrance.

"Lawndale's grown some, since we been out there," her mother observed admiringly.

"I should say!" her son agreed with the genial enthusiasm of the real-estate "booster." "T'won't be long 'fore there'll be a solid line of improvements all the way to the city limits. . . . I'll show you the new addition."

The cab pulled up before a tidy three-story house at the corner of a street. It had a broad piazza on two sides and seemed a little larger and a little more distinguished than its neighbors, as befitted the home of a prosperous real estate promoter.

"This is to be your home, Lilla," her aunt remarked with a hospitable smile.

It was to prove not a bad sort of home, in the American sense, for Lilla. Lawndale was "healthy" and far enough removed from the great lowering smoke blur of Chicago to be clean and "safe."

At first Lilla roamed the town and far beyond on the still undeveloped prairie, much as a dog explores a new environment, smelling it out for herself and judging its possibilities. She even discovered, beyond the huddle of industrialism at Croyville, a farmer trying to cultivate the sandy prairie between two long lines of empty freight cars sidetracked on either boundary. Unknown to her family Lilla made a number of visits to the tar-paper and corrugated-iron shack where the Lithuanian farmer lived with a wife and children, and helped him with his fall plowing one Sunday by riding his single skinny farm horse. But presently other interests nearer home weaned Lilla from her hunger for the open and the old shack.

THE PORTERS' home life was of the best Lawndale standards. The house was comfortable and roomy. The furniture was more plentiful and more elegant than any that Lilla had ever known, with lace curtains, stuffed chairs and couches, hangings at the places where there should be doors, shiny cherry bedroom sets, etc. There was one comfortable, sloppy servant to help in the housework, which Lilla and her mother also shared, and the food was more than plentiful, for Mr. Porter prided himself upon being something of an epicure and invariably brought back from Chicago on his frequent trips thither delicacies not to be had in the plain markets of Lawndale, such as fish, oysters, and game.

The Porters took the Chicago Tribune, and the Outlook, and one of the older magazines. There were a few novels and a gift book or two in the small oak bookcase in the front room. Other books one was supposed either to borrow or get out of the public library, which was a struggling institution. For in common with all Lawndale the Porters were not "great readers," except of magazines and newspapers, a copious variety of which cluttered up the living-room. The Porters were members of the Baptist church, but did not take their religion strenuously: it was rather an educational and social matter than a spiritual one for them. To Lilla church meant merely boredom, like putting on new clothes, or getting new lessons; but as it did not take much time and was more troublesome to evade than to accept she took it like the other non-essentials of her life, which was made for her and which she must accept.

School was very important, as she recognized from the first, when she had hated it and had indeed played truant several times. It came almost at once, after a number of excursions to the big, confusing city, where she had hung listlessly about the

counters of great stores while her mother and aunt debated the terrible question of clothes. She was finally reclothed according to city standards, and feeling rather proud of herself though uncomfortable, "started in" at the high school in the big yellow brick building. And there humiliation succeeded humiliation, at first. She was sent back for two terms to the grade school because she had not been adequately prepared at the Rome school for the stricter standards of Lawndale, though she was convinced that if allowed to try she could do as well as the others in high school. In the grade school she was huddled into a desk too small for her, with children her physical and mental inferiors, and was called "Fatty," "Legs," "Pigtails," "Cowboy," and other opprobrious names. It was the period when she fought a boy and licked him, climbed fences, stole grapes, and played truant out at the Lithuanian's farm.

It was better at the high school. Her hair was up, and she was growing fast to meet her stout legs; her dresses at that time were longer, and she had become in general more amenable to Lawndale conventions. Her teachers spoke well of her ability in her studies, but reported that she was occasionally "boisterous" and given to laugh out loud in class, which was not always respectful. Still they hoped for the best, and thought that in time she might become "a wholesome influence in the school," for it was evident that she had "the quality of leadership."

SO THE YEARS passed, thirteen, fourteen, fifteen, sixteen, and Lilla was almost a woman. She was large and sturdily built, like her father, larger than most of the girls of her age in Lawndale, of a larger mold than the average American woman in the generations succeeding the pioneers. In her close-cut tailor-made best suit she looked quite the woman, as her uncle appreciatively remarked.

Already awkward youths rang the Porter doorbell instead of standing out on the street and whistling for Lilla to come and play tennis. But Lilla treated them just the same whether they rang the bell or whistled. She played with them, more roughly than her mother thought proper.

"It isn't nice," Mrs. Vance would protest.

Lilla laughed. If her mother only knew! If all the Lawndale mothers knew what went on in the big, dusty attic of the high school building, in the corners of empty recitation rooms, in their own homes when they were out for the afternoon or evening. Perhaps they did know—they had been pupils at the school, some of them, or at other similar schools in small American towns and suburbs—but they did not want to remember.

As a matter of fact, Lilla had hitherto shared very little in these trespasses. The big boys with whom she recited in school and played tennis, and in summer went on picnics with into the country, tried to kiss her as they did other girls. She would have felt belittled if they had shown no inclination to do that. Sometimes she roughhoused them and repulsed them with her great strength, sometimes she simply boxed their ears and laughed at them, and—rarely—she let them kiss her, by way of curiosity. But never the same one twice—that was a curious code of honor with herself.

Lilla had always known the facts of sex, much more than the other girls whom she sometimes instructed in a queer, impersonal way, her revelations punctuated by bursts of contemptuous laughter. Her father, she remembered, had taken pains to explain it to her, in simple, commonplace language, as part of the routine of life, desirable to know.

LILLA had no sickly curiosities, no furtiveness in her nature. She was downright and literal in this, the most hidden of woman's perceptions, as few girls, even the "nicest" that she knew, were. She came to her womanhood absolutely natural and without cultivated prejudice, as simple as a peasant girl, with an added touch of city mockery.

Yet in the rare moments when she was quiet enough for reflection, she wondered a little whether the "facts of life" were quite as simple as she supposed, whether there was not something more in the great mystery about which human beings whispered and evaded and troubled themselves, whether the great conspiracy did not hide a savage reality beyond her imagination.

When Lilla was eighteen she was graduated from the high school. That summer as usual she and her mother spent at Pitcher's Landing. Pitcher's Landing was a small piece of the scrubby high bluff which skirts Lake Michigan from the far north to the sandy dunes of Indiana. The Porters had a small summer cottage on the very edge of the bluff, fifty or sixty feet above the





**C.** *When the grapes were ripe Lilla went to one of the vineyards and hired herself out. She mingled with the pickers, and when she found herself laughing freely with the men, she would check herself frightened.*

white beach, in a clump of old sycamores that hung gracefully over the edge.

The June of Lilla's graduation from the high school, Mrs. Vance talked of visiting some Massachusetts relatives. Lilla thought of going to an Eastern woman's college in the fall and the summer would give her a chance to see "Eastern people" and to get a fresh start, so her mother urged. But Lilla was obdurate—one more summer at the lake, and as was usually the case when she really wanted anything she had her own way.

So the day after graduation, Lilla with some chosen friends left for Pitcher's Landing to picnic in the Porter cottage. Mrs. Vance was to come a few weeks later after the Porters had gone to Europe. She arrived one hot July evening accompanied by a correctly dressed young man, whom she introduced to her daughter as "Cousin Lambert Wells."

Lilla, who had been surprised in the midst of a drastic cleaning of the cottage, with tousled hair and torn skirt, leaned upon her broom handle and stared at the young man.

"My, what a messy place!" her mother observed unhappily. "Is this the way you keep house when I am not around?"

"We had a big party last night," Lilla explained. "I'll fix it up soon."

Cousin Lambert laid aside his neat blue coat, rolled up his sleeves, borrowed an apron, and took part in cleaning the cottage, talking volubly all the time. He explained that he was on his way to Alaska, where his father was interested in a new copper mine, and having to stay in Chicago for several days, he had looked up his father's cousins and Mrs. Vance had asked him to spend the Sunday at Pitcher's Landing. Lilla listened to his conversation watchfully without offering any reply.



After the sweeping and putting to rights, Lambert sat down in an easy-chair and lighted a cigarette, carefully pulling up his trousers and settling himself for conversation.

"I'm going to bathe in the lake," Lilla said. "Want to come?"

When she appeared in her faded old cotton bathing suit, bare-legged as was the fashion at Pitcher's Landing, her thick hair tied in a tight knot about her head, she felt self-conscious with her elegant cousin and wished she had not proposed the bath. His swift glances seemed to take her all in from the knotted hair to the bare legs and the red mosquito bites on her white flesh. She felt that her suit was too small for her and that her bare legs were horribly undressed and too plump. As always when she was embarrassed, she tried to carry it off with bravado. Flicking her towel at Lambert, she ran out onto the white beach.

"Can you swim?" she asked.

"**R**ATHER!" . . . But he seemed in no hurry to take to the water, gazing first out across the level lake where the sun was sinking into fiery banks of cloud. "A nice little pond," he observed condescendingly. Lilla, to whom Lake Michigan was as majestic as the ocean and much more companionable, resented this appreciation. She felt his gaze settling again to her costume, to herself. She dashed into the oily lake and buried her head in a long plunge. Lambert quickly followed.

Cousin Lambert stayed on past Monday into the middle of the week, and after a few days in Chicago returned to the lake cottage. His business, as Lilla observed to him, seemed very flexible.

"Oh, what's the use of worrying yourself?" he replied lightly. "I guess Alaska will last."

After the first embarrassment of his arrival her consciousness of the young man was curiously double. She secretly admired his good clothes, his easy habits, and admitted that he was "quite good-looking," tall and well built with a lot of shaggy brown hair and a prettily forked chin. But she was fiercely sensitive to the possibility of "airs," to a superiority that she suspected he deftly concealed.

Once they explored a bit of the primeval forest which had somehow escaped destruction, a dark, cool spot with mighty sycamores and feathery undergrowth. It was some distance from Pitcher's Landing, and Lilla had never been in it before.

"It's deliciously cool here," her cousin said, throwing himself on the ground and preparing to roll a cigarette.

"It's very mysterious," Lilla remarked. "They say all the country was like this before it was settled up. It must have been great in those days."

"You seem to like it rough. You ought to go to Alaska!"

"I'd love to—it must be like Wyoming, only more so!"

**S**UDDENLY Lambert leaned across and, putting his hand over her shoulder, drew her head back and kissed her. She drew away and looked at him inquiringly, composedly.

"Is that what you do with your Eastern girls?" she asked coldly.

"Sometimes," he said, "when they want it."

Lilla got to her feet and began walking rapidly through the forest. She did not especially resent the kiss. It was not a serious matter, and if she had felt sure that he meant no disrespect, that he had not taken the liberty with her because she was a crude Western cousin and thought he might, she would have let him do it again. But she thought it safer to keep walking.

They went home through the twilight, neither speaking, with something lying between them.

One hot August day Mrs. Vance had to go to Chicago. She left by the early morning train and planned to return by the afternoon boat to Grand Haven. She had hinted that it would be well for Lambert Wells to terminate his visit and accompany her to Chicago, but the young man had been impervious to all hints. So, fretting over the circumstances which obliged her to leave, Mrs. Vance admonished Lilla to ask one of her girl friends to spend the day with her. Lilla agreed but seemed to forget all about it. Instead she put up a luncheon in her canvas knapsack and proposed to Lambert that they walk along the lake shore as far as St. Joe and return in the afternoon.

Just as the sun sank into the dull gray smudge which Lilla assured her cousin was Chicago, they paused under the overhanging branch of a great hemlock and ate their sandwiches. They had both grown silent and conscious of themselves. Lilla was asking herself for the hundredth time whether she really liked this sophisticated young man, who spoke lightly of dissipations she had always held in horror, or merely felt flattered by his attendance. She knew he wanted to kiss her again, and she was not sure

that she wanted him to do it. So she rose and suggested that they hunt for a spring in the ravine close by. Away from the shore it became suddenly dark. For some time they roamed through the deep dells covered with scrubby growth formed by the drifting sand and Lilla explained elaborately the formation of these dunes in obedience to shifting winds. Then they found the spring and quenched their thirst. The first light of the moon was filtering through the scrub pines into the cup-shaped hollow where they sat. Lambert took her hand negligently, saying:

"A hard little paw!"

Lilla opened it and looked at it thoughtfully, realizing that it was like her, very much like her, firm, hard, not pretty. And she was conscious of the man's face bending over hers, conscious, too, of that inner power in her which was dragging at him. Now was the time to escape, she thought, but something held her there—she did not want to escape. She looked him directly in the eye as he took her in his arms. "I did it," she said to herself with a curious, fatalistic honesty, as he kissed her lips and face passionately, roughly. "I wanted him to do it. It may be wrong, but I want him to kiss me." And she gave herself unresistingly to his embraces. . . .

A long, long time afterwards it seemed she came struggling back to the surface, and with a long shuddering sigh looked at her disheveled self, at him; and a sad smile quivered on her lips.

"Lilla! Lilla!" the man stammered, frightened and already repentant. "I—I didn't mean to . . . I didn't think . . . Lilla, forgive me!"

Lilla looked at him with a sudden contempt.

"Yes, you meant to, all along, I guess."

"You mustn't think that!"

"It wasn't your fault any more than mine," she said in a hard voice, as if a compelling honesty forced her to the admission.

**L**AMBERT seemed immensely relieved by this frank sharing of responsibility with him for what had occurred.

"You are an awful good sort, Lilla!" he said, trying to put his arm about her and draw her to him.

She drew back stubbornly, looking at him as if she were reading his man's soul like a wide-open book. She began deliberately to rearrange her disheveled dress, then leaned over the spring and washed her eyes, which were burning. Then without further words she rose and threaded her way through the underbrush to the beach. Wells followed.

"Lilla," he said as they emerged on the deserted sands. Then he tried to embrace her, but she slipped out of his hands and, facing him with a mocking smile, asked bluntly:

"Want to take me to Alaska now?"

"Why—why—certainly, if you want to go."

Lilla laughed gustily, harshly.

"Let's get home!"

They found Mrs. Vance at the cottage disturbed and suspicious. She had taken the afternoon train instead of waiting for the slower boat and had made inquiries of the neighbors. Lilla, leaving Wells to explain the day, said she had a headache and went at once to her room. When her mother knocked an hour later, the door was locked and no sound came from within. . . .

Lilla lay stretched, face up, straight out on her narrow cot-bed, staring into the dark with burning eyes. She did not seek to minimize or evade the tormenting thoughts that ran through her mind. She was "ruined"—yes, that was the word people used about women who had done what she had done.

It never occurred to her that she could go to Alaska with Lambert Wells, or that he could help her in any way. She had suggested Alaska merely at random as a kind of test. Now she spent no time reviling him for her plight. He was not to blame, or at any rate not more than she was herself, and her trouble was her own. The thing that haunted her most was her own double feeling—the attraction and the repulsion she had felt for Lambert, the willingness and the desperate unwillingness, and the weary indifference she now felt for him.

Hour by hour the silent night went by, and Lilla could not sleep. The same ideas kept coursing maddeningly through her suffering brain. If only her father had been alive—she knew she could have told him all, that he would have understood and helped her—but her mother, never! . . . She must be somehow different from other girls, coarser, lower, the sort that "wen' bad" from inclination, that no "good man" would ever want to marry. She was not "nice"; and a humble appreciation of her mother's puritan restrictions and prim inhibitions came over her. Her mother could never have been like her.

She got up and leaned out of the window [Continued on page 129]





**C.** Lambert waded rapidly into the water with a great splashing indicative of his excitement. "Are you trying to drown yourself, Lilla?" he demanded.



**Twenty-five years ago**  
*most of us laughed at the thought*  
*of America going dry.*  
*Now Mr. Hunt tells of*  
*the present campaign*  
*of our prohibitionists*  
*to make Europe*  
*dry by 1950*

# The World WAR on BOOZE

By Frazier Hunt



C. Pussyfoot Johnson,  
*American Dry*  
*Leader, who is*  
*working hard for*  
*world prohibition*

**F**OR THREE years a great new world war has been going on, with Europe as the principal battleground—and until a year ago Europe didn't even know about it.

In 1919 certain crusading American prohibition groups, organizing the meager dry forces of Europe, declared war on the wet world. Europe and the world merely laughed.

It was like Liberia declaring war on the British Empire: it was a huge joke. One might as well make war on the bread or meat of the millions of Europe as to attack their wine and beer and spirits. It was all a fantastic, comic-opera joke.

And then a chill crept up the back of wet Europe. Slowly, silently, unknowingly, an Idea began to get abroad in the land. It seeped in, it slipped in like a shadow—and then suddenly it ceased to be a harmless joke and became cold, and to many, a harrassing reality.

That was about a year ago, and every day since then things have been humming in the wet and dry camps of Europe and the world. Rudely awakened from their sleepy security the wet interests of Europe have sprung to arms overnight and, now completely organized, equipped, and financed—and thoroughly frightened—are carrying on a determined offensive against the dry idea that is sweeping throughout the world.

Today these wet interests have a great international organization in Paris functioning like a general staff.

This world wet organization has

## The World's Hardest Drinkers

France has the reputation of being a nation of moderate drinkers—but read these statistics (from "L'alcoolisme en France"—1913) for the five-year period between 1905 and 1910, which is the last reliable pre-war record obtainable. Total wine, beer, and spirits consumption is reduced to figures of 100% pure alcohol:

| COUNTRY             | LITERS<br>100%<br>ALCOHOL |
|---------------------|---------------------------|
| France .....        | 20.2                      |
| Italy .....         | 13.2                      |
| Switzerland .....   | 11.2                      |
| Belgium .....       | 11.0                      |
| Denmark .....       | 9.4                       |
| Germany .....       | 8.0                       |
| Austria .....       | 8.0                       |
| Hungary .....       | 7.2                       |
| British Isles ..... | 6.6                       |
| United States ..... | 6.0                       |
| Holland .....       | 5.2                       |
| Australia .....     | 5.1                       |
| Roumania .....      | 4.5                       |
| Sweden .....        | 4.5                       |
| New Zealand .....   | 3.6                       |
| Russia .....        | 3.5                       |
| Bulgaria .....      | 3.3                       |
| Canada .....        | 3.3                       |
| Norway .....        | 2.3                       |
| Finland .....       | 1.4                       |

branches and national committees in all the countries of Europe.

For purposes of anti-prohibition propaganda they have easy access to practically the whole press of Europe.

They are securely intrenched in politics and are able in all but two or three smaller countries to control any unfavorable anti-liquor legislation that may come up.

They have powerful friends in governmental circles and, especially in the great wine-growing countries of southern Europe, they can bring pressure to bear on international trade agreements.

**S**PAIN, with the moral assistance of France and Italy, has forced bone-dry Iceland to open her doors to Spanish wines.

France, backed by Spain, is forcing partially dry Norway to accept her high percent wines.

So powerful is the economic pressure the wine interests can bring to bear, through their governments, that no small nation in Europe dares to go dry.

Lastly, they are carrying the war straight into the "enemy's" country, and if they feel it will have any effect they will not hesitate to spend money on electioneering propaganda in America during the Congressional elections. For America is the great enemy country in this wet war. America's finest old brewery families, dreaming of a light wine and beer era, could not contribute more prayers or enthusiasm or straight propaganda to the "cause," directly within the borders of

the United States, than do the great wine exporters of France, financially assisted by all the "trade" interests of Europe.

For America is the crux of the whole wet and dry world problem—and every statement concerning the future of this world war must necessarily be marked with the tag, "If there is no change in American prohibition."

The moral significance of a dry America is tremendous. It would be difficult to overestimate the ultimate effect of this American idea on the consciousness of Europe. It is a part of the American civilization that is slowly spreading over the world—the civilization of the low-priced motor car, the picture show, the jazz music, the higher standard of living, the universal bathtub and toothbrush.

**B**UT BESIDES furnishing the moral issue, America is asked to furnish the dollars—the munitions of war. This, of course, is for the dry armies.

I recall very vividly what a temperance leader in Italy told me about the money side of this war. His name was Domenico Pastorello and he was an odd, little, half-shy man who had been dreaming about prohibition all his life. While we were having coffee in a tiny café in Venice he answered in broken English my question as to how soon Italy would go dry.

"Tell me how much money America will send us and how much we can raise here in Italy and I will tell you when Italy and the world will be prohibition. Money is everything—money and what happens in America. If we have money we can do a big propaganda and soon we will have a law against distilled spirits. Then slowly we will gain Local Option. Prohibition against wine and beer would come later when we have found a substitute for using the grapes besides making wine—when we have solved the economic side. . . . It will come—in twenty or thirty years Italy will be dry. And when Italy goes dry the world will be dry. Nothing can stop it once it gets started in Europe."

This was a dry "crank" talking—the same sort of crank who twenty-five years ago used to predict nation-wide prohibition in America. No one—except a few wise distillers and brewers and wine people—listens to this Italian fanatic, just as few listened to his American counterpart a generation ago; apparently he is an actor without an audience, but he will not be so for long.

That's where the great drama of all this liquor fight comes in—the drama of a handful of despised cranks backed only by an American idea and a few American dollars, fighting the combined traditions and customs and powers of the world. Time and again in the three months that I have been wandering about Europe and Britain gathering material for these articles, I have fairly gasped at the plain audacity, the daring, the apparent impossibility of this dry war. A few graybeards and old women—and an IDEA! And a great, sublime faith in the justice of their cause and an assurance of ultimate victory.

One sees about Europe the same despised dry leaders, the same "cranks," the same unpopular cause one saw a quarter of a century ago in America. To the uninitiated the whole movement is only fit for cartoonists and paragraphers. To the average European or Britisher it is still only a great joke—just as American prohibition was a joke a generation ago.

But this is far from true of the men who are financially interested in keeping the world wet. They are not only awake to the danger to their business—they are thoroughly frightened. And they have good cause to be.

To pick up the whole story one must go back to pre-war days. Long before the great World War threw the motor of civilization into reverse, a world prohibition campaign was well under way. Anti-alcoholic congresses had been held in different cities in Europe and America. In 1909, at the Anti-Alcoholic Congress in London, a World Prohibition Federation was formed under the active presidency of Guy Hayler of London.

However, it was always from America that the great force of the international prohibition idea came. The United States

## LIGUE NATIONALE CONTRE L'ALCOOLISME

147, Boulevard St. Germain, PARIS.



*Il fait de l'homme une brute  
de l'enfant une victime  
de la femme une martyre.*

♣ The French dry campaign used this picture and the caption, "It makes of the husband a brute, of the child a victim, of the wife a martyr."



Fidèles compagnons du buveur :

## Misère & Mort

♣ Here we are shown in graphic European manner the "Faithful companions of the drinker, Poverty and Death."



**C.** *The voice calling from the housetops, "for all and everyone of us," declares, "Every bottle of alcoholic beverage brings on a ruin."*

was far ahead of European nations in the progress of dry laws and prohibition territory, and most of the inspiration for the world temperance movement originated there.

The war brought a forced interruption to international intercourse and it was not until the FIFTEENTH International Congress Against Alcohol held in Washington, D. C., September 21-26, 1920, that the world movement was given a big push forward. However, previous to this meeting, "Pussyfoot" Johnson had invaded England and Scotland and brought to the British and European "trade" interests, their first vivid realization of what an American dry organizer, supplied with American expense money, could do. Opening offices in the heart of Fleet Street, London, Pussyfoot proceeded to inject American ideas and efficiency into the Scottish local option fight.

There is an interesting little story that has to do with the "discovery" of Pussyfoot. One bright morning in the summer of 1920, the city editor of the Daily Mail of London received a penciled note from Lord Northcliffe, the paper's owner and publisher, bearing this legend:

"If we don't watch out, these darn Yankees will be turning England dry. See what you can do about it."

**T**HE CITY editor, naturally eager to follow up the wishes of his big chief, called over one of his star local reporters, handed him the note and without further instructions told him to get busy. This young man—Ferdinand Tuohy, by name—started out on his quest with drooping spirits and, in order to revive them a bit, stepped in at the venerable Cheshire Cheese, made famous some centuries ago by Doctor Johnson.

With his story on his mind and his glass of gin and bitters in his hand, Tuohy addressed the barmaid of the Cheshire Cheese as follows, "Cheerio! You know we'll be having prohibition over here soon enough."

Whereupon the barmaid informed the reporter that "one of 'em" had been in the bar that morning drinking water and looking about. "He wrote his name in the book there," she added. Our reporter, of course, promptly found the name and address, called on the good Pussyfoot, and the next morning the campaign started in the Daily Mail that cost Pussyfoot an eye but brought him eternal fame.

Pussyfoot's English and Scottish campaign, coupled with the ultimate realization that American prohibition was actually in the

Constitution, brought some little temperature to the "liquor interests" of Britain and the Continent, but it came very slowly. The following year, at the Sixteenth Anti-Alcohol Congress held at Lausanne, Switzerland, in August, 1921, most of the international dry organizations held their annual meetings in connection with the Congress, and at the same time there was organized an International Temperance Bureau, with headquarters at Lausanne. This organization, under the direction of Dr. Hercod, was to be used as a propaganda-distributing center for all Europe. With the World Prohibition Federation and the World League Against Alcoholism, it makes up the Big Three in the move to make the world dry.

By the time this 1921 Anti-Alcoholic Congress was called the great wine-exporting interests of France, Italy, and Spain and the general wine, beer, and liquor interests of all Europe and Britain had become aware that there was a genuine world dry movement and that it could no longer sit back and smile at it. So from Paris a call was sent out and on September 23rd, 1921, almost immediately following the Anti-Alcoholic Congress, the first great international wet congress was convened at Lausanne.

At this two-day session ninety-eight delegates, representing twelve countries, were in attendance. These included representatives from Britain, France, Italy, Spain, Portugal, Switzerland, Sweden, Norway, Holland, Denmark, Poland, and Belgium. Plans were immediately started for a complete, embracing organization of the wine, beer, and spirits interests that could not only fight defensively against the slow but steady growth of the dry idea throughout the world, but conduct an active offensive against it, and again turn into the wet channels countries that were already dry.



**C.** *To fill oneself with alcohol is to lose one's time, to lose one's money, to lose one's health, to lose one's intelligence, to lose one's dignity, to destroy one's children. The title is "The Octopus," and underneath is the statement that the drinker gives himself up without defense to the tentacles of the monster.*

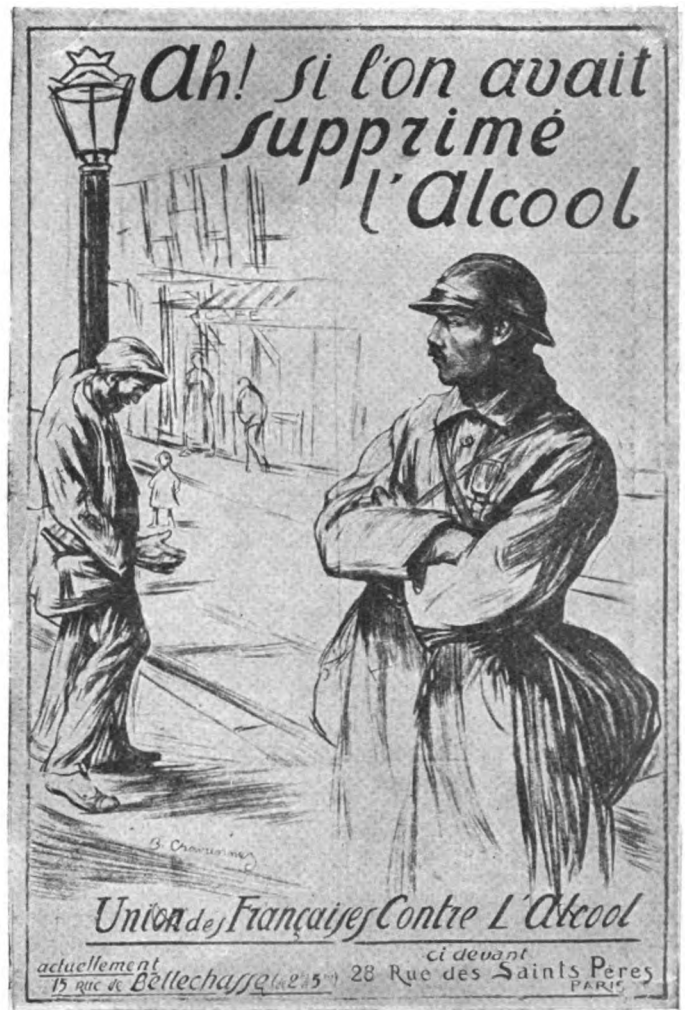


It is interesting to note that at this first Anti-Prohibition Congress no delegates from the old enemy countries were permitted to be seated. France especially drew this strict line. However, to get around this embarrassing situation the work of organizing the wine, beer, and spirits interests in the Central European countries was intrusted to a Swiss citizen by the name of Dr. Neumann—and at the Second Congress to be held in October of this year at Brussels these ex-enemy nations are to be represented by their own delegates on the threat that otherwise they will refuse to contribute to the central organization.

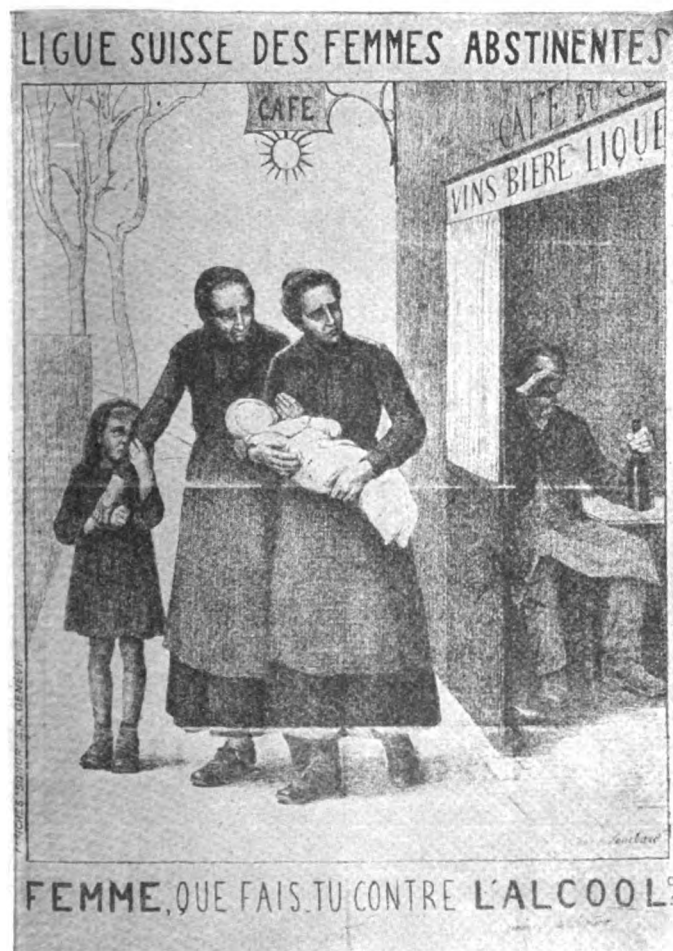
**S**UPPLIED with funds and an office at Berne, Dr. Neumann proceeded immediately on his task of arousing the sluggish wet proprietors throughout the new countries of the old Austro-Hungarian Empire, as well as Germany and Switzerland. Working temporarily through an organization known as the International Swiss Anti-Prohibition League, Dr. Neumann organized active national propaganda committees in Vienna, Prague, Budapest, and Berlin, and as I write these lines in midsummer, 1922, he is busy lecturing and instructing these different branches on the divers schemes of securing favorable wet propaganda, controlling politics, giving wine exhibits, raising funds and in all the details of handling a vigorous campaign.

I dropped in the National Hungarian Committee's offices in Budapest to see just what sort of work these different organizations were doing. The large, airy rooms, at No. 49 Podmaniczsky Street, were bristling with great posters announcing a wine industrial exhibition to be held in Budapest between August 18th and September 15th, of this year. Beaming with pride, the director of the bureau, a very genial gentleman by the name of Arthur Singer, explained that this was one of their first bits of real constructive work, and that they had other great things planned.

"Our Committee here in Hungary embraces every possible department of the whole wine, beer, and spirits industry," he explained with considerable enthusiasm. "We have seventeen distinct branches of the industry already organized. These in-



**C.** In this picture the sturdy French soldier says, regretfully, "Ah, if they had only suppressed booze!"



**C.** This illustration comes from the Swiss campaign and puts up the question to the women, "Woman, what are you doing to put down alcohol?"

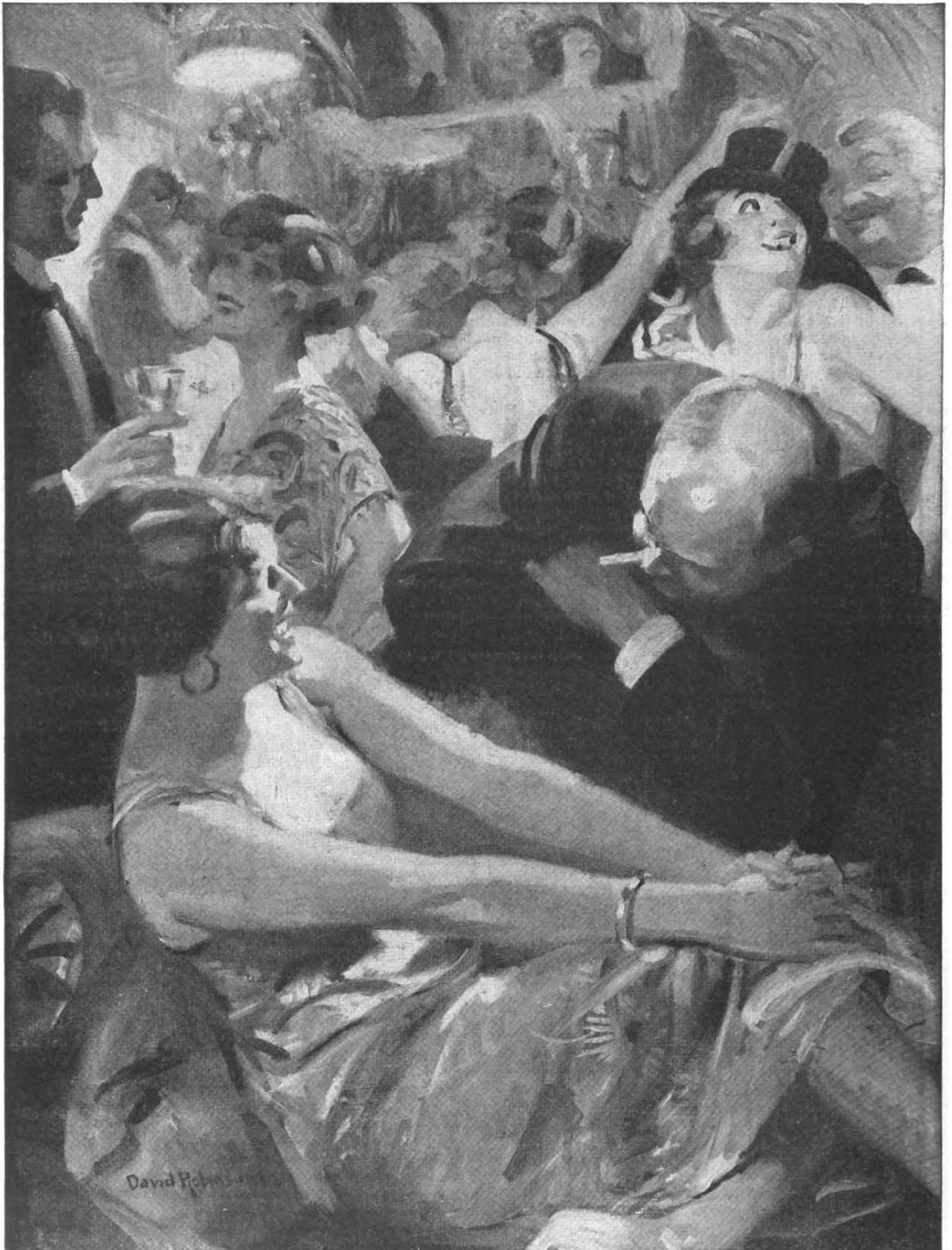
clude not only the distillers and brewers and wine makers but the bottle manufacturers and even the cork makers. Every part of the trade is working together. And it is very necessary.

"For a long time we were sleeping, but no longer. The enemy was right in our midst before we knew it. There have been two Americans here in the past few months organizing Prohibition Committees and spending American money. They have already given \$500 to a Hungarian Anti-Alcoholic Committee headed by Countess Apponyi and they are going to give much more money. You know all this is Rockefeller money and he is going to pour thousands and thousands into Europe to make us dry here.

"But we are awake to our peril now and we will fight. There is great danger and we must all stand together. Americans must join with their European brothers and help. And Americans must work hard to smash their own terrible dry law. If she remains dry it will be very hard to keep the world from going dry. If America could go wet again it would be very easy to keep the whole world wet. America is everything in this fight."

But this local country organizing is but one small phase of the great offensive being carried on at present by the wine, beer, and spirits interests of Europe. Probably most spectacular of all is the effort made through and directly by the governments of the wine countries of Spain, France, and Italy, to break down in other countries any legislation or trade barriers against the importation of wines. And more startling than that, to actually compel tiny countries that are bone dry to open their doors again to the importation of wine.

In the case of small, weak Iceland this has actually been done by the government of Spain, at the behest, and in the direct interest of its wine exporters. Iceland was the first country in the world to go bone dry. Her prohibition legislation came into effect June 1, 1915, and no objection was raised against it until a little over a year ago, when Spain demanded, in the form of an economic ultimatum, that Iceland should modify her prohibition law in such a way as to permit [Continued on page 104]



**C** It seemed a relief for Henry to talk to his wife. "You remember when Valley asked me out to Long Island over the week-end? It was a wild party. You don't know what some of those house parties are. I picked this girl because she really was quite innocent—and because they made it a rule that everyone must have a girl."



**C** It is  
so easy  
for a husband  
to become  
involved  
with  
another  
woman;  
the wife's  
part is  
not  
so easy



# THE MAN WHO DIDN'T PLAY FAIR

*By William MacHarg*

*Illustrated by David Robinson*

**A**T TIMES Laura Burroughs wondered in what way it was that she loved her husband. Not intensely, though that had been true in the first years of their marriage. Not with ardor even. Matter-of-factness had come into their relation in the eight years of their life together.

Sometimes he seemed to her, in her appreciation of his mental processes, a portion almost of herself; sometimes it seemed as if this were an illusion produced merely by the regularity of routine. In either case, no new experiences seemed possible between them.

She sat each morning in the octagonal dining-room whose high-set windows gave no outlook on the nearby surrounding buildings but let in a flood of sunlight on the fresh linen and the shining silver; and he sat across from her, smooth-shaven and ready for the office. At five in the afternoon, he called her up to learn what their evening plans were. She rebelled occasionally against this uniformity; why did he not call her up at three, or four, or six? But to have done so once would have made no difference. It distressed her to realize that habit completely controlled them; their life was fixed; it would go on like this till both were old and death supervened.

At breakfast on this particular morning, she was opening her letters, interspersed with first-of-the-month household bills, and making comments to him.

"Listen," she said. "Isn't this dandy, Henry! You know mother has left Paris and her steamer gets here a week from Wednesday. Well, Jessica and Ted are coming East; they'll get here the day before she does. They've planned that because of

her. They'll spend a week here with us and then go back with mother to Detroit."

"That's fine," he said.

She opened the next envelope and her brows drew together in perplexity.

"Why, Henry, this is queer! Phillips and Marsh have charged a lot of things to me that I never bought. A steamer rug. A trunk. All traveling things. And such terribly expensive things, too! All things for some woman who is going on a trip."

"Some mistake," he answered. "Let me have the bill. I'll step in there today and have it straightened out."

"There's no need of your doing it. I'm going there myself this afternoon. I'll speak to them."

"Laura, give me that bill."

"Why, how strange you are. You've always said you didn't want to be bothered with the bills and complained to them if they sent them to the office——"

Suddenly fear struck through her, unexpected, chilling. She looked swiftly up and saw that he was caught.

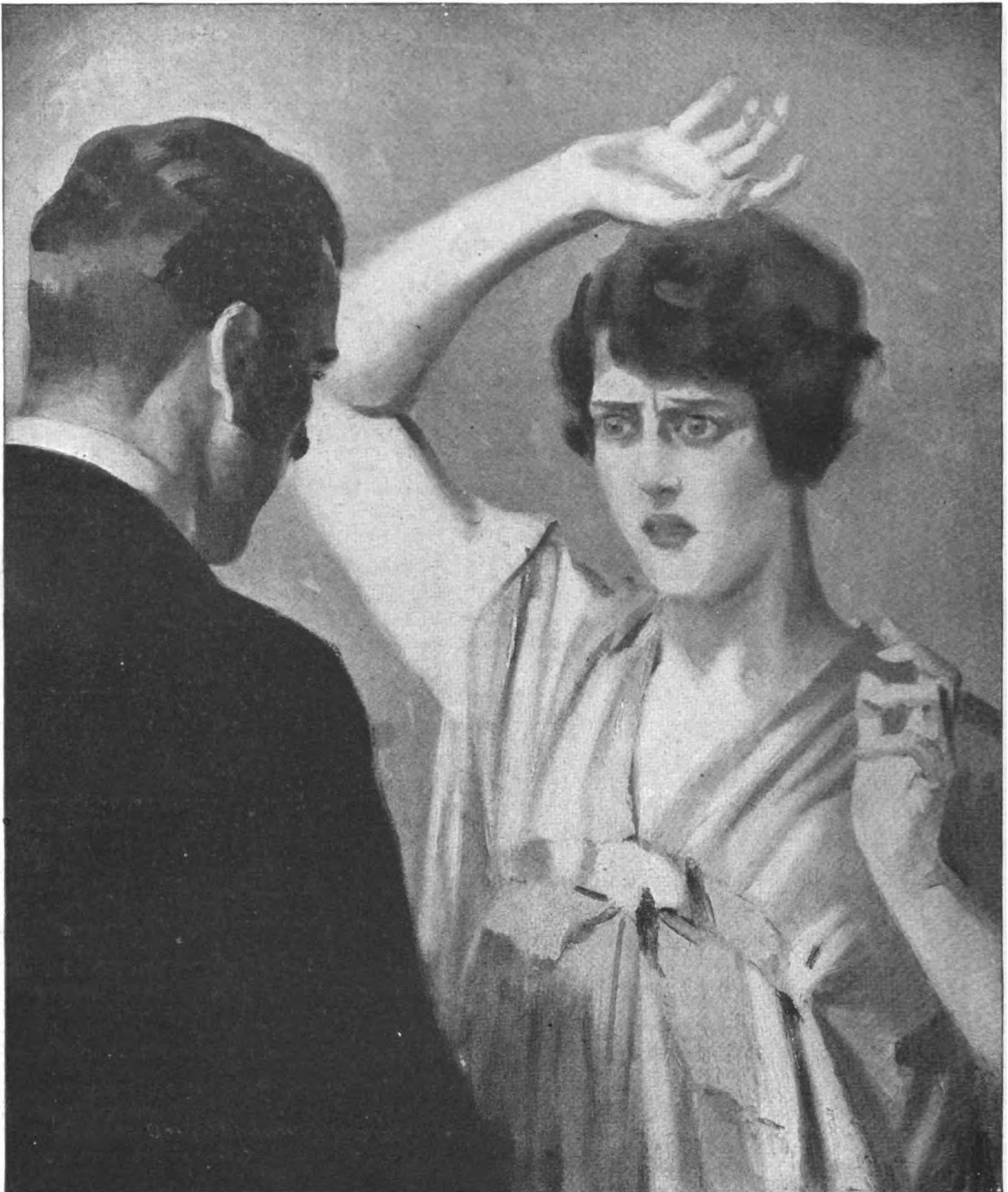
Her mind jumped intuitively. A score of incidents which had seemed unimportant at the time fell into place like bits of glass in a kaleidoscope.

"Good God," she heard him say angrily, under his breath.

"Of course," she managed. "I understand that this part of the bill was expected to go to your office." Then she could not go on.

A hand had reached into her breast and caught her heart. She was in agony with feelings that she had never had before—





**C** *Laura was in agony with feelings that she had never had before—with shame and sickening disillusionment, with jealousy and blind anger.*

with shame, with sickening disillusionment, with jealousy, with blind anger, with horror. Startling memories were coming to her—his talk of business necessitating a South American trip; the vague reasons he had assigned during the last few weeks why portions of their property should be in her name; the papers she had signed, usually without even reading them.

The maid came in, bringing the breakfast coffee, and Henry followed the maid back to the door.

"Don't come in here again," he told her.

He closed the door after the maid and turned around. He had turned white and sick and guilty looking, but there was something dogged in his manner, too. He seemed like a man cornered against odds, who has long seen the inevitability of a leap into space and who suddenly resolves to take it.

"Well, it's out," he said unevenly. "I'm sorry, Laura. But you're persistent; now that you've seen that bill you'd keep after it until you got the answer. It doesn't really matter; you'd have known in a few days anyway. Only I wanted to spare you what I could. I've got myself into a terrible mess. I've been in hell for

weeks; I—I didn't want to drag you any deeper into it than I could help."

"You're taking someone with you!"

"I'm leaving New York—with her—for good. I've done the best I can for you. I've left you almost all the property. This house is yours."

"That does not interest me. Who is the woman?"

"Oh, it's just a girl." He seemed to regard her question merely as an interruption. "Believe me, Laura, I've tried to think it out and do the best I could for everyone. I've got to go. It is the only way."

She had a feeling of amazement. "You've got to go?" she asked. "What do you mean?"

"There's going to be a baby."

She sat perfectly still; she could not, she felt, have moved; what held her was the unbelievableness of what she heard. This was her husband—Henry—opposite whom she had sat, three minutes before, opening her mail, secure, happy at least as the average person is. She felt rages of jealousy and hate surging



“*Did mere youth mean so much to men that an older woman could not war successfully against it?*” Laura asked herself despairingly

inside of her. She did not know why, instinctively, her mind went back months and months to a night—several nights in succession—when, awakening, she had found that he had left the bed beside her own and was sleeping on the couch in his dressing-room adjoining.

“You must make more explanation to me than this,” she told him, stifling.

“I can’t see what more you’d want to know.”

“How long has this been going on?”

“**A**BOUT a year.” It seemed a relief to him to talk. “You remember when the Norvalburg Motor Company’s affairs were up and P. J. Valley asked me out to Long Island over the weekend to talk over the reorganization? It was a wild party. There were girls there. There was a lot of drinking. You don’t know what some of those house parties are. You never will. All men—and girls who do not care. Through it all Valley and I were really doing business. I’m not trying to excuse myself. I picked

this girl out because she really was quite innocent, it was the first time she had been on a party of that sort—and since they’d made the rule that everyone must have a girl, she seemed the safest. Then—Good God, Laura, I can’t explain to you how it happened! You wouldn’t understand. The atmosphere is different. Things don’t seem so much to matter. A man—among men—”

“And it’s been going on ever since?”

“At intervals. You see, she didn’t want to give me up—I told you she was inexperienced. She really is a very good sort of a girl. Lives at home with her family. Her people aren’t much. And then—this happened. What I told you.”

“How old is she?”

“Nineteen.”

“Does—does she want the baby?” Laura asked breathlessly.

He stared at her. “Want it?” he repeated. “Heavens, no! She—she hates the thought of it. It’s—her trouble. It’s separating her from her family—from the people that she knows. It’s—it’s smashed her life. Like mine. She wanted just to go away somewhere—and leave the baby with someone to be taken

care of and then come back home. I wouldn't let her do that. I couldn't. I'm responsible. It's my——"

"No; of course you can't leave it with strangers to be brought up. Is she still at home?"

"She can't be; her family would find out. They think she's visiting a girl she knows up state, but really she's in town at a hotel. She mails her letters to her family under cover to the girl, and the girl mails them back."

She shrank back sickly.

"I know," he said. "It's sordid; one thing follows another and leads on and on. I tell you that I've been in hell—seeing her and then coming back to you, immaculate. It's awful to hurt you in this way! I hate to do it; I wanted merely to go away and let you find out afterward only as much as might be necessary. And—and it worked out well, considering everything, with your mother coming so she can be with you——"

SHE PUT up her hands with a gesture of horror and appeal. "You can't do that!" she cried. "You mustn't! I'll not have them find me here like that. Deserted. Mother and Jessica and Ted. I won't be pitied. I won't have Jessica comparing you with Ted and me with her. I won't listen to the sort of things they'd say. You've got to stay here till they've come and gone. After they're gone——"

He stood gazing at her uncertainly. "Laura, if it were possible to talk this thing over sensibly——" he said.

"Am I not talking it over sensibly? Can you ask more than I am doing? Haven't I tried to accept things as they are? But there are limits."

"Laura, there are a good many reasons why I ought to go on Thursday as I planned."

"What reasons?"

He came intently closer to her. "It's not so easy to arrange such a thing as this so that it protects the child. You can't bring a child into the world without some people knowing it. Even if she went somewhere under an assumed name—— But this way the baby will be born at sea. You see, that's different. I've taken passage on a small steamer; there are very few other passengers, none who will have any curiosity. Everything will seem regular. There are plenty of babies born at sea. We go aboard as two, we land as three. Who in South America ever would make inquiries? You see; it starts the baby right."

"I will take charge of that," she said.

Her words seemed incomprehensible to him. She was very white; her fingers moved queerly on the tablecloth in front of her.

"Perhaps you don't remember," she declared, "that among the charities I've given money to there's a maternity home. My word goes a long way there. If—if a girl goes there ostensibly sent by me, and I request that no questions shall be asked, it can be made very easy for all who are concerned. But I won't be left here to face my family all alone."

HE SEEMED bewildered. "You mean," he asked incredulously, attempting to realize what she had just said, "that after what I've told you, you want me to stay here in this house?"

"Yes."

"You want me to meet your mother and your sister and her husband and deceive them as to what is going on?"

"You ought not to find the deception difficult," she told him. "You've deceived me for a year. It is only until they go."

He dropped into his seat across from her and put his face into his hands.

"I have some rights," she said unsteadily. "You cannot trample upon all of them. If this is to be done, I can at least demand that it be done the way I want it done," Laura declared.

After a while he raised his head and looked at her.

"All right," he said, "do it the way you wish."

He got up, gazing at her uncertainly; then as she said nothing more, he opened the door into the hall.

"The car is waiting, Mr. Burroughs," the maid announced outside. She brought his hat, and he took it and again looked back at Laura before he left.

Laura knew that she would not have acted as she had just done toward her husband if it had not been for the opposition between herself and her mother and her sister. She had never had an actual disagreement, it was true, with either of them. She admired and loved her mother, the beautiful Mrs. Walton, who was good, intelligent, with an exalted sense of honor that had made Laura feel often that her mother was superior to herself. Mrs. Walton was too good and too honorable, as everyone

declared, and as she herself had given evidence by her actions, to have lived even a day with Laura's father after she had discovered that he was unfaithful to her. She had divorced him when Laura was six.

Mrs. Walton had brought up her two daughters very carefully. Jerry Walton, if he had proved himself unfit to be a husband, had never unfitted himself to be a money-maker. There was a pleasing alimony which allowed his former wife to do exactly as she wished. Mrs. Walton had wished to go once a year to Europe, except during the war years, and to be a prominent and popular member of a number of women's clubs and of several welfare movements. Society liked and admired her. Laura had seen that her mother made many women, who found themselves chained to the wheel of their household cares, envy her freedom and caused them to wonder whether, after all, married life was indeed all that they had once thought it must be.

The trouble was that Laura never had ceased to love her father. Even when she was a tiny child he had pretended to pay respect to her opinions and to listen to what she had to say as attentively as though she had been a grown person, and in the security of being treated thus, she had talked childish matters with him that she would not have mentioned to anyone else.

Of course, there were some things about her father that had troubled her and hurt her. She could recall, young as she had been, that before the divorce a picture of her mother had stood always on her father's dresser. After the divorce, when she had visited her father, there had been still a picture, not of her mother, on the dresser. About the age of twelve, she had become aware that it was not always the same picture.

THIS bore out clearly her mother's contention that her father was a wicked man. But Laura saw that he was never angry to the point of taking out his irritation unjustly upon those around him; that he never spoke harshly even to his servants, and that his servants loved him. She saw that he wished well to those about him. She perceived also that, while her mother implied often in the presence of her daughters that their father was a despicable and immoral person, her father spoke always gently and kindly of her mother.

Mrs. Walton laid Laura's affection for her father to what she termed the "injustice" of the court decree, which had compelled her to let her daughters see their father at stated intervals. She made it quite plain that she felt that her former husband had taken advantage of this to poison Laura's mind against her. Laura had long given up trying to make her mother share her own belief that her father hoped that her mother was happy; she felt that her complete inability to make her mother believe this was peculiarly indicative of instinctive longing for revenge against her former husband on her mother's part.

These feelings of her mother's, she was vaguely conscious, were somehow at the bottom of her mother's opposition to her own marriage to Henry Burroughs. Of course, Mrs. Walton had not assigned Henry's likeness in many ways to Jerry Walton as the basis of her objection to him; she had contended merely that he then held so small a position in the firm of corporation lawyers with which he was connected that it gave her anxiety as to Laura's future; and she had contrasted Laura's marriage with that of Jessica, who had married an automobile manufacturer in Detroit, where the couple was known as "the" Ted Meadows.

But these things had summed themselves into a total, so that Laura, when she had realized her husband's guilt, had been overwhelmed, even in her resentment and misery, by the coming of her mother and her sister; she shrank from their being present personally to have the triumph of pitying her, of discussing with her the destruction of her marriage, and of weeping over her. For the instant this had proved the stronger feeling.

With Henry's departure for the office, the house snapped back unbelievably into its routine. There was something incredible to Laura in this stability of everyday affairs. Her throat was dry, her eyes were hot and wet with shame and outrage; the temple of her married life had fallen into ruins. Yet merely because there was here a house upon a New York cross-street, with its several servants; because the telephone would ring with people trying to make engagements with her or asking for instructions; because the household was going forward by its own inertia and she must oversee it, her life gave no external evidence that it was suddenly overturned.

Her plan had been to go shopping in the afternoon, and after thinking it over, she decided that she still would do that. She got back in the late afternoon, and as she was taking off her things the thought came to her that today [Continued on page 98]





# The Pale Woman

By Dana Burnet

Illustrated by W. T. Benda

Every Man  
is interested  
in a Woman  
who is mysterious  
but it takes more  
than Mystery  
to make a woman  
Irresistible

GREGORY MOREL had seen her first standing by a red poinsettia bush in her garden, with the monkey on her shoulder. He had been busy all day getting settled in his house in Vedado, on the heights above Havana, and had come out at evening to loaf in his own small garden and to smoke a cigarette. A hedge of hibiscus separated his place from hers; he had looked over it and had seen her, standing motionless, poised, one hand lifted to support the small gray animal on her shoulder. In the distance, by a chance trick of composition, was some glint of opal sea. . . . The play of light made a remote background for her head; gave a shade of purple to her dark hair.

A curious and interesting figure. Premeditated. Like a figure put on canvas. . . .

Morel was grateful for the picture. It was the second year after the war, and the war was still pretty vividly fastened upon his mind. He was rather an easy-going, phlegmatic sort of blond young American. But the war had stirred him and shaken him. It had left him with a desire for aloofness and peace. Unconsciously he had come to regard himself as one who stands outside the life-current, looking on with appreciation and interest, but without emotion.

Perhaps he had sensed something of the same attitude in the woman standing by the poinsettia bush. There was an element of deliberation in her choice of pose, in her choice of background; yet she was also subtly detached, removed from her surroundings.

He had had a whimsical notion that he ought to applaud her.

He went back into his house, pleased with his own state of mind. Yes, he was grateful for whatever life could give him in the way of beauty. But he was not to be moved by it. His ideal of spectatorship did not admit of romance except at second hand.

He was lucky, and knew it. He had come out of the war whole, and with a decent record. He had returned to his job in the Anglo-American Bank of Cuba, had been made second vice-president and was doing well. Extremely well. He had promised himself in France that if ever he got back to Havana he would have a house in Vedado, a house to himself, where he could stretch out and order his life as he wanted it.

WELL, he had his house. A square, single-story building, of pale pink cocoa-stone, with iron-barred windows, and high-ceilinged rooms separated by swinging shutters that reached only as high as his head. The living-room opened directly off the porch. The floor was of native tile and the walls were decorated with a faded fresco. It was all very cool and comfortable and satisfying. The Chinese servant who served him his dinner was satisfying. He dined by candle-light, looking out over a small balcony toward the house opposite. While he was drinking his coffee he saw a figure come to the window of that house and close the shutters. He recognized the woman he had seen in the garden. The monkey was still perched on her shoulder.

He wondered who she was; and then, definitely, as one who excludes a thought that would tend to qualify or define a mood of

delightful abstraction, he put aside curiosity. What he wanted, what his spirit wanted, was not experience or adventure. It was peace and beauty—at a distance.

But the next Saturday afternoon, after eighteen holes of golf, as he sat drinking his Scotch and soda on the veranda of the Country Club, he spoke to Mrs. Titcombe about his neighbor. Mrs. Titcombe knew everything and everybody in Havana. She was an Englishwoman, the wife of a British official, charming and omniscient. She had been asking Gregory about his house—they were sitting at a table waiting for Titcombe to come from the locker-room—and Morel, on impulse, had mentioned the woman who lived next-door to him.

"She has purple hair, and carries a monkey on her shoulder. I've seen her in her garden. Very picturesque."

"And mysterious," said Mrs. Titcombe.

"Why?"

"Simply because she is. Oh, there's no gossip about her. . . . That's why she's mysterious."

"Do you know her?"

"No one knows her. Her name is Courbet—Madame Courbet. French? Yes. But *she's* not I think. She came out in 1918—while you were in khaki. One sees her at the races, at the Casino here occasionally. Always alone, always striking. . . . Extraordinary! May I give you some tea?"

"No, thanks." He hesitated a moment; then said: "But someone must know her."

"My dear Gregory, if I don't know her she simply isn't known. Of course I called, and she received me. Charming, but absolutely elusive. . . . A day or two later, when I got home from the Orphanage Committee—we're having a bazaar after Lent; you must come and spend money, Gregory—I found her cards. I haven't tried again. Something about the woman—an aloofness. One feels it."

"And respects it," said Morel.

"Oh, quite. After all, why shouldn't she be mysterious if she wants to be? It's none of my business."

"Nor mine."

Mrs. Titcombe tilted her pretty head in a mocking way she had.

"YOU? YOU'LL probably fall in love with her across that hibiscus hedge of yours, and then I shall hate her, because she'll monopolize you—"

"No!" said Morel. "I'm not falling in love this season."

"Not even with me?"

"Oh, that's different. I'm perennially in love with you, Lydia."

"Do come and tell me so occasionally. I'll be quite lonely after Freddie goes."

"Where is he going?"

"To England. Some silly directors' meeting—Oh, hello, Freddie"—This to her husband, who had just come up to the table. "What do you think? Gregory loves me."

"Does he? Damned bit of cheek, I call it. . . . I got an 83 on the last round, my boy. Hang the ant-hills, though. They're ruining the course. Are you paying for the drink?"

"Yes," said Morel, and beckoned to a waiter. "*Dos highballs escoses.* . . ."

"We were talking," said Mrs. Titcombe, "about that mysterious woman in Vedado. Madame Courbet. Gregory says she has purple hair."

"What earthly difference does it make? I say, they ought to do something about those damned ants. . . ."

Morel leaned back in his chair, sipped his drink and looked out over the rolling green course adorned with clumps of palm trees. How good it was to hold such pictures in one's eyes. How good to lounge on the broad veranda, in the cool of the winter afternoon, with these friendly, casual people who shared with him the slight wistfulness of voluntary exile. Yes, it was exile in a way; Cuba was exile. But that was good, too. One worked here; worked hard and steadily. But it wasn't like grinding away at a desk at home. One could keep one's mind always a little apart; the whole atmosphere had enough of pageantry in it to be something of a spectacle. Life didn't grip you and plunge your head under the stream. . . .

No; he wasn't falling in love this season.

"But why the monkey?" Unconsciously he had spoken his thought aloud.

"Exactly," said Mrs. Titcombe. "I saw it the day I called. Horrid little beast. Looked at me as if I were a python. I don't like monkeys. They're too—reminiscent. I wonder if they haven't souls?"

"Rot," said her husband. "Damned rot!" and added, some-

what querulously: "Why don't we talk about the ants? They're positively a menace. . . . I daresay they'll have gobbled the course by the time I get back from England."

The monkey's name was Koko. Morel heard the servant next door, a shrill-voiced Spanish woman, calling it at the top of her lungs. "Koko! Koko! Where are you? You'll drive me mad. The mistress wants you—"

Koko. An absurd name. It amused him. Also, for no reason, it irritated him a little. Why didn't Madame Courbet keep the little beast in a cage? Why must she let it have the run of the place, as if it were a member of her household—?

It was the monkey that brought them finally together.

HE WAS sitting sprawled in his living-room, one evening, with his pipe and a book, when he heard the Spanish woman shouting under his windows. He got up, pretending to be entertained, but in reality annoyed at the uproar. At that moment there came a knock at the front door. He crossed the room and opened it. Madame Courbet was there, standing on his porch, her pale face made startling by the light falling out of the doorway. She had around her throat a string of pearls. He noticed that, and her dark eyes; they were like pieces of jet, luminous, set under highly-arched brows.

She spoke calmly, in English, with a slight accent.

"I am very sorry. I think Koko is in your house. Maria says she saw him go in through the window."

"Shall I look?" said Morel. "Or will you—?"

"I'll come in, if you please. He would never come to you."

"By all means," said the young man, and held open the door for her. She gave him a quick glance and swept past him. He went about turning on the electric lights. . . .

Shortly he heard her voice from the dining-room. He went to the door and saw Koko perched on the buffet, eating a banana which he had appropriated from a fruit-dish.

Madame Courbet was apologetic.

"I am very sorry. He is a thief. He has stolen a banana."

"He's quite welcome to it," said Gregory, laughing.

She addressed the monkey. "Come to me, Koko. At once, do you hear?" The monkey began to chatter at her, showed its teeth and, as she came toward it, leaped up to the top of the buffet, where it sat scowling.

"He is sulky. He doesn't like me tonight," said Madame Courbet, in a tone that gave Morel an unpleasant shock. It was exactly as if she had been speaking of a person. She took another step forward, holding out her hands.

"Koko?" Then suddenly, almost passionately: "I tell you to come down. I won't have it, do you understand? I shall wear it all I choose. . . . If you sulk, I shall sell you, do you hear? Sell you!"

The monkey gave a queer sound—something between a cry and a hiss. It made Morel's flesh creep. And it produced a sudden change in Madame Courbet. She seemed to give in, to surrender. Certainly her attitude was one of conciliation.

"Very well. I'll take it off." He saw her hands go to her throat; she was taking off the pearl necklace. She held it bunched in her hand. "Look, Koko. I won't wear it any more tonight. I promise."

THE MONKEY climbed down from the buffet and leaped to her shoulder. She turned to Morel, and reading the amazement on his face, smiled coldly.

"He is a tyrant. He doesn't like me to wear my pearls."

"I see," said Gregory. "I see. So that's why he ran away?"

"Yes. I am very sorry. I will try not to let it happen again."

"Not at all. Don't mention it. . . . I see," stammered the young man, as he walked with her to the door. What he thought was: "This is extraordinary—grotesque. . . . The idea of humoring a monkey's whims. . . . It ought to be explained. You ought to explain it. . . . There's something queer about this." But all he said was: "Not at all. I see. Good evening."

She went out. The door closed after her. He returned to his pipe and his novel; but he was uncomfortably aware of his inability to lose himself in the book. He kept thinking of Madame Courbet, not as a picture, but as a person. She had become for him, all at once, disturbingly real. Yet there was about her, about her actions, her gestures, the tones of her voice, that which left his impression of her still pretty much in the air.

Hang it, why must she come trailing mystery into his house? A few nights later he deliberately spoke to her across the hibiscus hedge. He had been smoking in his patch of garden and

she had come into hers, apparently to stand by the poinsettia bush and nothing more. It seemed ridiculous not to speak to her.

"Good evening," said Morel, in what he conceived to be a neighborly tone. "How is —Koko?"

She turned to him without embarrassment or restraint.

"He is chained up. I am punishing him. He had no right to run away."

"Oh, well," said Morel, lightly. "It's good to run away now and then. Relieves the monotony."

"But monotony is good, too," she said.

"Yes. If it's the right sort."

She inclined her head as if to agree with him, said, "Good evening," turned and walked away toward the house. He did not take it as a rebuff. It was merely that she had nothing further to say to him.

He lighted a fresh cigarette, and strolled about, watching the pink and jade evening melt out of the sky. "I understand," he said to himself, "I understand. . . . You want simply to be let alone. Well, good Lord! I shan't bother you."

HE WENT to bed that night, saying: "I understand. It's quite natural. Rest assured I shan't bother you. . . ."

The next time he saw her was at the races. He had gone into the grandstand to speak to Mrs. Titcombe and that lady had pointed her out to him at once.

"There's your lady of Veda-do. In the third box from ours. Alone, as usual. Don't look now——"

A moment later he looked. Yes, it was Madame Courbet. She was beautifully dressed, and with her pale face, her red lips, her dark eyes and hair, made a figure that was, as Mrs. Titcombe once had said, unusually striking.

"Run along, Gregory," said the Englishwoman. "I know you're dying to speak to her."

"No."

"Is it because you've not been properly presented? I'll take you over to her, if you like——?"

"Thanks, no," said Morel, calmly.

"Extraordinary!" said his companion. "She seems to exist for no other reason than to make a picture——"

Gregory did not go to Madame Courbet's box, nor even look at her again. But at the close of the afternoon, as he was leaving the grandstand, he suddenly came across her in the crowd.



¶ She stood there, her pale face made startling by the light falling on it. What strange imposition was it that kept her natural energies confined? She had become for Gregory, at once, disturbingly real. Still she had come trailing mystery into his house.



"How do you do?" he inquired, smiling, as he took off his hat. "How do you do?"

Her voice was cool and gracious, but there was in it a degree of finality that left him without further opportunity for speech. He bowed and went on. Driving home, in his modest roadster, he passed her riding in an open *coche*. For some reason it irritated him. "Parallel lines," he reflected, "never meet."

That particular proposition in geometry had somehow always irritated him.

He felt—baffled.

He saw her scarcely ever in her garden after that. She seemed to be avoiding him. And then, by an utterly commonplace turn of circumstances, he was drawn into close acquaintance with Madame Courbet.

SHE HAD come to the bank for advice and assistance regarding her business affairs, and they had sent her to him. The business in question involved not only the transfer of her property in France to American and Cuban holdings, but the transfer of her citizenship as well. It was a complicated and rather an intimate transaction, which continued over a period of several weeks. Morel handled it with a tact, a professional decorum that at times seemed almost to amuse her. But she was grateful to him, nevertheless. "You have been very kind," she said to him at the close of their final interview.

"Not at all," replied Gregory, with a fine impersonality. "Not at all. It's my business, you know. . . . I'll bring those papers to your house tonight. You can sign them there. You won't need a witness. That will finish everything."

"You are very kind," she said again, and gave him her hand. He took it—still with his impersonal air—was conscious of a sweetness in the contact, and dropped it hurriedly. She bowed, and left the office.

He had learned in the course of his dealings with her a good deal about the facts of her life. She was a Russian, born in Moscow, but had spent most of her life in London and in Paris. She had married in 1912, two years before the war, a wealthy young Frenchman, Raoul Courbet, concerning whom Morel knew nothing except that he had died of wounds received in battle, in the autumn of 1914. Four years later Madame Courbet had come to Cuba, had taken a house in Vedado, and had remained there, alone with her servants and her inexplicable monkey, ever since.

These things he had learned, but they told him little of the woman herself. That he wanted to know more about her he did not admit; at least he had not admitted it up to the moment of her final departure from his office. But that afternoon, driving home in his car, he faced his curiosity frankly—and found that it was more than curiosity. "Good Lord!" he thought, "am I falling in love with her, after all?" Then: "Of course I'm not. I'm simply interested in her as—as an enigma. I've always been fond of puzzles." He clung to that. "I've always been fond of puzzles—"

What an odd sensation it had been to touch her hand! Like a slight electric shock. He could feel it now, exciting, vital. Yes, she was a vital creature! What strange imposition was it that kept her natural energies confined to a graceful impotence? He would like to know. He would find out if he could, and then, having solved the puzzle, abandon it for his somewhat impaired spectatorship.

THAT night, after dinner, he took to her house the papers she had to sign. When she had put her name to them, he said:

"That's the end of it. You're a citizen of the Republic of Cuba, now. And your property is quite safe, I believe."

"I will never have to go back to France?"

"No. You can spend your life here, if you like."

She stood looking at him across a table with a lamp on it. The monkey was on her shoulder—he had crouched there, grinning at Morel, while she was signing the documents.

"Yes," she said. "I shall spend my life here."

It was on the tip of his tongue to ask: "Why?" But he said simply, "You like Cuba?"

"Very much. It has charm and color. . . . One finds here always the appropriate background."

He said: "I suppose that's what we're all looking for, isn't it? The appropriate background?"

Her face was like marble in the flare of the lamp.

"Yes. . . . One thinks of life as a painting. One feels the necessity to find one's proper place in the composition."

He had been ready to agree with her till then; he wanted to agree with her, to put himself on a plane with her, whatever that plane might be. But there was something in this brief statement of her philosophy that he was forced to combat, something unpleasant in the thought of reducing life to two dimensions. A painting—? So that was how she looked at it! That was why she moved so picturesquely—the word had been more apt than he had realized—through the social fabric of Havana, without becoming entangled in it? That was her pose—?

Had it not been also his? No matter—

"I don't know that I look at it quite that way," he said, awkwardly. "I have a feeling that, after I've thought it out, I'd dispute that with you. At least," he broke off, with a laugh that caused Koko to scowl at him, "if you're ever so good as to talk with me again."

"I should like to talk with you. . . . You have been very kind. But I must tell you—I never make friends."

"Neither do I," said Morel.

That amused her.

"But you have a great many friends, Mr. Morel."

"No; as a matter of fact, I haven't. I've a good many acquaintances, but as for friends—"

"That pretty Mrs. Titcombe, for instance?"

"Oh, yes, Lydia. I've known her for ages. But since the war I've been—I can't seem to want to get too close to people."

"That's interesting. . . ." She had stopped smiling; her eyes looked steadily into his. Her hand—she had a long, white hand—stroked slowly the monkey's fur. "If you want to talk with me, come and I'll give you a cup of tea."

"When?" said Gregory.

"Any time. I have no engagements."

"Tomorrow?"

Her hand paused in its caressing movement.

"Very well. If you like."

"Good," said Morel. "I'll come about five."

The monkey had begun to chatter. She took him down from her shoulder and tossed him lightly to the floor. "Go away, Koko. I won't have you scolding me, do you understand?" Then straightening up, she said to Morel:

"BUT REMEMBER, it is the beginning of nothing. I tell you that because you have been kind, and because I—because it is only honest to tell you."

"I understand," said Morel. "I'll come, and we'll talk." He put out his hand. "It is interesting, as you say. Like meeting someone on a journey, and going along with him a way, and getting nowhere."

"Yes," said Madame Courbet.

He was rather proud of himself for putting it so neatly. If only her hand had not that odd electric quality—!

He went to her house the next afternoon with a sense of excitement that he was at pains to tell himself did not exist. She received him on a small screened balcony that overhung her garden. The monkey, fastened by a collar and chain to the grilled railing, sat falkily in a corner. He chattered as Morel appeared.

"I've chained up Koko. He doesn't like me today."

"He has bad taste," said Morel.

She disregarded his answer and occupied herself with a samovar under which burned a charcoal fire. She had on a plain white skirt and a loose blouse the color of coral. The string of pearls was around her neck.

She was not beautiful, perhaps; but certainly she had command of beauty. Her hair had the dark gloss of heavy wet strokes of paint, and was coiled in a conscious and facile design. Her features, under their mask of serenity, were mobile and expressive. Her red mouth, had it been less finely drawn, would have been fantastic. But she escaped the fantastic by virtue of her poise, her intelligence, her quiet grace. One felt an intellectual presence standing guard over the assembled pattern of her appearance.

She fitted perfectly into her background. The bouganvillea climbing with its purple flower over the balcony gave just the proper note of color to supplement her own coloring. If it was her desire to make a picture of herself, to arrange herself in a composition, she had succeeded admirably.

She gave him a cup of tea and he drank it, while the monkey glared at him from the corner. Its small eyes were alive with a peculiar vindictiveness. It had a habit of drawing back its lips in an uncanny grin. Occasionally it made a hissing sound, like that of an onlooker at a displeasing play.

"Koko, behave yourself," said Madame Courbet.





**C** "You will think I am mad," she said slowly, "but I know that the soul of my husband lives in that little beast, Koko. If I broke my vow he would know and laugh. . . ." Gregory had a feeling that they were both mad. Two mad figures, and the monkey, with its brilliant eyes, in a room of shadows.



"He's having some sort of a joke at my expense," said Morel. "No. It's I. . . . You see, I am wearing my pearls." Gregory put down his cup. "Look here—" he began; then checked himself. "I see," he substituted weakly. "I have had this necklace since I was a child. My husband—" She stopped. He was aware of some obstacle in her mind. After a moment, as if compelled to go on, she said: "My husband never liked it. He had an aversion to pearls. It was nothing—a prejudice. . . ."

"And Koko has the same prejudice?"

"Yes," said Madame Courbet, in a tone that made Morel turn to look at her.

"Are you fond of him?—of Koko?"

"Fond of him?" She seemed surprised at the question; he had a notion that she would have liked to avoid it. But he kept his eyes on hers. "My husband gave him to me," she said finally. "It was in Morocco—while we were on our wedding journey."

"I see. It's a natural sentiment. . . . I mean, that you should be attached to him."

"Yes, I am attached to him. . . . May I give you another cup of tea?"

"No, thanks."

She offered him a cigarette from a carved silver box, took one herself and lighted it. "I'm sorry I have no Russian tobacco to offer you. It is much better than this—"

"I've been thinking," observed Morel, rather bluntly, "of what you said yesterday. About life being—like a painting. A composition. You really believe that?"

"For myself, yes."

"But—how does it work out? I'm interested. . . . There was a fellow in my company in France. A painter. Quite a promising one, I believe. He was killed at St. Mihiel. I used to talk to him. . . . He told me once that the chief problem a painter had to contend with was the problem of giving solidity to his subjects. That is, of creating a third dimension. It was this third dimension, he said, that gave the illusion of life. And you are trying to reduce life to two dimensions!"

She said: "My husband was an artist."

"A painter?"

"Yes. He belonged to the most advanced group. . . . His idea was that life could be represented only by a fourth dimension; by an arrangement of patterns to represent the abstract. His paintings were attempts to portray a mood—a spiritual pose. As an artist he did not admit the importance, or even the reality, of physical properties."

"He must have been a remarkably high-minded man," said Morel with interest.

She was looking down at the tip of her cigarette. Her face, seen at that angle, was a little out of drawing, a little strange.

"His mind was one thing," she said. "He was another."

She did not elaborate the statement. She simply put it forth as though to correct a false impression—an impression that did not matter particularly except as it was false.

Morel decided to press on a little farther.

"WHAT you're trying to do," he said, "is to put your husband's theories into practice. To live in the abstract, so to speak. Is that it?"

She looked, not at him, but at Koko crouching in his corner. Gregory followed her glance and again felt the vindictiveness of the monkey's pinched stare.

"Yes," she said, simply; "I suppose that is it—if it can be put into words."

He had an impulse to protest, to denounce her point of view as monstrous and absurd. But he went on, cautiously: "It's a bit beyond me. How can you? What does it prove?"

"Is it necessary to prove anything? Yet—as far as that goes—it proves that life can be what he tried to make it—on canvas. A mood, a spiritual pose—"

"But what possible satisfaction—"

She caught him up: "Ah, satisfaction! Well, does an artist paint to satisfy others, or to satisfy himself? He paints to satisfy himself—to express himself; and if he is an esthete as well, he finds pleasure, not in the cause or effect of his work, but in its enjoyment. It is the projection—and the appreciation—of his own soul that counts."

"That may be true," said Gregory, now definitely committed to argument. "But when the thing is done—it is shown. Your creation, your purpose, even if you succeeded in accomplishing it, would be simply a gesture lost in the air. Who will ever know?"

"Koko will know," she said; and rose with an abruptness

that broke up Morel's line of thought completely. He felt confused and bewildered, as if he had been waked from a dream—a dream in which he had carried on a conversation in Sanskrit with a beautiful mummy.

He went back to his own house, stretched himself out in the living-room, and fortifying himself with whisky and tobacco, tried to analyze his own position in the matter. He realized that he had been inconsistent; he had held himself out to her, had gained her confidence, to a certain extent, as a fellow-abstractionist. Then, when it had come to the point, he'd jumped over the fence and demanded what good it was to waste one's gestures on the air. The whole matter was strange and discomforting; and the most discomforting element in it was Koko.

The damned little beast had a secret in its eyes.

MRS. TITCOMBE's charity bazaar was held in the Orphanage, a rambling old building, formerly a convent, which stood on a hill overlooking the Malecon and the sea. Morel had gone expecting to be bored, and to pay generously for his boredom, but as it turned out, he was not in the least bored.

"She's here," whispered Mrs. Titcombe, leaning out of her booth to speak to him. "She swept through the place looking like one of Tolstoy's heroines; spent her money and vanished. . . . Go and find her, Gregory. Her isolation is superb, but it rather gets on my nerves. And don't forget—"

He was off before she had finished the sentence; she watched his tall, square-shouldered figure pushing through the crowd and sighed.

"Tired, Lydia?" asked one of her co-workers in the booth.

Mrs. Titcombe tilted her head to one side. "My dear, do you know, I think I'm beginning to feel my age."

"Nonsense!" said the other conclusively.

Gregory found Madame Courbet on the broad, pillared portico looking on the sea. She was sitting alone, posed, just outside a fallen streak of moonlight.

He sat down and they talked awhile. Finally he said: "Look here. It's a fine night. Let's drive out to the club or—"

She said: "I must go home."

"Well, then, let me drive you home."

She hesitated.

"Oh, come!" said Morel. "Surely that won't place you under any obligation of friendship."

He was standing before her, looking down at her. She rose and put her hand on his arm. He felt his heart beating, his senses confused. . . . Her voice was a murmur that hardly reached his ears.

"Very well. . . . If you wish."

It seemed to him, as he drove with her toward Vedado, that she must feel something of the emotion that stirred and possessed him. She sat beside him on the seat of the roadster, her shoulder touching his. She must feel it. Perhaps that was why she did not speak. . . . She was silent—a still figure wrapped in a cloak that shone a little when the moonlight fell on it.

The silence lasted until he drew up before her house. Then cutting off the motor, he turned to her and said: "Would you mind if I came in for just a moment? I want very much to talk to you."

Her voice was low, almost a whisper. He caught the word "Tomorrow—"

"No, tonight," said Gregory.

She made a sign with her hand.

He helped her down from the car and together they went into her house, into the high-walled, hollow living-room, cool with the coolness of old stone. A lamp burned on the table, throwing a circle of light on the tiled floor.

They stood in the scope of this light. Gregory said: "It's no use pretending any longer. You—you must know. I love you, Anna."

He heard her draw in her breath; but she did not speak. He went on: "It's a fact. I haven't willed it. . . . It's a fact. You've got to reckon with it." He was stumbling over his words. "I love you—"

She lifted her head.

"I am sorry. I warned you."

"I know you did. I can't help it. You can send me away if you like; you can tell me you never want to see me again, but that doesn't alter the fact. Listen to me, you beautiful creature! Do you think you can go through life, showing yourself, and not be loved? I dream of you. I dream of you! Your face comes to me at night, and by day—"

She was moved; she half raised her [Continued on page 107]





**C.** "This woman has done a good thing," said Carpenter. "The poor you have always with you, but me you have only a short time. She has helped to make our feast happy, and men will talk about it in future years."

# They Call Me Carpenter

By Upton Sinclair

Illustrated by Lucius Wolcott Hitchcock

**C.** The last and most dramatic instalment of the novel that tells what Christ might see and do if he should come to earth today

**I** PROMISED T-S to try to find out about the prophet at once. "He won't get away," I said, "because he doesn't ride in automobiles, and he and Mary Magna can't walk very far on the street without the newspapers finding them!"

I took my telephone book, and looked up the name of Abell. It is an unusual name, and there was only one attorney bearing it. (I was struck by the fact that the first name of this attorney was Mark.) I called him on the telephone, and heard the familiar gentle voice. Yes, Comrade Carpenter had just arrived, and Miss Magna was with him. They were going to have a little party, and they would be glad to have me come. Yes, Mr. T-S would be welcome, of course. So then I called up the magnate of

the pictures, and not without an inward smile conferred on him the gracious permission to spend the evening at the headquarters of Local Western City of the Socialist Party!

When I got to the meeting-place I found that a feast had been spread. I don't know where the money came from; maybe it was Bolshevik gold, as the enemy charged, or maybe it was the ill-gotten gains of a "million-dollar movie vamp." Anyhow, there was a table spread with a couple of cloths that were clean, if ragged, and on them flowers and fruit. Carpenter was seated at the head of the table, and I noted to my surprise that he had on a beautiful robe of snow-white linen, instead of the one he had formerly worn, which was not only stained with kerosene but filthy

with the dust of the streets. I learned that Mrs. T-S had brought this festal garment—a simple matter for her, because in movie studios they have wardrobe rooms where they turn out any sort of costume imaginable.

This robe was so striking that it created a little controversy. James, the carpenter, who had an ascetic spirit, considered it necessary to speak plainly, and pointed out that Mrs. T-S would have done better to take the money and give it to the poor. But the prophet answered: "Let this woman alone. She has done a good thing. The poor you have always with you, but me you have only for a short time. This woman has helped to make our feast happy, and men will tell about it in future years."

But that did not satisfy the ascetic James, who retired to his corner grumbling. "I know, we're going to start a new church—the same old graft all over again! A man has no business to say a thing like that. The first thing you know, they'll be taking the widow's mite to buy silk and velvet dresses for him, and golden goblets for him to drink from! And then, before you know it, they'll be setting him up in stained-glass windows, and priests'll be wearing jeweled robes, and saying it's all right, and quoting his words!" I perceived that it wasn't so easy for a prophet to manage a bunch of disciples in these modern days!

**T**HE CONTROVERSY did not seem to trouble Mrs. T-S, who was waddling about, perfectly happy in the kitchen—doing the things she would have done all the time, if her husband's social position had not required her to keep a dozen servants. Also, I noted to my great astonishment that Mary Magna, instead of taking a place at the prophet's right hand, according to the prerogative of queens, had put on a plain apron and was helping "Maw" and Mrs. Abell. More surprising yet, T-S had seated himself inconspicuously at the foot of the table, while at the prophet's right

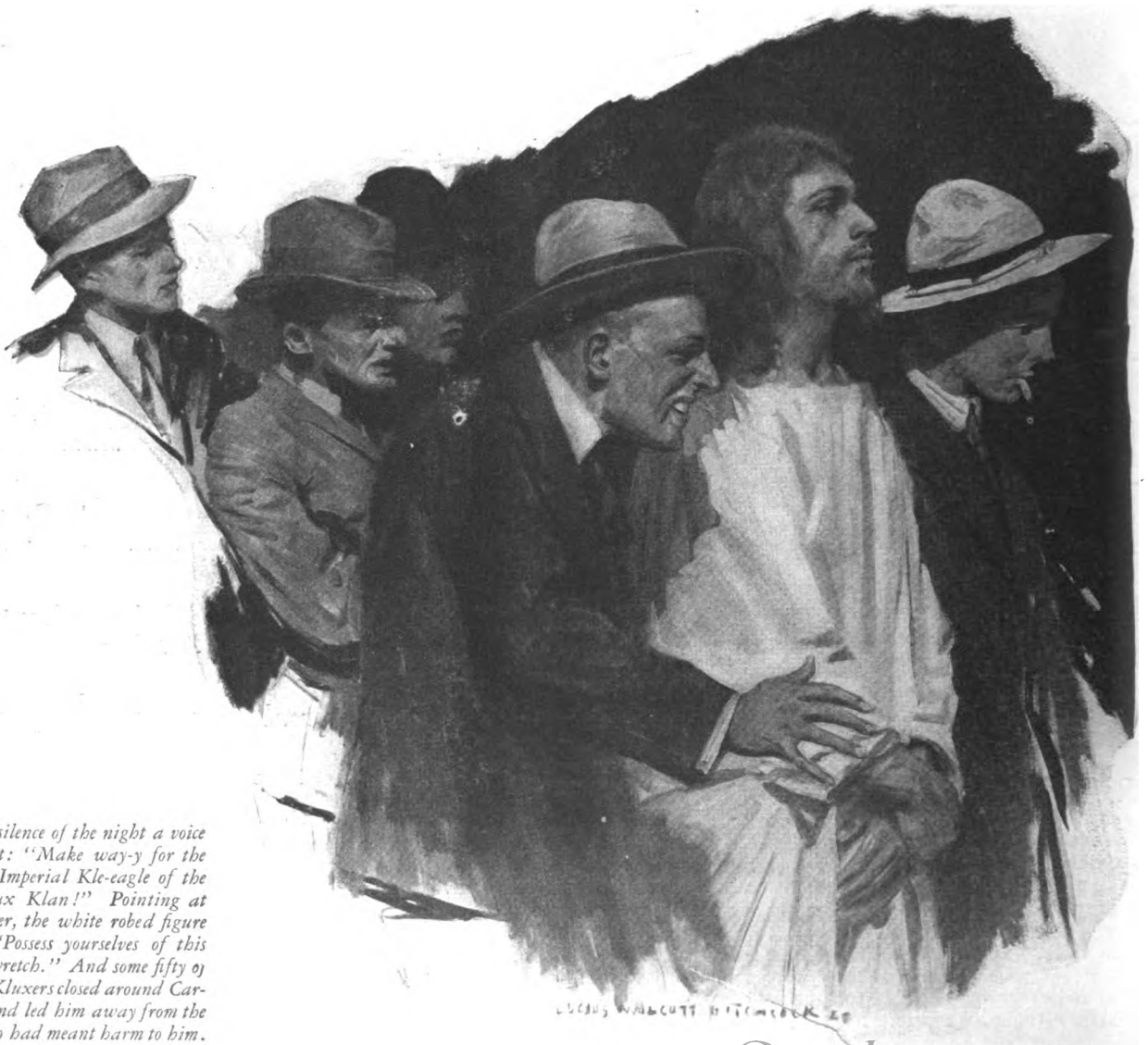
hand there sat a convict with a twenty-year jail sentence hanging over him—John Colver, the "wobbly" poet! Again an ancient phrase learned in childhood came floating through my mind: "He hath put down the mighty from their seats, and exalted them of low degree!"

**T**HE DOOR of the room was opened, and another man came in; a striking figure, tall and gaunt, with old and pitifully untidy clothing, and a half-month's growth of beard upon his chin. He wore an old black hat, frayed at the edges; but under this hat was a face of such gentleness and sadness that it made you think of Carpenter's own. Withal, it was a Yankee face—of that lean, stringy kind that we know so well. The newcomer's eyes fell upon Carpenter, and his face lighted; he set down an old carpet-bag that he was carrying, and stretched out his two hands, and went to him. "Carpenter! I've been looking for you!"

And Carpenter answered, "My brother!" And the two clasped hands.

Presently I whispered to Abell, "Who is he?" I learned that he was one I had heard of in the papers—Bartholomew Howard, the "millionaire hobo"—he was grandson and heir of one of our great captains of industry, and had taken literally the advice of the prophet, to sell all that he had and give it to the unemployed. He traveled over the country, living among the hoboes and organizing them into his Brotherhood.

T-S had stopped at a caterer's on his way to the gathering, and had done his humble best in the form of a strawberry shortcake almost half as large around as himself; also several bottles of purple color, with the label of grape-juice. When the company gathered at the table and these bottles were opened, they made a suspicious noise, and so we all made jokes, as people have the habit of doing in these days of getting used to prohibition. I



**A.** On the silence of the night a voice rang out: "Make way-y for the Grand Imperial Kle-eagle of the Ku Klux Klan!" Pointing at Carpenter, the white robed figure cried: "Possess yourselves of this guilty wretch." And some fifty of the Ku Kluxers closed around Carpenter and led him away from the mob who had meant harm to him.

noticed that Carpenter laughed at the jokes, and seemed to enjoy the whole festivity.

It happened that fate had placed me next to James, so I listened to more ascetism. "He oughtn't to do things like this! People will say he likes to eat rich food and to drink. It's bad for the movement for such things to be said."

"Cheer up, my friend!" I laughed. "Even the Bolsheviks have a feast now and then, when they can get it."

"You'll see what the newspapers do with this tomorrow," growled the other; "then you won't think it so funny."

Korwsky was telling Carpenter there were sure to be spies here! They would never leave such a man unwatched. They would set to work to get something on him, and if they couldn't get it, they would make it. When Carpenter asked what he meant, he explained, "Dey'll plant dynamite in de place vere you are, or dey'll fake up some letters to show you been plannin' violence."

"And do people believe such things?" asked Carpenter.

"Believe dem?" cried Korwsky. "If dey see it in de papers, dey believe it—sure dey do!"

The prophet answered, "Let a man live so that the world will believe him and not his enemies." Then he added a startling remark. "There is one among us who will betray me."

Of course, they all looked at one another in consternation. They were deeply distressed, and each cried in turn—"Comrade," or "Brother," or "Fellow-worker," or whatever term they used—

"Is it I?" Presently the sturdy-looking fellow named Hamby, who called himself a pacifist, asked, "Is it I?" And Carpenter answered quietly, "You have said it."

Then, of course, some of the others started up; they wanted to throw him out, but Carpenter bade them sit down again, saying, "Let things take their course; for the powers of this world will perish more quickly if they are permitted to kill themselves."

APPARENTLY he saw no reason why this episode should be permitted to interfere with the festivities. Mary Magna came in laughing, bearing the strawberry shortcake, and set it on the table and proceeded to portion it out. When it was served, Carpenter said, "I shall not be with you much longer, my friends; but you will remember me when you see this beautiful red fruit on top of a cake; and also you will think of me and my message when you taste rich purple grape juice that has perhaps stayed a day or two too long in the bottle!"

Some of the company laughed, but others of them had tears in their eyes; and I noticed that in the midst of the merriment the fellow Hamby got up and slipped out of the room. Not long after that the company began to disperse for various reasons. Karlin explained that his old horse had been working all day, and had had no supper. Colver was uneasy, not for himself, but for his friend, and I saw him start every time the door was opened.





Also, T-S was having some night-scenes taken, and he and Mary were to see the work. Finally Carpenter dismissed the company, with the statement that he wished to retire to Comrade Abell's private office to pray; and Abell and his friend Lynch and the young Mexican said they would watch and wait for him. The rest of us took our departure, not without misgivings and sorrow in our hearts.

Now, you may find it hard to believe a confession which I have put off making—the fact that at this time I was engaged to be married. There was a certain member of what is called the younger set, whom I had given reason to expect that I would think about her at least once in a while. But here for precisely three days I had been chasing about at the skirts of a prophet fresh from God, getting my name into the newspapers in scandalous fashion, and not daring even to call the young lady on the telephone and make apologies. That evening there was a dinner-dance at her home, and I supposed I was supposed to be there; but no one had bothered to invite me, and as a matter of fact I would not have known of the affair if I had not seen the announcement in the papers. I was too late for the dinner, but I got myself a taxicab, and drove to my room and changed my clothes, and hurried in my own car to the dance.

You would not be interested in the fact that when I arrived I was treated as an unwelcome guest, and Miss Betty even went so far as to remind me that I had not been invited. But after I had pleaded she consented to dance with me; and so for an hour or two I tried to forget there were any people in the world who had anything to do but be happy. Just as I was succeeding, the butler came, calling me to the telephone, and I answered, and who should it be but Old Joe!

My surprise became consternation at his first words: "Billy, your friend Carpenter is in peril!"

"What do you mean?"

"They are going to get him tonight."

"Good God! How do you know?"

"It's a long story, and no time to tell it. Somebody's tipped me off. Where can I meet you? Every minute is precious."

"Where are you?" I asked, and learned that he was at his home, not far away. I said I would come there, and I hurried to Betty and had another scene with her, and left her weeping, vowing that she would never see me again. I ran out and jumped into my car—and I would hate to tell what I did to the speed laws of Western City. Suffice it to say that a few minutes later I was in Old Joe's den, and he was telling me his story.

PART OF IT I got then, and part of it later, but I might as well tell it all at once and be done with it. It happened that at the restaurant where Old Joe and I had dined before we went to the mass-meeting, he had met a girl whom he knew too well, after the fashion of young men about town. In greeting her on the way out, he had told her he was going to hear the new prophet, and had laughingly suggested that the meeting was free. The girl, out of idle curiosity, had come, and had been touched by Carpenter's physical, if not by his moral charms. It chanced that this girl was living with a man who stood high in the secret service department of "big business" in our city; so she had got the full story of what was being planned against Carpenter. That afternoon, it appeared, there had been a meeting between Algernon de Wiggs, president of our Chamber of Commerce, and Westerly, secretary of our "M. and M.," and Gerald Carson, organizer of our "Boosters' League." These three had put up six thousand dollars, and turned it over to their secret service agents, with instructions that Carpenter's agitations in Western City were to be ended inside of twenty-four hours.

A plan had been worked out, every detail of which had been telephoned to Old Joe. A group of men had been hired to seize the prophet and treat him to a tar and feathering. It had not taken much to move them to action, for the afternoon papers were full of accounts of Carpenter's speech on Main Street.

But that was not all, said Old Joe; and I saw that his hand was trembling as he spoke. It appeared that there was an "operative" named Hamby, who was one of Carpenter's followers.

"My God!" I burst out, in sudden fury. "I was sure that fellow was a crook!"

"Yes," said the other. "He's been telephoning in regular reports as to Carpenter's doings. And now it's been arranged that he is to put an infernal machine in the Socialist headquarters where Carpenter has been staying."

I was almost speechless. "You mean—to blow them up?"

"No, to blow up their reputations. Hamby is to lure Carpenter out to the street, and when the gang grabs him, Hamby will fire a shot, and there will be three or four secret agents in the crowd, who will incite the others, and see to it that Carpenter is lynched instead of being tarred and feathered!"

So there was the layout; and now, what was to be done? The first thing was to call Abell on the telephone, and see if anything had happened. I picked up the receiver; but alas, the report was "No answer." I urged central to try sever I times, but all I could get was, "I am ringing them." Carpenter, no doubt, was praying. What were the others doing? I kept on trying, but finally gave up.

Could the mob have taken them away? But Old Joe answered no, a definite hour had been set. The men were to gather on the stroke of midnight. We had nearly an hour yet.

I put my wits to work. We needed a good-sized crowd; we needed, in fact, a mob of our own. And suddenly the word brought to me an inspiration; that mob which T-S had drilled at Eternal City! I recalled that a year or so ago I had been lured to sit through a very dull feature picture which the magnate had made, showing the salvation of our country by the Ku Klux Klan; and I knew enough about studio methods to be sure they had not thrown away the costumes, but would have them stored. Here was the way to save our prophet! Here was the way to get what one wanted in Mobland!

I PICKED up the receiver and called Eternal City. Yes, Mr. T-S was there, but he was on the lot and could not be disturbed. I gave my name, and stated that it was a matter of life and death; Mr. T-S must come to the telephone instantly. A couple of minutes later I heard his voice, and told him the situation, and also my scheme. He must come himself, to make sure that his orders were obeyed; he must bring several bus-loads of men, clad in the full regalia of Mobland's great Secret Society; and they must arrive at Abell's place precisely on the stroke of midnight. The men must be paid five dollars apiece, and be told that if they succeeded in bringing away the prophet unharmed, they would each get ten dollars extra. "I will put up that money," I said to T-S; but to my surprise he cried: "You ain't gonna put up nuttin'! Damn dem fellers, I'll beat 'em if it costs me a million!" So I realized that the prophet had made one more convert!

"Have you got that bus with the siren?" I asked; and when he answered, yes, I said, "Let that be the signal. When we hear it, Joe and I will bring Carpenter down to the street, and if the men are there, it's up to you to persuade them you're the bigger mob!"

Then Old Joe and I ran down to my car, and drove at full speed to the Socialist headquarters; and on the way we worked out our own plan of campaign. The real danger point was Hamby, the secret agent, and we must manage to put him out of the way. Despite his pose of pacifism, he was certain to be armed, said Old Joe; yet we must take a chance, and do the job unarmed. If we should get into a shooting-scape, they would certainly put it onto us; and they would make it a hanging matter, too.

I named over the members of Carpenter's party who had stayed with him. We would get rid of Hamby, and then we would wait for T-S and his siren. By the time these plans were thoroughly talked out, we had reached the building in which the headquarters were located. The street was apparently deserted, and we did not stop to look for any "operatives," but left our machine and stole quietly upstairs and into the room.

COMRADE ABELL sat at the table, with his head bowed in his arms, sound asleep. Lynch and Tom Moneta, the Mexican, were lying on the floor snoring. And on a chair near the doorway, watching the scene, sat Hamby, wide awake. He leaped to his feet the instant we entered the door. "Oh, it's you!" he said, recognizing me; I noted the alarm in his voice.

I beckoned to him, softly. "Come here a moment"; and he came out into the ante-room. At the same time Old Joe stepped across the big room, and stooped down and waked up Lynch. We had agreed that Joe was to give Lynch a whispered explanation of the situation, while I kept Hamby busy.

"Where is Mr. Carpenter?" I asked.

"He's in the private office, praying."

"Well," said I, "there's a sick woman who needs help very badly. I wonder if we'd better disturb him."

"I don't know," said Hamby. "I've been here an hour, and haven't heard a sound. Maybe he's asleep."

I was uncertain what I should do, and I elaborately explained





**C.** *Half a dozen rowdies had got hold of a girl and began tearing her clothes. Then they tossed her up beside Carpenter. "Here's a woman for you," one of them shouted.*

my uncertainty. Of course, praying was an important and useful occupation, and I knew that the prophet laid great stress upon it, and all of us who loved him so dearly must respect his wishes.

"Yes, of course," said Hamby.

Yet at the same time, I continued, this woman was very ill, a case of ptomaine poisoning——

"Do you think he can cure that?" asked Hamby guilelessly; and at that moment Old Joe and Lynch came from the big room. Hamby started to turn, but he was too late. Old Joe's arms went around him, and Hamby's two elbows were clamped to his sides,

in a grip which more than one professional wrestler in our part of the world has found it impossible to break. At the same time I stooped on my knees and grasped the man's two wrists; because we were taking no chances of his gun. Lynch had a cloth, taken from the big table, and he flung this over Hamby's head and stifled his cries.

I took a revolver from his hip-pocket, but Joe was not satisfied. "Search him carefully," said he, and so I discovered another weapon in a side-pocket. Then I made hasty search in a big closet of the room, and found a lot of [Continued on page 136]





C. Henry  
Ford.

# HENRY FORD'S JEW- MANIA



C. Robert  
La Follette

## ROBBING THE U. S. CENSOR

*By Norman Hapgood*

### PART FIVE

**T**O TELL the peculiarities of Mr. Ford's campaign against the Jews takes some space. For the benefit of those who have not read our preceding issues we sum up a few of the more salient points.

#### **C. One**

In June we described the agency conducted in New York with Mr. Ford's money, headed by C. C. Daniels, brother of Josephus Daniels. Also we sketched the relation between the Ford activities and the anti-Jew campaign, in this country, of the Russian monarchists headed by Boris Brasol.

#### **C. Two**

In July the outstanding feature was a forgery of a Protocol that pretended to show up the details of the anti-Jew plot. It illustrated dramatically the fact that when the business of using forged documents in race fights gets going in any country, it cuts both ways. We also told in this instalment how our campaign to expose and stop the Jew-Mania came to be undertaken. It started at a lunch at which were present two of Russia's best-known liberal statesmen. There was also given in that issue a list of the Daniels investigators, with their secret numbers, including two Russians.

#### **C. Three**

In August the exploits of a gentleman called "25 H" had the leading place. General Leonard Wood appeared in the story; also Ralph Easley of the National Civic Federation; Charles Stewart Davison, of the American Defense Society; Woodrow Wilson, Colonel House, William Howard Taft and Mr. Justice Brandeis.

#### **C. Four**

Last month we showed how stale is the bait that the innocent manufacturer of automobiles has been swallowing. We gave the full story of the marketing in this country of the ancient forgeries of the Russian agents, and of the gobbling of them by Mr. Ford and his representatives. Now we come to the United States Government.

**T**HERE were in the service of Henry Ford in his crusade against the Jews three men who had been in the service of the United States Government. They were:

124 X Charles W. Smith  
103 A Dr. Houghton  
F. Hunter Creech

At present we are making no further comment on this connection between the Government and the Ford effort, as far as individuals are concerned who formed the connections. Indeed, we have no particular interest in personalities. We have omitted from this series many interesting touches because those touches might have injured or embarrassed individuals without carrying forward our purpose. We have left out bushels of volunteered material bearing on the various aspects of Mr. Ford's career, partly because on the whole we are great admirers of his career and partly because we are making this series strictly documentary and strictly limited to what we consider the needed purpose of protecting American liberalism from the importation of a foreign disease.

Even the most careless reader of the newspapers must have noticed that the two most constructive statesmen in post-war Germany have been assassinated; that both of these statesmen were Jews; and that in both instances the assassins were reactionaries. This country since the war has been going through spasms of reaction relieved by spasms of opposition to reaction. A recent phase of the reactionary side is an undoubted increase in anti-Semitic feeling. It is beginning to stir in the colleges; it took melodramatic shape in the revival of the Ku Klux Klan; and Ford's campaign came along just at the right time to increase its impetus. It is against this wave that we are in opposition and we are rejecting from this series even the most exciting information if it does not carry us forward.

The connection between Ford's crusade and the United States Government has a striking relevancy. Palmerism, Garvanism, Doughertyism, Ralph Easleyism, the activities of such organizations as the American Defense Society and the National Security League, all acting together in an organized attack on liberalism, constitute exactly the thing we are after. It is in fact our foremost intention to show that the fight against the Jews does not stand alone and cannot stand alone. From the very opening of the series we have offered proof of the close connection between Ford's campaign against the Jews and the



campaign of the Russian monarchists against the Jews. For the same reason we have stressed the inevitableness with which the Ford campaign against the Jews developed into a campaign against the liberals. We come now to a case in which the Ford organization, by some method on which we do not commit ourselves, obtained possession of a document, reproduced on page 39, secured in the heat of war by Government agencies against one of the most conspicuous liberals in the United States.

An associate of mine presented to Senator Robert La Follette a photograph of a certain document. As he looked over the paper the Senator asked: "What is this? A censor's report?"

"Yes."

"Oh, I see!" La Follette replied. "A censor's report on one of the issues of my magazine."

The Senator took the document and read it slowly. He smiled at the careful digest which the censor had made.

"Yes," he observed. "That censor was somebody who knew how to write."

Then he entered into an analysis of the document which, in those bygone war days, was so bold.

IT WOULD appear that William Snodgrass, of Nueva Gerona, Isle of Pines, West Indies, right behind the island of Cuba, had honored La Follette's Magazine with a subscription.

In the due course of events this particular issue of the magazine was sent forward to Mr. Snodgrass, by way of Key West. And there the censor stopped it. The censors stopped many a magazine and newspaper during the war. They digested so much material that some of the men who acted as censors during the war have ever since found their mental stomachs out of shape. But editors didn't see the censor's "digests." Yet here was Senator La Follette, an editor, reading a censor's report of his own editorial. He smiled as he noted from the markings that it was Examiner 1773, sitting at the Press Table at Key West, Florida, on that September day. He tried to gather more amus-

ing facts from the photograph. What did "Original to MID, WTB, ONI and CCC" mean? He perused the mystic lettering.

There passed under his eye his own words, contained in the final paragraph of the censor's digest, which accurately described La Follette as declaring that we should do well to concentrate all our power on, and dedicate all our patriotism to the task of "making these United States safe for Democracy; not a Morganized Democracy but a Democracy where the will of the people is the law of the land."

AFTER he had amused himself by his analysis he was told what the photograph was taken from.

"This original document was extracted from the Government files," said my associate, perhaps a bit dramatically.

"And," he continued, "it was found in the possession of Henry Ford's anti-Jewish sleuths in New York City."

The Senator looked out through the window of his office in the Senate building, silent, for many minutes.

"In Russia," explained my associate, "the aristocrats attacked the Jews in order to disorganize the liberals."

La Follette knew that. He didn't have to be told. But here, before his own eyes, indeed, in his right hand, was a document which proved to him that the United States may, unless we check the poison, some time follow a similar course.

"As soon as I saw that Henry Ford had begun to attack the Jews, I saw the danger that he was running," La Follette said. "I wrote an article immediately against Ford's action."

And then he sat longer.

I don't know what he thought, but I do know what he *might* have thought. If some sleuth had gone so far as to remove from Government files an official document to prove to someone else that La Follette was too liberal, what was the impelling motive behind the sleuth's work? The impelling motive was Ford's money in an anti-Jewish fight.

Now let us go on to other elements in this sort of Government work, necessary, of course, in war, but deadly in its after

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|---|--|
| FORM 73 12-13-21 2M   |  |
| <p><i>Maj. General, Count A. Cherep Spiridovich</i></p> <p>IS AUTHORIZED TO SOLICIT SUBSCRIPTIONS FOR</p> <p><b>THE DEARBORN INDEPENDENT</b></p> <p>THE FORD INTERNATIONAL WEEKLY<br/>DEARBORN, MICH.</p> |  |
| <p>UNTIL <u>4-27-22</u> IN <u>Any</u> TERRITORY</p> <p>RENEWABLE ON APPLICATION</p>   | <p>SIGNATURE OF SOLICITOR</p> <p><i>F.R. Bakhmeteff</i></p> <p>THE DEARBORN PUBLISHING CO.<br/>BY <u>F.R. Bakhmeteff</u><br/>BUSINESS MANAGER</p>                |
| <p>NO. <u>1058</u></p>  | <p>3 OF SER</p> <p>Telegram</p> <p>Letter</p> <p>Message</p> <p>Letter</p> <p>one of these this is a telegram. character is indicated appearing after the ch</p> |

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KY WASHINGTON DC 102P 19  
GENERAL TCHEREP SPIRIDOVITCH 5492

AUDITORIUM HOTEL CHICAGO ILL

SENDING TWO HUNDRED DOLLARS BY SPECIAL DELIVERY LETTER

BAKHMETEFF.

Q. The two documents above show Bakhmeteff, so-called Ambassador from Russia, paying money to one of the Russian anti-Jew agitators. The Russian Embassy and its use of money is taken up in the November issue.



Department Commander  
P. S. M. MUNRO  
304 Stuyvesant Avenue  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Department Adjutant  
ABRAM PERLMUTTER  
197 Reeling Street  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

Department Paymaster  
JOSEPH W. ACKER  
94 Pine Street  
Brooklyn, N. Y.

HEADQUARTERS  
DEPARTMENT OF THE STATE OF NEW YORK

## Army and Navy Union of the United States of America

Office of the Department

*Mr. Henry Ford  
Dearborn Mich*

*Dear Sir,*

*We read the lines in your  
Dearborn Independent and note that  
the main trouble you have is the Jew.  
Kindly be advised that the Jew is  
not in the way of anyone in the  
United States, only to the coward and  
traitor.*

*Yours truly  
Maurice Leon  
Imp. Dept. of State*

*Rosa S. Boroughs and Brooklyn N.Y.*

Ⓐ This partly mutilated letter called Mr. Ford's attention to the statement that in the United States the Jew is in the way of no one except "cowards and traitors."

effects on the public mind. Our readers are fully aware that Lieutenant Boris Brasol is at the head of the Russians who in this country are fighting to get a Romanov back on the throne of Russia, and also that he is at the head of the Russian Jew-baiters here. In 1918 Lieutenant Brasol was in the employ of our Government in secret service work. He had working under him two Russians. One was Natalie De Bogory, already familiar to readers of this series. The other was a gentleman by the name of Vassilivitch. One of the enterprising acts of Mr. Vassilivitch was to go to a prominent Jewish citizen of the United States, well known to me personally, a man of the highest standing and character. Mr. Vassilivitch indicated to my friend that the protocols which the Russians were then

intending to market here would be stopped for a compensation.

At this time Mr. Brasol was receiving interesting assistance from a lawyer well known in New York. His name is Maurice Leon. Mr. Leon is himself a Jew, but he comes from one of the French possessions and looks upon France as the country which he is called upon most energetically to represent. During the war Mr. Leon was extremely patriotic. He found a great many whom he believed traitors. He passed the names along to the United States Government. In the course of his round-up of the disloyal he made up his mind that the German-Jews, as the head of the International Jews, were the outstanding menace.

Mr. Leon had in his possession a cross index, more complete than anything that Brasol in any of his different organizations

Index No. 7930  
Address: Nueva Gerona, P.R.  
Paper, August/18

Additional Sheet No. 1  
Writer: La Follette's Magazine  
Examiner No. 1773  
Table No. Press.

From: La Follette's Magazine, Monthly Periodical, Madison, Wis.  
Date of Entry: 8/1918

U. S. POSTAL CENSORSHIP  
Key West, Fla.  
Index No. 7930  
To: Mr. Snodgrass, Nueva Gerona, Isle of Pines W.I.

Examiner No. 1773  
Table No. Press.  
Date: 9/9/18  
No. of Enclosures: 2

Subject: La Follette's  
Information to: MLD, STB, ONI, CCC  
Photograph to:

MLD - Mold  
4 copies  
9/9/18  
JHM  
WB  
1 copy  
9/9/18  
LIA  
ONI  
4 copies  
9/9/18  
DS  
CCC  
1 copy  
9/9/18  
AMS  
J/R

**COMMENT**

In an editorial by Senator R.W. La Follette covering the August number of this magazine, Mr. La Follette contends that the boasted American Democracy has in reality become "thoroughly monopolized Democracy." He urges that while Americans are fighting "To make the world safe for Democracy" it behooves them in the fall elections to support only those who are known to be devoted to the cause of "American Democracy." The senator asks whether there is in this country, "A man so densely stupid that he does not know that special interests, typified by the Standard Oil, the Morgan combination, U.S. Steel, International Harvester Trust, the Packers, etc., have in defiance of every principle of American Democracy, per capita annual income of 65 percent of the American people and their government for more than a generation only \$200. while 2 percent of the population owned the great bulk of the wealth."

The senator speaks of Wisconsin as one of several states - but the one in particular in which the best fights have been made - on the cleanest cut issue, the great issue of bringing the government back to the people. Fights in Wisconsin, he states, were won, for just taxation of corporations, for control of rates of railways, etc., for adequate service, in short, fights for real democracy. Wisconsin voters must beware in the coming elections, lest they be led into voting against real democracy. Record of candidates must be minutely searched as to where they stood in the former fights for the same ends.

In conclusion the writer says: "When we shall have gotten through with the somewhat large undertaking of making the world safe for democracy, we shall find something to do for democracy at home."

THIS SLIP ALWAYS TO ACCOMPANY LETTER

#740

Q. How did this document get from the Government archives into Henry Ford's files?

had worked up. This cross index of Mr. Leon's is momentous. He began by picking out one conspicuous New York Jew—Jacob Schiff. He then took the index of the New York Times and made a list of all the public functions Jacob Schiff attended. One step further enabled him to find out who else was at each one of these functions. He then took each Jewish name and applied the same treatment to it that he had applied to Schiff. For example, at one of the public luncheons which Schiff attended was present also Miss Lillian Wald. Miss Wald then became the center of more cross indexing. Everyone who attended the functions attended by Miss Wald came in turn under the index. By this simple device it was not long before a world conspiracy was adequately constructed. There is good

reason to believe that the Dearborn Independent vision of the Jewish World Conspiracy, headed by a few dictators at the top, had its origin in this elaborate cross index of Mr. Leon.

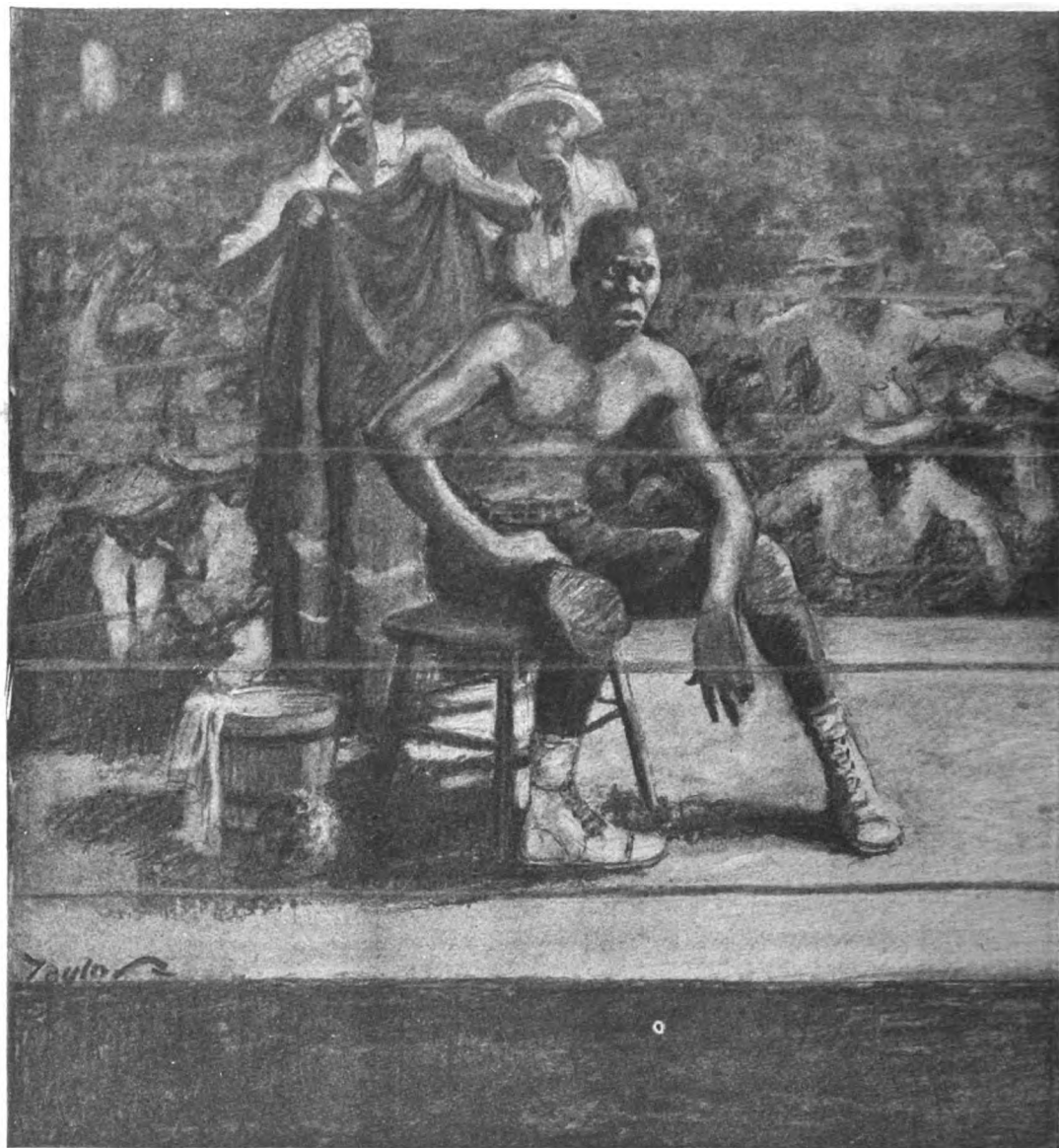
Before carrying along this anti-liberal side of the Ford work a little further by introducing a new sleuth, 55-D, I wish to say a few words about one F. Hunter Creech. Mr. Creech is a cultivated, refined Southern gentleman, who has exercised a good deal of influence on the course of Mr. Ford's Jew-baiting enterprise, perhaps as much influence as anyone in Mr. Ford's employ, except Liebold, the general secretary, must stand first. He is universally conceded to be the sub-boss at Dearborn and the person of strongest personal influence on Ford. Liebold has such a strangle-hold on his [Continued on page 110]



# To Have & Toe Hold

By  
*Octavus  
Roy Cohen*

Illustrated by  
H. Weston Taylor



THE GREEN-STRIPED fourteen ball was frozen against the cushion less than six inches from the corner pocket. Florian Slappey chalked his cue, inhaled deeply of a Turkish cigarette, placed the stump gently on the edge of the pool table, and set himself for the deciding shot of a decisive contest.

Bud Peaglar, proprietor of the Barbecue Lunch Room & Billiard Parlor, Florian's opponent, stood on the inner edge of the human ring which clustered about the table. Above the spell-bound crowd floated a miasma of rank cigar smoke. Boston Marble, stakeholder for the principal wager and a majority of the side bets, edged closer.

A faint smile creased Florian's lips—giving the lie to the internal seethe which set his hands to trembling. The shot was an easy one for a player of his skill, and the fourteen ball meant victory in this all-important match. The well-powdered cue slid easily between the thumb and forefinger of his left hand. The cue butt was held delicately in the thumb and first two fingers of the right.

The cue tip thumped against the ball. The white sphere leaped forward, clicked against the object ball . . . and a groan of disappointment arose from those who had bet on Mr. Slappey.

The fourteen ball headed straight for the corner pocket, left the cushion momentarily, reached the pocket, took the cushion again and failed to drop in. Florian had failed—although his supporters derived some little satisfaction from the fact that he left the sphere frozen against the end of the table.

Bud Peaglar, unperturbed, played the cue ball off the side cushion. It caromed back at precisely the correct angle, caressed the fourteen ball and sent it tumbling into the webbed recess. From Boston Marble, Bud Peaglar collected the sizable stakes and flashed a commiserating grin upon his defeated opponent. A

hum of comment arose. . . . And when the crowd would have disintegrated, a massive figure forced its way through and confronted the victorious proprietor of the billiard hall.

At sight of the stranger interest was instantly diverted from the recent pool match. And, in truth, it was no wonder, for he was no mean figure of a man.

In the first place he was tall and he was broad, his complexion was colorado-claro. His haberdashery was calculated to put an ordinary rainbow to shame. And now, as he towered above the wizened Mr. Peaglar, the crowd about the table became more dense and ears were strained for his words.

They came; came in a deep, rumbling voice which struck terror to the heart of the little pool-room proprietor.

"RECKON you think you is some pool-playin' fool, don't you, Mistuh Peaglar?"

Something in the stranger's belligerent attitude implanted the germ of modesty in Bud's bosom.

"Reckon they's some folks c'n shoot a better cue."

"Huh! Reckon they ain't ha'dly no folks which cain't."

"I ain't sayin' you ain't right."

"You ain't said I is right."

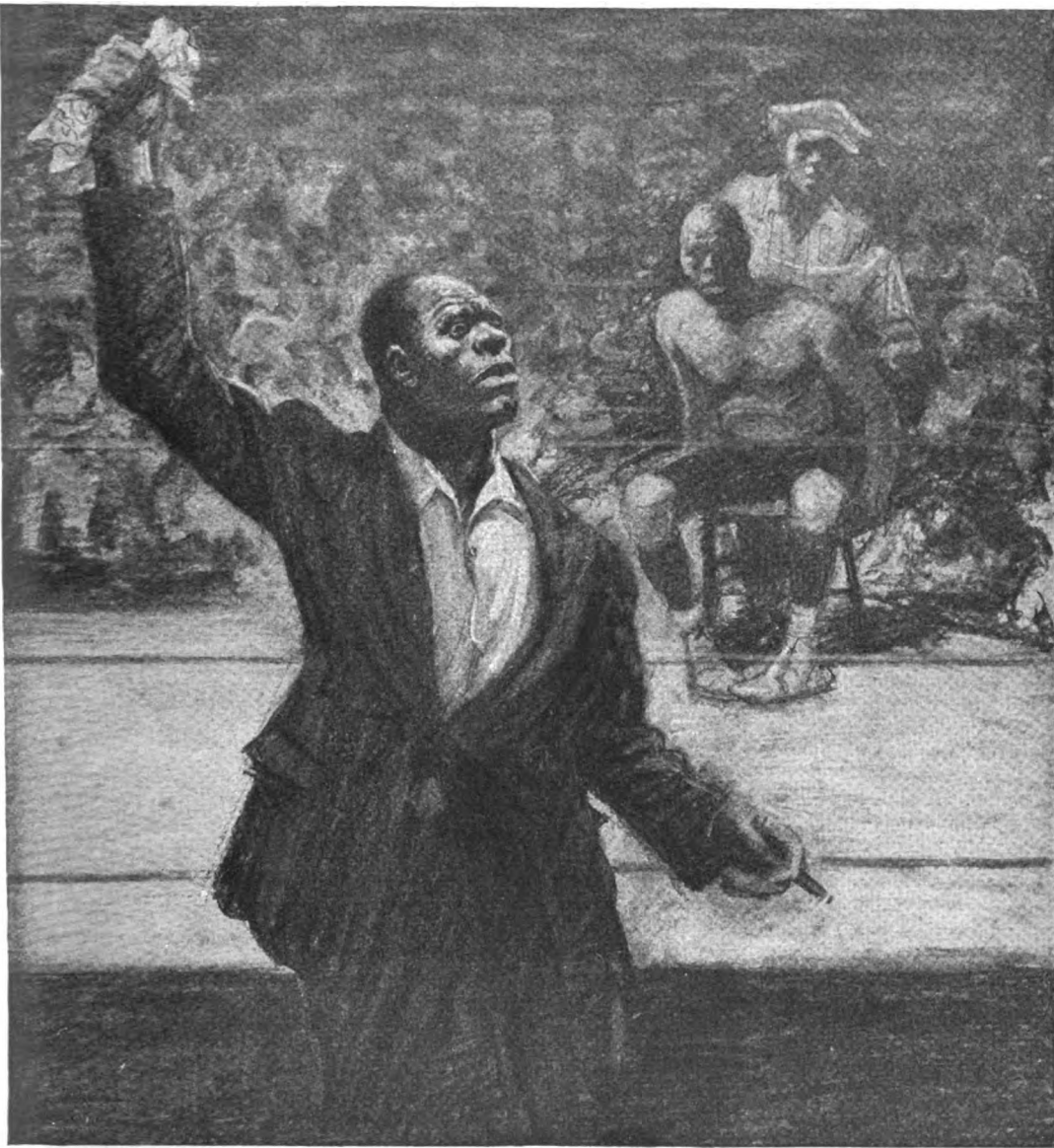
"Ain't said you is, is jes' 'bout the same as not sayin' you ain't."

The stranger glowered upon the glib Mr. Peaglar.

"You knows who I is, cullud man?"

Bud nodded quickly. "Co'se I does." Mr. Peaglar pointed a trembling forefinger toward the sky-blue throw-away which was tacked upon the wall of his billiard parlor. "You is him."

Immediately there was a general turning of eyes toward the designated type display:



Mr. Cohen sees the bright side of the darky. That's why you will be glad this is only one of a number of his negro stories written for Hearst's *International*

"Two hund'ed an' fifty dollars!" roared Cunjer Bill. "That much I bets I c'n th'ow bofe them fakes in twen'y minutes. I's a champeen wrastler sence bullfrogs sang sopranner!"

### CHAMPEENSHIP WRASTLIN MATCH

Friday Night Nov. 18nd.

JASON FLAPP—The Memphis Choker

—viz—

ZEBULON HARROW—The Bone Breaker

Best Two Falls Out of Three

Catch-as-You-Can

No Holds Is Barred.

Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise Hall

Admission Two Bitts.

Ladies Also

A cloud of anger floated across the face of the tall gentleman. He fired a question in a voice surcharged with menace.

"Which him is I?"

It was obvious that it would be well for Bud Peaglar to make a correct guess. Fortunately, Bud's establishment was a Mecca for the sport-inclined gentry of Birmingham's colored persuasion and he had long since received accurate descriptions of the two great wrestlers who had descended upon the city to exhibit their athletic wares.

"Zebulon Harrow," retorted Bud. "Ev'ybody knows you mus' be him."

"How come?"

"On account you is name' the Bone Breaker—an' which muscles you has coul'n't he'p breakin' bones."

Zebulon warmed to the eager flattery. "You has mo' sense than you looks, Brother Peaglar."

"Me an' sense went to the same school, Mistuh Harrow." Bud ran a speculative eye over the other's massive frame. "Bet you is the bestest wrastler which ever wrestled a wrastle."

"You tell 'em, brother. When I finishes with wrastlin' this heah Memphis Choker they ain't gwine be enough lef' of him to grease a 'luminum skillet. But"—and the Bone Breaker suddenly remembered the business of the moment—"I ain't near so good a wrastler as what I is a pool player."

By dint of superhuman effort Bud Peaglar stifled the groan which strove for utterance. He realized that Zebulon Harrow was not without ulterior motive.

"Says which?" inquired Bud mildly.

"Says I is one hell-bendin' pool player."

"Reckon you is, Brother Harrow."

The monster wrestler extracted from his trousers pocket a frayed five-dollar bill. "Bets you five dollars I c'n beat you shootin' pool."

"Also I bets the same thing!" Bud beamed this strategic retort.

The expression which crossed Zebulon's face indicated clearly that Bud had committed a tactical blunder. "You bets you beats me?" suggested Zebulon.

"I don't make no foolish bets."

"You bets like I says."

Bud sighed miserably. "Reckon you knows mo'n what I does, Brother Harrow."

They bet. They played.

The dusky sports who clustered about the table gasped with amazement at the exhibition of pool dexterity displayed by the wrestler. For, until this moment, Bud Peaglar had been regarded as invincible. The match was close, but at its conclusion Mr. Zebulon Harrow was two games and ten dollars ahead.

Bud maintained a thoroughly tactful rigidity of expression until the newcomer had swaggered from the place, followed by the crowd. And then Mr. Peaglar's face underwent a metamorphosis. The look of bland quiescence was supplanted by one of malevolent hate. It wasn't that Bud fell short of being a good sport, but he didn't relish being held up. It was one thing to be trimmed by a superior player—and quite another to be forced unwillingly into an unequal match. Bud raised a skinny fist and shook it at the door.

"Zebulon Harrow," he sizzled, "one of these days you is gwine be awful regretful you puck on me."

Someone heard the remark and chuckled audibly. Bud whirled furiously. "Does somethin' roun' heah seem funny to you, Acey Upshaw?"

The little yellow negro ducked. "Jes' laffin'."

"At which?"

"Nothin'."

"Huh! What you ain't got is no brains—laffin' at yo'se'f!"

That evening there occurred an incident which set the long-dormant brain of Bud Peaglar to working fast. Into his place drifted a man.

At first sight he appeared worthy of scant notice. And then Bud's attention became attracted by signs of physical power which were lacking at casual glance. The man was short—scarcely taller than Bud himself. But there was an abnormal breadth to the swaying shoulders and a startling appearance of power in the long, apelike arms which dangled almost to the bowed knees. The newcomer walked from the front door toward Bud's desk in the rear, lurching heavily with each step. He, too, was dressed immaculately—and loudly. His suit was of black and white checks, his brown hat banded with silk of the same pattern. He wore patent-leather shoes and white spats. And he carried a cane.

The face above this sartorial display was ingratiatingly black—a rich, gleaming ebony; and the broad smile disclosed an array of gilt which fairly dazzled Mr. Peaglar. And as knowledge of the stranger's identity came to Bud he ducked.

"Ha'd luck," he groaned to himself, "you is sho' gittin' too feemiliar with me."

The squat black man paused by Bud's battered desk.

"Mistuh Peaglar?" he inquired politely.

Bud looked up sadly and mentally kissed his bank-roll a fond farewell. "Uh-huh!"

"My name is Mistuh Jason Flapp. Otherwise an' famously known as the Memphis Choker."

"Yeh? I reckernized you right off. Reckernizing wrastlers is the best thing I does."

"It's a stranger in Bummin'ham, Brother Peaglar."

"Yeh. So Mistuh Harrow was. An' he took me in."

A stern expression usurped the joviality of Mr. Flapp's countenance. "Says which?"

"Says that there Bone-Breakin' feller done trimmed me out of ev'y las' cent of money which I is got." Bud prayed that this seed of tactical prevarication might fall on fertile territory.

"Dawg-gone that faker," seethed the choking gentleman from Memphis. "You don't say so."

"Uh-huh. I sho'ly does. Cross my heart."

"An' hope to bust?"

"An' hope to bust," emphasized the despondent Bud.

THE MEMPHIS Choker laid a commiserating hand upon the shoulder of the depressed pool-room proprietor. "Nev' you min', Brother Peaglar. Once I gits that imitation wrastler on the mat he's gwine wish he was shootin' pool. When I finishes up with him he jes' nachelly is gwine be ain't."

Bud looked up hopefully. "I gathers, Brother Flapp, that Mistuh Harrow ain't the fondest feller you is of."

"You said it, Buddy. You sho'ly done pronounced correctly that time. You sho'ly did. Hate fo' that cullud pusson is the on'y thing I ain't got nothin' else but."

Mr. Peaglar extended the hand of fraternity. "It's a ginuwine pleasuah to meet up with a gent like you, Brother Flapp. Does you aim to th'ow Mistuh Harrow when you wrastles him?"

The Memphis Choker chuckled. "Th'ow him? I's gwine th'ow him so high that when he hits the groun' he's gwine knock a hole right th'ough the yearth so deep they ain't gwine be no need fo' no undertaker. They ain't nothin' I ain't do better'n that feller, Mistuh Peaglar. I wrastles better, I plays pool better. I——"

"You whiches?"

"I plays pool better."

"Better'n Mistuh Harrow?"

"Heaps."

Bud rose, extracted from a private rack a very special cue and placed it in the huge, muscular paws of the Memphis Choker. "C'mon," commanded Bud. "Us plays."

"Plays which?"

"Pool." Then, as an afterthought, "But not fo' no money."

They played—played French pool. Bud broke and lucked the nine ball. He clicked off the one. Then he missed. Mr. Jason Flapp squinted at the table and proceeded quietly and efficiently to run off the remaining balls in order.

Bud racked them; Jason broke, making two on the break, and then cleared the table. At the end of an hour Bud had not amassed sufficient points to win a single game. He stood back and surveyed Mr. Flapp with a worshipful stare.

"You is the champeen pool player of the world," pronounced Bud solemnly.

"Also wrastler."

"Also wrastler." Then Bud stepped closer and lowered his voice. "You hates Mistuh Harrow?"

"Wuss'n tripe."

"Well, listen at me!" Bud proceeded to unfold a scheme for revenge; a plan so delectable as to beget anticipatory wriggles of sheer glee from the two conspirators.

MANY spectators had witnessed the humbling of Bud Peaglar by Mr. Zebulon Harrow. The pill had been a bitter one to swallow, for Bud had been inordinately proud of his dexterity with the cue and had long held sway as king of Birmingham's duskypool sharks. There were few ebon gentlemen in the city who had not—at one rash time or another—essayed to defeat Mr. Peaglar. And the number of those tallied precisely with the number who had contributed to the Peaglar coffers.

It was this very supremacy at the art to which his establishment catered that insured its popularity. But now all had changed. Where before there had been an atmosphere of sovereignty about the place, there was now only the dank and clammy air of disgrace. Bud was an "ex" and he knew it.

He knew that it was beyond his powers to reverse the order of things in a return match with Mr. Harrow. But any device by which that tall and powerful gentleman could be made to eat humble pool-pie promised balm to the soul of Bud Peaglar. And so he explained his scheme to this supreme wizard of the cue—this ne plus ultra of the cushioned table, this genius of chalk and tip.

Bud planned to invite Mr. Harrow into a return match. Swiftly and accurately he intended losing three games to that gentleman. Among the spectators was to be the squat, sinister figure of the Memphis Choker. And when Bud had been sufficiently humbled and Mr. Harrow was riding on the crest of a wave of triumph—the Choking gentleman—Mr. Jason Flapp—was to step forward and hurl a defiance into the golden teeth of the victor.

They were to play for high stakes. And Bud agreed to back this new-found wonder with cash and plenty of it.

"You cain't lose," postulated Bud, with the wonders of his new friend's performance still fresh in his mind. "Tain't no ways possible. An' which you wins I diwides with you fifty-fifty. So thataway you don' stan' to lose nothin' an' you wins half of what I does."

Jason Flapp agreed readily.

"I does what you says, Brother Peaglar. I assuah you that it is bofe a pleasuah an' likewise a delight to meet up with a spo't like you. Also I ain't sheddin' no tears over winnin' money fum that fo'flushin' imitation of a wrastler which calls hisse'f the Bone Breaker."

"N'r neither you don' see me wearin' no lily over the same," said Bud.

"We wins mos' of the money which he has got," went on Mr. Flapp cannily. "An' then we bets it all on the wrastlin' match, which he sure lose."

Bud's eyes narrowed. "Does you aim to th'ow him when you wrastles?" he asked, significantly.

"Huh! I's gwine th'ow him so ha'd he's gwine break his own bones," Mr. Flapp assured him.

"He says he's gwine th'ow you."

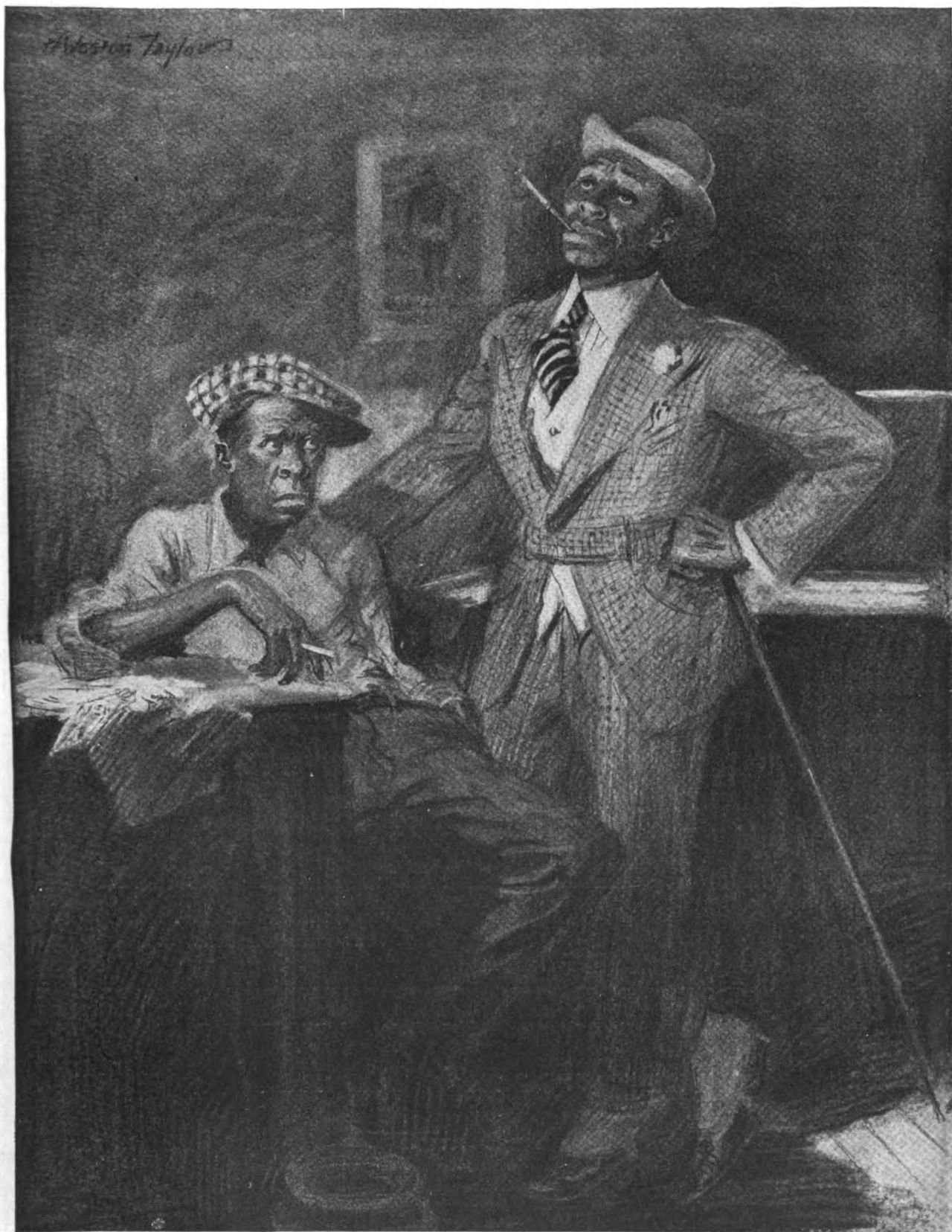
"Says ain't never got nobody no eatments. An' I ain't astin' you n'r neither nobody else to bet money on me. But I craves to know this: If'n I wa'n't sho' I was gwine th'ow him I woul'n't go bettin' all my own money on myse'f, would I?"

"No-o-o. . . ." Bud was forced to admit.

"That's prezac'ly what I is doin'. A'ready I has bet th'ee hund'ed dollars I beats him——"

"Th'ee hund'ed dollars?"





**C**, "Th'ow him?" asked the Memphis Choker. "I'se gwine to th'ow him so high that when he hits the groun' he's gwine knock a hole th'ough the yearth so deep they ain't gwine be no need fo' no undertaker!"

"Cash money," the Memphis Choker said convincingly.

"Sufferin' side-meat!"

"An' fu'thermo' besides, I has got two hun'ed mo' dollars I bets on myse'f does I fin' any feller which is fool enough to take me up. An' what I wins shootin' pool ag'in' that Mistuh Harrow—also I bets me that. Does that look like I is comfident?"

Bud nodded passionate agreement. "Reckon you an' con-

fidence sleeps in the same bed," said the delighted Bud.

Alone again, Bud's primary impulse was to hike straight to the home of Boston Marble, general betting agent for the colored community, and leave with that gentleman a sizable roll of money to be wagered upon the wrestling chances of Mr. Jason Flapp, the Memphis Choker. But Mr. Peaglar was nothing if not cautious. And he was inclined to be sceptical. After all, perhaps Mr. Flapp

never actually had bet the money about which he talked so freely. Perhaps he intended to wager not a cent on the outcome of the bout. Talk was cheaper than cash—and natural discretion halted his impulse.

But Mr. Peaglar wasted no time in issuing a fresh defiance to Zebulon Harrow. And he let it be known in the sporting fraternity that he was that afternoon to seek his vengeance. A half-hour before the match the place was crowded, and the lunch counter doing a land-office business. The crowd was evenly divided in sympathy. There were those among them who bore Bud Peaglar no love—and they had come to gloat over him in his fresh degradation. Others were genuine friends of Bud's and so accredited his large boastings that Mr. Harrow was to be taught something about the gentle art of manipulating a pool cue.

**B**UD WAS grateful to both clans. His friends could share the triumph. The enemies might even be tricked into wagering genuine money on the tall, yellow negro who had won no mean slice of prestige by his recent victory over Bud.

The atmosphere of the pool room had become expectantly tense when the door swung wide and Mr. Harrow breezed into the midst of the assemblage.

Bud looked him over and quaked. In truth, there was something commanding about Mr. Harrow's personality—and he had dressed himself for this particularly festive occasion. He wore clothes of olive-green and a mammoth carnation spread gloriously from his buttonhole. He came forward with the easy, swinging stride of the conqueror and flashed a superior smile full in the face of his victim. But there was that in the grin with which Bud answered him which caused those who best knew Mr. Peaglar to watch with keener interest.

The match between the Bone Breaker and the slabsided pool-room proprietor furnished no thrills. True, it was not overly one-sided, but Mr. Harrow invariably managed to pocket the necessary number of points without any vast effort. And finally Bud flung his arms wide in token of surrender.

"Reckon you is the champeen pooler of the world, Mistuh Harrow."

The wrestler grinned a most superior grin. "Ain't never hearn nobody say I wa'n't." He paused: "An' I reckon I never will."

"An' there," boomed a voice from the crowd, "is where you is got another reckon comin'."

An audible stillness fell upon the spectators. The face of the victorious pool player flushed green with anger. His voice rumbled into the crowd.

"Who said nothin'?" he inquired angrily.

The spectators gave way before the powerful shouldering of the challenger, and as Mr. Jason Flapp stepped forth to face his rival, there was a general intaking of breath. Here was drammer with a large and crimson D.

**T**HE MEMPHIS Choker stared up into the wrathful countenance of the Bone Breaker. Bud Peaglar wriggled with glee. He stood upon the threshold of triumph—a triumph not only of spirit but of finance. And the pool room was stilled: one or two overly eager young men violated house rules by clambering upon adjacent tables that they might obtain a better view of the impending hostilities.

That action was brewing could not be doubted. For two weeks now Birmingham had been riven by tales of the dire threats which each wrestler had been mouthing against the other. In hushed tones, those who had heard either man spoke of the moment when they should happen to cross paths. There was no slightest doubt of their mutual hatred, and here they had clashed in full view of a large audience.

They were as variant physically as an oyster is different from an eel. Jason Flapp, the Memphis Choker, seemed hopelessly tiny before the towering, symmetrical figure of the Bone Breaker; appeared tiny until one comprehended the enormous span of shoulder, the massive chest, the tremendous arms which hung loosely so that the tips of forefingers rested lightly against the kneecaps. Then it was that one sensed the awful power of the Memphis Choker and grew to pity the tall and handsome Zebulon Harrow. But Zebulon did not quail as Jason's eyes squinted evilly into his and the Choker sibilated a challenge:

"What you is, Mistuh Harrow—besides the wust pool player in the world?"

The Bone Breaker staggered under the verbal impact. "Also I's the champeen culud wrastler in the world."

"Fumadiddles! Who you ever wrastled?"

"Which mens I has wrastled all sleeps in cemeteries now," commented Zebulon menacingly; "an' you looks so't of sleepy yo' own se'f."

"You says words—but they don' mean nothin'. On'y thing I reckernizes the langwidge of is money."

"Says you does?"

Furiously, the muscular hand of the Memphis Choker plumbed his pants pockets. When it came forth five- and ten-dollar bills fluttered upon the pool table. "Two hund'ed dollars says I th'ows you best two out of th'ee wrastlin'."

Mr. Harrow's maddening insouciance did not lessen one iota. Quietly, firmly, he produced a wallet and then quite deliberately counted out ten twenty-dollar bills. "Covers yo' money. Mistuh Flapp," he murmured, "an' also I is got two hund'ed dollars mo' which says I th'ows you."

"Two hund'ed dollars mo' . . ." The face of Mr. Flapp became the color of polished ebony which has been breathed upon and he turned uncertainly toward the crowd. "Anybody heah want to loan me a lil money? I ain't got no mo' cash with me—"

Zebulon Harrow chuckled nastily. "Reckon yo' bluff has done gone an' got itse'f called." He spread out the second two hundred dollars. "Ain't nobody heah cravin' to git two hund'ed dollars closer to the poorhouse, is they?"

Bud Peaglar ducked into the crowd. He clutched the arm of Boston Marble. Mr. Marble was notoriously tight-lipped. Safe in a corner with Boston, Bud Peaglar spoke swiftly and straight to the point.

"Heah's two hund'ed, Boston. You cover that money of Zebulon Harrow's. But don' you never, under no succumstances whichsoever, let nobody know that you is doin' same fo' I."

**B**OSTON Marble nodded and delivered what was—for him—a lengthy retort.

"Uh-huh!" he said.

The spectators were furnished a new thrill when Boston Marble covered the two-hundred-dollar bet of the tall wrestler.

"You is bettin' that two hund'ed dollars on Jason Flapp?"

"Uh-huh!"

"Bettin' that he th'ows me?"

"Uh-huh!"

"Then," snapped Zebulon, "you better had never let the keeper of the crazy house git a good look at you."

Immediately it became evident that Mr. Flapp was a purposeful gentleman. He sneered a vivid sneer into the face of Mr. Harrow.

"Now that you has contribbited two hund'ed dollars to me an' two hund'ed dollars to that slim-talkin' gen'leman, Mistuh Harrow, does you crave to pay me fo' a pool-shootin' lesson?"

"You mean," challenged Zebulon, "that you is crazy 'nough to desiah bettin' with me?"

Jason produced fifty dollars—one-third of the total amount of the Bud Peaglar money held by him in trust. "Shoots you one game fo' fifty dollars."

"Took!"

And as they shot, Bud Peaglar edged in close to the table and allowed his smile of satisfaction free play. Here was revenge a-plenty. For, although there was no denying the fact that Zebulon wielded a sinister cue—it was equally apparent that Jason Flapp was his master.

"Fifty dollars winner," exulted Jason at the conclusion of the game. "You ain't aimia' to play double or nothin', is you?"

"I is!" snapped Zebulon. A murmur of applause went up.

"Goodness Gawdness!" breathed one colored gentleman.

"That Bone Breaker sho'ly is a losin' fool."

The second game went the way of the first—a gross of three hundred dollars reposed in the pockets of Mr. Jason Flapp. And then it was that Zebulon Harrow proved himself to be a sport par excellence.

"You has done did me out of a hund'ed an' fifty dollars, Mistuh Flapp. I plays you one game fo' th'ee hund'ed!"

Three hundred dollars! A single game of French pool with three hundred dollars as the stake! This was more than the crowd could stand. From somewhere came hysterical laughter. Then came a surging closer—until the rival wrestlers were forced to shove the spectators back.

The faint ghost of a triumphant smile creased the lips of Mr. Jason Flapp and he winked confidentially at Bud Peaglar. Bud, intoxicated with the measure of his triumph, returned the wink. This was indeed a vengeance superb.

"I takes you," murmured Mr. Flapp easily. He counted the



**C** A smile creased Florian's lips—giving the lie to the internal seethe which set his hands trembling. The shot was easy for one of his skill. The cue tip thumped against the ball. The white sphere leaped forward, clicked against the object ball . . . and a groan of disappointment arose from those who had bet on Mr. Slappey.

three hundred dollars placed on the table by Zebulon Harrow and ostentatiously covered it with the hundred and fifty which he had won and the hundred and fifty which constituted the original stakes furnished by Bud Peaglar. And he sidled close to Bud.

"Us wins heavy, Brother Peaglar."

The crowd was on edge. It realized that it was being privileged to gaze upon billiard history. Unfolded to its eyes was an exhibition of sporting spirit which was unique in the wagering annals of Birmingham's colored fraternity.

They tossed for the break and Jason won. Quietly, deliberately, he broke. The ten and the thirteen clicked into two of the pockets. Zebulon stepped forward.

"Rule says you has got to hit the one ball fust off, Mistuh Flapp. You di'n't do it."

The spectators gasped. They knew that Jason had failed to touch the one ball on his break, but it was unlikely that he would fail to register a protest. Jason appealed to Florian Slappey, who had been appointed stakeholder and referee. Florian nervously rendered his decision.

"Spot up them two balls. One ball never was hit."

**B**UD PEAGLAR waited for an outburst from Jason. But none came. Bud shook his head doubtfully. He continued to shake it as Zebulon clicked off forty-two of the sixty-one points necessary for victory.

Then the Bone Breaker missed. Smiling slightly, Jason took up his cue, sighted at the balls, made one—and then missed a shot so easy that it had already been conceded.

But Zebulon, too, missed his next—a difficult carom, and once again the Memphis Choker was left with a well-cleared table.

And once again Jason Flapp missed!

Grinning triumphantly, Zebulon Harrow, the Bone Breaker, run off the required number of points—and added twenty-seven for good measure before laying aside his cue. Grandiosely he collected six hundred dollars from Florian Slappey. Magnificently he swaggered from the pool room.

Jason Flapp appeared strangely unconcerned. He volunteered a single remark to Bud.

"Kinder reckon us loses, Brother Peaglar."

Bud stared at him fixedly. "Uh-huh! Sort of reckon us does."

And then, as the crowd disintegrated, Bud sank wearily into a chair. His head was pounding. Bud's cosmic scheme had gone suddenly flooie. Where, a few moments before, he had risen to the zenith of beatitude, he now plumbed the nadir of misery. Sheer shock begot acute physical agony. Through a haze of calamitous bewilderment stalked the wraith of doubt. Finally he dropped into miserable soliloquy at memory of Mr. Flapp's utter indifference.

**I** DON' HA'DLY understand all I know 'bout that pool game!"

If only those shots which Jason missed had not been so elementary—so absurdly easy! The exhibition had been crude. What if Jason wrestled no better?

Swiftly, the news of the epochal pool match in Bud Peaglar's place became bruited about Darktown. The magnitude of the final wager was staggering—so, too, was the sudden collapse of the theretofore adroit Mr. Flapp at a moment when steely nerves were required. All in all, it sent the wrestling stock of Zebulon Harrow soaring.

Too, the thing provoked a veritable orgy of betting on the forthcoming match. At first there was no Flapp money to be found, until it became noised abroad that Mr. Flapp himself had raised an additional two hundred dollars which he had wagered against a like amount produced by Mr. Harrow. With that there was a general veering in the direction of the Memphis Choker. Such superlative confidence in oneself could not possibly be entirely misplaced. After all, the pool débâcle had been due, in all probability, to shaky nerves—and it was not nerves but brute strength that counted in a wrestling match.

And so, as the day of the bout drew closer, wrestling fandom found that profers of money on Zebulon's chances found takers among those who believed that Jason Flapp was his catch-as-catch-can master.

With it all, Bud Peaglar was nervous. Instinct told him that all was not as it should be. And he feared for the two hundred dollars which he had bet so impetuously upon Jason Flapp. His confidence in Mr. Flapp's ability was shaken, and so, four days before the date of the match, he sidled down Twenty-third Street and slid into the boarding house where the Memphis Choker was domiciled. He craved [Continued on page 146]





Q Mrs. Marconi is accompanying her distinguished husband in their sea-going yacht while he is making scientific observations.

## MARCONI TELLS OF THE

Q Probably few of us realize how rapidly our world is changing. This distinguished scientist shows how much simpler and more enjoyable life will soon be

WHOEVER wishes to live long should go to see Marconi and get him to give his vision of what he sees in store for this world. Length of life has some relationship to the desire to live—and who would not want to live to see the world that Marconi says is coming?

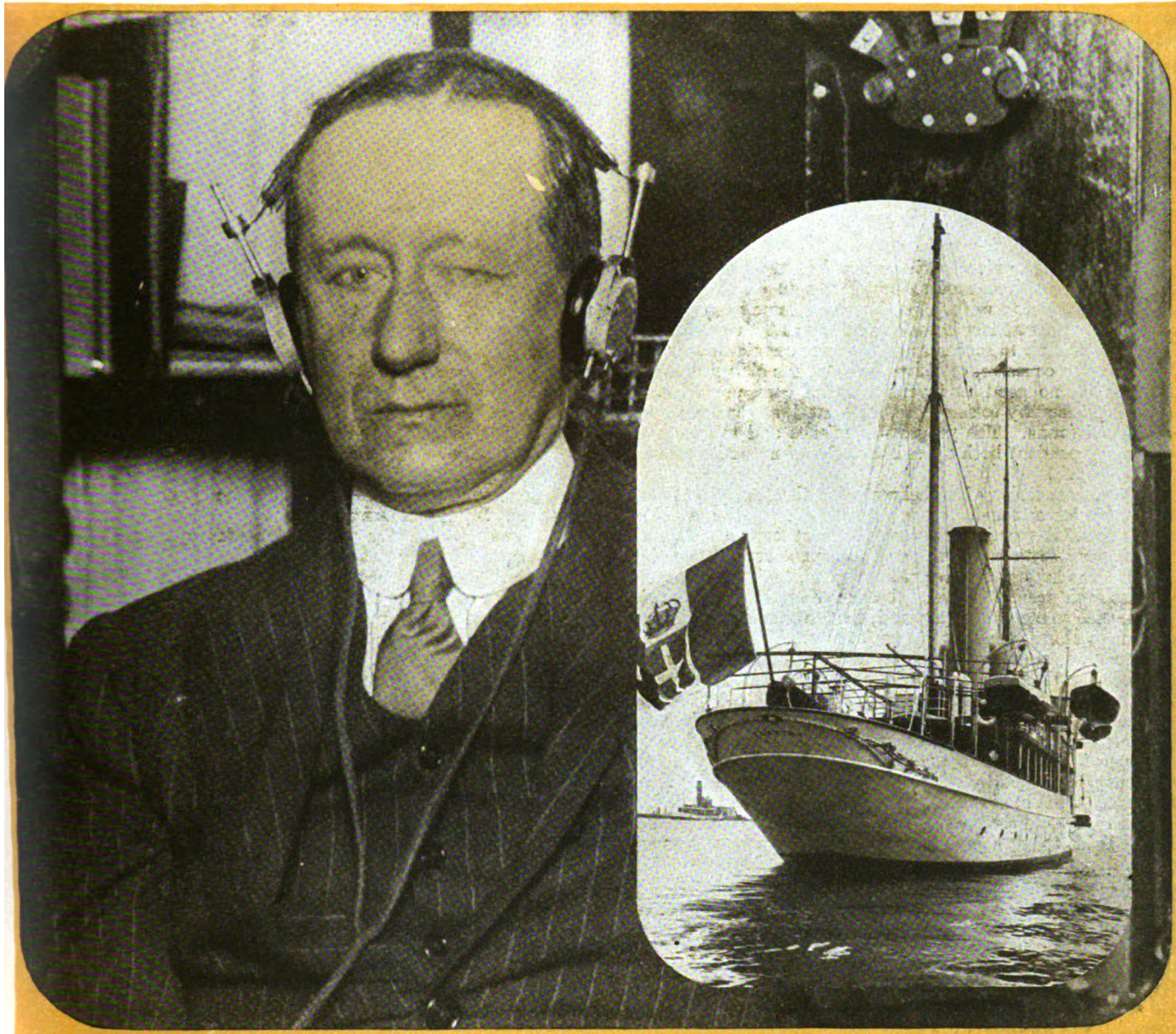
"Science will transform the world within fifty years," he said to me. "Life on this planet will be so changed that we who are here now would have difficulty in recognizing it. It will be a better and a happier world."

Nor will you have to wait fifty years to see the changes that Marconi forecasts. They will not come all in a bundle on the last day. Instead, they are coming day by day. The radio-phone came yesterday. What will come tomorrow? Marconi told me

that the disintegration of the atom might come tomorrow, which means that infinite sources of power would be released. "That may come any day or it may not come for a long while," he added.

We were talking in the cabin of Marconi's yacht as it tugged at its anchor in a swift outgoing tide in the Hudson River, off New York. Marconi, one of the greatest miracle-makers in all human history, talked for an hour about scientific miracles—mostly those that are to come. He is a fascinating man to observe. Half Italian and half Irish, the two strains of blood that flow in his veins mingle but do not blend. His courtesy and politeness are Italian, but his humor, his subtlety, and his capacity to dream are Irish. He has a dry humor that is always just beneath the surface, ready to rise to the top. When I asked





¶ *Marconi believes that, for centuries to come, invention and discovery will shower benefits upon the human race at a constantly increasing speed.*

# WONDER WORLD TO COME

¶ An Interview by Allan L. Benson with

# GUGLIELMO MARCONI

him if he believed it to be possible to send light-rays by wireless, so that one could see the person to whom one might be talking on the radio, he replied:

"It may be possible, though I don't know how to do it. But would it be desirable? A lady in her bath might find it inadvisable to telephone if she could also be seen. Also, one may now be courteous over the telephone when, if the other person could see his face it would be plain that his manner belied his feelings."

Marconi believes not only that the world will be transformed within the next fifty years, but that, until the end of time, invention and discovery will shower benefits upon the human race at a constantly increasing speed.

"People have a wrong idea about progress," he said. "For

thousands of years there was little. A thousand years made not much difference in the world. Then came the invention of the steam engine and machinery for it to run. The electric telegraph followed. People began to speak of the nineteenth century as the age of invention and to speculate on the awe with which a decadent posterity would look back to it. Nobody believed the pace could long be kept up. Everybody believed that the electric light, the telephone, the phonograph, and the moving picture were marvels, the like of which would not be produced again for a long while. And when the world believed the scientific mind must soon become exhausted, the greatest marvels of all were produced—the airplane, the X-ray, and the radio-phone.

"This incorrect view of scientific achievement arose from the



fact that the forces behind invention and discovery were not understood. The scientific mind cannot work without knowledge of natural laws. In the beginning, the human race had no such knowledge. Men had to learn from observation that wood would float before they could make ships, as they also had to learn that fire could be struck from flint before they could cook food. The single fact that wood will float or that fire will burn is enough to enable an inventive mind to go a certain distance, but a great number of such facts are required to give scientists and inventors an ample field for their faculties.

**N**OT UNTIL the nineteenth century had the world accumulated enough knowledge of natural forces to enable inventors really to get down to work. The inventive flame burst out then because inventors at last knew enough facts about natural laws to make it possible to conceive and to create certain things. It is of no value to conceive, of course, without the ability to create. It would do no good to invent a steam engine without the knowledge necessary to smelt ore, make steel, and fashion it into the desired forms. The progress of science and invention are therefore dependent both upon knowledge of natural forces and upon shopcraft.

"It is a peculiarity of such knowledge that every additional fact that is learned makes more valuable every fact that we already knew. A seemingly insignificant fact learned today may make it possible to make new and important uses of facts long known. The larger our store of knowledge, the more important becomes each new fact learned, because there is always a probability, with so many facts at hand, that the new knowledge may be made to fit in somewhere in a useful way. That is why science and invention must forever go on at a constantly accelerating pace, because the more we know of natural laws the more we can do with each new thing that we learn.

"The age of what are known as scientific miracles is not in danger of coming to a pause. It can never pause and it has only just begun. The speed that will be attained during the next fifty years may be judged by what has been accomplished in the last half-century. It seems to us that great progress was made from 1872 to 1922—and there was. That period saw the coming of the electric light, the dynamo and motor, the telephone, the phonograph, the moving picture, the automobile, the X-ray, the wireless, the discovery of radium, and the invention of the airplane. These were great achievements for so short a period—unexampled in the history of the world. But they will seem almost if not quite insignificant in comparison with what will be brought about during the next half-century. It is inevitable that this will be so. We have more knowledge of natural laws now than ever before and are searching for more knowledge as never before. Scientific research is proceeding with great speed in all of the civilized world. America, taking up this task with her usual energy, has already accomplished much and will accomplish more."

**M**ARCONI'S manner, when he is talking, is a combination of nervousness and ease. At times he slides down in a big upholstered chair, clasps his hands over his head, half closes his eyes, and speaks softly. The next moment, he may straighten up, run his fingers through his hair, and talk rapidly. No mood lasts long. He is always changing.

"We are just entering," he continued, "what may be called the field of vibrations—a field in which we may find more wonders than the mind can now conceive. Most of the great inventions of the last fifty years have been in this field. The telephone, the electric light, the dynamo, the electric motor, the phonograph, the moving picture, and the radio are all based upon vibrations. Science is turning from what primitive man considered to be the great forces of nature to explore the infinitely little.

"We are learning that what once appeared to be the great forces of nature are not, in the real sense, great at all. An earthquake is perhaps the most tremendous physical force on this earth, but it is without possibilities for human use. The tides of the sea and the waves have great power back of them—power that we have tried, without much success, to utilize. Savages made a god of the winds and their successors used them to turn wheels, but modern man finds even a tempest more impressive than potential.

"Scientists are now beginning to realize that the really great forces with which we may deal are locked up in vibrations so gentle that we cannot feel them—though we can feel a summer zephyr as it blows upon our cheeks. I do not think I ever mentioned it before, but the wireless is the only device ever made

by man that can carry around the world a sound created by a human being. If all the explosives in America were to be exploded in New York, the sound could not be heard in England.

"Nobody has enough imagination even to suggest all that we may yet find in this great field," he continued. "Marvels are difficult to conceive. Nobody could have thought of a machine that could speak and sing, or of pictures that seemed alive—or of sound carried around the world without wires. But I can think of one tremendous thing that might come out of vibrations. We might learn how to obtain electricity direct from the sun. There is no doubt that the sun is a great electrical powerhouse. If we could tap the energy that the sun is sending forth we could make power almost as cheap as sunlight. I believe it is only a question of time until we shall obtain an abundance of electricity direct from the sun. The discovery how to do this may be made any day, or it may not come for a long while. We know how to convert electricity into light. If we knew how to convert light into electricity the trick would be done. But Nature seems usually to work one way. She seldom turns back on her track."

I asked Marconi what he thought about the possibility of utilizing the enormous power supposed to be contained in atoms.

"I sometimes think," he replied, "that we are a great deal nearer than we realize to the making of this discovery. It might be made tomorrow. On the other hand, it may not be made for a long time. But it will be made."

The next question was a request for his opinion as to what invention the world now needs most.

"Power is our greatest requirement," he replied, "and immediately after it comes transportation. We are still obtaining power in a primitive way. We use electrical wires to carry it, but our electricity is derived either from the falling of water or from the burning of coal. Power obtained in this way costs too much. Considering that the earth is swimming in an enormous ocean of power that is coming to us in the form of vibrations, it is indeed primitive to create relatively small amounts of electricity by damming little rivulets and burning little piles of coal dug from the ground. The world will not much longer dig or burn coal. We shall get our power direct from the sun or from atoms—sooner or later in both ways.

**O**UR METHODS of transportation are still antiquated, notwithstanding the airplane. The first railroad was built about a century ago, but railroads still carry all of our freight and most of our passengers. The railroads are better than they were a century ago, but they are still railroads. I look forward to an enormous increase in the use of aircraft. It is quite possible that planes will be propelled by electricity derived directly from the sun and sent to the machines from stations on the earth by radio. I should not be surprised if the day were not far distant when airplanes will be as numerous as automobiles are now. Each of us will have his own machine and travel about as he pleases."

The possibility of flying with electricity obtained direct from the sun seemed so interesting that I asked Marconi if he was working on the problem of how to tap the sun's energy. He said he was not. I asked him if he knew of anybody who was at work at it.

"No, I don't," he replied. "The attention of scientific men is for the moment taken up with other things. But a discovery may be made any day that will shift attention to this problem. Sometimes a very insignificant event will turn a man's attention to a very fruitful field."

Here Marconi drew near to a fascinating subject—the part that fortuitous circumstance often plays in invention. Edison's mind was turned toward the phonograph because of certain little paper dolls that he had placed upon the diaphragm of a telephone in order that he might observe the strength of its vibrations. When the vibrations made the dolls dance, Edison's mind leaped to the possibility of recording and reproducing the vibrations made by speech. Lee De Forest obtained the clue that led to the invention of the famous grid that makes the radio-phone "go" by noting that a gas-mantle beside which he was working glowed more brightly when exposed to high-frequency electrical waves, thus becoming a sensitive and accurate detector of sound-waves.

So I asked Marconi what little thing had ever shifted his attention.

"My mind was turned to wireless," he replied, "by the fact that about twenty-five years ago, several consecutive days in Italy were cloudy. I was experimenting in signaling by the reflection of the sun's rays. When the sun did not shine I could not experiment. There were so many [Continued on page 112]





C. "Wouldn't you like to sell it for ten pounds?" Jill asked. "Ye don't onderstand; or mebbe it's jist a joke ye're having," Mrs. O'Donnel answered.

"There's  
things beyont money—  
there's mimories,"  
old Mother O'Donnel  
told Lord Louis.  
And this is the  
surprising story  
of those "mimories"

# The Little Green Teapot

By Roland Pertwee

Illustrated by Baron De Meyer

THE big car glided swiftly down the long descent and took the hairpin bend at the hill foot over-fast. There was a loud report followed by an expiring hiss and a jolt-jolt-jolt as the rim of the off-side rear wheel thumped against the road.

"Oh!" said Jill. "What's a good word to use?"  
"Having already had recourse to both our spare wheels," replied Lord Louis, "I doubt if a single word would adequately define the situation."

"I suppose I want tea more than ever I wanted it before."  
The car slowed up under the lee of a wind-riven oak growing in a distraught fashion from the fissures of a moss-covered rock.

"There should be a village hereabouts, m'lord," said the chauffeur.  
"We might try."

They alighted and the chauffeur pointed to a wire nail firmly driven through the tire.

"It'll take best part of an hour, m'lord, to get the cover off

and repair the tube. The solution they sold me is a bad dryer."

"Well, do your best," said Lord Louis. "Come, Jill, we will endeavor to find you some tea in the meanwhile."

A turn in the road revealed a village snugly nestling under the shoulder of a hill. An ideal village it proved to be—simplicity run loose. Roses rioted on the cottage fronts, chickens fluttered from the windows, and pigs walked in and out of the open doors in the friendliest way imaginable.

"Was there ever such a primitive little place? Look at the people! Aren't they just the simplest, duckiest folk you ever saw in your life?"

The tearoom was in a very humble cottage, clotted with climbing fuchsias and roses. A narrow flower bed ran alongside the wall, margined with scallop shells and all alight with polyanthus. In the window was a slant bearing apples, oranges, and a cardboard box of cough tablets, and above this a narrow shelf of glass bottles filled with transparent sweets with lovely old-





**C.** Then they received the surprise of their lives. "Phwat sort of people are ye?" the old lady asked, "to run a sale unasked in a poor woman's house and timplt her to sacrifice. Would ye barter a packet of love letters for a stranger's money?"

world names. A few slate pencils and a hank of leather bootlaces completed the stock, but faintly within shone the polished handles of an old elm dresser and bright specks of light from luster candlesticks on the mantelpiece.

"It is worth bursting a tire for this!" exclaimed Jill.

If the house itself delighted them, the charm was not comparable to that aroused by the appearance of its owner. Of all sweet old ladies in the world, Jill vowed she was the sweetest. The gentle lines of her wrinkled features seemed to have been drawn by the kindliness of all the ages. And her hands! They held together the black lace of her shoulder shawl with a touch that could only have been learnt from the cradling of a sick child. Her hair stole from beneath her cap in serene lines as though it were a pattern of the smooth progression of her years.

"**M**RS. O'DONNEL?" Lord Louis ventured, as the door opened. He had read the name written in simple characters with the n's upside down over the shop window.

"'Tis bether known as Mother, I am," she said, with a rise and fall cadence—a sound such as the sea makes when it rustles the shore on a blue-calm day—then added, with a sadder note, "though small enough raison they have to name me so."

And Jill's quick intuition led her to see that Mother O'Donnel were no ring upon the third finger of her left hand.

"If 'tis tay ye'll be afther wanting, enter and welcome, for the kettle has been singing visitors this half an hour past."

"Oh, what a darling shop!" exclaimed Jill, ecstatically.

Mother O'Donnel smiled at their obvious delight.

"Small but clane, m'dyurr," she said, "for 'tis mesilf would niver slape av nights if dust or tar-r-nish kept me company."

"You must be happy here with this for your very own."

At these words a flicker of sadness passed over the old features.

"I could be hannier if it were more me own; but Mother

O'Donnel was niver one to airr her gravances to a stranger. 'Sides, 'tis tay ye'll be saking and not a tale of flint-hearted landlords nor mortgage overdue."

She opened an inner door and led them into a tiny parlor—so small that there was barely room to approach the shiny-topped table which formed its center of interest. In endeavoring to do so the pocket of Lord Louis's heavy motoring coat caught in the handle of a cupboard and pulled it a trifle ajar.

"Wisha!" exclaimed Mother O'Donnel, coming quickly to the rescue and closing the cupboard. "Were there iver four walls so close together! There! Give me the coat and I'll set it in the shop out av harm's way."

So Lord Louis divested himself of his motoring coat. Mother O'Donnel departed to the kitchen.

"Of course," said Jill, when he had closed the door upon the old lady with great civility, "of course she's an angel, Louis, and all the things she has around her are straight from heaven."

"Were I to believe that remote destination were half so attractive, I should contemplate the future with livelier satisfaction," he returned. "Religious historians, however, persuade me that the decorations were conducted under some such supervision as that of the late Sir Joseph Lyons."

**A**S HE spoke he was cruising slowly round the miniature apartment, assessing its contents with an approving eye.

Jill did not interfere when the connoisseur side of his nature became uppermost. She had married a man who was wedded to the antique, but he had never allowed this trait to lead him to infidelity to the modern.

He stopped short before the mantelpiece, his right hand raised and rubbing the tip of his nose. Jill had learnt the meaning of that action and followed the direction of his gaze. His eyes were held, it seemed, by a small round teapot with a straight





Q. "Ob, Louis, you must buy it for me, whatever it costs. The poor old thing is bound to be hard up—said she 'was.'"

spout which stood upon a greenish plate of no pronounced color. The teapot was decorated with a panel representing, in many bright tints, a group of Chinese figures variously employed.

"H'm!" ejaculated Lord Louis, and again, "H'm!" He threw a quick glance over his shoulder, then turned again to the object of interest.

"Kien-lung?" said Jill, who was very painstaking.

Lord Louis removed the lid—examined it inside and out—

replaced it—glanced at the greenish plate, nodded, then carried the teapot to the light, held it near the eye and at arm's length.

"Kien-lung?" repeated Jill.

He turned and smiled at her over his shoulder.

"What it is," he remarked, "to be the wife of a collector!" And with that he set it down again upon the plate.

"Oh, how exciting!" exclaimed Jill. "Louis, you must buy it for me, whatever it costs! I simply must have it." [Continued on page 131]





II. Painting by Arthur E. Becher.

# *The Secret of the Rose*

By Angela Morgan

*SHALL we psycho-analyze the rose,  
Tell why its color comes and where it goes;  
Learnedly seek to explain how dew reclines  
On honeysuckle vines?*

*Shall we psycho-analyze the dawn?  
Show how silver and purple, rose and fawn  
Never bestowed the ecstasy we caught—  
Dupes of our own intoxicated thought?*

*Speak, O moderns! How may we truly tell  
Whether the lover's dream be ill or well?  
Never hath logic probed the inner breast. . . .  
Something beyond eludes the steely test.*

*Shatter the rose, sunder the roots of trees,  
Find if you can the soul of singing breeze,  
Show the lover his vision part by part. . . .  
You cannot kill, thank God, his dreaming heart!*

# Germany Turns to Religion

By

Gerhart Hauptmann

**E**ven the political upheaval in Germany is not greater than the religious revolution. In the land of Luther there is worship at the shrine of Buddha; there is a mystic interpretation of Bacchus and Walt Whitman

**T**HE WAR has undoubtedly done much to awaken a desire for a return of religious intensity in the field of art.

The same tendency is to be observed in the literature produced during and since the war. Some of it is found in men like Reinhold Sorge, Walther Hasenclever, Reinhard Goehring, and above all, Fritz von Unruh.

It is true that Germany has not enriched the world literature with a Homer, a Virgil, a Dante, a Cervantes or a Shakespeare, but our Handel, Bach, Haydn, Mozart, and Beethoven, our philosophers Leibnitz, Kant, Hegel, and Schopenhauer, are cultural possessions of the entire world. Why have Gottfried Keller's novel "Der Grüne Heinrich" and other wonderful creations of this author not also become the property of the world?

Our literature would possibly be richer than it is had it not been regarded by our rulers as a fungous growth to be fought against. Every work, the sheer truthfulness of which was opposed to servility, was looked upon as a crime. Thus was the innocent poet Schubart condemned to pass his life behind prison bars.

Since the war, we can as yet speak only of seed time and growth, not yet of a new harvest. Nor is there anything surprising about this, as the civilized world has passed through the most devastating storm ever known. It is but natural that Nature should be still holding her breath after a terrific storm, with the heavens still covered by the lowering and muttering clouds. Those who lived through this storm with a full consciousness of its meaning are forced to keep silence that they may live. They avoid even the memory of it as far as may be.

The war was so appalling, so universal a human phenomenon that probably no poet will ever be able to master the material. It is more than probable that all will avoid the subject. I know of only one man among the younger German writers, Fritz von Unruh, who has the heart, the brain, the blood, and the nerves for such a stupendous task. His drama, "Ein Geschlecht," with its somber, gigantic, superhuman shade-figures, has looked into the eye of the Gorgon. Here alone are to be found elements and tendencies worthy of being placed side by side with the tragic figures of the Greeks.

Franz Werfel and Max Brod also belong to this group of younger writers. Also Carl Stern-



**G.** Gerhart Hauptmann and Mrs. Hauptmann. All Germany is planning to pay honor next month to the writer who stands first in the esteem of his countrymen.



heim and Georg Kaiser, neither of whom would have been possible without Frank Wedekind.

Not one of these three men, Sternheim, Kaiser, or Wedekind, has participated in the newly awakened literary intensity. Wedekind, in whose work a genuine fervor is nevertheless to be found, died during the war.

We were young together, Wedekind and I. As young men of twenty-two, we exchanged ideas about the Europe of that time, about Germany, about European and German literature, and outlined our plans for the future. It is my conviction that Wedekind is the most original, the most bizarre figure that has appeared in the literature of any country.

**A**LL GENUINE intellectual life was robbed of its significance by the war. It was thrown into the discard along with civilization. Those of us who had believed in civilization and its perfect flowering felt as if we had been lulled to sleep by some incomprehensible illusion, and rudely awakened to life. In the place of the gentle Christ who exhorted us to love one another stood a demon commanding us to hate one another. And stricken, shattered, filled with dismay, it seemed to us as if war were, indeed, the real aspect of humanity. It seemed as if in our work of scientific research, in painting, in writing, in our belief in the progress of humanity, we had been victims of delusion, playing trivial games while the real business of life had been going on around us wholly unnoticed.

There was a melancholy awakening from the vitiating poison. It was a state of soul in which humiliation, repentance, desperation followed each other in rapid succession. The pride of the epoch was broken. Arrogance was replaced by gray misery. But as nothing in the world—God willing!—is without cause and purpose, searching grew out of the gray misery, and metaphysical longing grew out of the heart-searching, and the broad masses of the German people are today dominated by heart-searching. There is a longing extending from this world into the world beyond, from the finite into the infinite, from the bitterness of suffering forward to joyfulness.

It was in this mood that the music and art world welcomed Hans Pfitzner's musical drama of "Palestrina." Those who were longing for a deepened meaning for purity saw in this work the battle of the soul. Religious solemnity and the deepest artistic sincerity combine to make this work a faithful reflection of the present.

The tremendous gain in strength and prestige made by the Catholic Church since the war has unquestionably the same origin. The impetus has also stimulated the world of occultists and theosophists, many of them of questionable character. The universal thirst for reading—not of trashy books but of serious literature—is another manifestation. And finally, this thirst unquestionably shows itself in the progress made by Buddhism. Profound interest is now being displayed in the German translation of the collective wisdom of Gotama Buddha, a work of truly classical proportions, which has crowned with success the painstaking labors of its great translator, Karl Eugen Neumann. The effect is as when Shakespeare was discovered and made a German poet, but here is greater still. An incomparable book of fate has been made accessible to Occi-

dental civilization. To my mind, the time will come when this book will be considered of infinitely more far-reaching consequences than Martin Luther's Bible. Once the statue of the heathen god Svantewitt reared itself in the midst of Germany. Now this has been replaced by the gigantic picture of Buddha. There it stands, unassailable as throughout the centuries and strangely suggestive of the far-reaching influence of the spirit and philosophy of the East.

With the appearance of Luther's Bible, the center of the intellectual world shifted from Rome to the little city of Wittenberg, from the south to the north, from the Tiber to the Elbe. The light radiating from Wittenberg brought about the purification of the entire Christian world, including the Catholic religion. The England of today, as well as the United States, was born in Wittenberg.

I shall not live to see the verification of my prophecy, but the present century will not have drawn to a close before the world has taken cognizance of what Buddhism signifies to Germany. When once the German soul experiences a deep religious awakening, which it will most assuredly do through this new evangel, it will signify an intellectual and spiritual revolution for the whole of Europe. The first Buddhist monastery is to be established not far from Hamburg in the Lüneburg Moor.

**A**NOTHER literary feat of similar importance, worthy of being placed side by side with the German Buddha, is the German Veda, translated from the Sanskrit text by Paul Duesen. Buddha issued from this world of the Vedas. The chief feature of this work is the translation of the Veda Commentary of Cankara, the great reformer and restorer of the Upanishad doctrine.

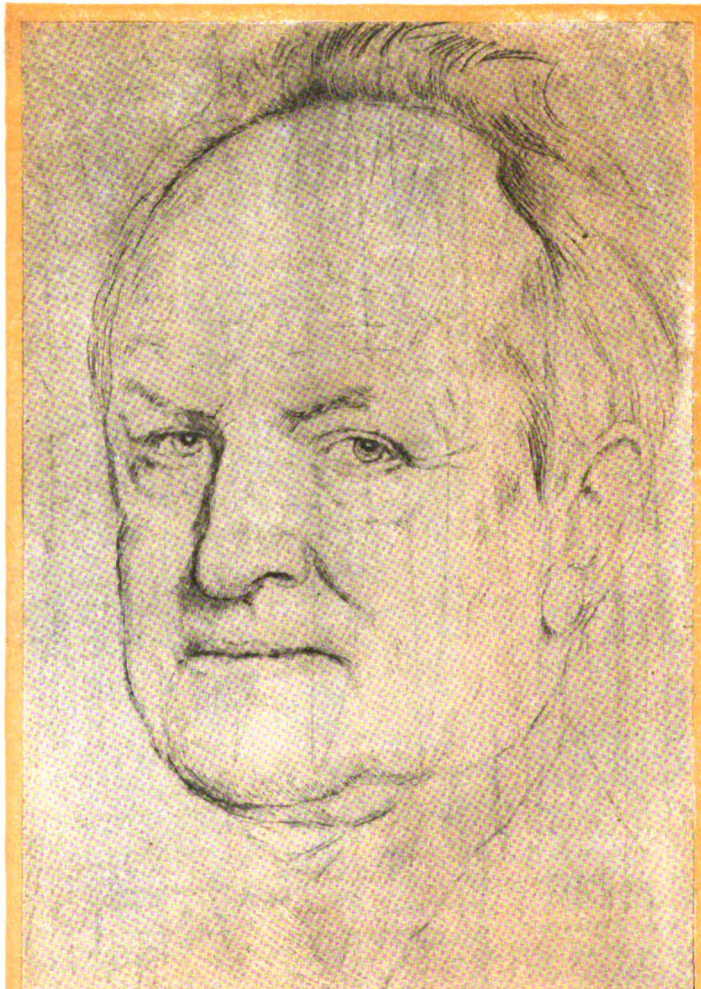
The Brahmanism of these two works forms a direct contrast to Buddhism. Buddhism seems to teach the deadening of the senses and a complete negation of the world, including even God. The Brahmanism of the Vedas and of Cankara recognizes God everywhere, and tears away the error which hides

Him from the world. The poet, the world affirmer, will of necessity find himself drawn irresistibly by this doctrine. America's great poet, Walt Whitman, says: "Everything which I call mine you shall compare with what you call yours; otherwise it would be time lost to listen to me."

This I say also.

It is due to no fortuitous circumstance that I mention Walt Whitman in this connection. I have been familiar with his "Leaves of Grass" for twenty-five years. But it is only just now that we have been given our best translation of his poems. I do not know whether the translation by Hans Reisiger will succeed in making him as popular as he deserves to be in Germany.

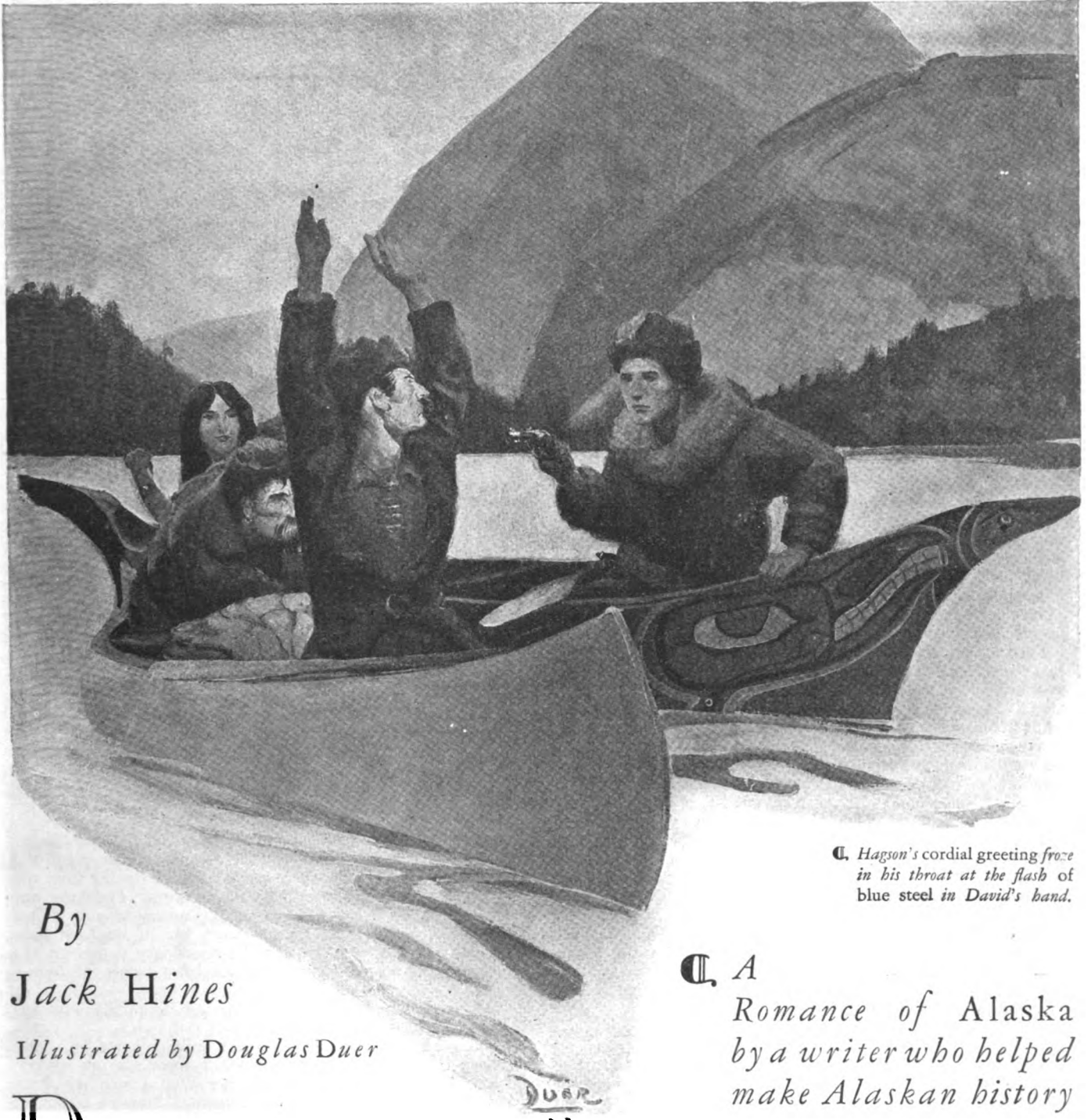
In song of the loftiest form, Whitman sings the praise of the world. Farseeing, he embraces this world and the next. For the first time in centuries, the terrific, the wild, the gentle, the mild, the somber and the radiantly bright, the Samsara of the Buddha and the Vedas, have created a great psalmist who sings a song of life triumphant. This new Whitman translation is only another evidence of the tendency of the present, of the thirst for ardor, which has seized upon Germany since her awakening from the dream of devastating war.



**C.** "In place of Christ, who exhorted us to love, stood a demon commanding us to hate," writes Gerhart Hauptmann.



# Nine Points o' the Law



By  
Jack Hines

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

**D**AVID GALT was a pet child of Destiny. A slender youth he was, with the fire of genius flashing from a pair of pure blue eyes, who, amidst the clang and clatter of thundering hydraulics, used to dream that the dirty mud-sluiced creeks of far northern Alaska were seas of azure crystal. The first time old man Lane spotted him, David was standing on the shoulder of a bedrock pit. Daddy Lane pushed his white whiskers into David's face and shouted, "Who the hell are you, to be standing here on my ground—dead on your feet?"

"Look, Mr. Lane," the dreaming youth said, pointing far up Ophir Creek, "it's over there against the mountainside. It's all over there. Here, where you are cleaning up the new creek bed it's been flowing for only a few thousand years. But there, over against the mountain, is the old stream bed. Move these elevators over there!"

"Move these elevators! Why—"

¶ Hagson's cordial greeting froze in his throat at the flash of blue steel in David's hand.

¶ A  
Romance of Alaska  
by a writer who helped  
make Alaskan history

"So you're Shep Galt's boy? Well, no wonder you savvy what goes on underground. Your father was the same as you. Why, your father and I used to ramble from one range to another crossing deserts, burrowing buttes and chasing more rainbows than any two men in California. No wonder; so you're his Davy. Well, you're my Davy, now."

The old man didn't live more than two years after that—but he passed on, knowing that the Ophir hydraulic giants had spurted into the mountainside creek bed.

The day Daddy Lane died, David Galt left Eagle. For a year no one heard a word of him. Then one midwinter day, Bob Corbersier, the U. S. open trail mail carrier, brought word that he had met Galt down at Isaacs Point on Norton Sound. David was with a clean-looking outfit of Unganaktolick Indians, all rigged out in moose-skin trail gear, driving tamed wolves in his team, and tanned up like a black Mazinka.

One evening, about eighteen months later, Eagle lay in a flood of Maytime moonlight. David Galt could not have wished for a more majestic night for his return to comparative civilization. A reminiscent mood overcame him, and of their own accord his footsteps led him toward the river on whose banks the town was built.

The river stretched far away in the moonlight. It returned hardly a sound as it washed its graveled banks and sanded bars. Just then something moved into David's sight that routed his dreams. As though an afreet had placed it there, a strange canoe headed for the beaching strand. Riding the canoe was a powerful figure whose only movements came from rhythmic dip and sweep strokes of his paddle. In another instant the craft was banked high and dry, and David had descended and addressed the strange voyager.

"YOU HAVE come a long distance?" he asked. The visitor was a tribesman altogether foreign to any David had ever seen in these parts.

"Oong," affirmed the Indian, "from the Shungnak."

"The Shungnak!"

"Yes. I am Mataro, son of Kugarah, ruler of the Shungnaks," the man explained proudly.

Galt then knew the thrill that comes with crooking the knee in the presence of royal blood. This youth, as he stood there in the moonlight, appeared to him a sovereign prince if ever one had existed. His golden skin lay lightly drawn over imperial features of striking male dignity and beauty. His feet were small as are all Indian feet, and his hands were correspondingly slender and lithe.

"And you," he was quietly asked by Mataro, "you are——"

In replying, "Kit-mon," David immediately felt that he had interrupted the Shungnak in the sentence that would have included his Unganaktoick sobriquet. But he was proud to speak his Indian nickname, because, among the tribe who had given it to him, it meant "a right man." Upon hearing it Mataro for a moment disregarded David's presence and, turning his face heavenward, muttered unintelligible words.

Reports had drifted to the realm of the far north Shungnaks that their allies the Norton Unganaktoicks had living with them as a brother a man of the pale race whom they hailed as "Kit-mon." It was an exceptional tribute in the manner of conferring earned tribal titles, Mataro told Galt; it signified for them what power and strength backs one after whose name "The Just" had been added by common custom. So the son of the Shungnak chieftain had agreed to make the hazardous pilgrimage across the entire peninsula—and endeavor to have Kit-mon return with him to the land of the Shungnaks.

This isolated tribe, of which but a pitiful fragment was still alive, was in tragic need of a friend among the whites. Kugarah had divined that the "right man" of the Unganaktoick was destined to preserve them from a calamity which Mataro could not definitely describe. But his people were so stricken with insidious terror—and David would retrace with him? When Mataro had finished, David placed his hand in the young Shungnak's and they clasped in a grip of wordless understanding. That night the American and his Shungnak friend slept side by side on the dry moss bank of the river.

BEFORE noon the next day, David, on the bow thwart of Mataro's canoe, was already ten miles on the journey toward the Shungnak. That night by the campfire many questions that had been consuming the white man all day were somewhat cleared. Thus far Mataro had not had to lure David with the promise or evidence of countless riches. But, strapped to his person for this purpose, he had several specimens of rough greenish gold that he had stripped from their ancient bed in his native land. Later that night he did reveal these bits of virgin metal to David and the Shungnak was elated that they had been regarded with but passing interest.

David felt himself dropping to sleep. But he was roused by hearing his companion mutter incoherent sentences and oddly disconnected words. Mataro spoke directly into the embers of the alder coals. One sentence he repeated over and over again, "Hagson only teach Jesus, and d—o—g, dog." Then in caressing tones David heard the feminine name "Tai-lonah;" and suddenly came the name "Wolf Ladue" with the Indian epithet "Et-zir-ruck."

Galt was now electrified not only because his guide seemed to be in mental agony, but because the name Wolf Ladue was very

familiar. Ladue was a notorious character who had been blue-ticketed out of every district from the upper Yukon to the Ophir diggings on the Neukluk River.

"So that's where the Wolf has finally turned up. Whew! Now I have it," Galt exclaimed.

At which Mataro, as if shocked from a delirium, turned a malignant face upon the white man. Speaking in a pidgin English, he said:

"Yes, Wolf Ladue, in Shungnak now with Doctor Hagson, missionary. Wolf bad man."

"But why haven't you run him out of your country?"

"Why? Because now Shungnak respect white man law. My father Kugarah want one time tie Ladue in canoe, with little hole in bottom, and send down-river. But missionary hear and say no. Also say beside vengeance of white man law Ladue spirit come back by 'n' by and bring sick plague on Shungnak."

"The missionary told your people that, Mataro?"

"Oong," the Indian affirmed. "Once I make up will to kill Ladue myself."

"What has he done?" David demanded.

"He try for Tai-lonah!"

"Tai-lonah—who is that?"

"My sister—the daughter of Kugarah, ruler of the Shungnaks!" Mataro uttered in all the majesty that his own language permitted.

"Oh!" was the only answer David could make.

A silence ensued between the pair that endured for nearly eighteen days.

David knew his native deserts like the back of his own hands. But when he beheld Mataro's home with the twilight creeping over the top of the world, he had his first real shock of God's power to attract the involuntary worship of man.

BENEATH him in the valley of the Shungnak the sinking sun had rolled a painted base of the purest amethystine red that crept upward to the jagged crown tips of a dead volcano crater. These fingered into shafts of silver-white and burnished-copper greens, reds, brass-yellow and glancing blacks. A galaxy of metallic luster proclaiming their precious riches, for David knew that no flood had ever washed away the gold from these bronzed-taloned crags. Now he understood why the specimen gold that Mataro had shown him was copper greenish and shot with a native white metal. He wasn't certain, but it was much like platinum, that dull white impregnation. The prospect had evidently been torn from an immense parent lode. For Galt felt that he looked upon a tremendous crucible in which the world's precious metals had been fused, suddenly chilled into bullion—and thus abandoned for all eternity.

Mataro broke upon his amazement by saying: "My father owns all that high ground beyond there—on the other side of the river. Here on this side where you see smoke coming from the cabins the white men have made their camps. There are but two. The larger one you see is the missionary school. What English I know, Doctor Hagson teach me in that building. Tai-lonah also. Every summer the missionary comes up the Shungnak, and returns to the Kotzebue coast before the freeze-up."

"Why didn't he build his school nearer his pupils, Mataro? On your side of the river?" David asked.

"Shungnak do not permit white man build on home land. No let sleep there. Look—you can see. Someone watch always. Night time—day time. Last summer Wolf Ladue try drive stakes. We put in canoe and land this side. Now we do not let him come across river at all. Down there now, unless go while I have been away. He live in cabin next school."

"So he tried to stake your land," David said half to himself. Then after a pause he reached over and, gripping Mataro's hand, said: "That's your ground, Mataro, your father's, his children's, and their children's after them for all time to come—I'll help you."

"I knew that. That is why I came for you. We need you—a friend. Missionary teach your law. That is why we do not kill the white man any more. Long time ago Shungnak kill every white man who come—all speak lies."

"Did the missionary tell you anything about locating your own home-sites and stream beds? Did he speak of the water rights and how you people are wards of the Great White Father back in my country? How you should go about securing a patented title to all this domain so that for all time to come you may never be disturbed or molested? Did he ever speak of these things?" David asked pointedly.



**C.** *When they reached Kugarah's couch the chieftain was dying. Suddenly David knew that Tai-lonah had crept close to him, and tenderly he slipped his arm around her waist.*

"No. Never. Only teach Jesus and d—o—g, dog," said the Indian with grave finality.

David expected to find a tough-looking customer in Wolf Ladue. This was his first sight of the bad man. Except for a thin-lipped, cruel mouth and a shifting glint in the slanting gray eyes, the Wolf was more sly rogue than bold desperado. David thought he looked his sobriquet all over as he shambled toward him, having come with Doctor Hagson to hail the arrival of Mataro. David noticed that his friend not so much as looked in the Wolf's direction and that what warmth the reception contained in no way received a response from Mataro. If Hagson and Ladue were aggravated when they saw him return with a stranger in tow, they masked their true feelings expertly and made no comment upon the occurrence.

**T**HE missionary and his companion began the preparations for the trip to the seacoast winter quarters. The day they pushed their loaded paterborrough into the river, as Hagson was about to give her the launching shove, he said to David:

"We have hardly had time to become acquainted, Mr. Galt. But next summer I look forward to seeing much more of you. I find that the natives like you and this pleases me, because I feel that during the winter someone agreeable should be by to help in case of emergency. You will find a medicine chest in the mission room which I trust you will not have to open for anything serious. But as you no doubt know, when the natives do have sickness, they go very fast."

Something in the way Hagson said this made David regret that he had come to bid him a farewell. He couldn't define his

feeling. He saw, he thought, a revolting menace in every word Hagson spoke.

Before the river had become gleaming ice a set of house logs had been floated down from the upstream timber and by Christmas, with the Indians' help, David was snugly set up in winter quarters. During the hewing, setting up, and chinking of the timbers he had bunked in the mission schoolroom. He knew, of course, that he was welcome to live with the Shungnaks on their tribal bank of the river, for he was the one white man who had ever been a bidden visitor among them. Kugarah made this wish emphatic before David had been under his close observation two weeks. But during that time he was active in planning in his own way for the future, and setting himself up permanently with the Shungnaks did not fit into the program as he was arranging it for himself.

He saw a day, he could not definitely foretell the time, when that flat natural townsite upon which his cabin now stood would be the scene of a roaring gold stampede. All it needed to touch it off was the news that immense treasure lay up here in the very jaws of the north wind.

David asked Mataro if Doctor Hagson might by any chance have any knowledge of the deposit.

"He has never been taken into the confidence of our race," was the reply.

"But he has been in your father's quarters, through which we have just come to get to this dri t that you have driven so far into the crater side. There are many trinkets in your father's rooms made of this gold. Surely he has seen them and suspected their source to be not far off."

"Yes, that is probable," Mataro said.



"Well, we must get busy right away." And David then recalled for Mataro the awful spectacles he had witnessed along the old trail of '98.

Not many days after this conversation an absolute set of location notices was placed in a system of stakes blanketing the entire Shungnak province. David dispatched Mataro to Eagle with a similar set to be filed there in the Official Federal records. He equipped the Indian with letters to friends—fellow pioneers of Galt's—who would see that he filed the important documents with due regularity. David wanted to go himself but feared the return of Hagson and Ladue.

ANOTHER thing kept him. He was eager for the details of the Wolf's attempt to win Tai-lonah. Her brother said that he had "tried for her" and David gave Mataro's brief statement but one meaning. Since then he had seen her, though. "Whew!" Again his pet exclamation escaped him. This time it was coupled with astonishment that anything feminine could be so beautiful as the Shungnak princess—and repulsion that a rat like Ladue could have the presumption to "try for her." Tai-lonah was fearfully man-shy, David found. However, he tried by a studied indifference to her to overcome this timorous attitude in so far as it might apply to himself.

To Galt—as indeed to all regular chaps in the Territory—a squaw was a squaw. But Tai-lonah was far from that. He thought that she might well have posed for Doré's sacred Ruth as she gleaned the wheat with good King Boaz softly looking at her. The Shungnak was an amazing queen of all womankind. "And Wolf Ladue had the nerve. . . ." David nearly burst with this indignant reflection.

When the handsome Kit-mon was in her father's sitting-room, she had usually regarded him with a sort of terror. Secretly Tai-lonah disliked schooling herself to be on guard against her brother's great friend. Doctor Hagson was the only white person with whom she had got on cordial terms.

But Kugarah liked the new man—the Kit-mon—and candidly suggested that she should, too. For, "Look you," he had said to her, "this strange youth, beloved of our allies, has he not thus far vindicated their high rating of him? He has done the thing that the mission man has not: restored to us our own with the assurance that we may now finish our few remaining days in peace within its borders."

Kugarah had told her that the Royal Shungnaks were doomed to certain extinction unless the stock might be crossed by some new fresh alien strain. And now, since Mataro had gone on this long journey, the old man spoke more and more often of these things. Then he had swung to speaking of Kit-mon as a man toward whom Tai-lonah might incline her eyes.

Once she whimsically got to wondering if David's heart were by chance concerned with some maiden far off in his own world. Queer aftermath of this blink of her mind had been that, next time she saw him sitting close to her father, looking at the profound chieftain with the expression of an adoring son—she suddenly felt her knees weaken and heard her own heart-throbs.

BUT THE next visit, the girl gave him an inspection that began at his moccasined feet, went up to the thick thatch of his brown hair and came down a little to settle in his eyes. Tai-lonah was piqued that he should treat her as the merest incident. She was not accustomed to this sort of thing. But it provoked her intense interest in the man. But she kept reverting to the eyes, his blue eyes—they were the magnetic thing about him. Somehow she liked the roll of his voice, too—there was a latent force in its softness that Tai-lonah felt might contain a fatal bite should anger breathe in it. She liked this thought. Also he had a delicate chiseling to his nostrils—she noted that they quivered sensitively. They did, and she was the cause of the quiver, too, had she but known it. David's color was in a perpetual flutter of change. This she noted, too. Then deliberately Tai-lonah had to shift from where she had been watching the register of all these emotions—and go and sit on the bench right next to her father.

Now, David could not help but see her—and look at her. But the poor chap lasted about ten seconds after the blinding sun had in this unexpected way got full in his eyes. When he recovered from the shock he was home in his cabin and to save himself he could not have told how he managed to say good-night to his friends. He knew, though, that he had made an ass of himself as he grabbed his fur cap and a present that the old ruler had given him—and rushed out of the place.

The gift was something very old, Kugarah had said—older than the stars, or something like that. And David hadn't even thanked him for it. When he removed the covering and saw what it was, his heart stood still, for he recognized that Kugarah's present might be a suitable souvenir to give any king.

He stuck his head out of the cabin late the next day and squinted at the sky. A damp frost seemed to be slowly drifting down. His hearth log had burned out, so he laid another fire.

Last night he had been too flustered to appreciate the actual, intrinsic value of his treasure; for, what he had mistaken for a brazen crescent, with three steel strings, he was astounded tonight to discover was an exquisite miniature harp wrought in the purest gold—that greenish copper gold peculiar to the Shungnak district. That was why he had thought it baser metal last night. And the three strings he had thought steel he now saw were made of highly sensitized copper.

Half consciously his fingers caressed the strings and immediately a haunting melody drifted about the cabin. It was like a human plaint.

He heard a wandering wind strike into the brake of naked birch trees that surrounded his cabin. They shivered frozen snow onto his roof, that rolled noisily down to the eaves. He had replaced the Shungnak harp when he heard the crunch of footsteps. At a timid knock David lifted the latch, and opened the door to Tai-lonah! Her eyes shone—she tried to appear calm. But when she spoke her voice faltered.

"MY FATHER very ill. Wants you quickly. He speaks but in signs. You will come?"

"Ill, Tai-lonah? Yes, surely—right away." Galt stammered in astonishment. "We must first go to the mission school and get some medicines," he said.

"No. I'm afraid it is too late for medicine. Please come at once," and yielding he went with her.

She was right. For when they reached Kugarah's couch the Shungnak chieftain was in the agony of his expiring moment.

Suddenly David knew that Tai-lonah had crept close to him. He felt her slender body twitch against his. Tenderly he slipped his arm around her waist, and was ravished by the contact of her form. A wail from outside pierced the air with its abysmal misery. The wolf dogs outside already had the message that a human soul was drifting away toward the stars. . . . A sentinel left his post at Kugarah's door and began a monotonous chant as he passed into the snowy night outside. Then David left Tai-lonah with her dead.

He kept to his own side of the river all next day, although his heart was on its opposite bank. But he knew she would understand why he remained away. But about dusk he saw her racing across the ice toward his cabin. "Oh, hurry!" she gasped. "All our young men and fathers are in the agony. Same as my father last night! Oh, hurry!" She clutched at his arm and he felt as if he were going off in a dead faint. A new terror struck Tai-lonah, for she thought he, too, was being attacked by the dread ailment. "Rouse, Kit-mon! Rouse!" she cried. "See! It is I, Tai-lonah! You must not. *You*—must not."

"Must not—must not, what, Tai-lonah?"

"You must live. See, my people are dying—dying. Come. We shall work together, side by side. Hurry. The medicines! Quick!" she urged in desperate seriousness.

"Live? I should say so. Did you think—" He flew to the mission medicine chest and grabbed several little cardboard boxes. Not one was marked for what specific drug it might contain, but each was carefully labeled as to dosage for the ailment written on the box. He stuffed them in his pocket, and, rejoining the unhappy girl, he raced across the river.

THE Shungnak crater fairly shrieked with the cries that came from the stricken Indians. They might have proved too much for David had it not been for the courage of Tai-lonah.

The sudden death of their chief had terrified the entire tribe; and imagination had finished the job. They began doctoring themselves against Kugarah's ailment. Cramps, he had suffered. So they all fancied themselves possessed of bowel pains. Then, one after the other, they began to drop into the black valley—each convulsed and dying in agony. David exhausted the mission chest of its drugs in the frantic hope that he might strike one that would react on the victims. Now he prayed for Hagson.

The visitation seemed at last to have spent itself, for the time; at any rate, its ravage came to a halt. David and Tai-lonah by now had been firmly united by the bond of battle.



David thrilled at the beauty of Tai-lonah as she merged her voice with the sinister incessant chant sung by her brother.

"I am happy for one thing—no, two," David said, almost whispering to Tai-lonah. "But the one thing is that Mataro has been spared you—and me. What would you have done? What would I have done? Now, you must live in my cabin. I shall go to the mission school."

That night Tai-lonah slept in David's bed—and many nights

after that. Mataro breezed back, bursting with exuberant health, the sleigh bells gayly ringing, but his enthusiastic joy vanished when he saw his sister. He hardly knew her.

The only way that David Galt kept his brain from breaking these days was by forcing himself to intensive mathematics! Or call it, if you like, deductive criminology. Because—the thing

hadn't come gradually but rather burst upon him as a ghastly accomplished fact. It was that remark of Hagson's, that last suave farewell, "When the natives do have sickness—they go very fast!"

And in a manner that he had never before employed in addressing Tai-lonah, he demanded that she bring him what medicines, if any, remained, that her dead father had used. She brought him but one little empty gray box. "*For Cramps*—Take one at bedtime, and after meals," the label read. He gathered all the drug boxes that had been left by the missionary with the dead Shungnaks. Not one had a formula of any sort. They were all the same. Galt nearly collapsed when he thought of the many times he had given these drugs, thinking them the cure. Why shouldn't he have taken them himself—or worse, given them to Tai-lonah! It was here that David for self-preservative reasons got busy with his progressive figuring. He began working out chemical formulas, visualizing the ring and classifying the elements from the basis and viewpoint of a mining engineer. He regretted that he had left his field kit down in his Unganaktolick camp. Now he needed his blowpipe, the platinum forceps, the spoons, the little agate mortar; a block of charcoal with the analyzing flame playing over its surface. Now he was oxidizing an ore that fumed the air with odors of decaying horseradish. "I have you," says the metallurgist in his abstract assaying. "You are Selenium, and your beautiful blue light compensates your stench." He tries another. This time in his visionary treatment he shakes a white powder from a gelatine capsule. With his lips applied to the horn mouthpiece of the slender blowpipe, he directs a gentle flame upon the powder; almost instantly it volatilizes, it gives off a vitreous luster—and David's nostrils are this time assailed by the smell of garlic. "Ha!" he gloats. "I know what you are. You can't fool me—no, sir. You are *Arsenic!*"

AND SITTING there in the schoolroom, with the old sea-chest where the drugs had been kept—now its massive top is thrown back, and all sorts of queer flames, shooting dartlike fangs, leap into the room—David swings his feet under his bunk, looks through the wall—and mentally shrieks: "The cramp medicine is—Arsenic!" The monster hammered like mad at his will—his reason!

The Shungnak had long been running in spring-time flood. Hagson was expected any day now. David, Mataro, and Tai-lonah sat on the river bank, all three dejected. Even a Malemute dog stretched out before them was unable to enjoy the lovely spring sunshine.

Tai-lonah clung closely to David, who had become inexpensively dear to her. Mataro sat off a bit from them—moody looking downstream. David felt that the Shungnak youth was willing the missionary's canoe to break into his sight any minute. The time had come for David to act a dramatic scene that he had carefully rehearsed for the last month. The climax of the drama was in doubt—that had not been rehearsed.

Like a professor about to lecture, David said, "Mataro, Tai-lonah, my friends, pay strict attention, please." He unrolled a package of chopped caribou meat and made a little ball of the flesh. Then he jabbed a depression in the meat ball. From his pocket he took two little gray pill boxes. David shook a white powder from a capsule he took from one of the boxes into the pocket he had made in the meat. He plugged the cavity with a bit of the flesh.

The emaciated-looking beast stopped its restless fidgeting upon scenting this raw food, jumped to its feet and began sniffing the air ravenously. David held the morsel in his extended hand and chirped to the dog, which bounded to him and gulped down the meat ball. In ten minutes the wretched Malemute lay doubled up in fearful agony. Within an hour the beast died a spasmodic death!

"TAI-LONAH," David said, now exhibiting the empty box, "this, you brought me from the bedside of your dead father. See! This one I took from Ak-too-rah's table, after he died. The labels you see, are identical. I have many such boxes in my cabin. You both know where I gathered them. Now must you thank your gods—as I praise my God—that every living human being in the Shungnak was not thus exterminated this winter. My people have a saying they no doubt adapted from one of your own. 'Dead men tell no tales!' You understand me, I perceive."

Mataro had already begun chanting in low sinister tones—and David saw that his face had taken on the eagle expression that had settled on Kugarah's face as he died—but on the son's fea-

tures it had the glitter of a live, hating eagle. Tai-lonah instinctively loosened the folds of her raven hair and it fell in a cascade over her shoulders. David beheld her again with the same thrill at her splendid beauty as on the night she appeared in the pale snow-light, after Kugarah had passed to his gods. Tai-lonah merged her voice—Galt caught a metallic note in it—with the chant her brother kept going, incessantly.

Mataro was grimly gathering supple young saplings, bending them as if they were twigs. With no let-up in the chanting, he entwined and interlaced the poles, and David saw a circular bargelike float taking shape. At last he had the diminutive raft finished, and he began stacking a heap of dry twigs and shrubbery in its center. Under this kindling Mataro stuck a roll or two of inflammable birch-bark. Atop the pile he heaped an armful of dampened reindeer moss. He fired the kindling and immediately there arose a pillar of dense blue-gray smoke. He carried the barge altar to the river's edge and pushed it out into the current. As it drifted down the river Mataro turned his face full on the midday sun. With head thrown back and arms folded, he stared unflinchingly into the dazzling disc. David saw Mataro begin to sway on his feet and started toward him, but he was too late. The fierce orb had already delivered its inevitable blow. Struck senseless, Mataro pitched forward to the ground.

"THAT is the battle oath of the Shungnak chiefs. Only the ruler makes this vow!" David could not believe that this cold-blooded speech was uttered by Tai-lonah. The words came to him as he bent over his friend, with the measured fall of a sentence spoken in profound judgment. He looked over his shoulder at Tai-lonah and she seemed changed to an angel of vengeance. She continued as though in a trance, "The sun tells the tribe He has heard, by taking the chief's mind away for a while. When it is again restored by the power that took it, the ruler's subjects must all be arrayed in battle front and prepared for the royal command to attack. . . ."

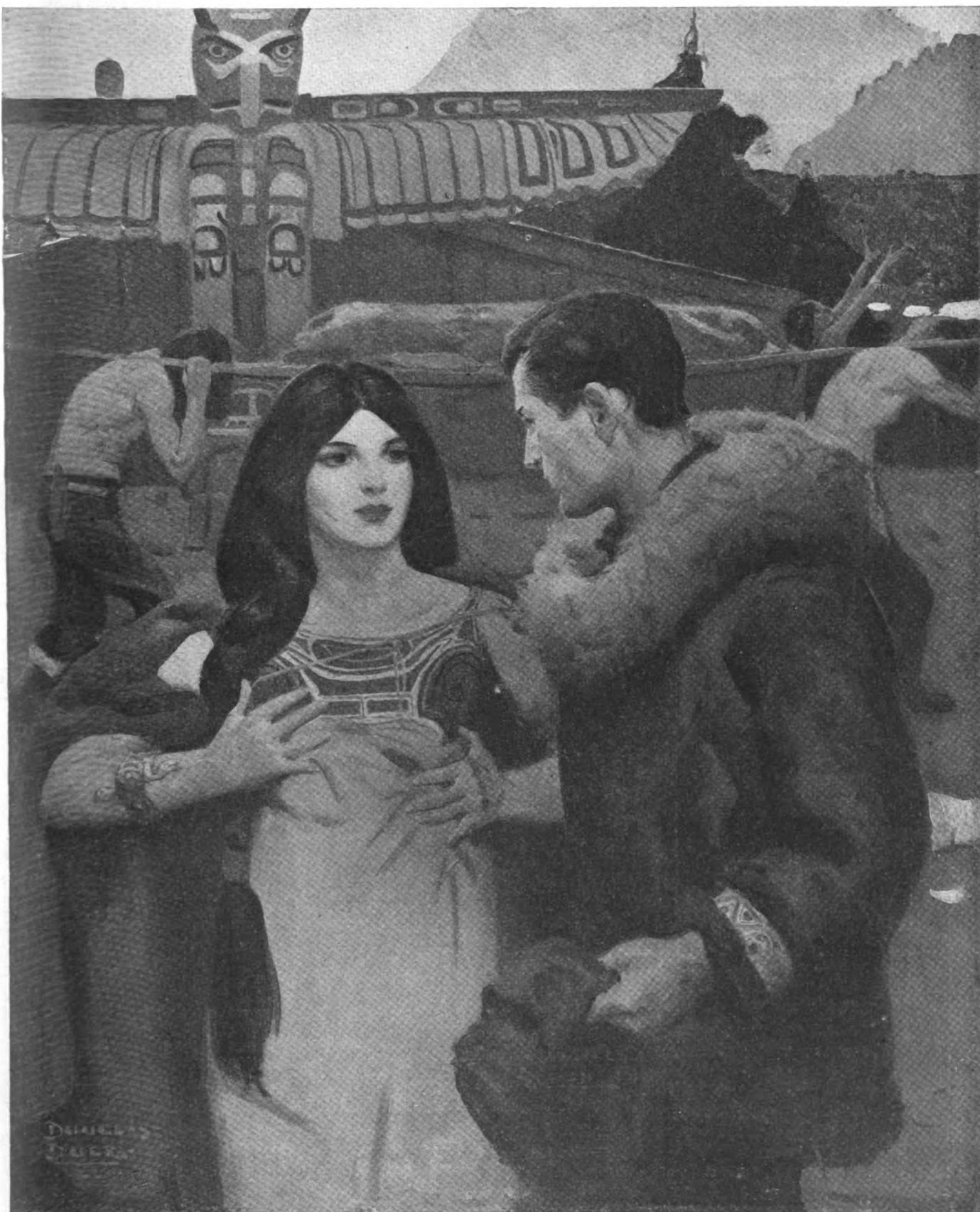
Then there came a change in the spirit of her pronouncement—a smoldering membrane seemed to have filmed her black eyes, she became suddenly soft with tender endearment. Her words fell in ineffable sweetness now. "Kit-mon—David. . . ." For the first time Tai-lonah used his Christian name in addressing him. She went on, "The Shungnak's war oath was against your entire race. When Mataro's mind and sight are restored to him he begins his work of killing your brothers. No power exists that may alter or swerve him from the fulfillment of this vow." She now crept close to him once more, and David rose to receive her into his eager arms. He heard the classic "thee" and "thou" sanctify her speech as she said, "Thou only shalt be spared, David, for how could I, Tai-lonah, sister to the Shungnak ruler, endure without thee?"

WHEN Mataro was lifted from his sunstroke, it was in the arms of four old Indians—there were no young ones left for the task that according to the lore of the Shungnaks falls to youth. Each of the aged tribesmen wore a hammered greenish bracelet. They were four royal kin of the stricken monarch whose reign over them had run scarcely into the third moon.

David nodded in approval as the cartridge disc of a forty-one Colt's that he was rolling up over his palm clicked with healthy precision. He dropped five slugs in the shell chambers and carefully let the hammer down on the empty barrel one. Your plainsman always leaves the detonating shock nipple on an empty chamber. David spoke to the weapon. Yes, it had a neat little job before its muzzle. Might have to have it over with any minute. That very night, perhaps. What a pleasure to do this bit of man-killing! Galt's own mother would not have recognized the slaughter mask that had spread over his fine features.

Now he falls to thinking of Tai-lonah again. She is across the river. She has another bitter vigil to keep, this time with the spirit of her beloved brother. Already his remains have been hoisted to yet another stilted cache to hear the whispering of his winged gods as they swirl among the branches of the sighing birth sentinels. Unbidden, David felt Tai-lonah's breath and person hover about him, sitting here in the glow of his hearth. What a fragrance seemed to float about the very chair in which he sat! She had curled up in it so often the many lonely nights she must have spent in his quarters, while he sat staring at the yawning sea chest where Hagson had placed his diabolical drugs. How perfectly would the conspiracy have been consummated had Mataro not come across the wilderness for him! And had it not been a full success, after all? Yes, but not from Hagson's





**C.** "Oh, Kit-mon, my people are dying—dying! Come. We shall work together, side by side. Quick! The Medicine!" cried Tai-lonah.

way of thinking. He of course never thought to find a white man still alive, when he should have returned for the spoils. That was the gambler's chance he had taken when he left in the fall—leaving Galt on his prey-ground.

How bland and insidious, David reflected. "There is more joy in heaven over one that is saved. . . ." And so on.

And then again . . . ever again, Tai-lonah is back once more

in the vague summary. How softly she had spoken, with what dignity had she shown a great spiritual passion for him, and in the same breath indicated that she verged near the point of utter yielding to David's care. "David," she said, as the tribesmen were about to begin the cortège bearing Mataro's remains to its newly hewn cache. "David, beloved, when two nights have passed, come to thy Tai-lonah— [Continued on page 151]



**C**, Mary did not want to be free from Bud. Their marriage had something that lots of marriages lack; Bud was like one of those gallant ships which, having set sail for the Port of Heart's Desire, would go down in the high seas rather than take shelter in any other—a husband whom a wife could look up to always and in all ways. But suppose—she fell in love with some clean, strong American like Fred Jessup and suppose he loved her? Mary asked herself.



Here was love knocking at the door—love, hungry, beautiful, passionate and beseeching. And she must give no sign.

# The Better Wife

*A new novel, by the author of The Penalty, which asks and answers the question of whether marriage can redeem a "bad" woman*

By Gouverneur Morris

A *Résumé*  
of the Story  
so far

Illustrated by Henry Raleigh

IT WAS hard for the newly awakened Captain Highland to believe. The bedraggled sick girl told him flatly she was his wife. He stared his amazement. It was true, she insisted; they had been married the evening before at Greenwich, Conn., and were united for better, for worse. Worse, was the only thing of which Bud Highland could think. The girl was not only sick—she, he discovered, belonged to the most wretched sisterhood. To Bud, a promise was a promise and he had sworn to love and protect. He determined, after the first flush, to keep his promise to protect. But not in New York—at this his pride rebelled. At once, he made plans to take his new wife his first wife had divorced him for the other man and gone away with the two boys—to the West where he and she were unknown and where she might win back squandered health and youth. Strength and happiness came to the second wife but the past crept after them and they were forced to flee farther West, to the coast—in the effort to escape the inescapable. Gradually, there emerged the real woman back of the sick creature who was now Mrs. Highland and from whom Bud was losing his desire to escape. Mary had regained her good looks along with her health. She was happy for the first time in her life. The Jessup family, with whom she and Bud were staying in the

West, made much of her—Mr. and Mrs. Jessup and their son Fred, who was laid up with a broken arm. Bud was called East through the illness of one of his boys, and during his absence a great friendship ripened between Fred and Mary, which, on Fred's part, rapidly threatened to become something more serious.

**S**UPPOSE it was all a dream, Mary Highland asked herself—the old life, her marriage with Bud and everything? Suppose the only true things were the Jessups's house, the Cape Cod garden, the dunes, the ocean beyond, the kindly Jessups, Fred Jessup himself, and she herself, and all the good, innocent, friendly times they were having together?

But that was impossible. In any high imagining this person may be what you please and that person, but you yourself must journey into that wonderland with the need upon you of explaining away to yourself that handicap under which you labor.

It is best to face facts precisely as they are and see what may be done with them.

Mary soon saw this for herself. So she began to accept herself



as she was, and her limitations as they were, and to dream no dream that was impossible of fulfilment.

Bud Highland was very well known. He had been a marked athlete. He belonged to exclusive clubs. Wherever he went, recognition was possible. It was known that he had got drunk, and in his drunkenness had married a girl of the streets.

So long then as she remained Mary Highland, her past stood ever at hand, scowling and angry, its fist clenched, ready to strike her down.

But, obscure, each bedraggled thing that she had been, if she ceased to be Mary Highland—if she became Mary anything else, and if she stuck to this side of the continent, and if she kept on looking as she looked now, how should her past ever find her?

Now Mary was not thinking any evil, or plotting any evil. She was merely reasoning, facing facts as they were, and trying to think clear.

Bud did not want her. He did not need her. It was only his chivalry that kept him to his marriage vow, and only his innate tact and good feeling that kept him from showing her how little he wanted her or needed her. If there was anything true in this world it was that Bud would be glad to be a free man. He would never say so; and unless she wronged him, he would never become so upon his own initiative; but if she made him *feel* that it was she who wished to be free, wished to go back on her bond, wished to have a chance to live her life in her own way, real gladness would live in him again, and he would at once set about arranging for the freedom which she had asked of him.

But she didn't want to be free. She was only supposing. Their marriage had something that lots of marriages lack; a wife who is truly grateful to her husband because he provides for her, and is good to her; a husband who—well, Bud was like one of those gallant ships which, having set sail for the Port of Heart's Desire, would go down in the high tempestuous seas rather than take shelter in any other—a husband, whom a wife could look up to always and in all ways.

But just suppose! Suppose she were free *now*; free to call herself Mary Smith, or Mary Montgomery; free to say that her parents were both dead (her mother really was, and her father had long been dead to her); free to say that she had no sisters or brothers (only a few half ones); free to do anything that she wanted to do; and she only wanted to do kind, happy things!

And then suppose all this being the case, that the Jessups had asked her to pay them a visit, and that Fred was at home (just as he really was) with a broken arm to be nursed, and—well, suppose she were free to do so, and fell in love with some clean, buoyant, strong, upright, honest-to-God young American like Fred Jessup, and he with her? Suppose it were to come slowly and gradually after many weeks of companionship, whole days together during which neither of them had ever been even the least mite bored with each other? Was that the way it *did* come? As the spring had come to Farmer Jessup's garden? There had always been flowers in it, even in the heart of winter; then there had been more, more of the kind that were always there, and a beginning of the other kinds, and an increase in the number of those other kinds, and the addition of still other kinds, of all other kinds, new shapes, new colors, new perfumes. Was that the way love came, a putting out here, and unfolding there, until at last all became one fragrant riot of delight?

How should they know? And which would tell the other? Or would there be no need of a telling of that which was already known to both?

Would she have to tell Fred (if she loved him and he had asked her to marry him) about all that dreary, starving ugliness of a life that she had once had to live? He would never know unless she did tell him. But perhaps he would just naturally know; perhaps men have some secret way of telling? Of course they haven't. She wouldn't tell him that she had never really been her husband's wife; because that would be cause for wonder, and a great plying of questions. He would always think and believe that she had been her husband's wife, and he would be thinking and believing and being a little hurt perhaps by a thing that was not so!

She had proved that she had in her all the makings of a good wife. She was loyal to Bud; she would die rather than be disloyal to him. (There was no disloyalty in just supposing things.) There was nothing that she would not do if he asked her to. She had learned to mend his things. She loved to mend them; to fold his things, to hang his things, to keep his things in order. He had never told her to. It was all her own original, unpoised contribution to marriage. And now Mrs. Jessup had taught her to press his things; to put beautiful crisp creases in his trousers, and to

make his ties, especially the stretchy, woven kind look like new. She had learned how to blanco his white shoes, and to run black varnish along the edges of the thick, red rubber soles. She had learned to wash out his breeches, to pack his suitcase, ever so much better than he could do it himself, to see that his socks either matched his tie, or did not swear at it, and, when at last the paragon was fully groomed, caparisoned and ready to sally forth, to halt him at the threshold, face him about and remove something altogether imaginary from the lapel of his coat.

They had been together so much that it seemed a little uncanny now, this lying in the dark, and not hearing him breathe. She missed him. If he went out of her life for good and all, she would always miss him.

But suppose he did go, for good and all, without reason, and she was married to someone like Fred? It needn't be Fred. He was handy to imagine things about. That was all. Well, *nearly* all!

SHE would have first, then, a real husband. Real because she loved him, and because he loved her. In lieu of those parents, one of whom was dead to her in particular, and the other to the world in general, she would have Father Jessup and Mother Jessup. And she would have friends. All Fred's friends would be hers. She would meet them without fear. Once Mother Jessup had taken her into Fred's room. It was different from the Father and Mother Jessup rooms. It was so much more shipshape and workmanlike. The narrow bed was painted iron instead of wood. The chairs had wicker seats, instead of plush. The lights were on each side of the looking-glass, and one at the head of the bed instead of in the middle of the ceiling. Here was no carpet, but a couple of cheap, clean, quiet-colored rugs.

Fred had been away at the time of this visit. You could have told because there was a water mug on the bureau with Johnny-Jump-ups in it. They were his favorite flower. But he wouldn't let his mother put *any* flowers in his room when he was in it himself; only when he was away. And then the windows were shut, and that was never allowed to happen when he was at home.

There were some books on a table, a work on engineering, a volume of Barrie's plays, an Oxford Bible—to Frederick Jessup from his Mother—a Dictionary of slang, a book called Diddle Dumps and Tob, a Fifth Reader, Maude and other Poems.

The walls were clean white plaster. There were no pictures on them. The only pictures visible were one of his mother and one of his father. These stood on the bureau in twin oval frames of plain silver. He had bought the frames as soon as he had saved enough out of his first earnings.

But there were pictures in a drawer; cabinet size photographs, mostly, lots of them. Mrs. Jessup had pulled the drawer open. She wanted Mary to know how many friends Fred had.

He had them all over his own state, it seemed, and in lots of other states. He might seldom had to put up at a hotel no matter where he went. He had college friends, of both sexes, and army friends, and all sorts, kinds and conditions of railroad friends. He was on his way up, Fred was, but the rungs of his ladder were deeds. He never stepped on a friend. The president had wanted to know who had disobeyed a fool order and saved a trainful of school-teachers, on an excursion, from running head-on into a trainload of hogs. It was Fred! Fred who had saved the teachers from the hogs and the hogs from the teachers! It was almost the first time he had ever saved anybody (except of course from drowning, and a little child from a mad dog), and the president had sent for him, and thanked him, and given him a cigar out of his own pocket.

Yes, siree, Fred stuck to his friends and Fred's friends stuck to him. It was all she could do to shut the drawer.

So there would be the friendships with Fred's friends. . . . yes. . . . she guessed if they had a honeymoon and it didn't cost so much that they'd take in Santa Barbara, Monterey, 'Frisco, and perhaps Yosemite.

They would live with the Jessups; because she would need them when he was away. It would be a little like being married to a sailor; but that wouldn't last forever. He was on his way up, with all his friends boosting him for all they knew, instead of being stepped on. He would be a high officer in the company some day. He would have his business being in a highly polished office. They would live in Los Angeles.

There were two letters from Bud in the morning's mail, today's, and the one that ought to have come yesterday. He hoped she was well. She was. He was mighty glad she had that firm, clean-cut, young Fred Jessup to play around with. . . . His son was getting along. The trouble had subsided. . . . awfully pulled down. He couldn't be coming West just yet. He was



*Suppose she were free now—and the Jessups had asked her to pay them a visit, and Fred was at home and she fell in love with him. She would have a real husband then; real because he loved her.*

seeing his boys every day and Bud Junior kind of clung to the idea of his staying round a while longer. And he doubted if he'd have money to get him back till after the first of the month.

She laid the letter aside, and smiled across the table at Fred. She wondered what he would say if he knew what liberties her imagination had been taking with his future life. What perfect nonsense darkness sometimes puts into people's heads! She and Bud would go away one of these days and very likely they would never see the Jessups any more. This thought occurring in the middle of the night might have caused her a guppy pang. But not now with those hot sizzly sounds from the kitchen in her ears, and that heavenly aroma of fresh-made coffee in her nostrils. Husbands who were not husbands, pasts that could never die, love matches, homes, children, respect, friends, parents—these

perplexities were but dust down the wind. An empty stomach is an empty stomach, and a hot waffle is a pretty thing!

They did not drive that afternoon but walked, over the fields and over the dunes, and settled down there, in a cup-like scooping of white sand, to watch the fiery sun.

Fred Jessup had been talking about himself. He had never done that before. She was immensely flattered. It had the effect of making her feel very experienced and wise; one from whom sound judgment, and good advice is counted on. He had told her things that he might or might not have told his mother. And now in a halting, troubled sort of way he had begun to tell her about a problem which affected him very nearly.

He had two friends. They were both splendid. He admired the husband as much as he admired the wife.

"He has a very strong character, Mrs. Highland. He is a man's man. . . You could go to him with any problem, and be sure of a judgment which had put down its best to look at the problem squarely and without prejudice on both its sides. . . . He is one of the few men I have known who seems to have a definite scheme in life. I should say, the young man poised his words one by one. That he made little effort to drown out things from among his natural likes and dislikes but that he did his best to take good care of whatever happened to be put in his way to take care of. If his name were Vere de Vere he would take no better care of it than if it happened to be Smith. Whatever name it was, it would be his name, his to take care of. He would keep it honorab'le and clean. . . . I think there is nothing that he would not do, kindly, clearly and courageously, if it seemed to him that the doing of it was his obligation. I am not telling you what he is, only what I think he is. I don't know him very well. I know her better than I know him. I didn't grow up with them, nor in the same part of the world. Maybe father would understand them better than I do. They are Eastern people. I'm not, though father and mother are. Eastern people are more contained than Western people. Even if they are just as interested in themselves, they don't seem quite so interested in having other people know it. We know that we haven't made as many mistakes as they have. And that makes us a little bumptious and then a little shy. They know why they have made more mistakes than we have, and we don't. It's because they have been in existence longer, and have had more chances. We laugh at their farming methods. But if they had had land smooth as a billiard table and with no rocks in it, maybe they'd have come to farm it the way we do, and sooner than we did. The West is big and generous and fresh, but it doesn't know these things. And that is why it has no sense of humor about itself and such a big chip on its shoulder."

"First you tell me that the West doesn't know things, and then you, a Westerner, tell me what those things are."

"This man," Fred went on, "that I am telling you about once set me thinking."

He turned a little against the sea-wind and lighted a cigarette.

"Are you cold?"

She shook her head.

"This man," Fred continued, "and this woman, are the pair that I'd pick out of all the people I know—the man for my ideal of what a husband ought to be like, and the woman, she isn't much more than a girl, for my ideal of what a wife ought to be like. . . ."

"And that, Fred," she interrupted gently, "seems to make you feel sad."

"That's me all over," Fred laughed. "I don't get serious about things. I get lugubrious. . . . I can't imagine him losing his temper with a woman, or being mean or selfish about anything, or ever anything but polite and gentle—and still a tower of strength if she ever needed one."

He became as if lost for a few moments in his thoughts, and said no more until Mary, who was getting interested in this paragon and his wife, urged him to go on. He tossed the end of his cigarette away.

"They smoke quick in a wind," he observed, and then said, "I don't know what your judgment of the wife would be; but I think she is beautiful. . . ."

THIS was a new Fred, a solemn, puzzled person; very young. He would ordinarily have described a beautiful woman with a breezy "peach" or "pippin." If she were wise as well as beautiful he would be apt to say of her "when the brains were passed around she got both hands in the bucket."

She guessed then that slang and facetiousness were his barrier against sudden intimacies. Now that he had gained confidence in her, the barrier was down, and he was letting her see what he was really like.

"And she's your ideal, too, Fred, of what a wife ought to be?" she asked.

"In her generation," he qualified, as though he had thought it all out. "Yes, but my mother, in hers."

"It's strange, that out of all the people in the world the two who would be your ideals should have found each other."

He made no comment.

"She is beautiful," he said, "and she is good. . . . But I don't think I can describe her very well. I think words were only made to describe men with, and thunderstorms, and waterfalls. . . ."

Good, he was going to be facetious!

"And earthquakes and devils and angels, but not women!"

He laughed gaily.

"But if I want to know."

"I'll try to answer any questions, but you'll not get at her looks, or her qualities that way." He leaned his back against the sand, crossed one leg over the other, and fixed his eyes on a point midway between the horizon and the zenith.

"Tall?"

"Five feet seven. That's a guess."

"Eyes?"

"Blue."

"But are they light or dark or big or little?"

"Dark and big."

How foolish it was!

"Face?"

"Oval."

"Skin?"

"Like the petal of a magnolia."

"Mouth?"

"Not small. Very sweet."

"Teeth?"

"All of them, I think, white but small. . . . Do you begin to see her?"

"Of course not."

"Well, what did I tell you?"

YOU might answer all the questions the same way about hundreds and hundreds of women; and no two of them would be even one little bit alike."

"Is that the fault of the questions or the answers, Mrs. Highland?" . . . Fred asked; and without waiting for her answer, he went on: "she carries her head the way Marie Antoinette carried hers when she went to have it cut off. She would be too sweet if she wasn't so proud and reticent. She would be too reticent and proud if she wasn't so sweet. . . . A strange dog would want to share his bone with her. . . . She wouldn't hurt a fly. . . . She would be hurt to the death without a whimper. Do you see her any better than you did?"

Mary shook her head.

"But I'm excited about her now."

"Well," laughed the young man, "so am I."

"And now," she said, "I want to know why you started telling me about these people. . . . the ideal husband, and the ideal wife."

"It's because," said he, slowly, his eyes still fixed on some point in open that was about midway between the zenith and the horizon. "It's because they don't love each other."

Mary had gathered a handful of sand. She let it slip and ripple through her fingers.

"Not very reticent of them to tell you that," said Mary after the sand had all trickled away, and she had gathered another handful.

She was a little troubled. Except about the wife's beauty there was something of a personal application to herself and Bud in much that he had been telling her.

"They never told me. They'd hate to have anyone know. They never let on for one moment. That's one of the things that is so splendid about them both."

"Then how do you know?"

"I may even tell you that. But not now. Anyway I know. I know and I think maybe there is something that I could do about it, and that's why I'm asking your advice."

He couldn't possibly be referring to Bud and herself after all. They didn't love each other, it is true; but Fred was just about the last person in the world who would do anything about that.

"They never did love each other," said Fred.

"Then what made them get married?"

"That part puzzles me a lot, but it would have been for some reason that seemed to them obligatory. It makes me almost wild sometimes trying to guess what sort of a reason could make marriage obligatory for two people like that, when they didn't love each other. And if they were obliged to marry, what obliged them to stick together, and be unhappy?"

"You didn't say they were unhappy."

"And married, and not loving each other! Of course, they are unhappy . . . not close-up stuff, you know, but just patiently, smilingly, laughingly, and jokingly and everlastingly unhappy."

"The woman, Fred. . . . she means a lot to you. Is that it?"

"She means a lot to me," he said, "a whole lot."





*C. Mary and Bud had been together so much she realized that if he went out of her life she would always miss him.*

She had too much sweetness not to give him her whole sympathy; but the woman in her felt a little dashed at being relegated to a subsidiary plane in the conversation.

"Have you ever talked with her about herself and her husband?"

"Once."

"And about their not loving each other?"

"Yes."

"Did she admit it?"

"She said nothing. It was almost as good as admitting. I didn't put the case very distinctly, not right bang up; but she knew what I was driving at. She must have known."

"And she listened to you, and when you hinted that she didn't love her husband, and they weren't happy together, she didn't deny it? I thought she was the ideal wife?"

"She is."

"But she was disloyal."

Fred let this sink in.

"It wasn't," he said, defending his ideal, "as if she really let me talk about them. I gave a hypothetical case and then kind of jumped things on her all of a sudden. If she was disloyal, it was because she was taken by surprise. And I didn't say any more about her not loving him, because I was ashamed."

"Was that how you found out? Guessed, and set a trap for her?"

He shook his head.

"I know, Mrs. Highland, because I love her. That is how I know. I want her to divorce her husband and marry me. That is how I think I could help them both. I would make her happy; and he would be happy, because he would know he had made others happy. He is like that. He's a man."

"But they wouldn't have any grounds for a divorce, if they are all the things that you say they are to each other."

He faced her now, suddenly, with a kind of savage elation in his eyes.

"They don't need a divorce," he cried, "all they need is an annulment. The marriage has never been. . . ."

He faltered and blushed hotly.

"It has never been a marriage. . . . How do I know? I don't know how I know. I guess it's just the loving so. Love would have to know. I've watched them, and watched them, and put this together, and that together, and I know. . . . Her eyes are like a baby's. I look in them, as I am looking into yours, now, and they look as a girl's eyes look before she is married, and never afterwards. . . . Tell me, Mrs. Highland, please tell me what I ought to do?"

No question now. It was Bud and she he had in mind. But how could he know, what he most certainly did know? And if the love that he had for her could reveal that much to him; if it could reveal to him the thing that had not happened, why did it not also reveal to him the things that had. And he wanted to know what earthly reason could have made a marriage between them seem obligatory. Whisky!

She rose slowly to her feet as if cramped after sitting so long in one position. "I'm glad," she said, "that you have confided all this to me, Fred. It won't go any further."

She felt unutterably weak and weary. There was love knocking at the door, love, hungry, beautiful, passionate and beseeching. And she must give no sign, make no answer. She had never imagined that it would be a terrible thing to have a man love her, and believe that she was good.

Was she going to let him make love to her, he wondered? Did she see, as he saw where her happiness lay? What was the mystery that surrounded them? Married and not married? As far as the poles apart and yet one and indivisible! They walked half the way home in silence. He was cruelly disappointed in [Continued on page 102]

# The Vitamin Craze

*By Dr. Paul H. De Kruif*

**C.** *Doctors, some of them—and sometimes—help their patients. Many times they act blindly—and the patient, or his survivors, pay. Some drugs help and some drugs don't. You want to know what to expect of a doctor and what to expect of a drug. Here is the truth, furnished by an expert connected with the leading research institution in the world*

**N**O ADVERTISING campaign of drug-mongers has been so complete, so insistent, so expensive, or so gaudy as the one now being conducted by the vendors of vitamins. The virtues of vitamins clamor at us from the display ads in reputable and sedate daily newspapers. They bellow their importance from subway advertising cards, drowning out the roar of the underground expresses. They shriek their excellences from the ornate sky signs of the Broadway toy shop. Their strident shoutings efface the beauties of natural landscapes.

We are assured that "IF IT ISN'T MASTIN'S IT ISN'T VITAMON." Vitavim, Vitazest, Vitayeast, and Vitamon sing discordant quartets to us. Each member of the chorus raucously extols his own virtues, the while he attempts to drown out the competitive hallelujahs of his brothers. These songs beguile us with promises of health and beauty and success. They sing threatening adagio lamentosos of the dire things that will happen to us if we do not heed their warnings.

This does not mean that vitamins are not necessary to us. They are as needful as the air we breathe. It is true that we could not be beautiful or strong or energetic or successful without them. But there is no more necessity of buying them from Mr. Mastin or Mr. Fleischmann than there is of purchasing some special grade of compressed oxygen, sold in handsome and imposing cylinders, to satisfy our need for air. An enterprising fellow who would go about advocating the use of his special air for breathing would be jailed as a crook or confined to a lunatic asylum. Still, his commerce would be only slightly more absurd than the present highly successful traffic in vitamins.

What are the origins of this astounding hoax? To explain these, it will be well to tell you something of the history of our knowledge of the much heralded vitamins.

It has been recognized for centuries that sailors on long voyages were apt to be the victims of a disease known as "scurvy." People with scurvy have swollen and ulcerated gums. Their teeth become loose and may fall out. They may have irregular fevers. Red spots appear on their skin, because of the breaking of the small blood vessels underneath it.

It has been known, too, for more than a hundred years, that no drug or medicine could cure this disease. If, on the other hand, a patient with scurvy were fed the juice of lemons or oranges, or a raw potato, his affliction would vanish, as if by magic. Further, it was known that if such things were included in the food of a healthy man, he would never get scurvy. So it was logical to believe that this malady was due to something lacking in the diet. Not in amount, mind you! For a sailor might have at his disposal unlimited amounts of hard bread and salt pork and tea, and still get scurvy. But it had been demonstrated that were he to add some lemon or orange juice or raw potato, even in small amount, no scurvy would appear.

The doctors of the British navy knew this more than a century ago, and so made a ration of lemon juice compulsory to sailors on long voyages. For this reason, British sailors go by the name of "Limies" to this day.

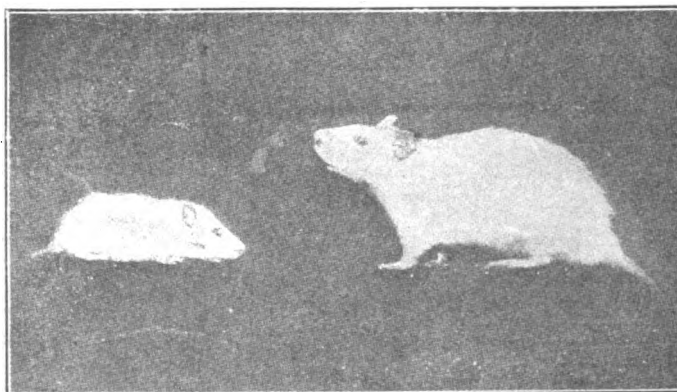
In the Japanese navy, many years ago, the Japanese sailors were afflicted with a serious disease known as "beriberi." This is a far worse trouble than scurvy. The legs become rigid and may have very painful convulsive spasms. The sufferer often becomes anemic, that is to say, thin-blooded. He loses his muscular power. He may have intense neuralgic pains. The disease very often ends in death.

A Japanese doctor named Takaki noticed that the diet of the sailors consisted largely of polished rice. This is the ordinary white rice we use in America. Polished rice is rice

freed from its husk by milling. Dr. Takaki urged that the rice be replaced in part by barley. His advice was followed by the naval authorities, and at once beriberi disappeared from the Japanese navy.

Two American scientists, Osborne and Mendel, were experimenting upon the feeding of purified foodstuffs to guinea pigs. They fed these animals, not with grain or meat or vegetables, but rather with the proteins, starches, and sugars which they had obtained from these sources in a pure state.

On this diet the guinea pigs developed a severe disease of the eyes. It was found that this trouble could be cured by the simple addition of a little butter fat or cod liver oil to



**C.** *The big rat was fed on bread and milk. The small one got only bread and apple. They were the same size and the same age when the experiment began. The apple was good but obviously it lacked the nutritive value of the milk. A switch of diet made the little one grow until it was the larger of the two. The fault of the diet "was partly in its Vitamin content." (From Sherman, Rouse, Allen and Woods, 1921, by permis. on of the Journal of Biological Chemistry.)*

the diet. Other workers found the same to be true of dogs when these animals were fed in a like manner.

In the early eighties an investigator named Lunin was studying the effects of feeding purified foodstuffs to young mice. He found that these little animals failed to grow when they were fed on pure albumen, starch and sugar, and fat. If, on the other hand, he added small quantities of milk to this diet, natural growth took place.

**T**his important discovery, though announced in a textbook of chemistry, failed to arouse surprise or general notice until in 1906 an English scientist, named Hopkins, found the same thing to be true in regard to the feeding of rats. He stated that in reality milk contained two substances which were necessary to growth. One of these could be dissolved in water. The other, curiously enough, was dissolved in the fat of the milk.

The experiments of Hopkins were remarkable. He would take, for example, two baby rats from the same litter. To one of these he fed a diet of purified foodstuffs for twenty-five days. The amount was ample to keep the rodent from starving, yet he did not grow, except slightly in the first few days.

The other little rodent he fed exactly the same diet, plus a small amount of milk, and as in the first case continued thus for twenty-five days. The rat began growing at once, and nearly doubled its weight in this time.

Then the doctor switched diets on the two animals. That is, he transferred the milk ration from the second to the first. At once, the second stopped gaining weight and the first one began growing in a perfectly normal manner. So that in twenty-five days she actually weighed more than her sister.

In the first decade of the present century a Dutchman named Eijkman discovered that he could produce a disease exactly like beriberi in fowls. All he had to do, to bring about this result, was to feed them on polished rice. Scientists are fond of using long names. It would have been simple to have called the disease "beriberi of pigeons or chickens" as the case might be. But we must be scientific, so this experimental beriberi was called "polyneuritis," and you will have to think of it thus.

To his astonishment Eijkman discovered that his birds never became sick if he fed them on unpolished rice, that is to say, rice which had not been milled, and whose white kernels were still enclosed in the husks. What is more, by merely feeding with rice husks the birds that were almost ready to die with beriberi, he brought about most remarkable cures.

These experiments stirred up a great furor of activity among scientists. One of them, named Funk, thought that he had found the exact chemical nature of this mysterious thing in the husk or rice, the lack of which caused men and birds to contract beriberi. Funk believed that this substance was a compound of a complicated organic substance with ammonia. Such compounds are technically called "amines." Since life could not exist when the food lacked this stuff, Funk coined the name "vitamine" from the Latin "vita" life and the chemical term "amine."

It was later found that Funk was probably mistaken in the belief that he had really identified this substance chemically. But the name has stuck, with the modification of dropping the *e*.

**A**S THE labor in this field grew more and more intense, it became evident that there were at least three of these mysterious substances.

The one whose absence from food causes eye disease in dogs and guinea pigs is called "Vitamin A."

The one whose absence from food gives rise to beriberi is called "Vitamin B."

The one whose absence from food gives rise to scurvy is called "Vitamin C."

The majority of men who are concerned with this study think that "A" and "B" are identical with the things in milk which promote growth. But very careful studies, carried on in a quantitative manner, will be needed to prove it.

Despite a great amount of research, we do not know the chemical structure of vitamins. If we did, we could make them in the laboratory. But so far that has not been accomplished.

If "A" is absent from the food of a dog, he gets eye disease; or if it is lacking in the diet of a baby rat, it fails to grow.

If "B" is absent from the diet of man or fowls, beriberi results.



**C.** Night and day this billboard tells Broadway how to get "the original and genuine Yeast Vitamon Tablets."







Q. "You make me sick, Marge," said Wanda. "You're simply maximizing your ego at the expense of that poor dub. He looks as gaunt and three times as unhappy as that cat of yours. If I were in his shoes I'd demand a show-down."

# Married Once But Lovers Now

By Royal Brown

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

Q. Marge's idea was that the holy bonds of matrimony should be tied with a slip-knot. And after a while Richard became broad-minded too

ENGAGEMENT there was none. They came to what Marge called a mutual agreement at lunch, which they ate together, not at the Brevoort but not far from it, on as raw and gray a day as November can devise. As for Richard Lee, party of the second part, he was in love, and love had left him white and twenty-eight, but no longer free. He was more than in love with Marge, he was mad about her. And so they were married; married at three o'clock of that same November day by a Justice of the Peace. Marge would have preferred no ceremony at all; of herself—as she told him frankly—she would have gone to his apartment and shared that with him while they worked out a temperamental test.

But this was impossible, of course. Laws—silly laws, but potent—prevented it. Marge had just written a sob-story about a girl who had discovered this. Accordingly:

"I," said she, at three o'clock, "promise to honor this man as long as—he deserves it."

Even at three o'clock the Elevated's shadowing structure darkened the parlor in which they were married, so that the Justice of the Peace had switched on lights. The glare of these revealed his professional smirk surrendering to a stare of sheer surprise.

"I'm sure it's perfectly legal," Marge assured him, amusement flickering in her lovely eyes. "Please, go on."

"Er hum," he managed. Then he looked at Richard. "Er—the ring, please?"

"There is no ring," murmured Richard, in a voice as low almost as that reputed to conscience.

Everything about the ceremony seemed to him fantastic and utterly inadequate. Yet they were married. The Justice of the Peace said so and, accepting his fee with a final professional smirk, reserved his private opinion until they had gone. Then:

"I GUESS," he told his wife, who had witnessed the ceremony, "that there's no doubt who will wear the pants in *their* home."

This low had love brought Richard—Richard who had been a 'varsity end and a "Bones" man once. They were married, yet he had never kissed her.

"Spooning," Marge had told him—back in August—"spooning is an atavism. I—I detest it."

This of a languorously lovely evening, when they had driven up to the Drive on the top of a Fifth Avenue bus and then had walked a little ways. They paused presently, and she had stood, her eyes turned across the river, dyed with the flaming sunset's prodigal spendthrifteries.

From under her smart sailor the ends of her hair gleamed. Fair, with tawny depths, it was hair such as would have curled in little ringlets around the base of her neck had she not bobbed it because bobbing, she said, was sensible. The fact that she looked anything but sensible with it bobbed—as Richard's eyes bore

constant testimony—had absolutely nothing at all to do with it.

The eyes she kept turned so steadfastly across the river, to the changing hues of the hazy hills of Jersey, were blue-gray and very lovely. Some of the color that the sky poured so prodigally down into the river seemed flung up into her face. Watching her, he was guilty of a bromidiom.

"It looks," he thought, "like rose leaves——"

Even as he let his mind run on that, their shoulders had touched. To him the brief contact was electric. She, turning, caught his eyes and her own had widened. Then she had smiled.

"Why, Dicky-Bird!" she had protested—he hated that name but she persisted in it, without realizing that for all her determined lack of sex consciousness she scratched at him with it as a kitten scratches at a terrier—"You look almost spoony!"

The loveliness of her voice, the mirth in her eyes, saved the words from banality. And before he could speak she had added:

"Spooning is an atavism and I detest it!"

Richard might have retorted that so is the need of food, air and water. Instead he proved himself a man, a lover—and a liar.

"I detest it, too!" he had agreed.

This in August. Subsequently Marge had been psychoanalyzed by the Village specialist. Said specialist never wore a hat, apparently never combed his hair and seldom had it cut, and he generally appeared in public in an old brown corduroy coat that Richard, who was not without humor save in love, dubbed his *Carte de Jour* for obvious—quite obvious—reasons.

"Some people mate on the intellectual plane, some on the spiritual or the soul-mate plane, others on the so-called physical plane," he had told Marge, in a voice as languorous as a cat's purr.

"You," he went on, "are physically cold——"

He paused, to give her opportunity to deny this, should she choose. She did not. "You detest physical contacts," he resumed. "And so you will mate on the intellectual plane."

The Village psychoanalyst did not say, in so many words, that he needed an intellectual mate. He merely shook his mane—and looked intellectual and receptive.

A real psychoanalyst could have told her, doubtless, why girls like to be told that they are cold physically. And he might have told her other things that would have pleased her less. He might even have told her that she suffered from esthesiomania. This is an awful thing to say of anybody, but Marge deserved it. Or perhaps her Aunt Elizabeth Follansbee was to blame.

Marge's Aunt Elizabeth Follansbee had lived in Brookline, Massachusetts. From the time Marge had been orphaned at eight until Aunt Elizabeth had "passed on," Marge had been called Margaret, had worn black moire, spring-heel shoes and the sort of hats one would expect Aunt Elizabeth to select for her.

"What you are suffering from," a competent psychoanalyst would have told Marge, "is a revulsion of feeling—an irresistible desire for freedom from all restraints that is found in leading an unconventional life."

RICHARD who, as the summer waned and fall set in, had become physically attracted to Marge—this being Marge's own term for what he was willing to lay himself down and "dee" for under the mid-Victorian impression that it was love—tried to make her see that.

"The trouble with you, Dicky-Bird," she replied, sweetly, "is that you are too conventional to understand."

Richard had flushed and looked annoyed. He always looked particularly attractive when annoyed. And physically cold though she was, she *did* like the way he wore his hair close cropped. But she only told him perversely that he didn't look the least bit like an artist.

"Thank the Lord for that," he commented.

Nor did he pretend to be one.

"Comics," he explained, when pushed to it. "Six strips of tripe a week and a colored spread for the Sunday supplements——"

They were good, nevertheless, and they made him a scandalous amount of money. If Marge had been anything but what she was, he might have married her and had a place in Westchester, say. That was what he needed. He was the domestic type. Marge told him so on that raw, gray November day when they took lunch together, not at the Breevoort—but not far from it.

"You're a born bourgeois," she had added. "All you need is an adoring young wife—any adoring young wife."

Richard looked pestered, but stubborn. "I want you——"

"Physical attraction, Dicky-Bird!" scoffed Marge, lighting a cigarette with the indolent grace that comes of long practice.

Richard's frown deepened. He hated to see her smoke so many cigarettes. But it would be useless to tell her so.

"All right—call it whatever you choose," he acquiesced, with a deadly calm. "I'm through."

The smoke she was exhaling hung around Marge's lovely mouth. "What do you mean?" she asked, lightly enough, yet with a quickened interest in her eyes.

"Whatever you call it, I can't stand any more of it," he explained. "Seeing and being with you——"

Emancipated though she was, Marge felt a suspicion as old as Eve. But she hid it admirably.

"Poor boy!" she murmured, and considered him, sitting there, his eyes glowing, his lips firmly compressed. "I've told you that's the best thing——"

"Don't rub it in, please," he protested, and glanced about for their waiter.

A faint frown appeared between Marge's eyebrows. The man looked absolutely determined! And though she might be physically cold she was none the less feminine and this sudden change in his mood made her think furiously.

"I wonder," she suggested, suddenly, "if perhaps seeing and being even more with me wouldn't cure you more effectually?"

His eyes came back to her with a flash. "What do you mean?" he demanded.

MARGE hesitated. Some inhibition unworthy of an emancipated woman kept her silent. Then she mastered it and, flicking the ash from the edge of her cigarette, lifted her eyes to him.

"I'm as fond of you as I am of anybody, Dicky-Bird," said she. "And I hate to have you suffer. I'll marry you, to cure you, on certain conditions."

He should have fled then, precipitately, leaving her to pay all the check, instead of just her share, as she always insisted. But he was mad about her.

"Let's call it a temperamental test," she went on. "I'll marry you to find out just what we mean to each other—if anything. I'd live with you without marriage but it's *such* a silly old world, always imagining horrible things."

No one who had known her Aunt Elizabeth could doubt that Aunt Elizabeth turned rapidly over in her grave at least twice at that. Richard himself squirmed but Marge never blinked a lovely eyelash.

"I like running around with you," she added. "We are good pals, perhaps we can make a go of it on that plane. And of course we'll both be perfectly free to mate with anybody, at any time, on that or any other plane."

The idea, now that she had broached it, positively fascinated her. It was a lovely little esthesiomaniac that looked across at her victim.

"Well?" she asked.

The pity of it was that he loved her so much, so completely, that if she had suggested living in twin-tents in Central Park he must have said yes.

And so it was that a Justice of the Peace found himself twenty dollars the richer for having performed a marriage which struck him as odd, but which would have struck him as odder still if he had known that it was to be lived on the intellectual plane only. As for Richard, he was utterly overwhelmed. When they emerged he looked anything but a bridegroom.

"Are—we going to the—the studio now?" he asked Marge.

THIS SHE considered. "I'm afraid I was impulsive about that," she told him, finally. "In the first place it isn't big enough and in the second it's too expensive for me. Of course I'm going to pay my share——"

Richard swallowed. "Of course," he acquiesced, without meeting her eye.

"Let's go househunting!" she exclaimed.

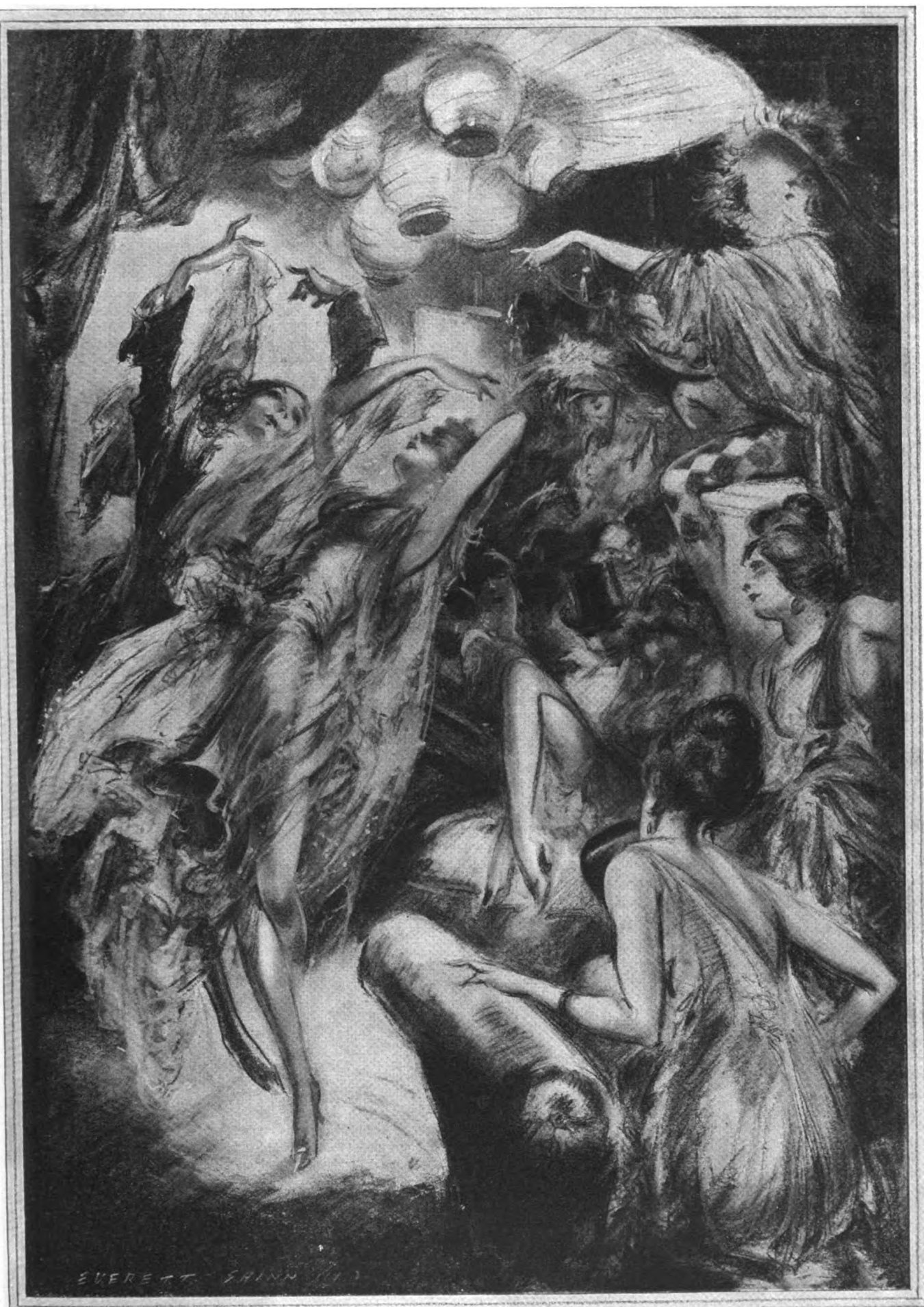
The early dusk of November had descended when they came to Broadway, a misting rain blurred street, shops, and motor lights. But they kept on.

They found, in time, not what they wanted, but what Marge said must do. Accordingly Richard, who could have swung a twenty or thirty-thousand-dollar house in Westchester, began his married life—so-called—in a four-room flat in a part of New York he cared for not at all.

"But that," explained Marge, "is what you get for marrying a poor woman. Perhaps it will cure you of me all the quicker."

This being the most modern interpretation of the married estate, the "two-home" idea was to be carried out even within the confines of their tiny apartment. Here Marge took the lead. As they were to eat here, there and everywhere save at home.





**C**, Full of holiday and other spirits they made the welkin, and several bells from other apartments, ring. No one was as high and gay as Marge that evening. The psychoanalyst dropped in at eleven and, attaching himself to her, stayed until three. obviously mesmerized by this new Marge.

the dining-room had manifestly been miscast. To it she assigned the rôle of common living-room. The real living-room she preempted as her own private domain. Richard's refuge was to be the bedroom.

They were, of course, to keep their own friends and select their own diversions. Their first caller, the only one they had in common, appeared before they were settled; while, indeed, Richard was hanging pictures.

This was a cat, but no common house-cat. He was a D'Artagnan cat, gray and gaunt, with a cynical eye. No one encountering that eye, could doubt but what he had lived widely, without morals or scruples. The front door being open he stalked in with the self-assurance of a census taker, or a gas-meter inspector. From one room to another he passed, his tail moving gently. Then—nobody ever believed this, but both Marge and Richard swore to it—he, having seen all, heard all, returned to the front door.

This bore two names, to wit:

Marge Follansbee  
Richard Lee

The cynical-eyed cat gazed at this long and steadily. One might almost have said, indeed, that he looked intrigued. Then, returning to the living-room he hopped up on the window-sill and made himself at home.

"He looks," exclaimed Marge, "as if he might write the Human Comedy from personal experience. Let's christen him Balzac!"

Richard was almost happy. But presently their next visitor appeared—appeared hatless, hair uncombed and with a general air of one who has a mind above material things such as soap and water. He greeted Richard as he might have spoken to a bus-boy, and forgetful of Marge's dislike of physical contact, kissed her hand in a way that apparently struck Balzac as funny. Anyway he grinned. But Richard did not.

That was why, perhaps, Marge took her caller to her room and closed the door. On that door was a sign Richard had not yet seen. It read:

"Not At Home."

Balzac, intrigued anew, gazed inquiringly up at Richard's stolid back.

A few minutes passed. Then Richard turned abruptly and Balzac looked interested. He had an idea that something was going to start. Instead Richard got his hat and coat and went out. Then Balzac cocked an ear toward the other room.

"I," the psychoanalyst was saying, "cannot believe that you can mate with him, even intellectually. I assure you that I fear, dear lady, that—"

Balzac hopped down to the floor and gazed around him.

"Well, I'll be damned!" he commented.

Then came the day when Marge and Richard were having their first quarrel and Marge was getting all the better of it.

"I'm sorry, Dicky-Bird," she said, with a sweetness that only maddened Richard more, "but it proves just what I said. What you want is a domestic little woman who will adore you—"

"It's plain you don't," intervened Richard, bitterly.

"My dear, when did I pretend otherwise?" she demanded, reasonably.

She had him there. She had only to remind him, always, that she had promised nothing, pretended nothing. He was free to leave at any time. . . .

**F**REE! Richard had reason to smile bitterly at the thought. He suffered and he saw his work suffer. And yet he went on, from day to day, snatching at such crumbs as fell his way. For there were precious interludes; trips in his car out into the country, where the season had stripped the fields but where the contrast to the city relaxed and freshened them both. And now and again they went to the theater.

Once in a tense moment of a play she put her fingers in his, unconsciously, and gripped them hard. He treasured that in his memory for days.

Little moments of happiness, as against hours when he flamed to a jealousy that was not green, but red. There were days when he hardly saw her. They each had their own friends, but Marge's seemed all masculine, Richard's were never feminine.

The village psychoanalyst was the most frequent, and, to Richard, the most irritating of Marge's visitors.

"I'll be damned," fumed Richard—two nights before Christmas, this—"if I can see what *she* sees in him or any of the rest of that long-haired bunch that is forever dropping in."

It was a pity, indeed, that Richard had no feminine visitors.

A woman—almost any woman—could have given him sound advice had she so chosen—Wanda Soule, with whom Marge had shared an apartment before her intellectual marriage, for instance. The day before Christmas she dropped in to see Marge.

"You make me sick, Marge," said Wanda. "You're simply maximating your ego at the expense of that poor dub. He looks as gaunt and three times as unhappy as that damned cat of yours. If I were in his shoes I'd demand a show-down."

"You talk like your grandmother! We had a show-down before we were married. I didn't lure him into it."

"There are more ways of luring a man than making eyes at him," retorted Wanda.

"I have thought myself of leaving him," she said. "This isn't going to work out—"

Wanda cast a cynical eye at her. "You're a great self-kidder!" she commented. "What you actually mean to do is to hold onto him until you've sucked out the last bit of satisfaction your vanity can get from his sufferings."

She paused to hurl a pillow at Balzac. "That damned cat gets on my nerves," she explained. "He looks as if he heard every word I say."

Balzac had gotten the idea that his company wasn't desired but he could not resist the temptation to pause for a last word.

"What do you think I am, anyway, deaf?" he demanded, from the door.

"Hear him swear at me!" commented Wanda. She turned back to Marge. "I'd give anything to hear your Dicky-Bird swear at you. Or better still, take a stick to you. You need it!"

The sound of a key turning in the front door intervened.

Wanda sprang up and picked up her fur from one of the chairs. "I'm on my way," she said. "I'm humane and I can't stand seeing dumb animals suffer."

**R**ICHARD was hanging up his coat and hat in the hall as she passed out with that casual word that was all any of Marge's friends ever seemed to have for him. He came into the living-room a moment later.

"Snowing out?" demanded Marge.

"Quite hard," he said, without looking at her. "Going to be a white Christmas I guess—"

Marge, curled up on the couch, graceful and indolent with her carelessly disposed skirts showing her round knees—which she, being without sex-consciousness, would have scorned to cover—glanced up at him.

"Dicky-Bird!" she exclaimed. "You haven't got me anything for Christmas, have you?"

He picked up a letter addressed to him that lay on the table and glanced at the superscription. "Did you prefer I didn't?" he asked, evasively.

"Absolutely! I haven't got anything for you. As usual"—cheerfully—"I'm broke. And anyway I detest the so-called Christmas spirit."

Richard said nothing. He let the letter slip back to the table unopened and stood, his eyes avoiding hers, with his hands thrust in his pockets. There were certain things he wanted to say to her. But Marge moved lazily and, his eyes going to her for the first time, he saw that she was reaching for a cigarette.

"You smoke too many of those damned things!" he snapped.

In his voice was the breaking of many bonds. She paused and looked up at him. And then she laughed. Men—and especially married men—have committed murder when women laughed at them that way at such moments.

The front door bell sounded shrilly. Richard's face became more ominous still, but he said nothing. From the hall came Marge's voice, evidencing surprise.

"Why, Aunt Margaret! How did you ever find me here?"

"Telephoned your office, of course," answered a voice as lovely as Marge's. "I wrote you that I'd do just that if you did not wire me."

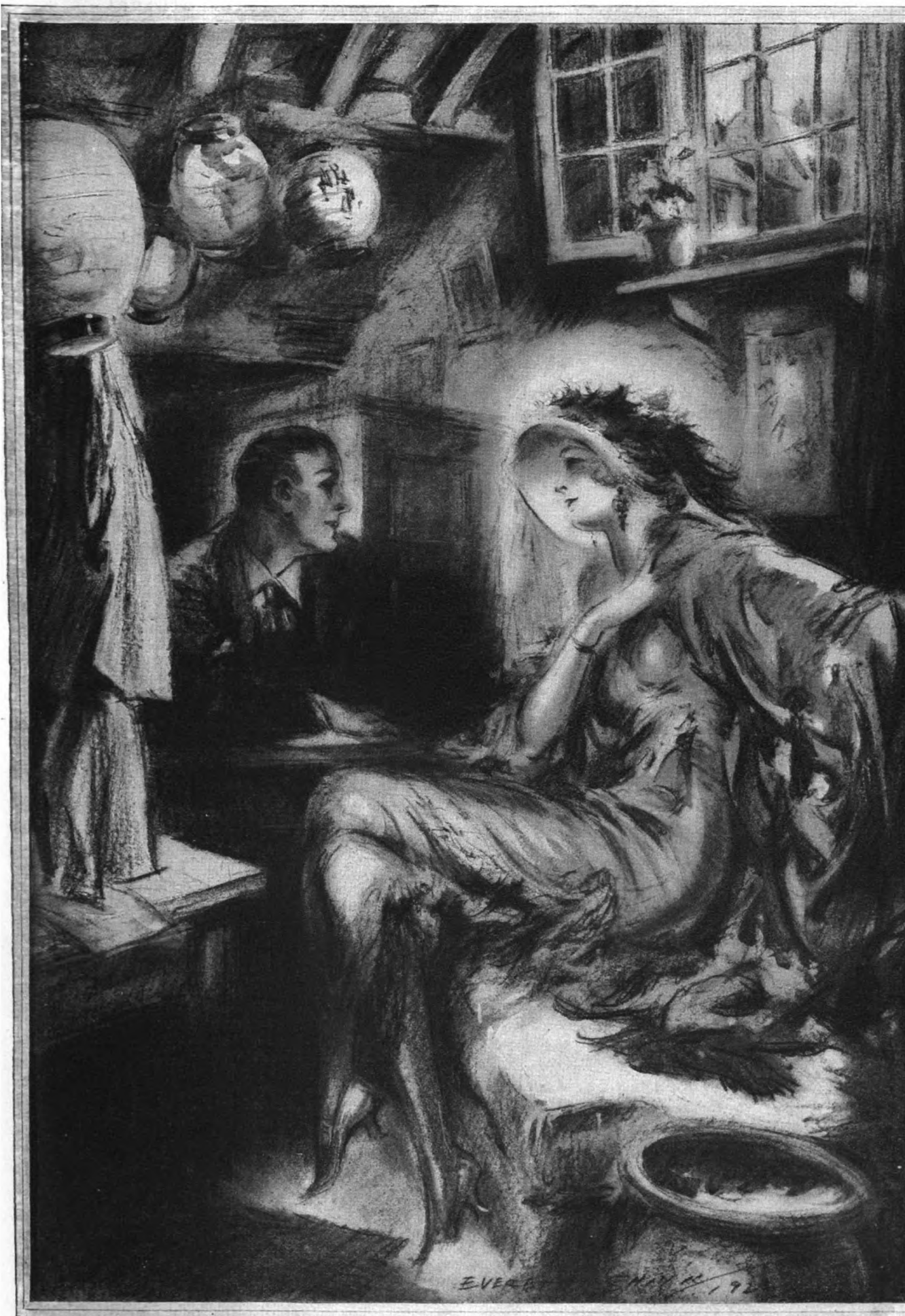
"Wire you?"

"My dear, didn't you get my letter? I wrote you I was coming to New York and would you put me up. If you couldn't you were to wire me—I addressed it, very plainly, to Mrs. Robert Lee—"

"Oh that explains it! I *always* throw letters addressed to Mrs. Robert Lee in the waste-basket. You see I've kept my own name—"

"Yes, I saw that from your doorplate," commented the lovely voice, rather dryly.

They had moved along the hall as they talked and now they stood at the threshold of the living-room.



“I hate to have you suffer,” Marge told Richard. “I’ll marry you to find out what we mean to each other—if anything.” He should have fled then, leaving her to pay all the check—but he didn’t.



"This is my husband, Richard," announced Marge, with a slight confusion in her voice.

"And I am Mrs. Nichols," explained the lovely voice, as its possessor offered him slim fingers as lovely. "I don't suppose Marge has ever breathed a word about me, but I'm her godmother—baptismal, not fairy—she calls me Aunt Margaret. Am I all explained?"

But there was more than that to her. She was forty-five perhaps and she did not look young for her age. Yet she was very attractive. The dark eyes with the shadows beneath them were beautifully shaped, full of sparkle and life and even, at times, of distinct allure.

Richard warmed to her instantly—Marge saw *that*!

"Thank you," said Mrs. Nichols, as he took her furs. She subsided gracefully into a chair and turning to Marge added: "Do you know—I had a funny idea that you had a home outside of New York?"

MARGE braced herself to the plunge. "I couldn't afford my half of anything like that," she explained. "And so——"  
"Oh, I understand perfectly." A smile flickered across the speaker's lips so swiftly that Marge wondered if perhaps she had imagined it. "And I suppose I'm a sort of white elephant on your hands."

Now in Marge's own set, where truth is ever naked and unashamed, this direct question would have brought the frank answer that the unexpected guest had indeed spoken sooth. But Marge hesitated for once—and was lost.

"It isn't that," she temporized. "But you see I've got to go out of town for several days. A special, secret assignment, you know——"

This was news to Richard; manlike he looked surprised. Mrs. Nichols did not miss that.

"And you're going to leave Richard——" She glanced up at him. "Do you mind if I call you that?"

"Please do!" he said, eagerly.

Her smile thanked him graciously as she turned back to her namesake again.

"—All alone?" she concluded.

"Naturally," commented Marge, flushing in spite of herself.

"When do you go?"

"Tonight," said Marge, hoping that did not sound too inhospitable.

Evidently her inquisitor got no such an idea. "Then why," she exclaimed, brightly, "can't I look after this nice husband of yours while you're gone? I'd love it."

This was the first time any of Marge's friends had called Richard her nice husband. Perhaps that was why Marge looked up, startled. But her godmother had interpreted her expression otherwise.

"Dear child!" she cried, with the silveriest of laughs. "Don't tell me that you are so old-fashioned as to object!"

"I haven't the slightest objection in the world," retorted Marge, too stiffly as she instantly realized. To gain possession of herself she reached for a cigarette, stopped short and actually blushed.

For that she hated herself—but she hated her godmother still more.

"Oh—may I smoke?" demanded the latter. "How jolly!"

Richard, who protested Marge's smoking, proffered her a light and she, sinking back, crossed her legs. They were as shapely as Marge's—

THE cynical cat strolled in at that instant and, recognizing a visitor, stopped short. He then walked around her and after that he jumped up on the radiator and from that vantage point surveyed her with undiminished interest. Presently he appeared to wash his face, but appearances were deceitful. He never bothered with such niceties—he was merely hiding a grin behind his paw.

Marge rose abruptly. "I'm afraid I must go and pack," she said. Richard left the apartment before she had finished. He, her godmother explained as they kissed good-by, had gone to get things for a supper she was to prepare. Marge replied that it didn't matter anyway. Outside snow was falling faster than ever; it got into her eyes and blurred her vision. . . .

Evicted from her own home by her own act, she descended upon Wanda, who wasn't at all pleased to have her there and frankly said so. Nevertheless she did evince an immediate and lively interest in Marge's godmother.

"And you've left your Dicky-Bird with her?" she demanded.

"Why not?" Marge's voice was a bit edged in spite of herself.

"Because, my dear, the first thing you know the cat will have eaten your Dicky-Bird up."

"She's forty-five if she's a day."

"Piffle! I don't care if she's eighty. A widow with a permanent wave, who is a perfect thirty-six, can do a lot to any man in four days. Especially if he's starving for kind treatment."

"She can have him if she wants him," flashed Marge, and then, as Wanda lifted her eyebrows expressively she added, "I mean it. I don't give a damn——"

"I can see, old dear," remarked Wanda, sweetly, "that you are perfectly calm about it." She rose languidly. "Make yourself at home—as of course I know you will anyway."

"Where are you going?"

"Out, my dear. Out into the cold and wintry night."

"You might bring back something to eat——"

"I'll bring something back, all right," Wanda assured her.

This promise she fulfilled—nobly! She returned an hour later, wearing such an unholy look of satisfaction that Marge was startled.

"What have you been up to?" she demanded.

"They say that curiosity killed a cat, but I'll bet the cat died happy," retorted Wanda, removing her hat. "I just dropped into your apartment——"

Marge gasped. "You didn't!"

"I registered great surprise that you were not there and explained that I came to look for a glove I thought I must have left there this afternoon. They helped me look but I don't think they were glad to see me. Your Dicky-Bird looked like a small boy discovered playing hookey, but she was sublime. I wonder where she gets her negligees——"

"Every light in the apartment was lit," she continued, serenely. "The siren was presiding at a chafing-dish. Your Dicky-Bird was waiting upon her every word and gesture——"

Marge made a pretty pretense at stifling a yawn.

"When," she cut in, "do we eat? All this description of chafing-dishes makes me hungry."

"You carry it off awfully well, old dear," said Wanda. "If I were a man, instead of your best—and worst—friend, I'd almost believe that."

NOW this was the night before Christmas. And all through the apartment not a creature was stirring—except such of the crowd as dropped in. Full of holiday and other spirits, they made the welkin and several bells from other apartments ring. Presently the janitor appeared, to ask what the torrid hereafter they thought they were doing. They cordially invited him to investigate and he, after sniffing suspiciously at the proffered glass, drank deep and with evident relish.

No one was as high and gay as Marge was that evening. The color flashed in and out of her cheeks. She drank but little, but she talked a lot and smoked incessantly. The Village psychoanalyst dropped in at eleven and, attaching himself to her, stayed until three. He was obviously mesmerized by this new Marge.

"Most beautiful one," he purred, amorously. "Come to my studio tomorrow."

"You're drunk, Tony!" Marge said.

"Drunk with you!" he corrected. "Will you come?"

"No!" was on the tip of Marge's tongue. But she reconsidered. "I'll go to lunch with you," she promised, and added, maliciously: "You'd better write it down, you're in no condition to remember!"

"It," said he, solemnly, "is 'graved upon the tablets of my hear—t'—hic!"

And with a bow that was a direct temptation to fate, considering his condition, he made his departure.

The sun shone when Marge awoke to what was, after all, a white Christmas. The stale scent of many cigarettes still hung in the air; her head was heavy, and when she arose she saw that her eyes were circled. But when, presently, she sat herself down to lunch with Tony, she had recaptured some of her reckless gaiety of the night before.

They lunched together, not at the Brevoort, but not far from it. At the same place, indeed, where she and her Dicky-Bird had come to a mutual understanding, back in November. As she entered she, by turning to the left, might have found the very table. But she turned to the right instead!

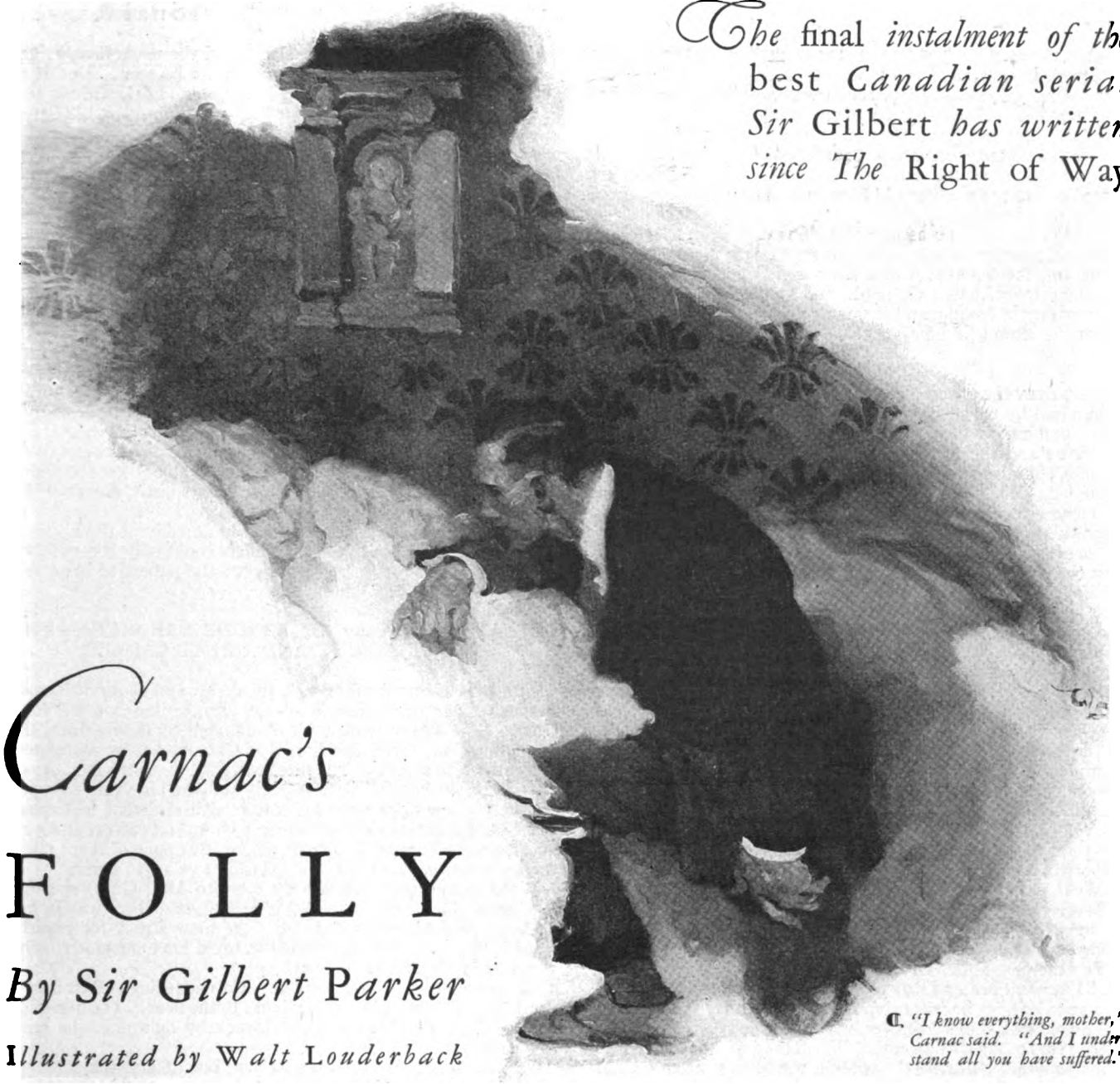
Now New York is big enough to accommodate many millions. On the other hand, as certain people take pleasure in pointing out, the whole world is a small place. [Continued on page 114]

*The final instalment of the  
best Canadian serial  
Sir Gilbert has written  
since The Right of Way*

# Carnac's FOLLY

*By Sir Gilbert Parker*

*Illustrated by Walt Louderback*



*C. "I know everything, mother,"  
Carnac said. "And I under-  
stand all you have suffered."*

**D**ENZIL with rare speed got the letter into Carnac's hands. "Read it at once, m'sieu'." Denzil said urgently. Carnac saw the handwriting was Junia's, and he tore open the letter, which held the blue certificate of the marriage with Luzanne. He conquered the sudden dimness of his eyes, and read the letter. It said:

"Dear Carnac,  
I hear from Mr. Tarboe of the lies being told against you. Here is the proof. She has gone. She told it to Barode Barouche, and he was to have announced it last night, but I saw her first. You can now deny the story. The game is yours. Tell the man Roudin to produce the woman—she is now in New York, if the train was not lost. I will tell you all when you are M. P. Junia."

**W**ITH a smile, Carnac placed the certificate in his pocket. How lucky it was he had denied the marriage and demanded of Roudin that he produce the woman! He was safe now, safe and free. It was no good any woman declaring she was married to him if she could not produce the proof—and the proof was in his pocket and the woman was in New York!

"Come, Monsieur Roudin, tell us about the woman, and bring her to the polls. There is yet time, if you're telling the truth. Who is she, and where does she live? What's her name?"

"Mrs. Carnac Grier—that's her name," responded Roudin with a snarl, and the crowd laughed, for Carnac's boldness gave

them a sense of real security and his tone carried conviction.

"What was her maiden name?"

"Larue," answered the other sharply.

"What was her Christian name, since you know so much, monsieur?"

He had no fear now, and his question was audacious, but he knew the game was with him, and he took the risks. His courage had reward, for Roudin made no reply. Carnac turned his attention to the crowd.

"Here's a man tried to ruin my character by telling a story about a woman whose name he doesn't know. Is that playing the game after the rules—I ask you?"

There were cries from the crowd supporting him, and he grew bolder. "Let the man tell his story and I'll meet it here face to face. I fear nothing. Out with your story, monsieur. Who is the woman? Tell us why you haven't brought her into the daylight, why she isn't claiming her husband at the polls. Out with it! What's the story? Let's have it now."

The truth was Roudin dared not tell what he knew. It was based wholly on a talk he had partly overheard between Barode Barouche and Luzanne in the house where she stayed and where he, Roudin, lodged. It had not been definite, and he had no proofs. He was a sensationalist, and he had had his hour and could say no more, because of Barode Barouche. He could not tell the story of his overhearing, for why had not Barouche told the tale? With an oath he turned away and disappeared. As he went he could hear his friends cheering Carnac.

"Carnac Grier lies, but he wins the game," he said to himself. "Grier's in—Carnac's in—Carnac's got the seat!"

This was the cry heard in the streets at night when Carnac was found elected by a majority of one hundred and ten.

Carnac had not been present at the counting of the votes until the last quarter-hour, and then he was told by his friends of the fluctuations of the counting—how at one time his defeat seemed assured, since Barode Barouche was six hundred ahead, and his own friends had almost given up hope. One of his enemies, however, had no assurance of Carnac's defeat. He was too old an agent to believe in returns till all were in, and he knew of the two incidents by which Carnac had got advantage—at the Island over Eugene Grandois, and at the Mill over Roudin the very day of polling; and it was at these points he had hoped to score for Barouche a majority.

**P**RESENTLY there were fluctuations in favor of Carnac, and the six hundred by which Barouche led were steadily swallowed up; he saw that among the places which gave Carnac a majority were the Island and the Mill. He was also nonplussed by Carnac's coolness. For a man with an artist's temperament he was well-controlled. When he came into the room, he went straight to Barouche and shook hands with him, saying they'd soon offer congratulations to the winner.

When the Returning Officer announced the result, Barouche went to Carnac and offered his hand.

"We've had a good straight fight, Grier, and I hope you'll have luck in Parliament. This is no place for me. It's your game, and I'll eat my sour bread alone."

He motioned to the window with a balcony, beyond which were the shouting thousands. Then he smiled at Carnac, and in his heart he was glad he had not used the facts about Luzanne against this son of his. He gave thanks to the Returning Officer, and then with his agent, left the building by the back door. He did not wait to hear the public announcement of Carnac's triumph, and he knew his work was done forever in public life.

Soon he had said his say at the club where his supporters, discomfited, awaited him. To demands for a speech, he said he owed to his workers what he could never repay, and that the long years they had kept him in Parliament would be the happiest memory of his life.

"We'll soon have you back," shouted a voice from the crowd.

"It's been a fair fight," said Barode Barouche, and advised his followers to "play the game" and let the new member have his triumph without belittlement.

"It's the best fight I've had in thirty years," he said at last, "and I've been beaten fairly."

In another hour he was driving into the country on his way to visit an old ex-Cabinet Minister, who had been his friend through all the years of his Parliamentary life. It did not matter that the hour was late. He knew the veteran would be waiting for him, and unprepared for the bad news he brought. The night was spent in pain of mind, and the comfort the ex-Minister gave him, that a seat would be found for him by the Government, gave him no thrill. He knew he had enemies in the Government, that the Prime Minister was the friend of the successful only, and that there were others, glad of his defeat, who would be looking for his place. Also he was sure he had injured the chances of the Government by the defeat of his policy.

**A**S THOUGH Creation were in league against him, a heavy storm broke about two o'clock, and he went to bed cursed by torturing thoughts. "Chickens come home to roost—" Why did that ancient phrase keep ringing in his ears when he tried to sleep? Beaten by his illegitimate son at the polls, the victim of his own wrong-doing—the sacrifice of penalty! He knew that his son, inheriting his own political gifts, had done what could have been done by no one else.

"There's nothing left for me in life—nothing at all," he said, as he tossed in bed while the thunder roared and the storm beat down the shrubs. "How futile life is—'Youth's a dream, middle age a delusion, old age a mistake'," he kept repeating to himself in quotation. "What does one get out of it? Nothing—nothing—nothing!"

He got out of bed soon after daylight, dressed, and went to the stable and hitched his horse to the buggy. The world was washed clean, that was sure. It was muddy underfoot, but it was a country where the roads soon dried, and he would suffer little inconvenience from the storm. He bade his host good-by and would take no breakfast, and he drove away set to reach

the city in time for breakfast. He found the roads heavy, and the injury of the storm was everywhere to be seen. Yet it all did not distract him, for he was thinking hard of the things that lay ahead of him to do—the heart-breaking things that his defeat meant to him.

At last he approached a bridge across a stream that had been badly swept by the storm. It was one of the covered bridges not uncommon in Canada. It was not long, as the river was narrow, and he did not see that the middle pier of the bridge had been badly injured. Yet as he entered the bridge, his horse still trotting, he was conscious of a hollow, semi-thunderous noise which seemed not to belong to the horse's hoofs and the iron wheels of the carriage. He raised his eyes to see that the other end of the bridge was clear, and at that moment he was conscious of an unsteady motion of the bridge, of a wavering of the roof, and then, before he had time to do aught, he saw the roof and the sides and the floor of the bridge collapse and sink slowly down.

With a cry, he sprang from the carriage to retrace his way; but he only climbed up a ladder that grew every instant steeper; and all at once he was plunged downward after his horse and carriage into the stream. He could swim, and as he swept down this thought came to him—that he might be able to get the shore. It was a hope that died at the moment of its birth, however, for he was struck by a falling timber on the head.

When, an hour later, he was found in an eddy of the river by the shore, he was dead, and his finders could only compose his limbs decently. But in the afternoon, the papers of Montreal had the following head-lines:

#### DEFEAT AND DEATH OF BARODE BAROUCHE—THE END OF A LONG AND GREAT CAREER

**T**HE WHOLE country rang with the defeat and death of Barode Barouche, and the triumph of the disinherited son of John Grier. Newspapers of mark drew antagonistic lessons from the event, but none failed to admit that Carnac, as a great fighter, was entitled to success. The press was friendly to the memory of Barode Barouche, and some unduly praised his years of work and only a few disparaged his career. All said that in Carnac Grier Parliament would have a man who was an orator, and who had characteristics of the late member. But none of them knew the truth concerning Barouche's kinship to Carnac Grier.

When the news of the tragedy came to Mrs. Grier, she was reading in the papers of Carnac's victory, and there was in her mind an agonizing triumph, of a stern blow struck for punishment. The event was like none she could have imagined. She was, indeed, the sport of destiny.

At that moment a letter came from Carnac telling of Barouche's death, and it dropped from her hand to the floor. The horror of it smote her being and, like one struck by lightning, she sank to the floor.

For long she lay there unconscious, but at last the servant, not knowing why she was not called to remove the breakfast things, found her huddled on the floor, the letter beside her, her face like that of death.

Mrs. Grier forbade Carnac to be sent for, and presently in her bed, declined to have the doctor brought. "It's no use," she said. "A doctor can do me no good. I need rest, that's all."

Then she asked for note-paper and pen and ink, and so she was left alone. She must tell her beloved son why it was there never had been, and never could be, understanding between John Grier and himself. She had arrived at that point where naught was to be gained by further concealment. So through long hours she struggled with her problem, and she was glad Carnac did not come to see her during the vexing day.

The letter she wrote gave her trouble in her weak state. It ran thus:

"My beloved Carnac,

Your news of the death of Barode Barouche has shocked me. You will understand it when I tell you that I have lived a life of agony ever since you became a candidate. This is why: *you were fighting the one who gave you to the world!*

Let me tell you how. I loved John Grier when I married him, and longed to make my life fit in with his. But that could not easily be, for his life was wedded to his business, and he did not believe in women. To him they were incapable of the real business of life, and were only meant to be housekeeper and comforter to men who made the world go round. So, unintentionally, he neglected me, and I was young and comely then, so the world said, and I was unwise and thoughtless.

Else, I should not have listened to Barode Barouche who, one summer in the camp on the St. Lawrence River, opened up for me new ways of thought, new springs of feeling. He charmed me,





**C.** *At that moment Barouche was conscious of an unsteady motion of the bridge. With a cry he sprang from the carriage to retrace his way, and all at once he was plunged downward after his horse into the stream.*

Carnac. He had the gifts that have made you what you are, a figure that men and women turn twice to see. He had eloquence, and he was thoughtful in all the little things of life which John Grier despised. In the solitude of the camp he wound himself about my life, and roused in me an emotion for him which was false to duty and to laws of society. And so it was that one day—one single day, for never but the once was I weak,

yet that was enough, God knows. . . . He went away because I would not see him again; because I would not repeat the offense which gave me years of sorrow and remorse—even until this day when he lies dead, beaten at the polls by his own son, stricken by the hand he never clasped in love and friendship.

After you became a candidate, he came and offered to marry me, tried to re-open the old emotion; but I would have none of it.

He was convinced he would defeat you, and he wanted to avoid fighting you. But when I said, 'Give up the seat to him,' he froze. Of course, he could not have done so; of course, his seat belonged to his party and not alone to himself; but that was the test I put him to, and the answer he gave was, 'You want me to destroy my career in politics! After all these years, that is your proposal, is it?' I don't think he was honest either in life or conduct. I don't think he ever was sorry for me or for you, until perhaps these last few weeks; but I have sorrowed ever since the day you were made possible to me—every day, every hour, every minute; and I sorrowed the more because I could not tell John Grier the truth.

It may be I ought to have told the truth long ago, and faced the consequences. It might seem now that I should have ruined my home-life, and yours, and Barode Barouche's life and career, and John Grier's life if I had told the truth; but who knows! There are many outcomes to all life's tragedies, and none might have been what I fancied. It is little comfort that Barode Barouche has now given all for payment of his debt. It gives no peace of mind. And it may be you will think that I ought not to tell you the truth. I don't know, but I feel you will not misunderstand. I tell you my story, so that you may again consider, if it is not better to face the world with the whole truth about Luzanne. I am sure that is the only way. We can live but once, and it is to our good if we refuse the way of secrecy.

It is right you should know the truth about your birth, but it is not right you should declare it to all the world now. That was my duty long ago, and I did not do it. It is not your duty, and you must not do it. Barode Barouche is gone; John Grier has gone; and it would only hurt Fabian and his wife and you now to tell it. You inherit Barode Barouche's gifts, and you have his seat, you represent his people—and they are your people, too. You have French blood in your veins, and you have a chance to carry on with honor what he did with skill. Forgive me, if you can.

Your loving Mother.

P. S. Do nothing till you see me."

RETURNING from a call at Barode Barouche's home to his mother's House on the Hill, Carnac was in a cheerless mood. With Barouche's death, to Carnac it was as though he himself had put aside forever the armor of war, for Barouche was the only man in the world who had ever tempted him to fight, or whom he had fought. The spice of life seemed to have evaporated, to have been entirely dissipated.

There was one thing he must do; he must go to Junia, tell her he loved her, and ask her to be his wife. She had given him the fatal blue certificate of his marriage, and the marriage could now be ended with Luzanne's consent, for she would not fight the divorce he must win soon. He could now tell the truth, if need be, to his constituents, for there would be time enough to recover his position, if it were endangered, before the next election came; and Junia would be by his side to help him! Junia—would she, after all, marry him now? He would soon know. Tonight he must spend with his mother, but tomorrow he would see Junia, and learn his fate, and know about Luzanne. Luzanne had been in Montreal, had been ready to destroy his chance at the polls, and Junia had stopped it. How? Well, he would soon know. But now, at first, for his mother.

When he entered the House on the Hill, he had a sudden shiver. Somehow, the room where his mother had sat for so many years, and where he had last seen his father, John Grier, had a coldness of the tomb. There was a letter on the center table standing against the lamp. He saw it was in his mother's handwriting, and addressed to himself.

He tore open the letter, and began to read. Presently his cheeks turned pale. It was the letter to him about Barode Barouche. More than once he put it down on the table, for it seemed impossible to go on, but with courage he took it up again and read on to the end.

"God—God in Heaven!" he broke out when he had finished it. For a long time he walked the floor, trembling in body and shaking in spirit. "Now I understand everything," he said at last aloud in a husky voice. "Now I see what I could not see—ah yes, I see at last!"

For another time of silence and pain he paced the floor, then he stopped short. "I'm glad they both are dead," he said wearily. Thinking of Barode Barouche he had a great bitterness. "To treat any woman so—how glad I am I fought him!"

Then he thought of John Grier. "I loathed him and loved him always," he said, with terrible remorse in his tone. "He used my mother vilely, and yet he was himself; he was the soul that he was born, a genius in his own way, a neglecter of all that makes life beautiful—and yet himself, always himself. He never pottered. He was real—a pirate, a plunderer, but he was

real. And he cared for me, and would have had me in the business if he could. Perhaps John Grier knows the truth now! I hope he does. For, if he does, he'll see that I was not to blame for what I did, that it was Fate hounding me, guiding me. He was a big man, and if I'd worked with him, we'd have done big things, bigger than he did, and that was big enough."

With a moroseness at his heart and scorn of Barouche at his lips, he went slowly up to his mother's room. At her door he paused. But the woman was his mother, and it must be faced. After all, she had kept her faith ever since he was born. He believed that. She had been an honest wife ever since that fatal summer twenty-seven years before. She had kept faith her whole life but once, when Barouche had wronged her.

"She has suffered," he said, and knocked at her door.

AN INSTANT later he was inside the room. There was only a dim light, but his mother was sitting up in her bed, a gaunt and yet beautiful, sad-eyed figure of a woman. For a moment, Carnac paused. As he stood motionless, the face of the woman became more drawn and haggard, the eyes more deeply mournful. Her lips opened as though she would speak, but no sound came, and Carnac could hardly bear to look at her. Yet he did look, and all at once there rushed into his heart the love which he had ever felt for her. After all, he was her son, and she had not wronged him since his birth. As he looked, his eyes filled with tears and his lips compressed. At last he came to the bed. Her letter was in his hand.

"I have read it, mother."

She made no reply, but the look in his face was good for her eyes to see. It was not the look of hatred or repulsion.

"I know everything now," he added. "It is better so. I see the whole thing, and I understand all you have suffered these many years."

"Oh, my son, you forgive me—you forgive your mother?" She was trembling with emotion.

He leaned over and caught her wonderful head to his shoulder. "I love you, mother," he said gently. "I need you—need you more than I ever did. You have helped me so much that my debt to you is huge."

"I have no heart any more, and I fear for you and——"

"Why should you fear for me? You wanted me to beat him, didn't you?" His face grew hard, his lips became scornful. "Wasn't it the one way—the only way to make him settle his account?"

"Yes, yes, the only way. You must realize what I felt. It was not that I fear for you in politics. I was sure you would win the election. It was not that, it was the girl."

"That's all over; that's all finished. I am free at last," he said. He held the blue certificate before her eyes.

Her face was deadly pale, her eyes expanded, her breath came sharp and quick. "How was it done—how was it done? Was she here in Montreal?"

"I don't know how it was done, but she was here, and Junia got this from her. I shan't know how till I've seen Junia."

"Junia is the best friend——" said the stricken woman gently, "—in all the world; she's——"

"She's so good a friend she must be told the truth," he said firmly.

"Oh, not while I live! I could not bear that——"

"What nonsense! You must live through the worst or the best. I need you. How could I ask Junia to marry me and not tell her all the truth—mother, can't you see?"

THE woman's face flushed scarlet. "Ah, yes, I see, my boy—I see," she said as one forced to see.

"Haven't we had enough of secrecy—in your letter you lamented it! If it was right for you to be secret all these years; is it not a hundred times right now for me to tell the truth? I have no name—no name," he added with tragedy in his tone.

"You have my name—is not that enough? You may say I have no right to it, but I reply it is the only name I can carry; they both are dead, and I must keep the name. It wrongs no one—no one living but you, and you have no hatred of me: you think I do not wrong you—isn't that so?"

His cheek was hot with feeling. "Yes, that's true," he said.

Then a great melancholy took hold of him, and he could not hide it from her. She saw how he was moved, and she tried to comfort him as she had always comforted him.

"You think Junia will resent it all? But that isn't what a girl does when she loves. You have done no wrong: your hands are



¶ "Junia, the end of my waiting has come," said Tarboe. "I want you as I never wanted anything in my life."

clean," she told him fighting for secrecy—to keep her good name.

"But I must tell her all. I can do no other. Tarboe is richer, he has an honest birth, he is a big man and will be bigger still. She likes him, she——"

"She will go to you without a penny, my son, you will see!"

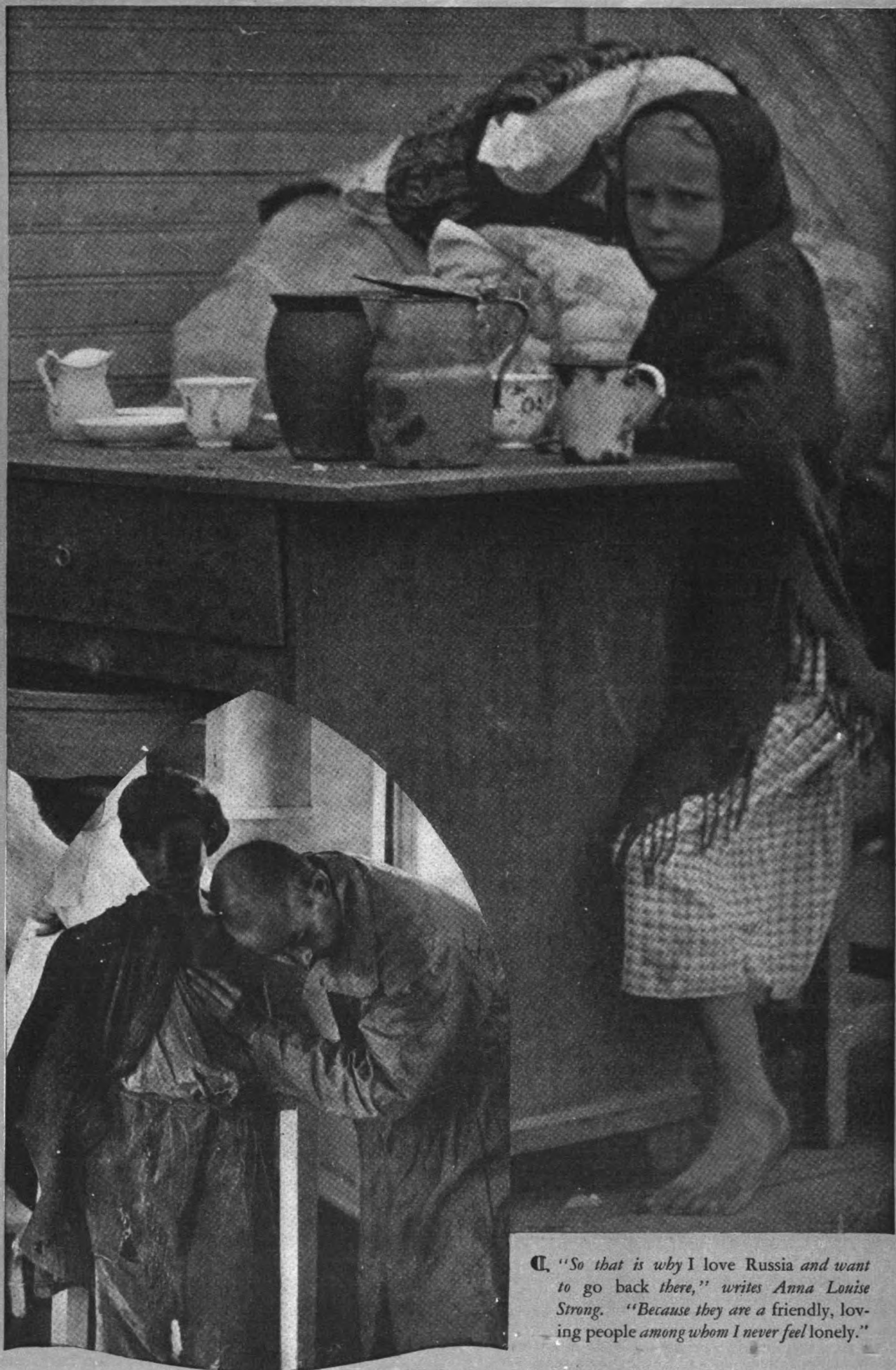
"It will be almost without a penny," he said with a faint smile. "I can't paint now—for a time anyhow. I can't earn money for

a time. I've only my salary as a Member of Parliament; therefore, I must draw on you. And I don't seem to mind drawing upon you, I never did."

She smiled with an effort. "If I can help you, I shall just live on."

The day Carnac was elected it was clear to Tarboe that he must win Junia at once, if he was ever to do [Continued on page 1.





**C**, "So that is why I love Russia and want to go back there," writes Anna Louise Strong. "Because they are a friendly, loving people among whom I never feel lonely."

*Q Russia is discussed usually as a menace or a prophecy.  
To Miss Strong it is the country of deep feeling*

# Why I LOVE Russia

*By Anna Louise Strong*

I HAVE had typhus in Russia; four months of the five I was there were spent on a sick-bed and the rest in a dusty, sprawling city in the famine area; yet I love the country and want to go back. Naturally my friends say: "Why do you love Russia?"

Always I am puzzled. There are reasons for liking a country, but who ever had reasons for loving?

I like England, with its exquisite curving lanes and trim meadows and green-gold beeches in springtime. I like Germany, its clean little villages, its orderly ways of doing things. I am not sure that I "like" Russia at all; it is too uncomfortable. But I know that I love it. I know I am homesick for Moscow and want to go back.

"Is there a good climate?" they press. And I laugh that the climate I saw was rotten. Hot dusty winds in summer, and millions of flies; icy blizzards in winter.

"Is the scenery so fine?" "Perhaps, in the Caucasus. But the scenery I remember was a stretch of barren curving plain, set with draggled hungry villages."

"Are the conditions of living pleasant?"

"Hardly. In all the months I was there I never tasted a glass of fresh cold water—nothing but dull boiled water even during illness. I never had, in all that time, a glass of fresh milk—only boiled milk or more often milk from a can. I had reasonable food; but I don't recommend the diet in Russia."

"In the hotel where I lived the first month, the water pressure came only to the second floor, and I carried what I needed for washing up the two remaining flights to my room. When I went by night to the Foreign Office to file my dispatches, the streets were dark; I used a pocket-flash to keep from stumbling into holes that dot the street."

"To travel by rail I arranged reservations days in advance, and fought my way in the station through mobs of jostling people, any of whom might carry typhus. The trains themselves did not start when expected, nor make connections nor arrive properly."

"NO, CONDITIONS of life are not recommended as easy. But who ever loved a man (or a country) because he was 'easy'?"

"I get you," remark my friends at last; "it was the people. Is it easy to know the big people?"

Then I really do laugh. I was sick nearly all the time in Russia, and met no big people. I met housemaids and nursemaids and doctors, and famine workers and a few minor officials, and other ordinary folks. Not much excitement there.

"Then why, why—"

It is amusing to see what kind of people fall in love with Russia and what people hate her. The parlor-Bolsheviks and anarchists—it would be sad if it were not so funny to see how shocked and disillusioned the poor things are by this country. Meantime the simple God-fearing Quakers come in, without any political expectations at all, to do hard labor in disease-infested regions; and quite a number of them fall in love with Russia.

The parlor-Bolsheviks find that there aren't any parlors in Russia, and that being a Bolshevik means grubbing hard at thankless jobs in the midst of inconveniences. The anarchists find a fiendish amount of red tape and an iron discipline. The Revolution has not come up to schedule; no millennium is in

sight. Even the supply of booze is very low and till recently quite non-existent; the cigarettes are of poor quality. There's nothing to do but work!

So they go home and write sad disillusioned articles about Soviet Russia. For some of them I feel sorry; they expected a grand new world and they didn't get it. For others—they'll find it pleasanter to sit in a New York flat with plenty of food and drink and bathrooms, and denounce the Department of Justice, than to sit in a Moscow bedroom and denounce the bedbugs and lice that are rather plentiful.

Meantime come the Quakers, not revolutionists at all, but folks accustomed all their lives to working for the general good of human beings. Always they have found their work unappreciated and blocked by private interests, government grafts and general slowness of society. Well, Russia is slow enough in all conscience; and graft is of ancient lineage there. But—

THEY FIND a government that hails them with joy and says: "Bless you, my children! Do you really want just to feed folks fairly and equally? You're as good as any government department; better, in fact, because you have the money which we haven't. Want a warehouse? Here's one. Want a flat? Take any there are. Transport? Well, we haven't a lot, but whatever there is you get first shot at it. Here's a hundred million paper rubles to buy hay with in Tashkent for horses, just for a starter, so that you can use your good dollars and pounds to buy food with abroad. Any other little thing we can do for you?"

It overwhelms them; they aren't used to being considered the most important citizens in the nation; just because they want to do an honest job for the public good. And when the president of the biggest republic in the world crosses the street especially to shake hands and tell you what good work your society is doing—well, even Quakers are human enough to like appreciation.

Nobody will love Russia who doesn't love hard work, work under difficult conditions, work with every imaginable handicap in the way of material lack. Unless you can make a bully good job take the place of meals and regular sleep and comfort, you had better stay out of Russia.

But if you happen to think, as I do, that the two best things in life are comradeship and work, then your chances are good in Russia. Comradeship that is sincere and joyous and self-forgetful; work at a job so big that no matter how much you grow it will always be still beyond you. These things are everywhere and for everyone who wants them, in Russia.

And the people—let me tell of a few of them, very simple people. Perhaps I can make you also love them.

There was Dunia, the housemaid in the flat where I lay ill in Moscow.

No beauty of face or form was in Dunia, shabby, tousled Dunia with draggled heels, except the beauty of a happy smile and a childlike affection. We could only talk in the few dozen words of Russian that I picked up slowly. Yet she brought joy and variety into very monotonous days.

Even the bringing of a glass of water was to her an amusing game. She would hold it out and then pull it back, saying, "Do you love me?"

"I haven't decided yet," I would answer; she would turn haughtily away and march out of the room. But, nearing the door, she would go slowly and ever more slowly, to give me the chance she knew I would take before she quite vanished. "Yes, I love you now!" I would cry.

"No," she would pout, "you only love a glass of water." So the game would go on. But if she saw that I grew tired, she would thrust the glass into my hands, crying, "Take it, please, tovarish" (the soft Russian word for comrade). She called me alternately "tovarish" and "beautiful one," which is very soothing to an invalid whose eyes are dull and whose hair has been quite cut off.

Dunia had a husband somewhere in Russia. She didn't like him; matrimony had not gone well with her. She made no tragedy of it; but she often told me that I should be glad to be a "miss" instead of a "madam," and that it was nice to have plenty of "cavaliers" but not to get married. It must have been a hard experience that gave this view of matrimony to Dunia, for her family affections were very strong; she adored her brothers.

I KEPT the news of my departure from Dunia as long as I could; for she always wept when people she cared for left. But she knew of it three days before I went.

Every morning she would come into my room and say, with reddened eyes, "Haven't you any washing you want done this morning?" Then I would give her a few clothes, and an hour later I would find her in the kitchen, scrubbing and washing and crying into the tub. It was quite heartbreaking. But I come of a repressed and colder people, and I never had relative or friend or lover cry over my departure; so I loved Dunia for her open child-like grief.

It was a child's affection, not a slavish devotion. If Dunia fancied any coat or hat of mine to wear to market, she would appropriate it for her use as simply as a child would dress up in old clothes found in a garret. That I could possibly object to her wearing them—Dunia would never have insulted me by such a supposition. I wasn't wearing them myself; so why shouldn't she wear them?

Dunia was not a Communist; her mind did not run to politics at all. But she sang little songs about speculators to herself in the kitchen, and she jeered at me most thoroughly as a bourgeois when I bought a new fur coat; and she was quite convinced that the Communists were the finest folks in the world and whatever they decreed was right. Was not her brother a Communist and a Commissar who could speak three languages? If Dunia never thought of joining the party herself it was because she felt quite humbly that she was not intelligent enough to govern. As for the Communist ideals—Dunia had absorbed them all. She adored people who went in old clothes and did high service for Russia; she mocked the possession of luxuries or unusual comforts. She was the first young girl I have ever known who thought not at all about clothes. If the kingdom of heaven is built of childlike souls, the republic of Communism may yet be built of Dunias.

EVERYWHERE in Russia I met this kindly comradeship, not always so playful as Dunia's, but just as straightforward and sincere. People offered their souls frankly as a child, or as a man who has learned that life is too short and too hard for the building of barriers between human beings.

I remember a young and busy official to whom I was introduced on a street corner, on a trip downtown late in my convalescence. He had information that I wanted. After we had exchanged addresses and telephone numbers and expressed a mutual desire for further conversation, he remarked, "I see that my house is more central and easier to reach; but for all that I had better come to you instead. It is not that you are a woman," he explained with a smile, "for in these matters men and women are equally free since the Revolution. It is because you are the little sick sister."

There was a young army officer who sat beside me in the Moscow Art Theater one evening at a performance of Gorky's "Na Dne." A Red Army officer, going to be one of the higher-ups; for he told me he had just been placed in a school in Moscow where 200 men were in training for the upper branches of the army. He was in his early twenties and a very gentle soul. The men in his school had banded themselves in groups of five and the men of each group were saving one child from the Volga famine, by sharing their rations.

The Gorky play we were watching is a very famous one; it is played in America under the name of Lower Depths or A Night's

Lodging. The scene is laid in a cellar where the dregs of a city find shelter at night. The theme of the play is that even at the bottom it is still the same human life that goes on, life with laughter and weeping, with strange aspirations toward beauty, and fatal weaknesses that mock those aspirations, life with its petty spites and its exquisite gleams of love.

The Russians are good actors; they excel in all arts which depict human character, because they are sincere and open and really interested in the human soul. I could see the young officer was deeply moved by the play. He turned to me suddenly at the close of the second act: "When this goes on, you forget everything else in the world. How can one help loving a country that can produce pictures of human life like that?"

A truly Russian reason for loving one's country! Not glory, not power, not extent of territory, but true and moving pictures of human life! I remembered how in the Russo-Japanese War, when a great ship went down at Port Arthur, the Russian people in thousands turned out to mourn, not the ship, not the admiral, but the painter Verestchagin, who went down to death on the deck where he sat making war-paintings. It was like a Russian to risk his life for his art; it was like the Russians to mourn the artist more than the soldier.

"Perhaps I am prejudiced," apologized the young officer with a smile, "because Russia is my own country."

"No, no," I told him. "Even I, who understand but little Russian, can feel the meaning of this play because of the art with which it is presented."

The warm light of friendly gratitude which filled his eyes is something I shall not soon forget. Russians have been called so many names by the nations of the world that they feel pleased when a foreigner really likes them. At the end of the play he thanked me gravely for appreciating Russia. Then he kissed my hand, with the courtliness of the old régime, but the sincere comradeship of the new, and went out of the theater.

I do not know his name; I shall never see him again. He is just one of many thousands who make the Russia that I love.

If the Russians were merely a friendly people, their kindness might be amiable weakness. One might love them as one loves children, but not necessarily as one loves equals, or even as one admires one's superiors. But there is iron also in the soul of Russia, the iron of courage, and self-denial and firm purpose. It is a courage so much higher than anything I am capable of that I stand before it, not only with love, but with reverence.

We stopped in the famine region one night at a peasant's cottage. The family was eating bread made of ground bark and grass, a bread on which men die by slow stages. They offered us night's lodging and brought us the boiling samovar to make our tea. Then they withdrew from the room lest their presence embarrass our eating. We of course called them back and offered them bread and meat which we had brought with us. But they would only consent to receive it when we insisted that we had plenty to see us to our journey's end. This self-denying courage in the face of death is beyond anything that I can understand but I saw it many times in Russia.

On the train from Warsaw to Moscow I rode with the Russian courier—an elderly workman who seemed quite dull and unattractive till the morning of the second day. Then I caught him stroking the joint of his ring finger with a grave smile. "My wedding-ring was there," he said. "We Communists voted to give all our gold to the famine. I was married thirty years ago, and my son fought and died on the Polish front. But my wife is still waiting for me in Moscow. The ring was never off my finger till a week ago, and the place where it was feels strange. But my wife and I—we do not need a ring." Then quietly he went on to talk of other matters.

I met a beautiful girl of twenty-two, in charge of a train of refugees in the famine region. She had just finished at a fashionable school in Petrograd when the Revolution broke. Her family, of the old nobility, fled the country, but she chose to remain with the people, and offered her services as a Red Cross worker. All over Russia she has worked, in typhus epidemics, among wounded soldiers, and now she was in charge of a train of starving peasants, conveying them to regions of bread. She wore a dress of homemade peasant linen and a peasant's sheepskin coat. She slept with twenty others of the train crew in a box-car, on boards laid across the supplies of fuel. She was very beautiful. I know American girls who would rise, at the call of emergency, to equal heroic efficiency, but none, I think, who would treat her train crew and peasant convoy with such gentle kindness, as if they were her own children, as if she—[Continued on page 122]



## PLAY of the Month

This Department  
is the  
radio  
of the theater.  
It brings you  
from the  
most distant point  
to Broadway  
and gives you  
a front seat  
at New York's  
latest  
laughing  
success



# Partners Again

By Montague Glass  
and Jules Eckert Goodman

**N**OT in the garment industry—any branch of it—but in automobiles, are Abe Potash and Mawruss Perlmutter, Partners Again. Mr. Glass presents them to the audience in the midst of a quarrel.

Their contentious voices are sounding outside the office of Potash and Perlmutter Motors, Ltd., whose door they are approaching. It is office and showroom combined, and on the floor, Marks Pasinski, broker and promoter, through whom the partners secured their agency, has been discussing the points of the Schenckmann Six with two workmen who have just rolled in the model car from the shop in the rear. The quarrel between the partners becomes visible as well as audible:

**M**AWRUSS—Did you ever hear the like? Lets the car slow up on every hill in Central Park.

**ABE**—Well, did I put the hills in Central Park?

**MARKS**—Hello, Abe! Hello, Mawruss! Well, boys, there she is—the Schenckmann Six.

**ABE**—Is this model the same as the Schenckmann Six what we're giving just now a demonstration to a customer?

**MARKS**—Just the same. Ain't it a bird?

**MAWRUSS**—A bird? It's a reptile.

**ABE**—Say, Markie, what kind of a car are you wishing on us for our first automobile agency? Four times we give a demonstration with that car and this is the first time we didn't got to get towed home.

**MARKS**—Maybe your demonstrator don't know how to run it.

**MAWRUSS**—What do you mean—our demonstrator? We had six demonstrators in one week, and they're all in the hospital from pushing the car.

**MARKS**—Say, I never said it was a racing car. You boys told me you was going to make a specialty to sell a nice family car for business men, not sports.

**ABE**—I know we did, but even a tired business man wants to



**C.** Hattie has just told the partners of Dan's (Louis Kimball) criticism of their business methods. "Ai, that's the way it goes," Abe says in his most sententious manner. "For years and years you work to get where you are, and when you get there, where are you?"

go once in a while, anyhow, TWENTY miles an hour, Markie.

MAWRUSS—And the way that car couldn't climb hills, Markie! You've got to put it into second speed to go over a manhole cover.

MARKS—Now, listen, boys. You've got the wrong idea about this car. Every car develops trouble sooner or later.

ABE—This car don't develops trouble. It's born in it.

MAWRUSS—On this last demonstration every time that customer looked at me, I wished I was on a bicycle.

ABE—I was hoping that a mail-wagon would hit us and take his mind off it.

MAWRUSS—And it ain't your fault that it didn't.

ABE—Is that so? And since when was you such a fancy driver?

MAWRUSS—I anyhow try to drive on one side of the road at a time, Abe.

ABE—All except when you come to a corner, and then nobody could tell *what* your intentions are.

MAWRUSS—Is that so? Every time you touch the wheel every straight road looks like a corner.

ABE—Traffic policemen has got throat trouble from calling you down. You try to be north, south, east, and westbound traffic all at the same time. The way you drive you would think you was being chased by a submarine.

MARKS—Now, boys, please. Tell me just what is the trouble with the car, Abe.

MAWRUSS—You ask him? He don't know enough about automobiles to be a first-class taxi starter.

ABE—All right! You know so much. You tell him.

MAWRUSS—What is there to tell? When it does run, it runs bad; and when it don't run, Henry Ford himself could speak to it and it wouldn't recognize him at all. Here's Dan, our mechanic. Let him tell you what's the matter with it.

ABE—Dan, just tell Mr. Pasinski what's the matter with that Schenckmann Six out there.

DAN—Matter with it? That car's got nothing the matter with it.

MAWRUSS—Well, what *has* it got—a mean disposition?

DAN—It was running all right a few minutes ago.

ABE—It wasn't running all right for me. Maybe it don't like me or something.

DAN—A twin six wouldn't like you if you tried to run it with the emergency brake on.

Later in the discussion, when the matter of gas comes up, Dan gets started on the hobby closest to his heart—a new fuel.

DAN—If this concern expects to sell cars to business men they are not going to get away with an engine that only gives five miles to the gallon.

ABE—He's right on that, Markie.

DAN—Sure, I'm right, and with gas at thirty-five cents a gallon, it's time somebody thought about running a motor with some other fuel besides gas.

MARKS—Well, what *could* you run it with—bromo seltzer? You could run it with gas or you couldn't run it at all.

DAN—Why couldn't you? (taking a bottle from the pocket of his overalls) Now, here is a fuel that I've been working on for some time and—

MAWRUSS—He's commencing again. Put that buttermilk away.

DAN—There are millions of dollars in that bottle, Mr. Perlmutter.

MAWRUSS—Now, listen, Dan. If some people wants to fool away their time with perpetual motion, let them go crazy. If there is concerns which would invest money in turning zinc into gold, they've got my permission. But me and my partner could find hundreds of ways to get stung without backing inventions.

ABE—There are plenty of ways for a business man to go broke nowadays, and if we go broke, we go broke legitimate.

MAWRUSS—And furthermore, Dan, gasoline may be out of date, but it's good enough for those chauffeurs out there, and if you ain't watching they'll get away with a couple of hundred gallons on you.

DAN—Just the same, some day you'll regret—

ABE—It's a whole lot better to regret before than afterwards. Leon and Mrs. Sammett, old friends of the partners, arrive to examine the sample car, which Abe attempts to demonstrate within doors, his efforts meeting with Mawruss's ill-concealed and stinging contempt.

MAWRUSS (to Abe, seated with Mrs. Sammett, in the car)—Chommer, why don't you turn the switch on? No! No! (as



**C.** "I did give it gas," Abe cries. "What am I—a dentist?" (Barney Bernard as Abe Potash.)



Abe turns on the lights) not that switch. The other switch.

ABE—Which switch?

LEON—I thought you said the car was fool-proof (referring to one of Abe's notorious social errors that have wrecked so many promising financial deals).

Q. "If I want to insult my partner, that's my privilege," Mawruss declares, "but nobody else could insult him while I'm around! And besides, what did he know anyway about finances, a darned fool like him?" (Alexander Carr as Mawruss Perlmutter.)

MAWRUSS—It's proof against ordinary fools, but against—excuse me—a damn fool like Abe Potash, nothing is proof. Well, come on—give it gas, give it gas.

ABE—I did give it gas. What am I—a dentist?

Mozart Rabiner, another old friend of their storms in, threat-



Q. Abe, dejected over the possibility of a prison term in Atlanta, wails, "You would be able to see me visiting days, Mommer, and you could bring me newspapers and once in a while a little soup."



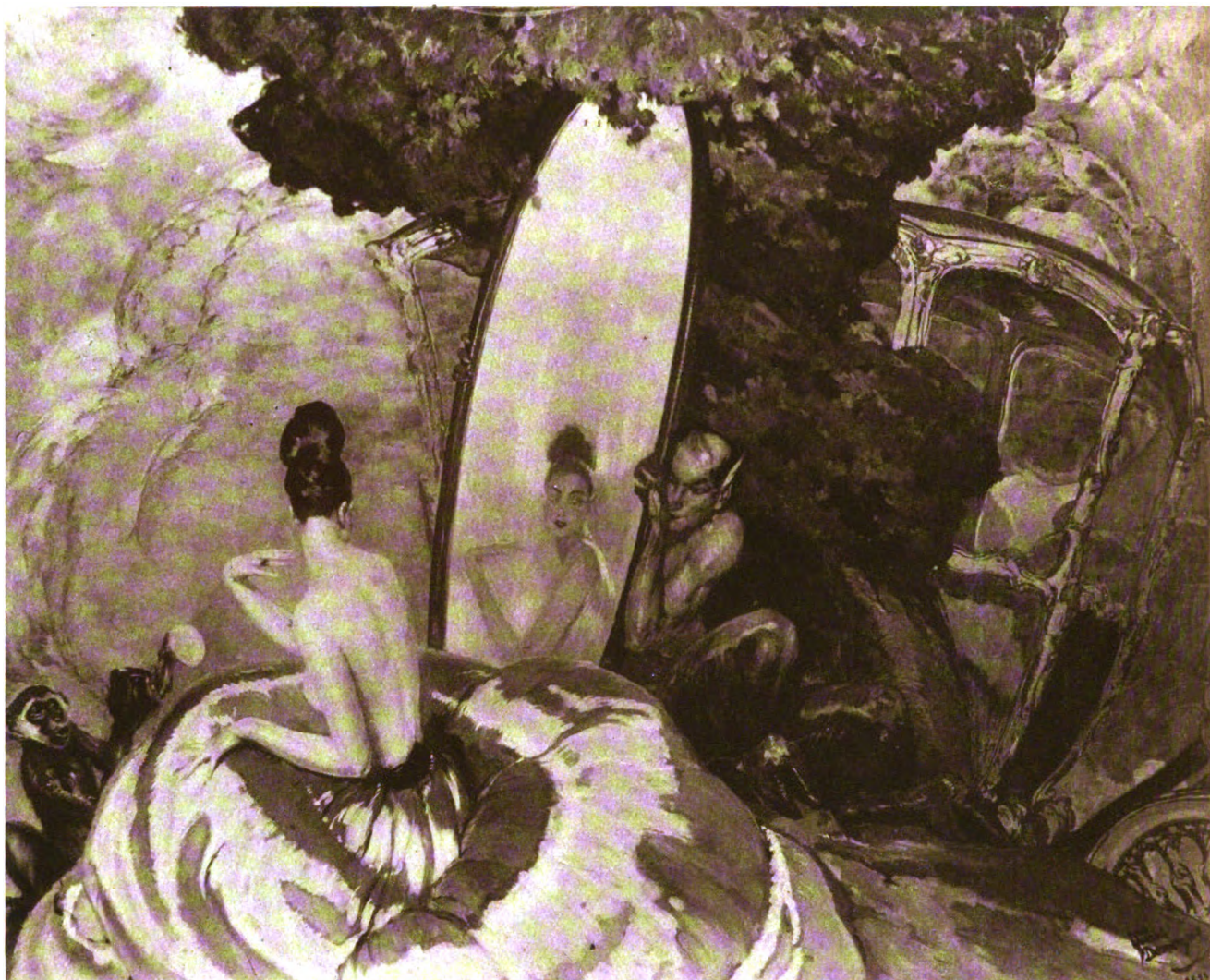
Q. "That's one thing about this car," Abe tells Mrs. Sammett. "Your husband could drive it fine. It's fool-proof." "Abe!!" Mawruss shouts. "He means it's perfectly safe for anybody to drive, Mrs. Sammett."

ening to sue the partners for the price of his car, which "ain't a car at all, but a reaper and binder." He has driven it only two weeks and has had three blowouts, a broken front spring, the battery has gone dead, and he has used 200 gallons of gasoline.

MAWRUSS—(indignant) Well, could we help it if you had hard luck with the car?

MOZART—What do you mean, could you help it? Didn't you say it made fifteen miles to the gallon? [Continued on page 119]





Q. "Eve," painted by Gabriel Domergue, attracted attention in a Paris salon because of its daring symbolism of the vanity of women.

## French Art Mocks Convention

By Willard Huntington Wright

IT HAS often been said contemptuously that academic painting—that is, the traditional painting of the schools—is very much the same the world over. But this is far from true. To be sure, the principles of composition and form, the laws of perspective, and the rules governing linear balance and *chiaroscuro*, have never changed, and never will; for they are founded on certain permanent needs and fundamental reactions in mankind. The earliest primitive artists were guided by them; and Leonardo da Vinci, in his "Trattato della Pittura," set down and defined an esthetic rationale by which even the most iconoclastic of modernistic painters are necessarily governed. In these basic particulars does all art—modern as well as academic—possess a uniformity.

That which chiefly distinguishes academic painting is its strict adherence to the formulas and conventions of the past, its avoidance of originality and novelty, and its lack of any tendency toward experimentation and research. But in the painting of the schools and the official salons—as in all other branches of human endeavor wherein the creative instinct of man plays a constructive part—there is to be found unmistakable evidences of individual and national traits. The academic painting of

America differs, in its general aspect, from that of England-Germany's differs from that of Russia. And the exhibits in any French academic salon have, as a whole, distinctive qualities unlike those of any other nation's art.

American academic painting is still under the classic influence, and belongs, in the main, to that pre-Impressionist era when nudes were either goddesses or symbols, and when any suggestion of naturalism was regarded as an esthetic vulgarity. In England academicism has taken a decidedly anecdotal turn; and there are few scriptural, allegorical, literary or historical episodes of any conspicuous note which have not received idealized visualization at the hands of some eminent British R. A.

In Germany we find a pronounced philosophic attitude animating that nation's academic art; and German canvases abound in symbolic, mystical, imagistic, figurative and ideographic conceptions. Russia still reflects in its traditional painting an intense national consciousness, and combines a sombreness of motif with a disorganized brilliancy of execution.

France, which leads the world today in creative activity and artistic competency, presents a far more varied and individual aspect in its academic painting than

(Continued on page 124)

## BOOK of the Month

Never before has American literature been the subject of so much serious discussion. The *Book of the Month* helps you to know the best of the latest books

# Babbitt

By Sinclair Lewis

GEORGE F. BABBITT was forty-six years old now, in April, 1920, and he made nothing in particular, neither butter nor shoes nor poetry, but he was nimble in the calling of selling houses for more than people could afford to pay.

His large head was pink, his brown hair thin and dry. His face was babyish in slumber, despite his wrinkles and the red spectacle-dents on the slopes of his nose. He was not fat but he was exceedingly well fed; his cheeks were pads, and the unroughened hand which lay helpless upon the khaki-colored blanket was slightly puffy. He seemed prosperous, extremely married and unromantic; and altogether unromantic appeared this sleeping-porch, which looked on one sizable elm, two respectable grass-plots, a cement driveway, and a corrugated iron garage. Yet Babbitt was again dreaming of the fairy child, a dream more romantic than scarlet pagodas by a silver sea.

For years the fairy child had come to him. Where others saw but Georgie Babbitt, she discerned gallant youth. She waited for him, in the darkness beyond mysterious groves. When at last he could slip away from the crowded house he darted to her. His wife, his clamoring friends, sought to follow, but he escaped, the girl fleet beside him, and they crouched together on a shadowy hillside. She was so slim, so white, so eager! She cried that he was gay and valiant, that she would wait for him, that they would sail—

Rumble and bang of the milk-truck.

Babbitt moaned, turned over, struggled back toward his dream. He could see only her face now, beyond misty waters. The furnace-man slammed the basement door. A dog barked in the next yard. As Babbitt sank blissfully into a dim warm tide, the paper-carrier went by whistling, and the rolled-up Advocate thumped the front door. Babbitt roused, his stomach constricted with alarm. As he relaxed, he was pierced by the familiar and irritating rattle of someone cranking a Ford: snap-ah-ah, snap-ah-ah, snap-ah-ah. Himself a pious motorist, Babbitt cranked with the unseen driver, with him waited through taut hours for the roar of the starting engine, with him agonized as the roar ceased and again began the infernal patient snap-ah-ah—a round, flat sound, a shivering cold-morning sound, a sound infuriating and inescapable. Not till the rising voice of the motor told him that the Ford was moving was he released from the panting tension. He glanced once at his favorite tree, elm twigs against the gold patina of sky, and fumbled for sleep as for a drug. He who had been a boy very credulous of life was no longer greatly interested in the possible and improbable adventures of each new day.

He escaped from reality till the alarm-clock rang, at seven-twenty.

SO MR. LEWIS introduces Babbitt, the central figure in his latest novel. The "realtor's" dream is easily forgotten in the flare of business, in his daily life with his wife, son and two daughters. The members of this family quarrel mildly but diligently. The eldest, the "dumpy brown-haired" Verona, was out of school and working in the expectation of becoming a private secretary. Ted was in high school but he didn't like it; he wanted to be a machinist in spite of the fact that his father was determined he should be a lawyer. Tinka, the baby, was only ten, and she didn't count much in the general scheme of things. Babbitt, as a real estate broker, drove some hard deals, but it was always his desire to keep on the right side of things and he generally found an excuse for questionable practices. Of course he was a member of the Athletic

Club and one of Zenith City's Boosters. So far as his affections went they were centered on Paul Riesling—Paul, who was in the roofing business, but at heart a fiddler, and married to the impossible Zilla. They had been class-mates and Babbitt, "Georgie," the Boosters called him, had always felt himself responsible for the smaller, temperamental man. Paul, of course, brought his grievances to George and at luncheon their conversation went thus:

"I ought to have been a fiddler," said Paul, "and I'm a peddler of tar-roofing. And Zilla—Oh, I don't want to squeal, but you know as well as I do about how inspiring a wife she is. . . . Typical instance last evening: We went to the movies. There was a big crowd waiting in the lobby, us at the tail-end. She began to push right through it with her, 'Sir, how dare you' manner. She kept elbowing through the crowd, me after her, feeling good and ashamed, till she's almost up to the velvet rope and ready to be the next let in. But there was a little squirt of a man there—probably been waiting half an hour—and he turns on Zilla and says, perfectly polite, 'Madam, why are you trying to push past me?' And she simply rips out at him, 'You're no gentleman,' and she drags me into it and hollers, 'Paul, this person insulted me,' and the poor skate, he got ready to fight."

"I made out I hadn't heard them—sure! same as you wouldn't hear a boiler-factory!—and I tried to look away—I can tell you exactly how every tile looks in the ceiling of that lobby; there's one with brown spots on it like the face of the devil—and all the time the people there—they were packed in like sardines—they kept making remarks about us, and Zilla went right on talking about the little chap, and screeching that 'folks like him oughtn't to be admitted in a place that's supposed to be for ladies and gentlemen,' and 'Paul, will you kindly call the manager, so I can report this dirty rat?' and— Oof! Maybe I wasn't glad when I could sneak inside and hide in the dark!"

"After twenty-four years of that kind of thing, you don't expect me to fall down and foam at the mouth when you hint that this sweet, clean, respectable, moral life isn't all it's cracked up to be, do you? I can't even talk about it, except to you, because anybody else would think I was yellow. Maybe I am. Don't care any longer. . . . Gosh, you've had to stand a lot of whining from me, first and last, Georgie!"

"Rats, now, Paul, you've never really what you could call whined. Sometimes—I'm always blowing to Myra and the kids about what a whale of a realtor I am, and yet sometimes I get a sneaking idea I'm not such a Pierpont Morgan as I let on to be. But if I ever do help by jollyng you along, old Paulski, I guess maybe Saint Pete may let me in after all!"

"You, you're an old blow-hard, Georgie, you cheerful cut-throat, but you've certainly kept me going."

"Why don't you divorce Zilla?"

"Why don't I! If I only could! If she'd just give me the chance! You couldn't hire her to divorce me, no, nor desert me. She's too fond of her three squares and a few pounds of nut-center chocolates in between. If she'd only be what they call unfaithful to me! George, I don't want to be too much of a stinker; back in college I'd've thought a man who could say that ought to be shot at sunrise. But honestly, I'd be tickled to death if she'd really go making love with somebody. Fat chance! Of course she'll flirt with anything—you know how she holds hands and laughs—that laugh—that horrible brassy laugh—the way she yaps, 'You naughty man, you better be careful or my big

Courtesy of Harcourt, Brace and Company, Publishers.



husband will be after you!"—and the guy looking me over and thinking, 'Why, you cute little thing, you run away now or I'll spank you!' And she'll let him go just far enough so she gets some excitement out of it and then she'll begin to do the injured innocent and have a beautiful time wailing, 'I didn't think you were that kind of a person.' They talk about these *demi-vierges* in stories——"

"These *whats?*"

"—but the wise, hard, corseted, old married women like Zilla are worse than any bobbed-haired girl that ever went boldly out into this-here storm of life—and kept her umbrella slid up her sleeve! But rats, you know what Zilla is. How she nags—nags—nags. How she wants everything I can buy her, and a lot that I can't, and how absolutely unreasonable she is, and when I get sore and try to have it out with her she plays the Perfect Lady so well that even I get fooled and get all tangled up in a lot of 'Why did you say's' and 'I didn't mean's.' I'll tell you, Georgie: You know my tastes are pretty fairly simple—in the matter of food, at least. Course, as you're always complaining, I do like decent cigars—not those Flor de Cabagos you're smoking——"

"THAT'S all right now! That's a good two-for. By the way, Paul, did I tell you I decided to practically cut out smok——"

"Yes you—— At the same time, if I can't get what I like, why, I can do without it. I don't mind sitting down to burnt steak, with canned peaches and store cake for a thrilling little dessert afterwards, but I do draw the line at having to sympathize with Zilla because she's so rotten bad-tempered that the cook has quit, and she's been so busy sitting in a dirty lace negligée all afternoon, reading about some brave manly Western hero, that she hasn't had time to do any cooking. You're always talking about morals, meaning monogamy, I suppose. You've been the rock of ages to me, all right, but you're essentially a simp. You——"

"Where do you get that 'simp,' little man? Let me tell you——"

"—love to look earnest and inform the world that it's the duty of responsible business men to be strictly moral as an example to the community. In fact you are so earnest about morality, old Georgie, that I hate to think how essentially immoral you must be underneath. All right, you can——"

"Wait, wait now! What's——"

"—talk about morals all you want to, old thing, but believe me, if it hadn't been for you and an occasional evening playing the violin, and three or four darling girls that let me forget this beastly joke they call respectability, I'd have killed myself years ago and got out of the mess."

"And business! The roofing business! Roofs for cowsheds! What's the use of it? You know my business isn't distributing roofing—it's principally keeping my competitors from distributing roofing. Same with you. All we do is to cut each other's throats and make the public pay for it."

"Look here now, Paul! You're pretty darn near talking socialism!"

"Take all these fellows we know, the kind right here in the club now. I'll bet if you could cut into their heads you'd find that one-third of them are sure enough satisfied with their wives and kids and friends and offices; and one-third feel kind of restless but won't admit it; and one-third are miserable and know it. They hate the whole peppy, boasting, go-ahead game, and they're bored by their wives and think their families are fools—at least when they come to forty or forty-five they're bored—and they hate business, and they'd go—— Why do you suppose there's so many 'mysterious' suicides? Why do you suppose so many Substantial Citizens jumped right into the war? Think it was all patriotism?"

Babbitt snorted, "What do you expect? Think we were sent into the world to have a soft time and—what is it?—float on flowery beds of ease? Think Man was just made to be happy?"

"Why not? Though I've never discovered anybody that knew what the deuce Man really was made for!"

"Well we know—not just in the Bible alone, but it stands to reason—a man who doesn't buckle down and do his duty, even if it does bore him sometimes, is nothing but a—well, he's simply a weakling. Mollycoddle, in fact! And what do you advocate? Come down to cases! If a man is bored by his wife, do you seriously mean he has a right to chuck her and take a sneak, or even kill himself?"

"Good Lord, I don't know what 'rights' a man has! And I don't know the solution of boredom. If I did, I'd be the one philosopher that had the cure for living. But I do know that

about ten times as many people find their lives dull, and unnecessarily dull, as ever admit it; and I do believe that if we busted out and admitted it sometimes, instead of being nice and patient and loyal for sixty years, and then nice and patient and dead for the rest of eternity, why, possibly, we might make life more fun."

BUT THE two men needed each other—the one who dreamed of his violin and the one who dreamed of the golden girl whom he never found. So they planned to spend their vacation together in Maine. Naturally, the wives would go along, but George and Paul wanted a few days alone in the North before the women joined them. Mrs. Babbitt consented after she realized her husband's nerves were near the breaking point but Zilla was a harder problem and her attitude led to a scene:

"GEORGIE and I were just saying," said Mrs. Babbitt to Zilla, "how hard Paul has been working all the year and we were thinking it would be lovely if the boys could run off by themselves. I've been coaxing George to go up to Maine ahead of the rest of us, and get the tired out of his system before we come, and I think it would be lovely if Paul could manage to get away and join him."

At this exposure of his plot to escape, Paul was startled out of impassivity. He rubbed his fingers. His hands twitched.

Zilla bayed, "Yes! You're lucky! You can let George go, and not have to watch him. Fat old Georgie! Never peeps at another woman! Hasn't got the spunk!"

"The hell I haven't!" Babbitt was fervently defending his priceless immorality when Paul interrupted him—and Paul looked dangerous. He rose quickly; he said gently to Zilla:

"I suppose you imply I have a lot of sweethearts."

"Yes, I do!"

"Well, then, my dear, since you ask for it—— There hasn't been a time in the last ten years when I haven't found some nice little girl to comfort me, and as long as you continue your amiability I shall probably continue to deceive you. It isn't hard. You're so stupid."

Zilla gibbered; she howled; words could not be distinguished in her slaver of abuse.

THEN THE bland George F. Babbitt was transformed. If Paul was dangerous, if Zilla was a snake-locked fury, if the neat emotions suitable to the Revelstoke Arms had been slashed into raw hatreds, it was Babbitt who was the most formidable. He leaped up. He seemed very large. He seized Zilla's shoulder. The cautions of the broker were wiped from his face, and his voice was cruel:

"I've had enough of all this damn' nonsense! I've known you for twenty-five years, Zil, and I never knew you to miss a chance to take your disappointments out on Paul. You're not wicked. You're worse. You're a fool. And let me tell you that Paul is the finest boy God ever made. Every decent person is sick and tired of your taking advantage of being a woman and springing every mean innuendo you can think of. Who the hell are you that a person like Paul should have to ask your permission to go with me? You act like you were a combination of Queen Victoria and Cleopatra. You fool, can't you see how people snicker at you?"

Zilla was sobbing, "I've never—I've never—nobody ever talked to me like this in all my life!"

"No, but it's the way they talk behind your back! Always! They say you're a scolding old woman. Old, by God!"

The cowardly attack broke her. Her eyes were blank. She wept. But Babbitt glared stolidly. He felt that he was the all-powerful official in charge; that Paul and Mrs. Babbitt looked on him with awe; that he alone could handle this case.

Zilla writhed. She begged, "Oh, they don't!"

"They certainly do!"

"I've been a bad woman. I'm terribly sorry! I'll kill myself! I'll do anything. Oh, I'll—— What do you want?"

She abased herself completely. Also, she enjoyed it. To the connoisseur of scenes, nothing is more enjoyable than a thorough, melodramatic, egoistic humility.

SO BY means of heavy and cruel words, Mr. Babbitt and Paul won their vacation. Though they fished industriously and tried seriously to enjoy themselves, the freedom did them no good. The deep-rooted restlessness and uncertainty in the mind of each remained. They returned to Zenith City with nothing cleared. True Babbitt found a certain escape in his newly cultivated oratorical powers. He campaigned against the radical candidate for





**S.** Sinclair Lewis, the author of *Main Street*, has stepped into a larger field in his new novel *Babbitt*, and deals with a business man in a city of more than three hundred thousand.

mayor, a lawyer, named Doane, and won some reputation and saw his speeches quoted and his picture published in the local papers. He even reached the height of being elected vice-president of the Boosters' Club. Just at that instant came the calamity that threw his life into turmoil.

Babbitt drove away from the Club in a blur of wonder. He lounged into his office, chuckling to Miss McGoun, "Well, I guess you better congratulate your boss! Been elected vice-president of the Boosters!"

He was disappointed. She answered only, "Yes— Oh, Mrs. Babbitt's been trying to get you on the 'phone." But the new salesman, Fritz Weinger, said, "By golly, chief, say, that's great, that's perfectly great! I'm tickled to death!"

Babbitt called the house, and crowed to his wife, "Heard you were trying to get me, Myra. Say, you got to hand it to little Georgie, this time! Better talk careful! You are now addressing the vice-president of the Boosters' Club!"

"Oh, Georgie—"

"Pretty nice, huh? Willis Ijams is the new president, but when he's away, little ole Georgie takes the gavel and whoops 'em up and introduces the speakers——"

"George! Listen!"

"——it puts him in solid with big men like Doc Dilling and——"

"George! Paul Riesling——"

"Yes, sure, I'll 'phone Paul and let him know about it right away."

"Georgie! Listen! Paul's in jail. He shot his wife, he shot Zilla, this noon. She may not live."

**Z**ILLA DIDN'T die; but she was unrelenting and very shortly Paul was convicted and sentenced to three years in the State Penitentiary. Perhaps Babbitt never knew until then how dependent he had been on Paul. At any rate, his restlessness grew, unchecked by another trip to Maine. But this trip had far reaching results. On the way home he fell in with the radical Doane and his talk with the lawyer gave him a broader [Continued on page 152]





**C** "Won't you please tell me who you are?" asked Peggy. "Never mind who I am," came back the voice that had interrupted her conversation with Bobbie. "I'm just a plain philosopher, but I know the game you two are playing, and I tell you, Bobbie, she's fooling you!"

**C** George Ferguson was forty-five years old, which, as an age, is neither one thing nor the other, declares Mr. Lessing. But you might call it the dangerous age

# He Knew All About Women

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

**M**OST individuals manage their lives rather badly. As they grow in wisdom and pause, from time to time, to review their past, they usually are willing to admit that they might have done much better. And, even after such meditative pauses, they rarely mend their ways.

Nevertheless and notwithstanding all this, most people manage their lives better than you could manage it for them. In witness whereof, George Ferguson.

George Ferguson was forty-five years old, which, as an age, is neither the one thing nor the other. He was no longer young and he had not begun—or, what amounts to the same thing, he thought he had not begun—to grow old. He was a writer, a thinker, and a bachelor.

He often had thought of marrying and, in a dim way, he felt that sooner or later he was bound to marry. It was the proper and intelligent and comfortable thing to do. He had merely failed, hitherto, to meet the right girl or to feel the proper temptation or attraction or provocation—or whatever it is that leads a man to marriage.

He was a philosopher and he knew human nature. He was well-to-do, passably good-looking, rather lazy and possessed a fair sense of humor. One day he undertook to play Providence.

It was a rainy afternoon. He had some writing to do but did not feel in the mood to do it. He lacked inspiration. It occurred to him to ride through the Park in the rain in the hope that some scene, some happening, or some intangible current of outside influence would bring to him the inspiration he needed.

He took the telephone receiver from its hook with the intention of calling for his car and, before he could even utter a "Hello," realized that he was on a crossed wire.

A young man and a young woman were talking.

HE—How about Wednesday then?

SHE—I can't on Wednesday. I have an engagement.

HE—Will you come on Thursday?

SHE (hesitatingly)—I'm afraid I can't, Bobbie. (Long pause.)

HE (with a short, low note of bitter laughter)—Do you know what I think, Peggy?

SHE (calmly)—What?

HE—I don't think you care a rap for me.

SHE—Oh, don't say that! You know I do.

**H**E—You say you do but I think it's all bunk. I've asked you to go out with me six times and you've always got some other engagement. And the last time you came out you rushed away so early I didn't have any chance to talk to you alone.

SHE—I think you're unreasonable, Bobbie.

HE—No, I'm not. When are you coming out with me?

SHE—As soon as I can. Honest, I will.

HE—Do you really care for me, Peggy?

SHE (slightly annoyed)—Of course I do.

Ferguson, chuckling to himself, intruded upon the dialogue.

"Bobbie," said he, "she's just playing with you."

"Who's that?" cried both voices, simultaneously.

"Never mind who I am," said Ferguson. "I'm just a plain philosopher and a very old man. I'm eighty-nine. But I know the game you two are playing from beginning to end. Why, bless my soul, I've been through it a dozen times myself. And I tell you, Bobbie, she's fooling you."

"I think you're very impertinent," said the indignant Peggy. "Wait a minute," cried Bobbie, excitedly. "Let's hear what he's got to say."

"I know I'm impertinent," said Ferguson, calmly, "but, to the young, age and philosophy are always impertinent. But, first of all, let me talk to Bobbie. You can listen, Peggy. Bobbie, you're a young man—twenty-six or twenty-seven or thereabouts, I take it—and you've got a nice, honest, clean mind and you've had a good education and you have plenty of money and you are really crazy about Peggy, and while she tells you she is fond of you she hasn't shown enough enthusiasm. Am I right?"

"Gosh! That's wonderful! Go ahead, old man," said Bobbie. "Won't you please tell me who you are?" asked Peggy. "Any fool could have said what you just said."

"No, my dear, I'll not tell you who I am," said Ferguson, "but if you'll just be quiet for a moment, until I get through with Bobbie, I'll address myself exclusively to you."

"Let him talk, Peggy," said Bobbie. "I want to get his dope."

**N**ow, Bobbie," said Ferguson, solemnly, "I told you she was fooling you. The reason I know it is this: I know the way of a woman when she really loves. If Peggy really were as crazy about you as you are about her, you wouldn't have to coax her to meet you. You would have more trouble keeping her away, if you had any work to do. When a woman is in love she does not care a rap about other engagements. She does not care a rap about anything in the world excepting the man she loves."

"When a woman really loves a man, the man never has any doubt of it—if he has any sense. Now, whenever Peggy can't come out to meet you, she would be so eager to explain all the reasons to you that you would immediately be convinced."

"Take my advice, Bobbie. Drop Peggy for a while and see what happens. Or, better still, tell her you'll meet her at a certain place, at a certain time and that, if she loves you, she's simply got to be there. Then go there and wait. If she doesn't turn up, drop her. If she really loves you she wants you to boss her. So, the sooner you start in bossing, the better."

"You said a mouthful," cried Bobbie, eagerly.

"How dare you talk like that, Bobbie?" demanded the girl, indignantly.

"I don't care," said Bobbie. "He's got the right idea. If you want me to believe that you care for me you've got to prove it. Say, old man, thank you a thousand times. Gosh, I'd like to meet you."

"All right," said Ferguson. "Now, Peggy, just let me talk to you for a second. I don't know whether you're blonde or brunette, tall or short, slender or stout. And, as long as you're not my girl, I don't care a hang. But I've got an idea that you're pretty and very bright and that you're a delightful companion and that most men like you and that your head has been slightly turned. And I've got a further idea that you like Bobbie but that you're not quite sure how much you like him."

"You don't feel yet like tying yourself down to one man. You may even like Bobbie the best but you want to have a chance to see what the others are like. You probably have half a dozen Bobbies calling you up and trying to make engagements with you and you put them off the same as you did this Bobbie."

A long-drawn gasp came from the girl's lips and Ferguson



clearly heard Bobbie chuckling in unrestrained and vivid delight.

"Won't you ple-e-ease tell me who you are?" asked Peggy.

It was now Ferguson's turn to laugh.

"Is that the way she always coaxes you, Bobbie?" he asked.

"Say, you're a wizard!" exclaimed Bobbie. "You've got her down pat."

"Now, listen, Peggy," Ferguson went on. "I've got other things to do and I'll have to cut this short. So just listen to an old, old man who wishes you well."

"You're a nice girl but you've been spoilt. You're entirely too wilful and selfish. You're under the great delusion that if you pout and coax sweetly it is a man's duty to yield to you. You have much to learn. Now take my advice and leave Bobbie alone until you have made up your mind that he is the one you want. Don't experiment on him. The experiment may be enlightening to you but it may also destroy his peace of mind for many years. Don't be impatient. Sit still, remain tranquil and, sooner or later, the knowledge will come to you as to the man you love best. And then be true to yourself."

"But do not play with men for the purpose of enlightening your own soul as to your own desires. With these few words I have the honor to say good-by."

"That's just wonderful," cried Bobbie. "Say, old man——"

"Just a moment, ple-e-ease," began Peggy. "Won't you——"

But Ferguson hung the receiver upon its hook, sat back in his chair and laughed long and softly to himself. And then, with a start, he sat bolt upright in his chair. Why go out into the rain in search of inspiration when inspiration had gone out of its way to call upon him?

"Jiminy crickets!" he exclaimed, delightedly. "I can make a dandy story out of that."

THE WAY he met her was this:

His story had been a great success and Mrs. Wilmot, notorious for her lion-hunting maneuvers, had entrapped him into a dinner at which he was to be the guest of honor and meet quite a number of people whom he did not know and did not care to know. He had been introduced, had mumbled proper acknowledgments and, seated at his hostess's side, was waiting impatiently for the ordeal to end, when he caught a glimpse of a pair of twinkling, gray eyes calmly surveying him from the lower end of the table. He found, upon investigation, that these gray eyes belonged to a rather attractive-looking young woman. He whispered to his hostess.

"Why, that's Miss Preston," she replied. "I introduced you. Have you already forgotten?"

"You know how it is when you meet so many people for the first time," said he. "And my memory is not of the best."

"I'm afraid that wouldn't make a terrible hit with her," said Mrs. Wilmot, laughingly. "She's very pretty and quite a belle. That kind, you know, expect men to remember them."

After dinner Ferguson went straight toward her. He had a nice way with women.

"I think it's a crime," he said, "that I couldn't sit beside you during the dinner. It spoiled all my appetite for me."

The girl laughed and showed beautiful teeth. Her laugh was merry and captivating.

"And yet I'm absolutely sure that you leaned over to Mrs. Wilmot and asked her my name," she replied.

Ferguson's eyes opened wide. "My, but you're a shrewd and quick observer," he said. "But you're right. I get so mixed up when I meet a lot of people at a time, that——"

"That you don't pay attention to any of them," said she, mischievously. "You didn't even take the trouble to look at me when we were introduced. Most men think I'm not so bad to look at, you know."

For a moment Ferguson felt embarrassed. Then:

"I agree with most men and with your own estimate," he said, and laughed.

"There!" said she. "I like that much better. It's frank, anyway. I read your story."

"Let's not talk of the story," said Ferguson. "They're having some music in the drawing-room. Let's go in and chat. I'm weary of being an author and a celebrity. I'd just like to be human for a little while."

She gazed at him for a moment and then burst into a peal of merry laughter. It was quite disconcerting to Ferguson. But, before he could say a word, she took his arm.

"Come. I know a nice little nook off the drawing-room where we can talk. And I've really got to talk with you."

She led him to a roomy alcove, half hidden by heavy curtains from the rest of the room, pointed to a huge armchair, and then

cuddled herself upon a footstool and smiled sweetly up at him.

"That's the way we common people should sit, isn't it?" she asked, gaily. "At the feet of genius."

Ferguson felt a vague sense of discomfort.

"A young girl like you should not try to poke fun at a poor old man like me."

"Mr. Ferguson," said she, "will you do me a big favor? Will you answer one question truthfully?"

"My life is an open book," replied Ferguson, with a wave of his hand. "Unless the answer to the question would land me in jail, I promise."

WHERE did you get the idea for that story of yours?" inquired Miss Preston. "I mean the part about overhearing the telephone conversation. Was it an actual experience of your own or did someone tell you about it?"

Ferguson laughed and leaned back luxuriously in his chair.

"If I've answered that question once," he replied, "I've answered it a hundred times. I cross my heart and solemnly swear to you that it actually happened to me, George Ferguson; myself. I wanted to put in a telephone call and found myself on a crossed wire. The rest happened pretty much as I wrote it; that is, the conversation between the girl and the young man. Now, what shall I answer next?"

He looked down at her. Seated upon the low stool, her knees clasped between her hands, she presented a delightful picture. But now she turned her head and looked him full in the face.

"My name is Peggy, you know," said she. "Margaret Preston—but everybody calls me Peggy—including Bobbie. I suppose I ought to be thankful that you called your—your character, Alice, in the story."

And now Ferguson gaped at her, blankly. His face grew red.

"You don't mean——" he stammered.

"But I do," said she. "Ever since I read your story I had the feeling that, some day, I'd meet you. I just wanted to let you know what I thought."

Ferguson had the feeling that his forehead was getting damp. "It's—it's unexpected," said he, falteringly. "A remarkable coincidence."

"Don't you think you were rather rude in intruding upon a private conversation?" she asked, bluntly. "And don't you think it was rather unpardonable to make it public afterwards?"

Ferguson was not accustomed to being embarrassed and now, at the direct question, he regained his poise.

"I really never thought of it in that light," said he. "In fact, to be candid with you, I did not give a single thought to the ethics of the situation. But now that you put it to me I'll tell you, honestly, that I think you're right. It was not only impertinent. It was rather beastly. You see, we writers are so keen for material that, often, we accept the grist that comes to our mill without pausing to inquire whether it is rightfully ours. We make all the blunders of enthusiasm. Still, all that is no excuse. Now, I'll tell you, Miss Preston, that I feel ashamed. That's really true. I had a vague idea that the young woman and the man belonged to a different sphere—I never dreamt that I'd meet them."

WHICH does not alter the situation at all," said the girl.

"Again you're right," said Ferguson. "I'm willing to apologize, to crawl on my knees and to shout my penitence from the housetops. What shall I do?"

The girl rose.

"I can't see that there's anything to be done," she replied. "Anyway, you're frank about it. So let's drop it."

"I'll tell you what I'll do," said Ferguson, eagerly. "I'll send you a check tomorrow for all the money I got out of the story. And you indorse it over to any charity you like. That's only fair because, you see, you and—er—Bobbie are entitled to a share of the profits. But say, as a coincidence, doesn't it just beat the dickens?"

And now she laughed.

"For such a very, very old philosopher," she said, "you really know how to be very nice. But please don't do that."

"It's settled," said he. "I insist upon it."

It was a substantial check and Ferguson experienced real pleasure in sending it to her. A few days later he received a profuse letter of thanks from the superintendent of the Chelsea Home for the Aged, thanking him for his contribution. He chuckled over it.

"She certainly has a sense of humor," [Continued on page 150]



It is a mistake to sic a salesman on a man as soon as he enters a place of business, unless the man seems intent on buying something right away. There are thousands of us leisurely old birds who like to look at things in silence and alone before we make up our minds whether we are going to buy. Mr. Bonehead, being entirely ignorant of all the symptoms of human nature, can never identify us when we drop in; in his blatant way he sets us down as "prospects," and tries to harvest his corn before it is planted. Borrowing fifty cents is one of the oldest industries in the United States, and at the present time it seems more active than ever before, probably because of unsettled conditions since the war. Every day I meet people who are extremely anxious to borrow fifty cents; and one can see at a glance that they have been in the business a long time. Their rigmarole has become like a phonograph record, it has been worked so long. It begins and ends with the same old whine. It does seem strange that men can pursue this borrowing stunt for years and years and never discover that their methods are all wrong. They all have the same story of undeserved afflictions, of harrowing experiences in a hospital, of dying aunts and batty grandmothers, and of man's inhumanity to man. They have framed up a long and tedious story, and, being of the Bonehead family, fail to realize that it's a poor policy to bore a victim to death in an effort to borrow from him. I have been waiting for years for the coming of the masterly handler who makes it known in ten words that he is suffering for fifty cents; and when I meet him he will get seventy-five cents.

IF MR. BONEHEAD is active in the slums and alleys, he also is industrious in the higher places. For many years I have read the works of a celebrated essayist and philosopher with increasing admiration. His skill in the use of words never failed to astonish me, and his knowledge and wisdom were evident on every page. I had a mental picture of him as a serene old man, majestic and dignified; and I longed to sit at his feet and hear his golden words filtering through his long white whiskers.

Last winter it was announced that he would lecture in our town. The appointed night was a beastly one, and I, who seldom leave the house after dark, donned the family umbrella and walked a mile and a half through mud, rain, and wind, to hear this lecture. Such a disappointment as I experienced that night ages one, and takes all the elasticity from soul and body.

## ing of the Clans

ear notes tremble over

**C** "I'm afraid I'm getting terribly fond of you," Ferguson said. "You know I'm really quite an old man." "Yes, I know," Peggy answered him nonchalantly. "I looked you up in Who's Who. You're forty-five. But in some things most of the boys I know are really older than you."





for I know I'll never be able to enjoy his books again.

Strothmann.

Walt Mason always voices the thoughts you think but he says them first. That's why they call him the Sage of Emporia

# Bonehead

By Walt Mason

IT WAS late in the evening when I set forth for the drug store, to purchase a pound of mothballs to lend zest to the Volstead punch I was brewing. I remember passing the Come Again laundry, which stands flush with the alley, and then starless darkness overtook me. The laundryman found me there, lifeless but beautiful, and he had poured a bucket of soapsuds over me before I regained consciousness, and was able to take an invoice.

Somebody had sandbagged or blackjacked me. My money and bangles and other valuables were gone, and my best hat was jammed down over my head, and totally ruined. I make no complaint of the injuries to my head; a man can poultice a damaged head and make it as good as new, but where is the poultice that will restore to its pristine beauty a new and valuable hat? And all this violence was so unnecessary! Had the robber stepped in front of me and demanded my money and gewgaws, I'd have handed them over without argument, and wished him many happy returns of the day, and the event would have seemed amusing and instructive; for I rejoice in anything reasonable that breaks the monotony of life.

But the miscreant stepped up behind me and spoiled my hat with a pump-handle or crowbar or some lethal weapon, and stirred up my wrath to such a degree that I have offered a reward of one dollar for his arrest and conviction. So many similar tactless outrages have occurred in our town that sentiment against the outlaws is at white heat, and when they are overtaken their punishment will be severe. If burglars and hold-up artists would

conduct their business politely, their pranks might be regarded with good-humored tolerance, for we are always glad to hear that our neighbors have been victimized; but the robbers are so given to shooting and clubbing that we lose our patience with the whole tribe, and insist that steps should be taken. Doubtless there are many charming burglars who detest violence and all kinds of boorishness, but they must suffer for the sins of the boors.

BOOTLEGGING is being brought into such disrepute by the dishonesty of some that many high-minded members of the profession are abandoning it in disgust. Recently when the train from the West stopped at Emporia for refreshments, a traveler alighted and paced the platform. Journeying across the arid wastes of Arizona and New Mexico he had accumulated a thirst that baffles description. A bootlegger approached him and offered to get him a pint for five dollars. The traveler told him to do his worst, and in a few minutes he returned with a bottle, for which he received the money. Then the traveler repaired to a secluded place to sample the life-saving bitters, and found he had paid five dollars for six cents' worth of cold tea. Such tricks bring the whole business into disfavor, and are vastly discouraging to earnest and thoughtful men who are trying to build up a family trade in hootch.

We meet Mr. Bonehead in every branch of business. In one way or another he manages to stir up resentment, and we, being human, and not always fair, are prone to charge up to a class the



sins of an individual. There was a Mr. Bonehead in the plumbing business about five hundred years ago. Being called to the residence of Mr. Mark, to repair sundry pipes, he found he had forgotten certain essential tools, and had to go to his shop for them, charging up to Mr. Mark the time thus employed. Then he discovered that he needed some other tools, and made a second journey to his shop, assessing the costs of the excursion to Mr. Mark. And when this gentleman got his bill he naturally was incensed, and said bitter things about Mr. Bonehead the plumber, and these bitter things were passed around, and handed down from generation to generation, and we have grown up in the belief that plumbers always forget their tools when hired to do anything, and have to go to their shops for them, charging fabulous sums by way of mileage.

I HAVE engaged various plumbers to repair my automobile or overhaul the kitchen sink, and they always had the necessary tools with them; and I have found them conscientious men, some of them being teachers in the Sabbath school; but they all labor under the unsavory reputation of Mr. Bonehead, and it is not surprising if they burst into tears when they present their bills.

There are representatives of the Bonehead family in every business. Recently I quit patronizing an admirable restaurant because the head waiter was overwhelmingly solicitous for my welfare. It would have been a privilege, rather than an ordeal, to eat at this restaurant, if the head waiter had been abolished; for the victuals were fine and well cooked, and the service was excellent, and the prices reasonable. But the head waiter wouldn't let me alone. Every two or three minutes he'd slide up to my table, with his greasy smile and rubbing hands, to ask if everything was satisfactory. Was the steak underdone? Were the potatoes poached the way I liked them? Would I like a few drops of Mrs. Pinkham's Vegetable Compound in my coffee? Were the waiters properly attentive? He seemed so anxious to make me happy I couldn't find the courage to denounce him; it was easier to go to some other restaurant.

Probably that head waiter is wondering why he sees me there no more. Being Mr. Bonehead, he never will understand that there are people—and many of them—who like to be let alone. It makes my blood boil in my veins to have people fussing around me. And the Boneheads in business always fuss around me and thereby drive me away.

I am a confirmed auto fan. There is nothing that interests me more than a fine car, and nothing entertains me more than to visit the salesrooms and inspect the new models. But I have been obliged to discontinue this harmless pastime. The auto people won't allow the soulful stranger to look at their cars in peace. I read in the Sunday papers that a new model of the Side-winder car is now on exhibition, and on Monday morning I drift around to the Side-winder salesroom to see this latest offering. I buy two cars every year, and in good season I might buy a Side-winder if they'd just let me look at it by myself. But as soon as I approach a car up steps a breathless young man who has sized me up as a "prospect" because there is a red band on my cigar and gold filling in my teeth. He wants to tell me all about the new fan belt, and the plate-glass spark plugs, and the balanced crank shaft, and back spacer, and marginal stop release, and all the other patented features; and he just begs me to get in, and he will take me fifty or five hundred miles to show me what the car can do. I am ashamed to tell him I just came in to rubber at the car; and I fade out of the back door as quickly as possible feeling humiliated and embarrassed.

It is a mistake to sic a salesman on a man as soon as he enters a place of business, unless the man seems intent on buying something right away. There are thousands of us leisurely old birds who like to look at things in silence and alone before we make up our minds whether we are going to buy. Mr. Bonehead, being entirely ignorant of all the symptoms of human nature, can never identify us when we drop in; in his blatant way he sets us down as "prospects," and tries to harvest his corn before it is planted.

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IF MR. BONEHEAD is active in the slums and alleys, he also is industrious in the higher places. For many years I have read the works of a celebrated essayist and philosopher with increasing admiration. His skill in the use of words never failed to astonish me; and his knowledge and wisdom were evident on every page. I had a mental picture of him as a serene old man, majestic and dignified; and I longed to sit at his feet and hear his golden words filtering through his long white whiskers.

Last winter it was announced that he would lecture in our town. The appointed night was a beastly one, and I, who seldom leave the house after dark, donned the family umbrella and walked a mile and a half through mud, rain, and wind, to hear this lecture. Such a disappointment as I experienced that night ages one, and takes all the elasticity from soul and body. The man I had admired so much and so long was a silly-looking old chap whose false teeth wouldn't stay in place. He evidently was contracting the fluorsome kindred disease, and he would speak a sentence, and then sneeze a sentence, and then cough a quotation from Huxley or Darwin. Everybody felt sorry for him, and we all wondered why a man of his fame should appear on the lecture platform when he must have known he couldn't lecture.

Few great writers are good talkers, but it takes a lot of painful experience to convince them of the fact.

I never like to meet a favorite author, for I know I'll never be able to enjoy his books again. He will make me tired in one manner or another; he will talk through his nose, or quote his own writings, or wear side-whiskers, or have a boil on his neck.

I meet scions of the princely house of Bonehead in all my comings and goings. For a year Dr. Bonehead has been treating me for a disease I didn't have, and overlooking one I did have. Bonehead, the druggist, in filling one of the prescriptions, used arsenic instead of plaster of Paris, and my sufferings are indescribable; and one of these days Bonehead, the sexton, will dig me an unsanitary grave, in a damp location where I won't be able to keep warm.

## W. A. Gathering of the Clans

WHEN the bugle's clear notes tremble over mountain, over lea, bidding Bonehead clans assemble for the great corroboree, Boneheads come in mighty legions from the far uncharted lands, delegates from Arctic regions, delegates from burning sands. Some are clothed in costly ermine, some in beggars' rags appear; one prepared to preach a sermon, one to bootleg home-brewed beer. For there is no clime or nation, there's no river, lake, or sea, and there is no creed or station that from Bonehead boys is free. Every trade is represented in this bright triumphant band; all professions yet invented have their delegates at hand. From the shores of ancient rivers, they arrive, by any means, in their rusty henry flivvers, in their shining limousines. Oh, I see them marching proudly, see their gorgeous caravan, and I cheer them bravely, loudly—I'm a member of the clan.

*Osbert Mason*

William MacHarg's Story of the Woman Who Forgave—Continued from page 24

## The Man Who Didn't Play Fair

Henry would not call her up. She weighed that, and went to the telephone and called him so she could be sure.

"Are you coming home to dinner?" she inquired. Her cheeks at his voice had grown hot with her resentment. She had to wait several moments, as though he were collecting himself, before he made reply.

"Do you want me?"

"I think it will be best," she told him.

But when he came home at his usual hour of six, she felt in his arrival the same unbelievableness that all other events of the day had held.

"The reason I thought you ought to come home," she explained to him, "is the servants. I couldn't tell you that over the telephone. It's imperative that they should not suspect that anything is wrong."

"I UNDERSTOOD," he said. "I guess that's all I do fully understand about it." He was looking at her over the towel with a sort of bewilderment; he had pulled down the pillars of the temple and the temple, for the time being, had delayed its fall. "What I want to know is what we're going to do after dinner. Are we just going to sit around? I don't imagine we can do that."

"I thought of that. You'd better telephone up and get some theater tickets."

The strangest part was that, as she sat opposite him at the dinner table, she was worried at the thought of his honesty.

He was silent beside her in the theater until, seeing acquaintances near them she made him talk about the play. They came home late, and she undressed in her own dressing-room, and he in his. She did not ask herself why, as they lay side by side in their two beds, the realization that he could not sleep helped make her somnolent; but when she awoke, his empty bed and the closed door to his dressing-room showed her that he was already up.

He came out, fully dressed, just after she had had her bath.

"I told her—" he commenced.

She turned to face him. "You mean—that girl?"

"Yes; I told her that I had had to change the plans, and that I would send someone to her to make arrangements. So she understands and has agreed. Of course, she doesn't know that I've told you. I suppose you'll attend to sending someone. Here's the address and the name she is using at present."

He held a card out to her, and she took it and put it in a drawer of the dresser without looking at it. But after they had breakfasted and he had left the house she came back upstairs and took out the card and read it. "Mrs. Leila Brown," he had written on it, and the address was an up-town hotel.

She opened the closet and looked through her clothes. There was nothing, she thought at first, of the sort she wanted, but she found finally a suit that she had worn the year before upon a motor trip and then discarded. She put it on, went out, and took a surface car uptown. At the hotel, whose tarnished lobby left on her only the impression of men smoking, the desk clerk

told her that Mrs. Brown was in and got the room upon the house-phone for her.

"Mrs. Brown?" she asked.

"Yes." The voice was petulant.

"I'm from the home of which Mr. Burroughs spoke to you."

"Well, then—come up."

The elevator boy pointed out the door to her; she paused outside of it, shivered, drew herself together; then she knocked.

"Come in," the voice said.

She opened the door. The unhomelike hotel room gave view through a doorway of another room with an unmade bed and of a bath where towels were scattered on the floor. Roses were on the marble-topped center-table; there was a new, shiny trunk. The girl sat by a window that looked out upon a court, not reading, doing nothing at all, with her hands laid one upon the other in her lap. She looked up at Laura with an anxious, partly defiant gaze. Her face was pretty, but characterless except for youth, with extraordinarily large eyes; her hair was bobbed.

"I came to make arrangements."

"Listen," the girl answered. "What I want to know is this. I'll have a place there by myself, won't I?"

"You'll have your own room, nicer than you have here."

"That sounds all right."

"We'll send someone here to talk with you—Dr. Grant it probably will be—to tell you when you'd better go there."

"Oh, I'll go any time, if it's like what you say. My God, I'm tired of this place."

"Then we'll send a nurse," said Laura, "to help you with your things and to go over there with you."

THE DEFIANCE had gone out of the girl's eyes. "You're nice," she announced. "I hope the rest of them are like you." She got up and went to the trunk and took out a checkered coat. "Look," she said, "isn't this lovely? I'm crazy over it. I got it because I'm going on a trip."

A guarded look came suddenly into her gaze. "He's a friend of Mr. Burroughs," she stated. "That's how Mr. Burroughs came to tell me about your place."

She threw the coat over the trunk and then came back toward Laura.

"My God," she said, "I wish I was out of this. A girl has a lot of trouble, doesn't she? Afterward I've got to go to South America with him. I don't know anybody there, neither does he. He's funny."

She moved about the room, still talking. "Do you want a flower?" she asked. "He sent them to me."

"No," Laura answered. There was something terrible and terrifying to her in the fact that the girl had so little attraction except prettiness and youth. Did mere youth mean so much to men that an older woman could not war against it?

In the evening she said to Henry, "That girl—it's arranged about her. She'll let you know, I suppose, when she goes over there. She's seen me but she doesn't know who I am; she thinks I am an agent of the Home. All they know at the Home is that she is someone in whom I take an interest.

So it's all right for you to go to see her there; they'll think you come from me."

"Very well," he said.

After that, there was nothing to be done except to wait until her relatives had come and gone. She had complete control of herself on the day she went with Henry to meet her sister and her husband.

The next day they went, all four together, to the pier to meet her mother. They waited in a group outside the barrier until they saw her coming toward them through the crowd, in a new dress, plainly bought in Paris. Mrs. Walton, for her age of fifty-six, looked extremely young; it was marvelous, everybody said, how her complexion had been kept.

THE HOUSEHOLD took on the sort of programmed irregularity that such guests entailed. Friends called on Mrs. Walton there. Jessica, freed for ten days from her three children, demanded afternoon tea at the hotels, evenings at the theaters, after-theater suppers in the noisiest cafés. The last evening of their visit, when the trunks were already partly packed in preparation for the train, was the first time Laura and her husband dined at home. Ted and Jessica had an engagement with some friends and Mrs. Walton had been going with them, but at the last moment she had changed her mind.

"I stayed at home," she announced to Laura after dinner, "because I wanted to talk to you and Henry. Has Henry told you why it was that Ted came East?"

Laura looked uneasily at her husband. She had been conscious throughout the week of some increasing strain between Henry and his brother-in-law.

"No," she replied.

"Ted has been terribly disappointed and hurt," Mrs. Walton declared. "Jessica spoke to me about it first and then I spoke to Ted. It is some business matter that I don't pretend to understand myself. Henry can tell you that part of it."

Henry moved to the mantel; he rested his elbow on it and looked down at them.

"It's an international corporation for exporting automobile and tractor parts," he said, "and assembling them in the countries where the machines are to be used. It's a merger of the export departments of a lot of manufacturers. There's international legal business connected with it, of course, and Ted wanted me to take charge of the American end of that."

"There!" Mrs. Walton asserted. "That is it. Ted spoke to Henry about it almost a year ago when it was first beginning to be planned, and Henry was enthusiastic about it then. So Ted worked hard for Henry's benefit; he says he had to pull a multitude of strings before he could get it finally arranged that the offer would be made."

"Henry must know how much more business he can take on," Laura said placatingly.

"He could take on the business. Ted knows that. But he has practically refused even to talk it over with him."

"Mother, Henry is capable of managing his own affairs." [Continued on page 100]



Raisins are one of the richest of all foods in energy.

*Had Your Iron Today?*



## That Dainty Bread Lends More Charm to Your Table—and More Nourishment to Your Meals

**IT'S** the finer touches, now and then, that make the meals delightful and especially remarked in certain homes.

A luscious raisin bread, for instance, breaks monotony and whets new appetite. Many women's tables are famous for no more than little variations such as this.

For there's art, remember, not only in the making but in the choice of foods.

Delicious raisin bread served plain with butter or as a crisp, brown toast!—what else is so enchanting to one who has fine tastes?

The flavor of the raisins permeates the loaf. And there's the incomparable zest of fruit.

Just try a dainty raisin bread occasionally and hear what your family says. Serve it to your luncheon guests. Hear their comments.

Remember, too, that raisin foods sup-

ply more nourishment as well as flavor.

For raisins furnish 1560 calories of energizing nutriment per pound in practically predigested form.

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In fact, don't think of raisins as merely delicious natural confections—which they are—but also as a healthful food which should be served with regularity in scores of attractive ways.

Note two tempting recipes in the column to the right. Try one today.

Then mail coupon and we'll send our free book, "Recipes with Raisins," suggesting 98 other luscious raisin foods.

When buying raisins for home use always ask for Sun-Maids, the finest raisins grown.



Blue package

# Sun-Maid Raisins

*Seeded—Seedless—Clusters  
Made from finest California table grapes*

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Membership 13,000  
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### Buy Ready-Baked Raisin Bread

Grocers and bakers in every city and town can supply you with luscious raisin bread. Made with Sun-Maid Raisins. A full-fruited raisin bread.

Serve it for variety at least twice a week. Have delicious raisin toast for breakfast. Make bread pudding with left-over slices. Get a loaf today.

### Raisin Pie Man's Favorite Pie

Two cups Sun-Maid Seeded Raisins, 1½ cups boiling water, ¼ cup sugar, 2 tablespoonfuls corn starch, 2 tablespoonfuls lemon juice, 1 tablespoonful grated lemon rind, juice of 1 orange, 1 tablespoonful grated orange rind, 1 cup chopped walnuts.

Cook raisins in boiling water for 5 minutes, pour into it sugar and corn starch which have been mixed. Cook until thick, remove from fire and add other ingredients. Bake between two crusts. Walnuts may be omitted if desired. All measurements for this recipe are level.

### Stewed Raisins —Healthful "iron food"

Cover Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins with cold water and add a slice of lemon or orange. Place on fire, bring to a boil and allow to simmer for one hour. Sugar may be added but is not necessary as Sun-Maid Seedless Raisins contain 75 per cent natural fruit sugar.

CUT THIS OUT AND SEND IT

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[Continued from page 98]

"But Henry has no right," Mrs. Walton stated, "to leave the matter like this. Ted is going back without knowing what to think or say. It's bewildering and it's ridiculous. It's not as though Ted were a stranger; he's a member of the family."

"Mother, why can't you let Ted and Henry settle this?"

"Because they're not settling it."

"For God's sake, tell her!" Henry suddenly shouted. "I can't stand this indefinitely." He became all at once white and very still. "I'm sorry, Laura," he said apologetically. "I guess things have been going on too long with me. But they're all going tomorrow anyway."

HE HURRIED out of the room and up the stairs. Mrs. Walton had stiffened.

"Laura," she questioned, "what did he mean? Something about Ted?"

Laura's throat had swelled and tears had rushed to her eyes. "Mother—please!" she begged. "It's nothing about Ted."

"Not about Ted? Is it about you?"

"Please, Mother!"

"Is there trouble between you and Henry?" A sort of pitying triumph had come over Mrs. Walton.

"Mother, please don't! I don't want to talk about it."

Suddenly Laura felt her mother's arms about her. "My child! My poor, betrayed, unhappy child!"

Laura fought herself free. "Mother, this is our affair, not yours."

"Not mine? You are my daughter. Deny to me that there is a woman. Deny to me that Henry is unfaithful to you and I will say nothing more. If you cannot deny it, Henry must leave this house. Thank God, I am here to be with you through all this. I shall remain with you, of course. I shall give up all my other plans and be here to give a mother's comfort and support to you through all the strain of the divorce."

"There is not going to be any divorce."

"Laura, you are not clinging weakly to a man who has discarded you?"

"Mother, you simply cannot understand. It didn't mean anything real to him or her. It—just happened."

"Laura! My poor, misguided child!"

"Mother, I am not a child. I am a woman. I will not allow a chit of an immoral girl to tear down what I have built."

"Built?" Mrs. Walton said a little dazedly, before she gathered energy again. "Built! On the faithless word of a man who was unworthy to marry you!"

"Mother, I can't explain if you act this way. I have built. This offer that Ted brought to Henry—would he ever have done that, if he had not been married to Jessica and Henry to me? . . . Well, that isn't exactly what I mean. . . . You remember the little house Henry and I had first outside of Detroit, where I did my own work, when we couldn't afford to live even in that town? Well, then we came here and we had to live over in Jersey where everything is cheap. Then we moved across the river and we had to live at 165th Street. Now we live here in this house with servants. . . . It isn't those things themselves; it's what they mean. We've made a place for ourselves together in the world; we have friends and are respected for the things we've done; and we can look back on

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that—those struggles, and value each other for what we've been to one another through them. . . . That isn't the only way things have changed. We've changed each other living together. We've given up things we liked because the other one didn't like them. We've got so we understand. I couldn't build like that again. I'm thirty-two years old. A person has only one life."

"Laura, it does no good for a woman to forgive a man. He takes it merely as permission given him to sin again."

"He hasn't asked me to forgive; he doesn't assume I will. But, Mother, I will not tear down my life because of that virtueless girl. You tore down yours and you have been unhappy ever since."

MRS. WALTON had grown very white; something almost malevolent had come into her eyes. "I divorced a man who had been unfaithful, because no self-respecting woman would have lived with him."

"I knew you couldn't understand. There are more important things than that."

"Laura, the other day Jessica said a strange thing to me. She said that you meant to adopt a child."

"I didn't tell her that. I was wondering what there was that I could do. I asked her if she didn't think it would be better for me if I did. But it's quite true. I have decided to do that. The room that Jessica and Ted have now, as soon as you're gone, is going to be turned into a nursery."

"Laura, what child?"

Her daughter did not answer.

"Laura, is it Henry's child?"

"Please, Mother!"

"Laura, you are an immoral woman. It is women like you who destroy the sacred rite of marriage. Marriage is a holy sacrament, which binds together one woman and one man. Will Jessica, will women of her sort, associate with you when they know of this?"

"Mother!" Laura could hardly breathe. "I don't want to hurt you. I love you. But if you ever hint to Jessica your suspicion that this might be Henry's child, you'll never come inside my house again."

Suddenly she fled from the room and up the stairs. She was choking and stifling with her sobs. Upstairs, Henry lifted to her a ghastly face.

"I'm sorry, Laura—" he began.

"It doesn't matter. Listen. We are going to adopt that baby. Only, I make conditions: I must have it from the very first—the first. That girl must never see the child. It must come direct—from her to me. And she must sign away all right in it, without her knowing who it is that's going to take it, if that's possible."

He had arisen, facing her. "Laura, you can't do that! It wouldn't do to have it here, reminding you—growing up maybe to resemble some one else—"

"I can. It can be made perfectly simple. At the hospital they will believe I sent the girl there because I intended to adopt a child and wanted to have it from the beginning. I'll send a nurse there, who can come here afterwards. It doesn't matter if the nurse suspects; I know her well and trust her. There is another thing that you must do. You must wait up tonight till Ted comes in, and tell him that it is all right about that business."

"Laura, you really want to do all this?"

"Yes. I've decided. Please, let's not

talk about the matter any more now."

She flung herself face down upon the bed and lay there. "It was terrible with mother," she declared—"just terrible!"

She heard him moving aimlessly, nervously about the room. "Laura," he said, "I feel as if I'd killed you."

The next morning Laura breakfasted in bed. The train the others were taking left in the early afternoon, and about one she dressed and went downstairs. An icy figure which had her mother's features greeted her among the others. She was silent as they drove all together to the station; but when the train had gone, she choked. Mrs. Walton had not kissed her daughter good-by.

"I've got a hundred baby things to buy," she told her husband.

All afternoon and throughout the next day she was busy with her purchasing.

"I'm only just in time," she said to him, the following night. "Not that. Half of the things I bought are not delivered yet, and they've just called me from the hospital. I want the limousine, and I must have it warmed."

He went out with her to the car, and stood on the steps looking after it as it rolled away. It swung through the darkened streets and stopped before the entrance to the hospital.

"This is all," she told the driver. "We must merely wait."

Lights in the hospital and in surrounding buildings winked out one by one. Stars became plainer overhead as the city went to sleep. The chauffeur, tired of sitting in his place, got out and paced about. After some hours the door of the hospital opened and a nurse came out carrying something in her arms. She handed the bundle to Laura and got in. The car started, rolling swiftly on its way. Laura sat holding the bundle. Something small and alive and warm was in the blankets. What impressed her was its helplessness. It had needs that it could not supply; it had no one to turn to but herself; it was completely dependent upon her. She did not disturb the blankets to look at it, but she felt that small, helpless warmth within her arms and upon her lap and against her body.

She got out when the car stopped and, still carrying it, went up the steps into the house and then up the inner stairs to the room that had been converted so recently into a nursery.

"Will you ask Mr. Burroughs to come here?" she said to the nurse.

Left alone, she laid the bundle on the nurse's bed, turned the electric heat-reflector towards the bed and switched it on. In the warm current of air that it sent out, she unpinned the blankets and spread them open. Then she knelt, looking and touching. It was very small; it had strange unseeing eyes, a puckered mouth, and small bent legs. She put her finger against the palm of one of its incredibly small hands and the minute fingers closed like the leaves of a sensitive plant upon it.

Then she heard Henry coming. She looked up with a brilliance in her face.

"Look at her," she said. "Isn't she wonderful, Henry!"

*The Unknown, honored by all France, was not quite unknown to at least three men, as Will Irwin makes dramatically clear. See Hearst's International for November, ready October 20.*



## Even his wife wouldn't tell him

OF COURSE, she loved him—loved him dearly and looked to his future just as ambitiously as he did. There was nothing she wouldn't have done for him.

But they were both sensitive young people and this subject seemed to be one she could not bring herself to discuss.

The position he held, with a firm of excellent standing, had promised much. Yet he did not seem to progress as he should have—as they had hoped. Other men constantly stepped ahead of him into the better positions. He seemed to be giving satisfaction, yet he was standing still.

The thing that held him back was in itself, perhaps, a little thing. But one of those little things that rest so heavily in the balance when personalities are being weighed and measured for the bigger responsibilities of business.

A big, little thing that even his wife never mustered courage enough to mention!

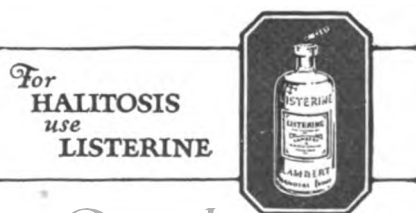
Halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath) never won a man promotion in the business world—and never will. Some men succeed in spite of it. But usually it holds them back. And the pathos of it is that the person suffering from halitosis is usually unaware of it himself. Even his closest friends don't want to mention it to him.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis arises from some deep-rooted organic disorder; then professional help is required. But usually—and fortunately—it will yield to the regular use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle.

Listerine, recognized for half a century as the safest antiseptic, possesses properties that quickly meet and defeat halitosis. It halts food fermentation in the mouth, and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

Its systematic use this way puts you on the safe and polite side. Then you need not be disturbed with the thought of whether or not your breath is just right. You know it is.

Your druggist will supply you. He sells lots of Listerine. It has dozens of different uses as an antiseptic. Note the booklet with each bottle.—Lambert Pharmaceutical Company, St. Louis, U. S. A.



**G**ouverneur Morris's Study of Marriage and a "Good" and a "Bad" Woman—From page 67

himself, and ashamed . . . a guest in his father's house . . . a woman whom he loved for her loyalty, and of whom he had begged for disloyalty.

"The man, and the woman, Fred—" she began suddenly.

Good! Very good! She was going to keep it on *that* basis.

"—may have had some sort of a conundrum put up to them, and they may have solved it in what seemed to them the best way, and the most honest way. It's all guess work, isn't it? When it comes down to facts you think you know a lot of things that you may not know at all. I wouldn't be sure that the woman is unhappy. Suppose she didn't love her husband; but suppose she would gladly die for him, work her hands to the bone for him. Happiness is very beautiful, like the moon . . . for most people it's out of reach. There's more than one moon. Love, money, health, children, being young, that's a white moon, and it's way up high, a way, way up . . . Having something given you to take care of, and taking care of it the very best you know how—that's a moon that swims lower down, Fred. Most anybody could reach up and touch it, if they had the sand to try; but it's not so bright as the other. It doesn't seem worth while often, until it's swam past; but there's affection to be had for those that touch it; the sense of having been trusted, of being trusted, and of having done well what was hard to do . . . What if it is a blue moon, Fred? From what you have told me about this woman, I think it would hurt her, if you kept on saying things to her that she has no right to hear. I think if they wanted your help, they would ask it, if they thought it was right. And if you like them and admire them the way you say you do, you'll let them think that you believe what they want to have believed about them. From what you have said I am as sure, just as sure as you are that the man is a good man—so good, so kind, so honest, so straight, so considerate, that the woman would be a fool to leave all that behind for anything that wasn't so fine and wonderful as all that. Love isn't, you know, Fred, but once in a million times."

"**T**HE reason I talked to her the way I did," said Fred, "was because—if she had wanted to go free—and if she had liked me the way I liked her—what I mean is I thought she ought to know that there was a way out in case she wanted a way out. . . . Of course when I found out that I'd guessed all wrong, and didn't know what I thought I knew, why naturally I abandoned the topic. There's such a thing as running lickety split through the dark and thinking the gate's open, and finding that it isn't. No woman has ever been the worse for knowing me, and there's never going to be one the worse for it. . . . But you think, though, it would be all right for me to let the woman know—somehow or other—that she could count on me helping her in any way she wanted me to, at any time, and coming as fast as trains run, from any place?"

"I guess she'd know that without being told," Mary answered.

Before supper ended it was hard for

## The Better Wife

Mary to believe that Fred Jessup's declaration of love had been a real episode in her life, and not merely a logical continuation of those imaginings with which she had indulged herself during a part of the previous night. And it was not until she was once more alone in the dark that she felt herself confronted with a definite problem that had to be solved.

For it then became clear to her that the young man's declaration had not left her serene and untroubled; but hugely disturbed and excited. She had heard for the first time in her life of a love which sought not to dishonor her; but to honor her. She had imagined the love that an innocent girl inspires in the heart of a man.

**S**HE MUST all this time have been drifting into a liking for him, which differed altogether from the sort of liking she had for her father and mother. Unknown to her, until now, her youth must almost from the first have been strangely drawn toward him. It was as if at the end of a walk together she were to disavow that all the time they had been holding hands.

She was going to be hurt by this. It was hard luck. It was like one of those sudden glimpses that you sometimes have into a lovely garden, as you go rushing by in the train. And she had scolded him for making love to her! Scolded the first man who had ever told her in one and the same breath of both love and homage. She had called him down, made him think that he had offended her. It was unjust for one man to make love to another man's wife or for that wife to listen. That part was all wrong. But it hadn't been quite that. It had been just Fred trying to let her know that his love was hers, if it should ever be right for her to want it.

She wondered how she would have conducted herself if she had felt about Fred the way he felt about her? Would she have given him one of those glimpses into a lovely garden from a rushing train? Would she, while telling him that she did not love him, have let him know somehow that she did? She did not know. She did know, that even if she had felt that way toward him, she would have put a swift end to his love-making. She knew very well what sort of conduct her husband expected of her as his wife. She was glad that she had such a husband. And she was glad, too, in this matter that it was so easy for her to do as he wished. Suppose it hadn't been easy! Well, she would have snubbed Fred and called him to order just the same.

Wasn't it marvelous of Fred to have seen through the sham of her relations with Bud? But how could he see some things so clearly, and others not at all? Did he have the gift of seeing only what he hoped to see? In that case. . . . Oh, she could never be happy with a man unless he knew all about her past, and it should be to him as if it never had been! Better stick to Bud, now and forever, one and inseparable. He *knew*. And while the knowledge must always be an impassable barrier between them, still knowing, know-

ing the whole horror, he could be friendly. He did not hate.

He had begun by hating and he had passed from that to tolerance, to liking, to friendliness. That was progress in the right direction!

But another man, the man who loved her, could never pass to the other side of that cruel barbed-wire barrier of knowledge, and have left upon him one shred of his love. And if by some miracle it should seem to him that his love had come through (rent and torn but still alive and throbbing) he could not hope to keep along with it one single tatter of his self-respect.

Suppose Fred having come to her with his love, should go now and tell Bud about it? Here *was* a new thought! Suppose Bud should offer to let her go free; should insist upon it, even? Should *command* that she should go free? Well, she had *promised* to obey him.

But she would have to tell Fred. That was certain. Even if the chances were ten million to one, she could never be happy unless Fred knew; and if Fred did know, why of course he could never be happy. . . . It was all very well to talk so freely of having to tell Fred. She couldn't tell him. The secret was not hers alone. It belonged to Bud, too. It would be base to tell Fred. She would just have to take hands with him and go skating off over the thin ice, sure that they must break through some time, and wondering when!

It would be base to tell anyone that a man like Bud had, with his eyes open, married a woman like her.

**W**HY was it so hard to get to sleep? She had drunk no coffee at supper. And what was she bothering her silly head about anyway? The episode was closed . . . just an episode . . . she would tell Bud about it some day, and about all her perplexities . . . some day, long years from now . . . only an episode. It was over and must be forgotten.

And so Mary Highland fell asleep.

But there had been planted in her spirit a seed, that was to swell, and sprout, and grow, even while she slept. That was why she would wake, later in the night, weeping . . . weeping because, though that spirit of hers in which the seed had been planted was virgin soil, it was, alas, the one and only pocket of such in all her trampled garden, and by all the laws of propinquity and contamination it could never grow the beautiful puritan pansies, with their holy odor; but only the rose, which as all men know is only half beauty and sweetness and the rest thorns.

Going down to breakfast the next morning with slow steps upon the stair, wonder troubled her and fear. She was afraid of her own eyes. She could not meet them. It was they that had told him that her marriage with Bud was indeed no marriage. They had told him one grave and mysterious secret which belonged to Bud and herself alone to know. How now should she prevent the traitors from telling him still another?

Meanwhile Bud is in New York and thrown into contact with the first "wife." Will he make comparisons unfavorable to Mary? Can the two, in separation, find closer association? See *Hearst's International* for November.



# Marion Davies

NEVER in history has there been such a romance as that of Mary Tudor, the Princess who preferred Love in a cottage to a Throne. Through the centuries they have called it

*The Sweetest Story Ever Told.*



CHARLES MAJOR wrote an immortal novel around the life of Princess Mary, and Cosmopolitan Productions, with Marion Davies as the star, has made it into the greatest and most beautiful motion picture ever screened. It was directed by Robert G. Vignola.



## IN When Knighthood Was in Flower



¶ *Frazier Hunt Describes the Present Liquor Fight in Europe—Continued from page 19*

## The World War on Booze

the importation of Spanish wines containing not more than twenty-one percent of alcohol. In case of refusal the penalty was to be a prohibitive duty on split-cod, which constitutes from sixty percent to eighty percent of the total exports, and most of which was bought by Spain.

An attempt was made at once to organize prohibition sentiment throughout the world, and at the Anti-Alcohol Congress held last year in Lausanne, all sorts of schemes to force Spain to withdraw her ultimatum were considered. A boycott of Spanish fruits and merchandise was put forward by some of the European delegates, but all that was actually done was the sending of an address signed by 500 temperance leaders throughout the world to the King of Spain. No attention was paid to this, and this spring, despite official protest, the Parliament of Iceland repealed its prohibition law to permit the importation of Spanish wines. A concession, however, was won to the extent that the law was to be of only one year's duration.

IN A SLIGHTLY less high-handed way, practically the same thing is being done to Norway by France and Spain. For a number of years the temperance movement had been steadily growing stronger in Norway, until finally a law was passed limiting the sale and importation of wines and spirits of more than twelve percent alcohol.

To French and Spanish wine exporters this twelve percent limit is an unfortunate test. Many of their most exportable wines contain up to fourteen percent alcohol and consequently they were excluded. So the economic screws were applied to Norway.

Not only is she being forced to permit the importation of wine fourteen percent alcohol but must buy 400,000 liters of spirits from France and 500,000 liters of wines from Spain annually. Norway is learning her wet lesson.

But Spain, France, and Italy are not the only countries that are laying on the heavy hand of economic pressure and the threat of trade boycott in behalf of their wine exporters. At the end of June of this year Austria, broken, helpless, and hopeless, decided on a desperate attempt to balance her budget by tremendous increases in taxation of wine, spirits, tobacco, and a number of other articles. This included great increases in import duties, as well as local excise taxes.

Now Austria imports the greater portion of her foreign wines from her neighbor Hungary, and the minute that Hungary heard of the proposal to increase the duties on her wines—and consequently by greatly increasing the price decrease the consumption—she announced that it would be impossible to permit the further exportation of her cattle and her flour into half-starving Austria.

She wasn't going to permit—and she DIDN'T permit—any tampering with her wine exportation. She had a method of trade reprisal in her hand and she did not hesitate to make use of it.

To one who has made even the most superficial investigation of world temper-

ance conditions, there is not the slightest doubt that the wine-growing nations of Europe—and especially France, Spain, and Italy—are working in close harmony to keep anti-wine legislation from being passed in other countries, and to break down any legislation that may have already been enacted. In all these countries the wine and spirits interests are splendidly entrenched in both political and governmental circles. With the exception of small groups of anti-spirits deputies in both the French and Italian chambers, their legislators stand out against any genuine temperance legislation.

Practically all the great papers and magazines of Europe—with the exception of the Socialist press—are under the inspiration of the anti-Prohibition interests.

TODAY the temperance idea is slowly penetrating across every border, into every forgotten valley, and to the farthest backwaters of Europe and the world. Its strength lies in the power of an Idea—a determined Idea that is being blown about the world by every chance wind.

The interference of American prohibition "fanatics" and "cranks" is after all a small factor in this world movement. A little enthusiasm, a little push ahead, a little genius for organization, and money is all that American prohibition interventionists are giving and can give. Their influence has been tremendously over-estimated by the anti-temperance forces. These wet interests saw the thing growing and like an angry bull they saw nothing but the red flag waving in front of their eyes.

I went to considerable pains to find out just how many American prohibition organizers had been busy in Europe, and as near as possible how much money had been spent here. Following is a list of the American men and women who have done either paid or voluntary lecturing and organizing in Europe in the interest of world prohibition during the last three years:

Pussyfoot Johnson; D. Leigh Colvin; Harry S. Warner; Mrs. D. K. Livingston; Judge Pollock; Bishop James Cannon; Dr. H. H. Russell; Dr. David Ostlund; Henry Beach Carre; V. G. Hinshaw; E. L. G. Hohenthal; Dr. Clarence T. Wilson; John G. Woolley.

OF THESE men only John G. Woolley and Pussyfoot Johnson are doing active work as I write. Mr. Woolley is lecturing in the Scandinavian countries and Mr. Johnson has just returned to London from the United States, en route to Australia and New Zealand. Mr. E. L. G. Hohenthal returned to America the last of June from several months' active organizing work in Central Europe. In connection with V. G. Hinshaw—both working under the Prohibition Foundation of Illinois—Mr. Hohenthal organized national temperance committees in Vienna, Prague, and Budapest and did considerable lecturing and temperance organizing in Germany.

In Austria the Temperance Committee, under the leadership of the President of the

Austrian Republic, is to receive \$1,000 from the Prohibition Foundation and \$1,000 from the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition, and Public Morals. A sum of \$500 a year was promised the Hungarian Committee to carry on its dry propaganda and assist in paying a dry organizer.

Other sums of money are being contributed from American sources toward the international dry propaganda in France and Italy, and toward the upkeep of an office by the World League Against Alcoholism in London, but nowhere is it any considerable amount: probably the total amount of American money spent during any one year in Europe would total little more than \$25,000—a small figure in comparison to the hundreds of thousands of dollars that are claimed by the West to be pouring into Europe to make it dry. And a small figure, likewise, in comparison to the quarter of a million dollars the American prohibition enthusiasts themselves declare they are about to spend.

From a long article in the February 18, 1922, number of the American Issue on the plans of the World League Against Alcoholism under the title of "World Prohibition Campaign This Year Will Be Extensive, Asserts Secretary," I cull this paragraph:

"The budget for World Prohibition this year is \$250,000, of which \$145,000 will be provided by constituents of the Anti-Saloon League, and the remainder will come from other countries."

This is extremely interesting—but that is all. It is part of the dry propaganda. From my own investigations I question if twenty percent of that amount was spent by American prohibition organizers in all the world in 1921—or will be spent this present year.

Behind this whole world dry movement lies a certain unquestionable missionary fervor and determination. Men go into it as they might go into a holy crusade. In the same number of the American Issue from which I quoted the paragraph on estimated expenditure, I find this:

"As the church was compelled to carry the gospel into other lands to save its soul, so America must carry the prohibition gospel into other nations to save Prohibition at home. If the movement of world Prohibition is to take organized form in the nations, the sentiment that now exists in every part of the globe must be crystallized into public opinion."

That is an open declaration of war.

What will be the result?

The dries claim they will capture the world in 10-20-30 years. Their slogans vary from "A Dry World In 1930" to "A Dry World in 1950."

The wets, like the Magyars of Hungary, cry, "No! No! Never!"

*In his next article Frazier Hunt will tell of the exact liquor status in France—what the French drink and how much. His report upsets the ancient fable of wine and nothing else, and gives a clear idea of the present fight between the dry and wet forces. See Hearst's International for November.*

# Making Your Hair *Improve* Your Looks



## How To Have Beautiful Hair—and Make Yourself More Attractive.

EVERYWHERE you go your hair is noticed most critically.

People judge you by its appearance.

It tells the world what you are.

If you wear your hair becomingly and always have it beautifully clean and well-kept, it adds more than anything else to your attractiveness and charm.

Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

Study your hair, take a hand mirror and look at the front, the sides and the back. Try doing it up in various ways. See just how it looks best.

A slight change in the way you dress your hair, or in the way you care for it, makes all the difference in the world in its appearance.

To caring for the hair, shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

### A Simple, Easy Method

FIRST, put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified evenly over the

hair and rub it thoroughly all over the scalp and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance or rich, creamy lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water.

Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

### Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

THIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will

### Dress Your Hair To Emphasize Your Best Lines Only

Begin by studying your profile. If you have a short nose, do not put your hair on the top of your head; if you have a round, full face, do not fluff your hair out too much at the sides; if your face is very thin and long, then you should fluff your hair out at the sides. The woman with the full face and double chin should wear her hair high. All these and other individual features must be taken into consideration in selecting the proper hair-dress. Above all, simplicity should prevail. You are always most attractive when your hair looks most natural—when it looks most like you.

keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world. A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.

### What a Child's Hair Needs

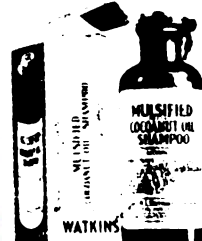
CHILDREN should be taught, early in life, that proper care of the hair is essential.

The hair and scalp should be kept perfectly clean to insure a healthy, vigorous scalp and a fine, thick, heavy head of hair.

Get your children into the habit of shampooing their hair regularly once a week. Put two or three teaspoonfuls of Mulsified in a cup or glass with a little warm water. Then wet the hair and scalp with clear warm water. Pour the Mulsified over the hair and rub it in vigorously with the tips of the fingers. This will stimulate the scalp, make an abundance of rich, creamy lather and cleanse the hair thoroughly. It takes only a few seconds to rinse it all out when through.

You will be surprised how this regular weekly shampooing with Mulsified will improve the appearance of the hair and you will be teaching your child a habit that will be appreciated in after-life, for a luxurious head of hair is something every man and woman feels mighty proud of.

**MULSIFIED**  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.  
**COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO**







# Boncilla

## Beautifier Clasmic Pack

**B**ONCILLA Beautifier is a fragrant, grayish clasmic pack that is simply spread over the face and allowed to dry while you rest, read or go about your daily work.

While it is drying you can FEEL its exhilarating, rejuvenating effects—you can feel the pores of your skin drinking in the rejuvenating balms which Boncilla Beautifier contains, revitalizing the nerve centres and giving strength and tone to facial tissues.

You can actually feel blackheads and pimples being drawn out, droopy muscles being remolded, age lines being smoothed out by the building up of the facial muscles.

When Boncilla Beautifier clasmic pack is dry, remove it with warm water—THEN LOOK IN YOUR MIRROR.

You will be amazed, enthusiastic, delighted. You will see a face, clear, firm and fresh, reminding you of the days of sixteen. After one application you will know that here is a facial treatment that brings out your real, natural beauty, a treatment that eliminates facial defects, a natural process that revitalizes and builds up the tissues.

Be sure to get Boncilla Beautifier—The Genuine Clasmic Pack.

*Boncilla Beautifier does these definite things for the face*

on a guarantee of satisfaction or your money refunded;

1. Clears the complexion and gives it color.
2. Cleanses and closes enlarged pores.
3. Removes blackheads and pimples.
4. Lifts out the lines.
5. Rebuilds drooping facial tissues.
6. Makes the skin soft and velvety.

*Obtain the Boncilla "Pack-O-Beauty" and Convince Yourself*

That you may try Boncilla at a small cost, we have supplied most drug and department stores with the Boncilla "Pack-O-Beauty" to sell for 50c. This set contains enough Boncilla Beautifier, Boncilla Cold and Vanishing Cream and Boncilla Face Powder for three or four complete Boncilla Face Packs. If your dealer cannot supply you immediately, mail the coupon below to us with 50c and receive the Boncilla "Pack-O-Beauty" by return mail, Postpaid.

**BONCILLA PRICES**

*Boncilla Beautifier comes in three sizes:*

No. 7 Tube...\$1.00; No. 5 size Jar...\$1.50; No. 8 size Jar...\$2.25

Boncilla Cold Cream, Vanishing Cream and Boncilla Face Powder, each .75

*These four are also packed as sets, as follows:*

Milady's Vanity Set, \$2.00; Boudoir Set, \$4.50; Ideal Set No. 37, \$3.25

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*Also at Barber and Beauty Shops*

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443 EAST SOUTH STREET  
INDIANAPOLIS, IND., U. S. A.

I enclose 50 cents. Please send me by return mail, post paid, your famous Boncilla "Pack-O-Beauty."

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Address .....

City .....

State .....

### Beauty Specialists Say—

MAISON GEORGE, Chicago

"We use Boncilla on our most particular customers and certainly does all that is claimed for it."

THE EMALYNE BEAUTY SHOP.

"The very word 'Boncilla' guarantees satisfaction. In our estimation there is nothing on the market to compare with it. We are always pleased to recommend Boncilla."

ORCHID BEAUTY SHOP, Chicago.

"We have been using Boncilla Packs for almost a year, both for myself and clientele, and can frankly say that, personally, I would use no other."—Madam Debo.

WENZEL SCHOOL OF BEAUTY CULTURE.

"I find that Boncilla Beautifier brings the blood supply in a wonderful way, which is the fundamental principle in astringent applications, and I can say that anyone can use it without hesitation."—George Wenzel.





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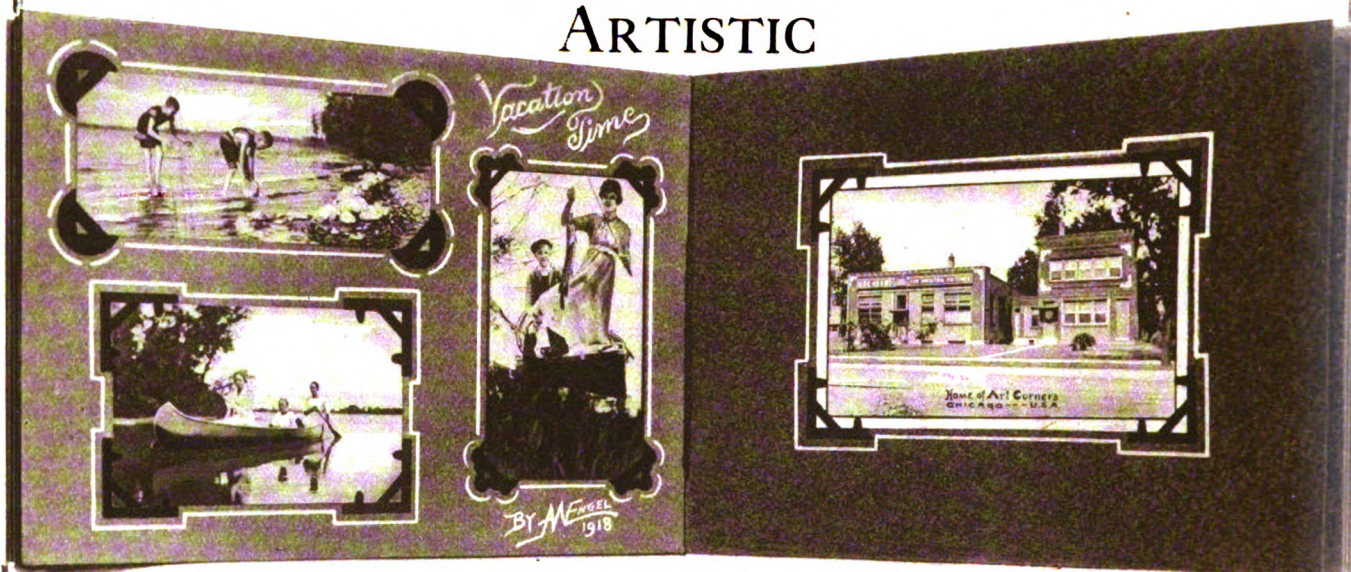
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**C** Dana Burnet's Story of a Girl Who Vowed Never to Love—Continued from page 30

## The Pale Woman

hands, the only uncompleted gesture he had ever seen her make, palms outward, as though to guard herself against him.

"No, no, Gregory—I!"

He seized her hands.

"Anna! My dear. . . . You must care for me a little. I'm sure of it. Several times. . . . we've been so close to each other. As though our minds had touched—"

"No. You must not—it is not for me!"

"Love is not for you?"

"No!" She drew away from him; looked at him with a passionate defiance. "What is love? It is something that conquers one—that drags one down. It is only a trick of life to cheat one of one's soul. I will not be cheated. I will not be beaten—"

"Tell me this," he said. "Are you free to love?"

"Yes, I am free. I am free to do, and be what I choose. And I choose to be what I am—a disembodied spirit if you like."

"Anna!"

"You think I am cruel—perhaps mad? Then listen, I will tell you. . . . In a moment."

**S**HE WALKED to the window, whose iron bars were silvered with the touch of moonlight. Finally she came back to him, and stood by the table, facing him. "Yes, I will tell you. . . ."

"I married when I was quite young. It was in Paris. I had gone there to finish my education. I met Raoul, my husband. He was charming and romantic. I was dazzled by his talk and his manner, by his fine ideals. I have told you that he was a painter. . . . He had ideals of the highest. . . . I married him."

"At once I knew that I had made a mistake. In spite of his ideals, and his wonderful talent, he was a beast. He put love on a plane that made it horrible. . . . Perhaps love is always horrible. . . . No, wait! Let me go on."

"When he found that I refused to debauch myself, he tried to drag me down to his own level. He tried in a thousand ways—subtle, clever ways—to break my resistance and to destroy my spirit. It became a struggle—a terrible, hidden struggle. I might have left him. I had reasons enough. But I was proud. I had made up my mind to stand out against him, if necessary, till the Judgment Day. That struggle was my life. Everything else was absorbed in it. I only lived to defeat him, to prove to him that I was stronger than he. . . ."

"He had other women—many of them. That was one of his ways of torturing me. 'You are too pure, Anna!' he would say, 'You don't know what love is. You wear pearls around your throat. . . .' And he would go off to his other women, hoping that it would drive me to take a lover. . . ."

"And all the time he was painting his exquisite abstractions. I used to say to him, 'Why don't you live as you paint? If life is a mood, a spiritual gesture, why don't you try to prove it?' But he would

only laugh and say, 'You are too pure, Anna. You wear your immaculate pearls around your neck.'

"Then came the war. He was called to his regiment. He spent the last night in Paris drinking in a café."

"He was wounded at the Marne, in one of the first battles of the war. They sent him back to Paris. I went to see him in the hospital. I was with him at the end. . . ."

**J**UST before he died he opened his eyes and looked at me. He had been out of his mind, but now his mind was clear. 'Anna,' he said, 'you are still pure. . . . You have beaten me. But you can't beat life. It is stronger than you are. Some day you will know what it is to be conquered, to have your soul trampled by passion, as mine has been trampled. You think you are strong. But you are weak. All flesh is weak. Some day you will find out—and I will know. Koko will watch for me and tell me. Koko will be my ambassador.' He died saying, 'You are too pure, Anna, you are too pure.'

"I drove home and swore an oath. Koko heard me. I got down on my knees in front of his cage and swore an oath. 'I will never give in to life. I will never be conquered. I will be what I am now till I die,' and I swore by the crucifix. Koko heard me."

"But—Good God!" said Morel—it was with difficulty that he kept his voice in control; he wanted to shout. "You don't mean to say you'd keep a promise made—a promise like that!"

She said, slowly and distinctly, "You will think I am mad, but I know! I know that the soul of Raoul is in that little beast, Koko. I know it as well as I know that I live. If I broke my vow, he would see. . . . He would know and laugh. . . . I should hear his laugh through eternity, as I used to hear it. . . ."

She had covered her face with her hands. Morel stared at her. He had a feeling that they were both mad. Two mad figures in a room of shadows, with bars of moonlight at the window. But he forced himself to accept the unbelievable, to speak quietly and reasonably of it.

"Even if it were true," he said. "Even if"—he could hardly bring out the sentence—"the spirit of your husband is in that—that animal, as you say it is—aren't you strong enough to defy it? What is it that keeps you bound to your oath but pride?"

"Yes. It is pride. And that pride is the dearest thing in my life. I live for that pride!"

"Anna! You can't—you love me! I'll make you love me!"

"Ah, no! Let me go. . . . Let me go. . . . Gregory. . . ."

But he held her in his arms. And gradually he felt her yielding. Her body relaxed. The words she poured out in protest became more and more confused. . . .

Then he was aware of a small gray shape huddled on the table by the lamp. It was the monkey. How it had got there he

didn't know. But there it was, its little eyes brilliant, its teeth bared in a repulsive and shocking grin.

In spite of himself, Gregory grew cold. The strength seemed to go out of his arms. It was only for a moment; but in that moment he knew that he had lost her. She stepped back from him, her slight figure grew tall.

"No. I do not love you. I will never love," she declared.

She was magnificent, proud and serene. He felt utterly hopeless as he looked at her.

"You want me to go?"

"Yes, go."

It seemed to him as if an age passed. He had lost touch with time, with any reality. Then he picked up his hat, said, "It's utter nonsense," and walked out of the house.

When the door had closed on him, Anna turned and bent over Koko, squatting on the table.

"See! I have done it. You beast, you devil—!"

The monkey lost its grin. Its eyes, which had been peering impishly into hers, shifted and glazed. The furry body appeared to shrink in the lamplight.

"Beast! Devil. I have sent him away—I have kept my vow. Beast! Devil—"

**G**REGORY sat in his armchair in the living-room, with a light beside him. He was neither smoking nor reading. He simply sat there—had sat there for hours, it seemed—struggling against a vague and persistent horror. He had a fearful sense of unreality, as if he had been living a nightmare. The very walls of his house seemed unsubstantial, filmy, letting in the figures of his dream. Anna, with her white face and red mouth. . . . Her husband, an unknown monster, wounded and laughing. . . . The monkey, with its brilliant eyes. . . .

"I must go to bed," he told himself. "I must sleep. It will all be gone and I can be rational tomorrow."

But he knew that it would not be gone. It angered him. It made him furious. He got up and walked about the room, raging. . . . How was it that a man could not fight such things? How was it that such things could be—?

They were not—and yet they were. The whole mad business was a superstition of her mind. Yet, having fixed itself upon her mind, it was real. More real, he knew now, than reality itself.

A line from Shakespeare beat insistently through his brain:

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio—"

Then, in the stillness of the late night, he heard a step on his porch and waited, breathless, for the knock that he knew would come. It came. He sprang to the door and opened it.

It was the Spanish woman, Anna's servant. She exclaimed in Spanish:

"Senor, come at once. The Senora wants you."

Gregory did not wait for explanations. He plunged past her, running out of his

gate and down the sidewalk—it was only a few steps—to Madame Courbet's gate. The servant ran after him, crying shrill phrases into the air.

He found Anna in a room off the main entrance way. Her bedroom. She was dressed as he had seen her last, but she had let down her hair. It fell below her waist, almost to her knees. Amazing. . . . And she had put around her neck the string of pearls the monkey hated.

She was bending over a box filled with straw. In the box lay the shriveled form of Koko.

She stood erect as he came into the room. She seemed dazed.

"He is dead. Koko is dead. He crawled into his box and died. Very slowly. . . . He was a long time dying. I watched him."

He said, "Anna!" But he did not move toward her. He was afraid to move, almost afraid to speak.

Suddenly she stooped and lifted the box in her arms. "Come! We will go bury Koko. We will dig a grave for him in the garden." And she laughed.

Gregory followed her, walking past the Spanish woman, who stood crossing herself and muttering incoherent prayers. . . .

Then he was in the garden, under the white glare of the moon, and someone was putting a shovel into his hands. That was absurd. A fire-shovel.

He was kneeling by the poinsettia bush, in the moonlight, digging a grave for Anna's husband's soul. No. For the monkey, dead in the box there.

The soil was sandy. It gave easily to his frenzied digging. He must hurry. He must get done with this job. He had helped more than once to dig a trench under shell-fire. It was like that, digging Koko's grave. The same need for haste, the same fear. . . .

The hole was deep enough now. Surely it was deep enough. He spoke to Anna. She lifted the body of the monkey out of the box and gave it to him. It was stiff and cold in his hands. Horrible. . . .

Anna broke a blossom off the poinsettia bush, tore the petals, and dropped them into the grave.

"Adieu, Koko! Little beast—Devil!" she murmured over the grave.

She laughed, uncertainly; and he furiously scraped the dry earth back into the hole, patting it down with the shovel. It was done. He stood up, breathing hard.

Anna put her hand to her forehead, vaguely, as if to brush away a cobweb. The pale mask of her face cleared as a fog clears from the sea when the wind blows.

"My friend—?" she said, in a low tone. "My friend!"

He put his arms around her, gently, as one might touch a person whom one finds walking in a sleep.

"Anna, I love you. I love you!"

She said, "Did I send you away tonight? No, that is something that never happened. Look, I give myself to you. . . . I give everything. I want to be yours, to crush, to drag down, to trample into the earth. . . ."

"Anna!"

The moon was on her face. She was suddenly tender, childlike. Her body was small in his arms. He trembled to touch her. They were both trembling.

"It's all right. . . . It never happened. . . . I love you. . . . It's all right. . . ."

*Coming next month! "The Return of the Swordsman," by A. S. M. Hutchinson whose novels, "If Winter Comes," and "This Freedom," are the literary sensations of the day. See Hearst's International for November, ready October 20th.*

## Henry Ford's Jew-Mania

*Norman Hapgood Shows How Liberal Thought Suffered—Continued from page 39*

employer that he practically decides whom Mr. Ford shall see in all of these matters that are outside of regular business, and is likely to remain in the room during any conference in which he wishes himself to determine the outcome. I have reason to believe that both Mrs. Ford and Edsel are opposed to the anti-Jew crusade, and have been opposed to it from the beginning, but that Liebold has been furiously in favor of it.

Creech's power is at the New York and Washington end. There was much scrambling between C. C. Daniels, C. W. Smith, Natalie De Bogory and others, when dissension began, as to who was to keep the inside track in the Ford detective work. In the end Creech emerged on top, where he still remains. While Miss De Bogory was in the office of Daniels the Russian connection was more exact, although no more real than it is now. It was through the influence of Creech that Miss De Bogory finally lost her position with Daniels. Her present relations are more closely with the Russian monarchists than they are with the American Jew-baiters.

The sleuth that now comes on our scene is 55-D.

55-D was Paul E. Tuthill. He was on the Daniels-Ford payroll; he also ran an expense account with the organization; and much of his gray matter was spent on literary and dramatic study. Especially he went over the radical magazines with a comb in order to find something to view with alarm. Likewise he kept track of more prominent publications, such as the Nation and the Survey, to see what they were doing to endanger those foundations of society held to be sacred by Brasol, Easley, Leon, and in general by the safe and eminently sane.

In the course of his literary wanderings 55-D found himself in the Rand bookstore in New York. There could be no pleas-

anter place for a sleuth seeking expressions which could be viewed with alarm. The bookstore is part of the Rand School, which became a well-known storm center when a famous, or rather notorious, New York legislature was engaged in keeping the world turning safely on its axis. This legislature undertook to prevent duly elected citizens from taking their seats as representatives, because they belonged to a minority party. One of its committees, immortal under the name of the Lusk Committee, made a report in several large volumes, full of warning, rhetoric, and absolute proof that there were contained in the United States a number of liberals and near radicals whose views on the perfect organization of society varied somewhat from those of Mr. Lusk.

**P**ERILOUS among those liberals and near radicals was the Rev. John Haynes Holmes who has already appeared in this series. Mr. Holmes is one of the most popular preachers in New York. I know him well. I frequently speak in his church. I like to compare notes with him. He strikes me as being about as gentle, peaceable, and friendly a soul as I know. His most terrifying belief is that peace is desirable, and that force is not the way to obtain either peace or progress. He regrets force, used as a substitute for persuasion, whether it is used in Moscow or resorted to in Washington.

Mr. 55-D had a somewhat different impression of Mr. Holmes. He deemed him so dangerous that a mere announcement of sermons by him was enough to show the peril lurking in the Rand bookstore. He writes:

"The Rand School bulletin board contains a permanent announcement card of the various lectures and sermons delivered at the Community Church and at the Lyric

Theater, situated in a prominent place on said bulletin board.

"Likewise while the undersigned was in the Rand School bookstore he found one of the leaflets of J. H. H. announcing forthcoming lectures. He seems to be popular there."

These scares are imbecile, of course, and would not be worth reporting, except that when the wheels get turning the sense of reality and freedom is gone, and we are on the road that led to the assassination of Rathenau and Erzberger. Much of the Ford information came from this Lusk Committee, and it is all of equal value.

We arrive now at a letter from which we omit a sentence. Our reason for omitting that sentence is characteristic of the whole series. It refers to a relative of Mr. Ford who happened at one time to find himself in an unpopular position. In our opinion this relative did no wrong, and we do not intend to appeal to mob psychology in this or any other case. In this omitted sentence, however, lay the cause that set the Ford sleuths to doing something which I leave to our readers to judge from the point of view of right and wrong.

The letter is addressed to Mr. Ford. It is from an American veteran.

It was written on the stationery of the Army and Navy Union, Brooklyn. The letter runs in part:

"Mr. Henry Ford,  
Dearborn, Mich.

"Dear Sir: We read the lines in your Dearborn Independent and note that the main trouble you have is the Jew. Kindly be advised that the Jew is not in the way of any one in the United States, only to the coward and traitor."

Then come the lines in the sentence we omit. The signature is not decipherable,

but seems at any rate to be Nath. Fried.

This letter went from Ford's office to Mr. Daniels's office in New York. Within a short time a New York lawyer and payee of Daniels joined the General George A. Custer Garrison No. 2 of the Army and Navy Union, Brooklyn, New York, and shortly thereafter there appeared in Mr. Daniels's files a notice for a meeting of the Garrison, addressed to Paul E. Tuthill, 55-D, Daniels's friend, signed by the same name Fried that was put on the letter to Mr. Ford. Thus the Ford investigator wormed himself into the heart of the organization of war veterans. We find on Fried's invitation to a meeting the words signed by Tuthill: "I will attend this meeting—55-D." 55-D had the right to join the organization of veterans, but was it honorable to do so in order to get into touch with and spy on a fellow member.

Operator 25-H was assigned to the Civil Liberties Union. 25-H is struck by the fact that this organization has as its motto, he says, a phrase credited to Thomas Jefferson, which runs, "It is time enough, for the rightful purpose of civil government, for its officers to interfere when principles break out into overt acts against peace and good order." The detective, in a report dated April 19th, 1921, informs his employer, among other things, that, on the national committee of the union were Jane Addams, Lincoln Colcord, Andrew Furuseth, Arthur Garfield Hays, John Haynes Holmes. He also turns up the fact that Helen Keller is a committee-woman of the Union.

"Charles P. Recht and Frank P. Walsh are often employed as lawyers by the civil Liberties Union," reports 25-H. Even the detective can't bring Walsh into the race he pursues, but he strives to prove that Charles Recht is a Jew.

He says also that the Chicago office of the union is run by H. Austin Simons, and adds, "Simons looks like a Jew and has a Jewish sweetheart."

Likewise 25-H reports that members of the Civil Liberties Union brought about the Congressional committee investigation of the Department of Justice. An increasing number of Americans think Palmer, Garvan, and Dougherty need investigation. Even our good President seems to have left the safe moorings of punishing people for acts and gone over to the camp of those who punish for opinion.

But the mildest exercise of reason offends our detectives. One of them got on the trail of Herbert Hoover. He did not accuse Hoover of being a Jew, but placed him in the class of General Suspects, and so the Ford detective sent to his employers a copy of a speech which Congressman Wood of Indiana had made against the Secretary of Commerce. Some people don't think Hoover radical enough to be dangerous to the extent of needing the attention of Ford detectives.

But such is the nature of persecution.

*Next month's article will show how Henry Ford forced his automobile agents to sell his anti-Jewish literature to American citizens. It will contain a lead pencil sketch by Boris Brasol, which will indicate Brasol's belief that Beiliss and two other Jews should have been convicted of murdering a child in order to drink its blood. It will also show that the so-called Russian Embassy in Washington spent money in keeping Russian monarchists busy at their propaganda in this country.*

*See Hearst's International for November.*



## As if across a desk

"New York is calling!" says the operator in San Francisco. And across an entire continent business is transacted as if across a desk.

Within arm's length of the man with a telephone are 70,000 cities, towns and villages connected by a single system. Without moving from his chair, without loss of time from his affairs, he may travel an open track to any of those places at any time of day or night.

In the private life of the individual the urgent need of instant and personal long distance communication is an emergency that comes infrequently—but it is imperative when it does come. In the business life of the nation it is a constant necessity. Without telephone service as Americans know it, industry and commerce could not operate

on their present scale. Fifty per cent more communications are transmitted by telephone than by mail. This is in spite of the fact that each telephone communication may do the work of several letters.

The pioneers who planned the telephone system realized that the value of a telephone would depend upon the number of other telephones with which it could be connected. They realized that to reach the greatest number of people in the most efficient way a single system and a universal service would be essential.

By enabling a hundred million people to speak to each other at any time and across any distance, the Bell System has added significance to the motto of the nation's founders: "In union there is strength."



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*Marconi Talks to Allan L. Benson of Marvels Right at Hand—Continued from page 48*

## The Wonder World to Come

cloudy days that I began to wonder whether I could not set off certain electrical discharges that would travel through the air and be felt a short distance. The first time I tried, the discharges were felt a hundred miles away. Then I knew I had something. I could see the vision of electricity traveling by wireless around the world."

The more one sees of great inventors and great discoverers, the more one becomes impressed with the fact that an important part of such greatness is the ability to observe little things, and to speculate as to why mysterious things happen. The little things oftentimes seem the most important. It is as if great scientific possibilities always leave the tips of their tails out. The great scientists and the great inventors are the ones who see the single hair, wonder what it is attached to, and trace it to the main trunk. The earth must be strewn with clues—clues to all the inventions and discoveries that are to come—but most of us walk over them and through them without seeing. If it were not for the sharp-sighted and the inquisitive—particularly the inquisitive—we should get nowhere. Fate often plays a part, of course, as she did when she shut off the sun and made Marconi think.

MARCONI sees a certain danger to the world in the great progress that he expects during the next half-century.

"The conditions of life will be made so easy," he said, "that if people are not careful they will deteriorate. People work now because they are compelled to do so to earn a living—and it is good for them to work. But it will not much longer be necessary for a person to work more than a fraction of his time to earn a living. Then will come the danger of deterioration."

This brings up a very interesting question. Marconi says that science and invention will within the next half-century transform the world, making it a much better place in which to live.

"What do you mean by 'better'?" I asked him.

"I mean," he replied, "a place in which our control over natural forces will make life here safer, easier, and more enjoyable."

But if a scientist, fifty years ago, had declared that the invention of the telephone, electric light, the motor and the dynamo, the moving picture and the phonograph, the airplane, and the radio would transform the world, could we have doubted the result if we had believed the prophecy?

These inventions have, in a sense, transformed the world, it is true. But are people, as a whole, any happier? Does any young man say to his aged grandfather, "You should have been a young man now instead of sixty years ago?" Does any grandfather say to his grandson: "I regret that I did not live in your world when I was a boy. You are so much happier than I was in my world?"

What is the truth? Is it impossible materially to increase the value of human life as measured in the things that satisfy?

Has the electric light done little more than light factories so that men may work at night? Has the telephone only speeded up business so that men may work harder and create more wealth? Has the electric motor done little more than draw larger street cars into which more persons may be packed? Have any of these things materially increased the satisfactions of life? Have science and invention served chiefly to promote commercial ends?

AT FIRST glance it would seem so. Happiness is the only real test of the value of life, and the people as a whole are probably no happier than they were in George Washington's time. Science and invention, in serving chiefly commercialism, have brought the people more comforts, but comforts are of value only in removing discomforts. If a man is sitting on a knotty rail fence, he will find it more comfortable to move to a heavily upholstered chair. But an upholstered chair can make no man happy. At best it can only prevent him from longer enduring a certain kind of misery. Happiness is positive, not negative. It does not consist of an absence of anything. It can consist only of the presence of something—the presence of a state of mind, to be exact.

Was the world transformed by the scientific and inventive achievements of the last half-century without materially improving the mass state of mind? Are the discoveries and inventions that Marconi expects to come about during the next fifty years to leave general happiness no greater than it is? Is the world merely to be cleared of more discomforts—and perhaps be threatened with racial deterioration as the result of decreased necessity to work?

LET US analyze this situation a little. Perhaps we may be able to discover why human happiness, as a whole, was not materially increased by the achievements of the last fifty years. Is it not partly because the people have had but a limited opportunity to enjoy the things that modern achievements have created? How much increased is the happiness of the man to whom the application of electricity to transportation means only that he can ride to and from his work in an electric train and live twenty miles from his job instead of but a mile? He dislikes every foot of the twenty-mile ride.

But whose life would not be happier if he were in a position fully to enjoy all that science and invention have already made possible? There are excellent ships, running to all parts of the world—but the great majority never see them. America alone is a wealth of natural beauty—that only a few see. Motor boating is fine, automobiling is a great pleasure, and a good radio-telephone is a delight—but most persons never have any of them. And if all persons had these things they could not enjoy them without doing much less work—and Marconi fears that if we work less we shall deteriorate.

What is work? Is it making pig-iron?

Is it digging ditches? Is it driving a street car or plowing a field? These things are work—but they are also drudgery. Who need fear deterioration because he ceases to dig ditches or perform any of these tasks? Did any of these tasks ever develop anybody—make him a brainier man with a finer nature? Do we ask for our best-developed examples of the human species among those who do the bulk of the world's work? Does not desirable development come to those—and only those—whose work enables them to express themselves? Who ever expressed anything beautiful in his nature by driving a truck?

I ventured to differ from Marconi, but he held to his ground. It is ground that bears the footprints of centuries. The idea that he uttered was an old idea. I have heard Edison say the same thing, many times. From one point of view it is true. Work keeps bad men from being bad. It keeps mischievous persons out of mischief. But so does chloroform.

MARCONI was asked to consider a line of reasoning that might account for the fact that unflagging industry appears to be good for people. The reasoning followed this line: Man was born upon an inhospitable planet. The struggle for existence was intense. In the course of thousands of years he learned how to work, but he did not learn how to play—to employ leisure in a rational manner. When brief moments of leisure came to him he did not know what to do. He was as unprepared for recreation as he would have been unprepared for work if he had loafed since he came out of savagery. A certain familiarity with leisure is necessary to its best use. Marconi is not compelled to work for a living; nor are Edison, Madame Curie, Sir Oliver Lodge, Camille Flammarion and many others that might be mentioned. Such persons prefer to use their leisure in a profitable manner. They play when they want to and then go back to work, which is more play.

These men and women, it is true, are highly developed specimens. Few are prepared to follow in their footsteps. But we are all prepared, to a certain degree, to follow them in one particular. We have something useful in us that we should like to express. We should like to make a living while expressing it. That is what men and women are doing who say they like to work. Marconi was told that it was not difficult to understand why he likes to work when his work consists, to a considerable degree, in sailing the Seven Seas in his own yacht and taking note of the phenomena that he runs across. It is work worth doing, and such men as he are the only ones who can do it; but the world is for all of us and life is for all of us, and just as surely as the way to learn how to swim is to get into the water, the way to learn how to use leisure is to have leisure to use. If the necessity for working at all were suddenly removed, we should doubtless have trouble, but the amount of time in which we may do what we like and thus express our real selves should be constantly in-

creased. Otherwise, how can science and invention, however they may transform the world commercially, do much to increase the value of human life?

Marconi listened with attention. His mind did not appear to be inhospitable to the reasoning advanced, but he seemed rather to prefer his own conclusion.

Marconi is quite a different type from any that one sees in America. He has a refinement of manner that we shall some time attain but have not yet reached. He is temperamentally so elusive that it is difficult for a stranger to feel that he has a clear view of his mind.

As a close observer, and as a curious, inquisitive person, Marconi is in a very small class.

How many persons know, for instance, whether an automobile seems to make the most noise when it is approaching a listener or going away from him—or is there no apparent difference in the noise?

If there is an apparent difference, how many who have observed it have given a serious moment to reflection as to the cause of the difference?

MARCONI is an expert on noises—on sound. He has an ear that is remarkably acute; made so, probably, by long years of listening to small vibrations in a telephone receiver. He has observed that there is an apparent difference in the amount of noise that an automobile makes on different occasions, and that the noise appears to be the greatest when the machine is approaching the listener.

Marconi not only noted this apparently insignificant fact, but immediately began to speculate as to why it appeared to be so. Always alert to anything new concerning the laws that govern the traveling of sound-waves, he turned the matter over in his mind.

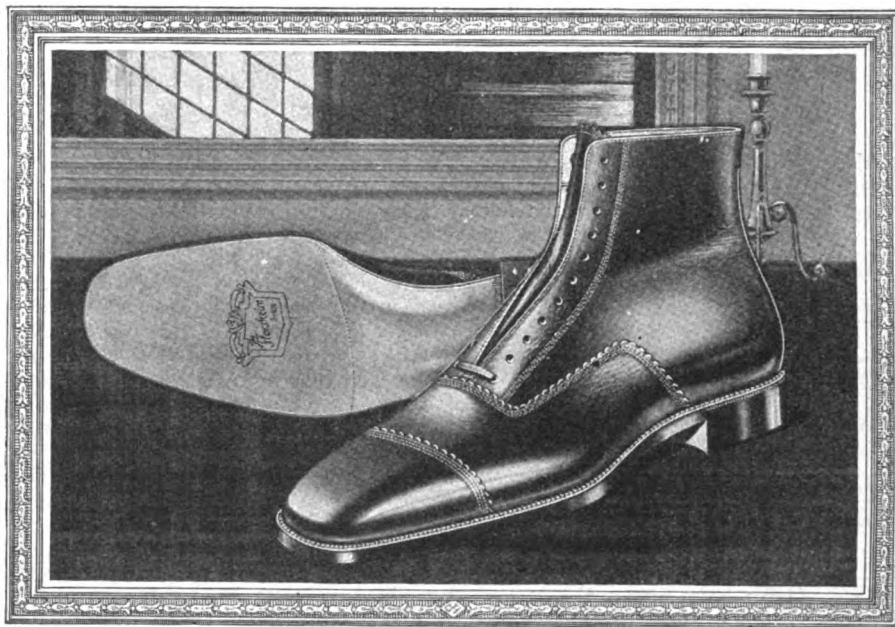
If Marconi were not employed as a scientist and an inventor, he would make a great teacher. He knows the importance of noting little things and speculating as to the cause of those that he can not explain.

Also, Marconi has great patience. One can see that in his eyes. Think of sticking a lifetime to wireless, gaining instead of losing interest the while! He feels that the wireless art is yet in its infancy, and as its father he is doing his utmost to speed it on its way toward full development.

Notwithstanding Marconi's belief that we must keep at work to keep sweet, he is a great optimist. It is not that he has a blind faith in progress. He speaks rather as one who tells of what he sees coming—of what is already within his view. What he says seems to be prophecy, but he considers it simply as advance information from one who happens to be able to see certain approaching developments before they are apparent to the rest of us.

Centuries used to come and go with everything pretty much the same, but the human mind has at last got under way. The radio came yesterday. What will come tomorrow? Marconi believes we are so close to a number of things that any one of them may come through at any time.

Do you want to keep up with scientific thought? Then you will want to read Allan L. Benson's next article on the Radio in *Hearst's International* for November.



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119 West 40th St.  
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**R.** *Royal Brown's Story of the Girl Who Wouldn't Spoon—Continued from page 76*

## Married Once But Lovers Now

To Marge, who had anticipated no danger of encountering her godmother, this fact became at once apparent. To the left of the entrance sat the latter and Dicky-Bird, at the very table she and Dicky-Bird had always looked upon as their own.

Into her mind—the mind of a woman who had shaken herself free from the shackles of sex—crept the traitor thought, "He might have chosen another table!" But aloud, she said to her companion, "Please change seats with me."

**T**his placed her with her back to the tête-à-tête at the other end of the room. She might still, if she chose, watch it, for she now faced a mirror.

Her eyes went frequently to the mirror. . . . They were tremendously self-absorbed, utterly oblivious of their surroundings.

"I," reproached the Village psychoanalyst's velvety voice, "fear that you are not listening."

"I beg your pardon," admitted Marge. "Something has changed you!" he told her. "I am psychic, I can feel it. In you the physical has suddenly awakened; you are electric with it."

He was deliberately wooing her—physically. He paused, irritated by the knowledge that her attention had again escaped him. She was staring at the mirror. Her godmother had stretched one playful shapely forefinger toward Richard. As she did so she smiled and spoke a command. Even if she had shouted it Marge could not have heard above the hubbub that the business of serving made. And yet she knew what was said.

"Kiss it!" the siren had commanded.

And Richard, after the briefest of hesitation, had obeyed.

In that particular place few gave such an incident a second thought. Marge had watched them many times, always amused. But she was not amused now. She thrust her chair back and rose, without conscious volition.

She left the restaurant without a plan. As she walked north, with even swifter step than usual, one came to her. She would go to the apartment, she would remove every last vestige of her personal effects, and she would send a moving van for her furniture—

Balzac was at home. He rose and stretched himself.

"Oh, my eye!" he said, cordially. "If you had seen what I've seen—"

Marge, ignoring him, saw enough. Across the foot of her bed was a pair of Richard's trousers, under it a pair of his shoes. She cast them out into the hall and then began to pack, in a very delirium of haste. She dragged out her trunk, pulled out bureau drawers and transferred the contents of these without care, higgledy-piggledy.

Presently a key clicked in the front door. Richard entered alone.

"Hello!" said he. And then he added quickly, "What's the big idea?"

Marge fought to keep her voice cool, impersonal. "I'm leaving you. That was

the understanding, remember. Without question—"

Richard gazed at her until her eyes fell. Then, "So I recall!" he said, coolly.

He passed along the hall. She heard him in his own room and then in the kitchen, drawing a glass of water. She had not quite expected this. She turned, grabbed up a last armful of clothing and thrust it into the trunk. Then she struggled to close the lid.

"Let me do that for you," suggested Richard, from the doorway.

"If you say one word," threatened Marge, "I'll throw this at you!"

"This" was a book.

"Don't be a little idiot," he began.

The book left her hand and, let those who libel a woman's aim take witness, it struck him full on the forehead. He paused on the threshold an instant, absolutely glaring at her, and then, for the first time during their married life, he entered her room.

"Go out!" she commanded wildly.

Nevertheless he came on. She retreated until the physical limits of the room brought her to a standstill and then she struck out at him and would have slapped him, had he not caught her wrists.

"No, you don't!" he said, grimly. "I've taken everything else you've handed me but there's a limit."

"You needn't think I didn't see you!" she flashed, breathlessly. "Sitting at our—our own table with that woman—"

"I saw you—or rather she did—sitting with that damned long-haired psychoanalyst," he flashed back.

"If you're trying to play innocent and injured don't bother. I found your trousers and your shoes in this room—"

"I slept here last night—"

"I know you did!"

"Because," he went on hotly, "I've been sleeping rotten for a long time. That damned cubby-hole you stowed me into hasn't a breath of air in it."

"Oh!" said Marge, faintly.

**T**his was lame, but she felt suddenly let down—and afraid. He looked so hard, so terrifyingly masculine in his anger.

"I'm glad," he added, "that it's come to a showdown."

He freed her wrists then. There were marks of his fingers on them, but neither saw them. He still glared at her as she, evading his eyes, saw him search his pockets. One by one he brought out certain articles, a small lumpy package, a long legal-looking envelope and a much smaller envelope. He tucked the envelopes under his arm and opened the package. The outer wrapping disclosed two smaller jewelers' boxes. He snapped them open.

In one was a plain platinum band, in the other a solitaire in a platinum setting.

He placed them on her bureau and opened the legal-looking envelope.

"I've bought a house," he said, his voice still vibrant with that curious finality. "It was to be a Christmas present to you—with the rings."

This she did not answer. She watched Richard pick up the rings and move as if to restore them to his pocket.

"You—you kissed her finger!"

"She told me to," he explained. "Because—" He paused, and suddenly remembering the smaller envelope, handed it to her. "She told me to give you this note."

Marge took it. It was addressed, plainly, to Mrs. Richard Lee. But she opened it, nevertheless, and apparently with no compunctions, and read:

Dear Child:

I'm scribbling this, hastily, in the restaurant you just left in such a hurry. And I'm hoping—many things. One is that the emancipated woman does not differ, after all, from Eve, that even nowadays one touch of jealousy still makes all women kin. And if what I hope is so, I should be an intruder if I returned to your apartment now. Will you have my things in readiness for a messenger who will come for them presently?

And that's all, except this: May you live happily forever after, or better still, may the inevitable quarrels but serve, like a thunderstorm, to clear the domestic atmosphere. That's the wish of her who is now, I hope, justified in signing herself,

Your *fair* godmother.

P. S. Having him kiss my finger was the inspiration of the moment. He was surprised—but he is quick-witted for a man.

Marge read this through twice.

"What did she say?" demanded Richard.

"Nothing—much," murmured Marge.

And then, almost against her will, she looked up at him, exquisitely shy. His eyes widened at what he saw.

"Marge!" he breathed.

In his voice now there was the age-old note that is ever new, and in spite of herself, Marge thrilled to it.

"Let's," she suggested, breathlessly, "go out and see—the house."

The light in his eyes all but blinded her, but she knew that he was offering her the rings. She hesitated and then, blushing to her pretty ears she held out her finger.

"You put them on, Dicky-Bird."

"Don't ever call me that again," he said, sharply. "I hate it."

She looked up, momentarily surprised.

"I—I won't, Richard." And then, swiftly and in spite of herself, she added, "You—you didn't care for her? At all? I—"

The rest of that was left unspoken. He crushed the words back against her lips. And thereupon Balzac rose and stretched luxuriously.

"Well," said he. "There's that!"

They planned to move him out to Westchester with them but he met a cat from the Village and—

*The title is enough to make you gasp—Her Sixth and Only Husband—and the story by Royal Brown will give you a delightful half-hour. Hearst's International for November.*



# They Said it Couldn't be Done

**Q.** *It brought heart-aches and head-aches.  
It brought days, nights and months  
of long weary hours spent in the big  
laboratory.*

*"You have no more chance of doing that  
than you have of bringing out a new gasoline  
that will compete with the Standard Oil  
business. The trusts and the big chain  
stores have been making such products for  
years. In spite of faults in their products  
of that kind, they have cornered the market.  
No, no, you haven't a chance. It can't be  
done."*

**T**HAT was the opinion, in fact it was the consensus of many and varied opinions which greeted the A. D. S. pioneers when they said they would eventually produce a dentifrice that would become first in the mouths and minds of the American public.

But, expert as the people were who gave these opinions, they did not know the calibre of the men they felt obliged to discourage.

Fifteen years ago this same A. D. S., the American Druggists Syndicate, was a very small organization of determined men banded together with little more than an idea. The idea was that the small druggists of this country could, with faith, coöperation and hard work, get together and make their own products to sell in their own stores. They would become independent of the undesirable manufacturers and jobbers who were in those days dominating the retail drug industry and sacrificing the little drug store 'round the corner.

Since then they have overcome every kind of opposition that big, powerful, aggressive competitors could put in their paths and have grown to an organization of 26,000 members. Every member is part owner, and sells his own merchandise, in his own store to his own customers. They collectively own four big factories, over a million dollars in tangible cash assets and owe not a dollar to the banks.



All this from the efforts of plain business men like your druggist and mine in the neighborhood store. They built on an iron clad policy of protecting the customer first.

Men like these see romance in such prosaic matters as tooth paste.

They knew from experience gathered in their own 26,000 stores that something better than the dentifrices then on the market could be produced. When the skeptics said it couldn't be done they smiled a little, sent their own chemists to their laboratories and said, figuratively—Watch us.

The fight with the problem was not easy. It brought heart-aches and head-aches. It brought days, nights and months of long weary hours spent in the big laboratory in Long Island City when success seemed to knock at the door and refused to enter.

But success came. It came in the early hours of a Spring morning when the sun was shaming the electric bulbs. It came in the form of a wonderful combination of ingredients based upon an application of the cleansing and germicidal action of oxygen which, when used properly, cleanses the most secretive corners of the teeth and gums. With the combination, there are other ingredients, gentle in action but highly efficient in removing film.

It was a wonderful day for the A. D. S. when the Chemist in Chief walked into the office of President C. H. Goddard and announced simply, "We have found it." And Goddard knew that it was found, that there was not an iota of doubt, because this quiet, soft-spoken man of science had said so.

It was then that the series of tests began—tests so exhaustive in thoroughness as to amaze the layman at

the earnestness of this unique organization.

When it was proved to every one within the organization that this dentifrice would cleanse every available crevice in a tooth and that it would help to keep the gums healthy, it also had to be proved that it had no suspicion of grit that might injure even delicate enamel. Along with these advantages it had to leave a pleasing taste in the mouth of the user, and, just as important, it had to flow freely from the tube, to insure economy to the last brush full.

That was the ideal set by the A. D. S.

To make a long story short—they proved these points. They proved them even to the satisfaction of their own skeptics. Office boys, factory girls, executives, even the president himself were used as subjects for try-outs. One or two trials were not enough. They extended over periods of months.

Nor were private opinions allowed to influence judgment of results. Only the white, shining, healthy teeth were entered as evidence. And they furnished brilliant testimony in every mouth which was tested.

When congratulations were tendered officially to the Chief Chemist his reply was characteristic of his profession.

"All the credit," he said, "belongs to the basic products we use for our Chlor-E-Dixo—they are mild agents that good doctors have been using for years as mouth antiseptics. Our achievement was simply the combination of these into an ideal tooth paste."

It is one matter to satisfy people who know you, of the worthiness of a product you make, but it is another matter entirely to satisfy the general public. So these 26,000 men who own the A. D. S. set about the task with their usual thoroughness. They relied chiefly upon the ability of the American public, who have the finest teeth of any people in the world, to judge for themselves.

Without any of the usually expensive preliminary advertising, thousands of tubes of this new tooth

paste were given away free of charge. Men, women and children in all walks of life received samples.

In every case possible the recipient was asked to use it and give an honest opinion. Frankness without reservation was invited. In many cases, the A. D. S. druggist who was giving away the tube did not let his customer know that he had more than the usual interest in the dentifrice.

It was the impressive shoal of letters from the American public telling of healthy white teeth as a result of Chlor-E-Dixo which convinced the A. D. S. that they were right in trusting to public judgment. These letters came from all parts of the country, from people in every station in life. From hundreds who could afford a more expensive tooth paste, and from other hundreds whose circumstances compelled close economy.

Though these people represented thousands of families and would make a total requiring many cyphers, it was only a small part of the hundred and ten million people of the United States.

How to get the story across to the great majority was another problem until some one thought of the actors and moving picture stars. If such people, the most particular in the world, when choosing toilet preparations, were to become convinced that Chlor-E-Dixo was among the best tooth pastes to be found it would be wonderful advertising value for the A. D. S.

Audiences of millions see their smiling teeth every day. Thousands of people follow their leads in toilet preparations.

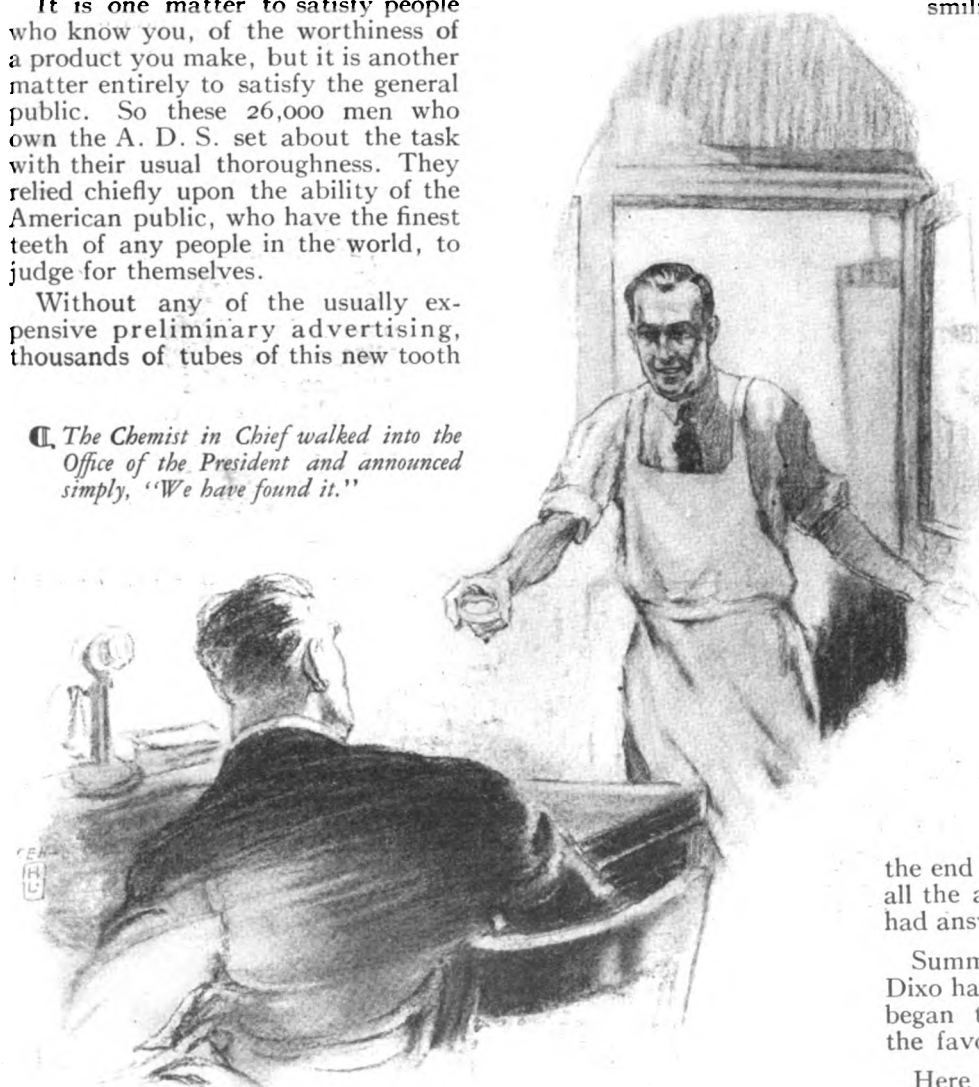
Therefore, Chlor-E-Dixo was given this supreme test.

A list of actors and actresses whose talent was combined with charm of appearance was sent an ordinary trial tube. They were invited to give it a trial and though they were also asked to give an expression as to results there was not much hope of these busy people being able to comply. Every hour of their day is filled.

Along went a week, two weeks and nothing happened. There was no surprise or disappointment. Nothing better was expected. But imagine the joy in the A. D. S. offices when letters from the Pacific Coast began to trickle in. The first one was clutched and opened with eager anticipation. Then more came. Then more. Before the end of the month the greater part of all the actors and actresses written to had answered.

Summed up they said that Chlor-E-Dixo had scored a smashing victory. It began to look as if it were to become the favorite dentifrice of the profession.

Here is what they said—in their own words:



*The Chemist in Chief walked into the Office of the President and announced simply, "We have found it."*



**Hope Hampton**

"Night and morning when an acid mouth will do much damage to the teeth, I brush my teeth with Chlor-E-Dixo Tooth Paste. It keeps them pearly white."

**Pearl White**

"Chlor-E-Dixo is my choice because I know it is the tooth paste for an acid mouth and also that it never hardens in the tube."



**Anne Luther**

"I use Chlor-E-Dixo and strongly recommend it to all my friends. I find it most refreshing, leaving a pleasant taste, keeping gums firm and teeth white."



**Carmel Myers**

"I have never found anything to equal Chlor-E-Dixo Tooth Paste as a cleanser and as a pleasing mouth antiseptic. It has proved valuable."



**Rockcliffe  
Fellows**

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## Partners Again

**MAWRUSS**—The gasoline we admit, but blowouts? Say, who told you to drive on streets where there's laying around beer bottles?

In the end the partners decide to give up the agency of the Schenckmann Six.

**MARKS**—But what am I going to tell the Schenckmann Company?

**ABE**—When Mrs. Sammett goes we will tell you what you can tell them.

**MARKS**—Well, Rabiner, this is a nice thing you are doing for your old friends.

**MAWRUSS**—Speak for yourself, Markie, not us. If the Schenckmann Six is no good we want to know about it, and we are much obliged to Rabiner for telling us.

**MOZART**—Maybe I could have been a bit more considerate of you boys.

**MAWRUSS**—That's all right, Mozart. Whatever you have lost, we will see it is made good.

**ABE**—Come, Markie, don't look so rachmonos. You could easy find somebody to take the agency of the Schenckmann Six.

**MARKS**—But I don't want to find anybody else. I want to get from under myself, and I would do it, too, if you boys would keep the agency for a month.

**MAWRUSS**—Another month? No, we wouldn't keep it for another hour. Every minute, every second, something is happening to them Schenckmann Sixes.

**ABE**—And he expects that we should sit here for another month while all over New York springs is breaking, tires is blowing up, batteries are dying, and we've got to be the undertakers yet.

**MOZART**—Why don't you get them the agency for a decent car?

**MARKS**—That's what I want to do. Listen, boys. In a month at the latest there is going to be a car marketed which will revolutionize the automobile business.

**MARKS** launches into an enthusiastic description of the new car, its engine designed by a high-class inventor, and about to be vouched for by an expert assigned by Feldman, the partners' own attorney. The conference is interrupted by Officer Miller, patrolman on the beat, to complain that Marks's car has been left too near the fire hydrant. Marks and Rabiner depart, all having agreed to resume the discussion of Marks's project at one o'clock, when he will produce inventor and expert despite Abe's "Inventor! Expert! Ai, tzuris!" Officer Miller waits to give another bit of information, which is that the partners' handsome, honest-eyed frank-voiced foreman is a former pick-pocket, discharged seven or eight years ago from the Elmira Reformatory.

**MAWRUSS** (summing up the morning's findings)—Well, Abe, when you pick 'em, you certainly pick 'em right. For a car you pick a wheelbarrow and for a foreman you pick a pickpocket.

But these two soft-hearted employers cannot bring themselves to discharge their accused foreman, though Mawruss at first strongly urges it. Then comes Rosie, called always fondly by Abe, "Mommer,"

followed soon by Tillie Friedman, a cousin by marriage of the senior partner. Tillie's daughter, Hattie, has come with them. She is no longer the awkward little girl with the crooked teeth that Abe remembered. Her grace and beauty are enough to disturb even the seldom susceptible Mawruss out of his almost never-failing poise. Hattie is engaged on the spot as stenographer, receiving as her first assignment the task of hiding behind the screen with her notebook when the partners take up again at one o'clock Marks's project of the new car and the new company. Rosie and Tillie have gone, Marks and Rabiner returned, with Bates, the inventor, and Gibbs, the expert. Abe's instructions to Hattie were to "go behind the screen there and just put down what you think would sound favorable to us if it ever comes to a show-down in a bankruptcy office." (It was in a bankruptcy office that Hattie had formerly been employed). Bates praises his new engine, Gibbs indorses it, Mawruss and Rabiner are impressed, but Abe holds back. A hunch warns him not to go in.

**MOZART**—You mean to say these gentlemen don't know what they are talking about?

**ABE**—I don't mean to say anything. They know automobiles, but they don't know me. Some people, if they get shot with a gun, the bullet is made of gold and it hits them in the pocket, but with my luck, a strong swimmer could drown from a hot-water bag busting.

After further unavailing discussion the others leave, to get the new scheme immediately under way. Bates is delayed, gathering together his papers and drawings. The junior member of the firm fires a shot:

**MAWRUSS**—Any swimmer that can drown from a hot-water bag should try his luck in the sink.

**ABE** (disconsolate)—Ai, that's the way it goes. For years and years you work to get where you are, and when you get there where *are* you? (He takes his hat and calls the new stenographer.)

**HATTIE**—Yes, Mr. Potash.

**ABE**—Bring your pad and come with me to Feldman's office.

**HATTIE**—Then you *have* changed your mind?

**ABE**—I ain't changed my mind. I ain't got no mind. I lost it when I went into business with Mawruss Perlmutter. I wish I was dead—God forbid! (Dan has just come in.)

**HATTIE**—Dan says that your record of the sales are just as incomplete as your gas sales.

**MAWRUSS**—In future, Dan, if you have something to say like you said to Miss Friedman, tell us and not her.

Dan goes out but returns suddenly to find the office empty, except for Bates, who is still fumbling papers on Abe's desk.

**DAN**—Dumbwaiter Joel! What are you doing here!"

But Dan does not give Bates away. He insists he is now on the level, and the two men work together in the shop, while in the office the partners and Hattie are busy

selling stock in the new company. The collapse of the Schenckmann was utter and complete, its end marked by a suit for \$8,000 brought against the manufacturer. On the day that the first model of the new car is to be assembled and exhibited, while Abe, Mawruss, and Hattie are busy with correspondence, one item of which has been a bitter letter to one Small, dictated by Mawruss and returning a proffered check for \$200 with the stinging information that the firm is making automobiles, not shoe-laces, Marks Pasinski and Mozart Rabiner enter, in a state of great and delighted excitement.

**MARKS**—Boys, boys, we've got great news for you!

**MOZART**—This is the best yet.

**MARKS**—I never thought we could put it over, but we did.

**MAWRUSS** (impatient)—All right, all right. Cut it for aces low. Only tell us what it is. Nobody gets heart trouble from good news.

**MARKS**—Well, who do you think is coming here?

**MAWRUSS**—Lloyd George. No. Charlie Chaplin. No. We should know who is coming. Tell us.

**MARKS**—Schenckmann.

**ABE**—And what should *we* do, hire a brass band? Four of his rotten cars we got on hand now, and \$8,000 we had to pay back to our old competitors.

**MAWRUSS**—Never mind; as soon as Feldman's clerks can serve him with the summons we'll make that rosher pay up.

**ABE**—He's hiding on us. Them summons servers had been laying for him day and night, and so far they ain't succeeded in even seeing him.

**MAWRUSS**—It's all right; they'll get him yet. He ain't got a defense in the world and he's good for any judgment.

**MARKS**—But boys, you don't know what Schenckmann is coming for.

**ABE**—And we don't *want* to know. A highwayman, a robber! Let him come. I'll kick him out.

**MARKS**—Now I got to laugh—ha, ha! Maybe you'd drop this out, too.

**MAWRUSS**—What's this?

**ABE**—It's a check for a hundred thousand dollars.

**MOZART**—Yes, and he's coming around in half an hour to watch the assembling of the Climax Four, and if he's satisfied with it he'll invest nine hundred thousand more.

**I**NTO this tense atmosphere, while the partners are waiting the arrival of Schenckmann and the assembling of the Climax Four, Rosie and Tillie inopportunely project themselves, Tillie shedding torrents of tears because of the fact that Dan has been calling every evening to see Hattie. Tillie has other plans for Hattie's future, and Abe must do his duty.

**DAN** (whom he has summoned)—You want me, Mr. Potash?

**MAWRUSS** (unstrung by Tillie's tears, which have begun to flow again)—Come, Rosie, take her outside and dry her off.



## PETER B. KYNE'S

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Abe and Dan are at length left alone, and Abe begins the ordeal by offering Dan a cigar. When he admits that somebody has been advising the partners to get rid of their foreman, Abe is startled by Dan's admission that this is not the first place he has lost for the same reason. Dan is still more startled by the information that it is not his prison record to which objection is now made.

ABE—Say, say, all this we knew three months ago.

DAN—You knew it three months ago! And you never said anything!

ABE—Say, what is vorbei is vorbei.

DAN—And you let me go on working here when you knew I was an ex-convict?

ABE—What you used to was don't concern us.

DAN (rising)—I'm not good at thanking people, but I hope there'll come a time when I'll be able to show you how I feel toward you and Mr. Perlmutter.

ABE—Don't mention it.

DAN (resuming his seat)—I won't. And now what am I getting fired for this time?

ABE—Who said you are getting fired?

DAN—Well, what am I getting—a raise?

ABE—If you work hard the way you have done you'll get a raise before long, but just now you're getting a call-down.

When the facts are brought forward, Dan insists that he and Hattie are merely good friends.

DAN—Hattie and I have a good time talking over things.

ABE—Now, listen, Dan, don't throw me no bluffs. Even if you took a dictionary along, in three nights you'd get talked out.

HATTIE (who has been summoned into the presence of Mr. Potash to help him prove to Dan that his accusations are well grounded)—What is it, Mr. Potash?

ABE—Now, Hattie, in the first place, I suppose you know that this young feller has been calling on you night after night?

HATTIE—I ought to—I was there.

ABE—And you have a lot to say?

HATTIE—We should have! We were both there!

ABE—Then he has told you all about himself?

HATTIE—He has.

ABE—See, what did I tell you? Why, no sensible girl in her right mind would take any chances on marrying a man like you.

DAN—Mr. Potash, for heaven's sake, don't go any further! There hasn't been the slightest idea of such a thing.

ABE—Hasn't there? Well, there's going to be right here and now. Hattie, I want to ask you black on white: would you consider such a thing as marrying a feller like this young feller?

HATTIE—But he has never asked me.

ABE—Did I ask you if he asked you?

HATTIE—But how can I answer you, unless he did ask me?

ABE—All right, ask her.

DAN—But, Mr. Potash, you don't understand.

ABE—I understand everything. If you don't ask her, I'll ask her for you. Speak up, Hattie. Nobody's going to blame you for throwing him down. Now then, what's your answer? You ain't going to marry him, are you?

HATTIE—Yes.

ABE—You mean, yes, you ain't.

HATTIE (throwing herself into Dan's out-

stretched arms)—I mean, yes, I am, I will.

In gratitude to Abe and in sympathy for his dismay at the sudden overturning of his plans, Dan brings out his beloved bottle of patent fuel.

ABE—Say, put that away before I smash it.

DAN—Don't smash it; it's your last chance. Your only hope is to stake us to a few hundred dollars' worth of furniture in exchange for a half-interest in this.

ABE—I wouldn't give you ten cents for a whole interest in it.

DAN—Why not? You're protected. I've got a patent on it from Washington. Right now it is being considered by all the big oil people.

But again Abe can be nothing but gentle. He gives the young couple a check for \$500 on the pledge that they will not get married for at least three months, and that they will say nothing about their engagement, "especially" to Hattie's mother, in the meantime.

DAN—And shall I write you a formal assignment of your half-interest?

ABE—Don't write nothing. For that machshovos your word is sufficient.

BUT all these things, terrible as they are, make but the beginnings of Abe's troubles. The great Schenckmann comes; Abe is almost successful in avoiding all errors of conversation. The lawsuit against Schenckmann is forgotten. But a young man enters hastily, supposed to be the awaited expert, and in the midst of the hearty introductions, captained by Abe himself, the young man turns out to be the process-server, and lays firmly and fondly into the palm of Schenckmann's outstretched hand, the long-avoided summons. There is a furious storm. Schenckmann departs in a rage, followed by Rabiner and Marks.

Abe descends again to the depths of anguish, and Mawruss again blames him for all their disasters: "If you was a partner in the Otis Elevator Company it would be a dumbwaiter." But Schenckmann returns, soothed by his two companions. Abe and Mawruss convince him of their good intentions. Mawruss tears the hated summons to bits. But just before the new car is rolled in, another unwelcome stranger arrives, in the person of Smith, a detective, who brands Bates as a crook, and declares the whole enterprise to be fraudulent from top to bottom. Bates breaks away, followed furiously by Dan.

PASINSKY—Ai! Abie! Ai! Mawruss! I'm bankrupt! Ruined!

MAWRUSS (to Abe, after all have gone)—Well, Abe, what do you think of your foreman now? Locks the safe after the horse has flown away.

ABE—But, Mawruss, the boy acted to me like my own son.

MAWRUSS—Your own son! A pick-pocket! a crook! And for such a swindler you do everything and your own partner you don't give a damn about. Such a tender heart you got. We was garment operators ten years ago and we got over it, he says. Well, we'll be garment operators again. We are ruined—bankrupt.

ABE—Mawruss, why did you drag me into this?



**MAWRUSS**—Why? Why do I do everything, Abe? To make a living for me and you so your family and my family could have some of the little pleasures out of life. And now that things have gone wrong you act like I would have robbed you.

**ABE**—But listen, Mawruss—

**MAWRUSS**—For twenty-five years now I've been working night and day to get you somewhere—to make you somebody—and you've held back. Something didn't suit you. This wasn't right. That wasn't right. For twenty-five years you've been a grindstone around my neck and at last you've got me down—and out. I hope you're satisfied.

**ABE** (in deepest dejection)—All right, Mawruss, you said enough. I guess you're right. I lost my nerve. I'll go back to East Broadway—or an old man's home. Get yourself another partner—a good, live, up-to-date fellow that can keep up with you. I ain't got it in me no more. I'm through.

**MAWRUSS** (pacing the floor)—Listen, Abe. After all, what's the use of talking like that? We all make mistakes. You must remember we've been partners twenty-five years. After twenty-five years (tenderly) a partner ain't only a partner. He's (hesitating) a habit. Of course I could swear off from a habit—like you—but it is not so easy to do that. Say, I could go into business for myself, but we're so used to each other now—and—who the hell am I going to fight with?

**SIX WEEKS** later the entire group is herded into the sumptuous chambers of the United States Commissioner, before whom Schenckmann is pressing suit involving ten criminal charges. Beside his own claim for \$100,000, he represents other investors and creditors of the exploded corporation. Abe laments the gloomy prospects of the Atlanta penitentiary. Rosie arrives with the tearful Tillie, more tearful than ever, for Hattie has followed Dan, God knows where. Abe, in the periods of despair that follow occasional gleams of hope at some optimistic remark of lawyer Feldman, instructs Rosie as to what she shall send or bring him to cheer up and make safe his prison life.

**ABE**—You would be able to see me visiting days, mommer, and you could bring me newspapers and once in a while a little soup.

Hattie arrives breathless, and with a special word to Abe from Dan that he will always be grateful for what the senior partner did for Hattie and himself. Then the secret comes out, that it was Abe himself who brought to a climax their innocent friendship, and that Dan had verbally made over to him a half-interest in his patent.

Hattie has brought with her the notes of the first conference with Bates the engineer, taken while she hid behind the screen. Feldman declares these will exonerate Abe.

Almost immediately, however, Feldman destroys Abe's hopes by saying that the fact of Hattie's marriage to Dan may rob her the notes of their value. She has also brought a formal assignment from Dan to the partners of a half-interest in his patent.

Suddenly Schenckmann offers to discontinue all proceedings in return for a general assignment of all stock in trade, fixtures, book accounts, if any, trademarks—and patents. All are delighted with the offer, except Mawruss.

**FELDMAN**—Oh, Perlmutter, don't look a gift horse in the mouth.

**MAWRUSS**—Say, once in a while a gift horse has false teeth. Also, Feldman, you could dry-clean a tiger till you got gasoline poisoning, and he wouldn't change his stripes, so what I want to know is, what happened in the last five minutes that made this tiger all of a sudden such a beautiful turtle dove.

**COMES** Dan himself. And with him the news that the Vulcan Refining Company has offered him \$400,000 for his patent. The sudden radiance of the situation is changed to blackness again by the further announcement from Dan that he has received a summons in a suit to set the patent aside, and that it isn't worth a cent.

**ABE**—Mommer, don't forget to send me a big bottle of bromo seltzer, if I go to prison. My head is splitting right now.

**MAWRUSS**—And if it wasn't, someone ought to split it for you. Buy a patent fuel with my money (it was the firm's check that Abe had given to the happy pair)—and it turns out to be Bevo.

But the Commissioner angrily interrupts the quarrel and faces Schenckmann with the accusation that the company suing Dan is part of the same company that is trying to buy his patent, and that Schenckmann represents both.

**SCHENCKMANN**—I'm not here to defend my business methods. My offer of five hundred thousand stands.

**DAN**—And I have an offer of what amounts to a million from another corporation.

**COMMISSIONER**—Then these men are not bankrupt at all. They're perfectly solvent.

**ABE**—Well, in that case I would like to ask you a question.

**COMMISSIONER**—Ask Feldman, not me.

**MAWRUSS**—But he wants his answer in English, not Latin.

**ABE**—We've got money in the bank, two hundred thousand, tied up by this bankruptcy. Can I draw on it to pay any of the firm's debts?

**COMMISSIONER**—This isn't official, but if you are solvent, I'd take a chance.

**ABE**—Mawruss, have you got a blank check?

**MAWRUSS**—What do you want to do with it?

**ABE**—Always asking questions! Here, give it to me. Give me a pen, somebody. Today is the 8th, ain't it? (Hattie nods.) September 7th (Abe is writing). Schenckmann, how do you spell your rotten name?

**HATTIE**—It's on the affidavit.

**ABE** (handing check to Schenckmann)—Nah! Take it, and may it bring you nothing but bad luck.

**SCHENCKMANN**—I refuse to take it. I'm going through with this proceeding.

**FELDMAN**—Go through with it and I'll get it dismissed with costs and extra allowance which you will have to pay.

**ABE**—Well, Mawruss, we owe all this to Dan, and only to think that you wanted to fire him.

**MAWRUSS**—I wanted to fire him! You wanted to fire him.

**ABE**—Who wanted to fire him? Didn't I say when you said—

**MAWRUSS**—I said! Why it was you that said it.

**ABE**—I said it! When did I said it?

[Curtain]

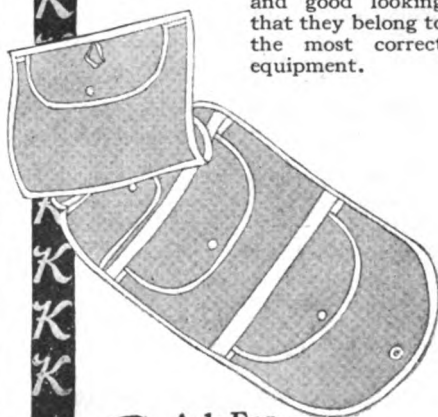


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**A** Anna Louise Strong's *New Light on a Revolutionary Nation*—Continued from page 84

## Why I Love Russia

loved them and could never weary of service.

Russia is poor; she has suffered more from foreign war and civil war and revolution than anyone in America can dream. Russians have no illusions about revolution; it is not something to be smilingly advocated in parlors. It is a grim force that tears families forever asunder, and sends fathers out to slay sons and sons to slay fathers, that hurls thousands of guilty men to death and thousands of innocent men also. It is an explosion that comes forth from oppression; and what it shall end in no man can say. But it is also fierce energy which can be organized and ridden to great ends, if men are found who are strong enough of soul.

**T**HE Communists of Russia did not make the explosion; it occurred while most of them were in exile; but when the explosion was tearing Russia asunder, they harnessed and organized it, and now they are driving it toward a goal. I love Russia, most of all perhaps, because of the courage and high daring to achieve which have come out of the Revolution.

There was a barefoot boy collecting for famine relief who came into our train at Minsk. He wore a shirt and trousers of homemade linen; it was quite clear that he had no other garments on at all. Yet he held himself with dignity as a regular official. He presented proper papers with the seal of the city; he was a member of the League of Youth, charged with public business. It was quite clear that he did not consider himself in need; he was no beggar; he was collecting for others.

Barefoot soldiers I saw also, between Moscow and Minsk. Not in winter-time; all soldiers I saw in winter-time were well clad; but in summer some of the Red guards at the stations seemed to be saving their clothes and shoes, like the rest of Russia. One youth I remember, with the red star of the army on his cap, barefoot, carrying his rifle by a piece of rope. A Polish official en route to Moscow sneered at him as we passed; but I remembered that we also in America had had our Valley Forge.

Out of the energy of revolution there have grown in Russia, right in the midst of poverty and war and famine, plans and attempts and even part successes in big, new, constructive things.

**T**HE GREAT drive against ignorance and illiteracy was one of these. Before the war eighty-five per cent of the Russian army could not read or write. Today, eighty-five per cent can read and write; the proportions are exactly reversed. The entire army, during the time when it is not actually repelling invasion, has been used as a school. All over Russia now, you go into villages and find village soviets transacting their business in writing, filling in records and even making out statistics. You assume now that people in Russia can read and write, and this was something you did not assume before the war.

Another thrilling project! I pick up a

paper in Moscow and see a dry account of the return of the Kara Sea expedition, which has been through the Arctic Ocean to establish a northern trade-route by sea to Siberia. The great rivers of Siberia are among the longest in the world, but they flow into an ice-bound ocean. The mouths of the Ob and Yenesei, two of the greatest of them, are open only for six weeks in the year.

Once in a long time some adventurous trader of the past has sailed to those rivers but no regular trade route had ever been established. There is no town at the mouth of the rivers, only a marshy waste; and there is no time to sail up them and return before frost sets in. Yet the new Russia planned and carried through a trade expedition. Five ships set sail from London and seven from Archangel. They met in the Arctic Ocean off Murmansk; they were guided among the ice-floes by a set of Government wireless stations set up for the purpose; they went single file through the bergs while the ice-cutter Lenin led the way.

At the mouth of the rivers they were met by river barges, which had come downstream laden with Siberian products; they trans-shipped cargo three miles from land, and then ocean freighters and river barges returned with their loads of goods to the place from which they had started. They had opened to regular annual trade a vast region of thousands of square miles.

**I**N THE same paper I read the plans for building within the city of Moscow a great river port, in order to connect the capital with the upper reaches of the Volga, and thence with all southeastern Russia, by water freight. Moscow is also constructing a new central market and a municipal cold-storage plant. In the small city of Samara, I found a municipal farm supplying the children's homes with milk—only the cows were dying off from famine. All over Russia 277 new electric generating stations have been built in the last four and a half years, mostly small-town and village stations which are thus raising the standard of life in country districts. And this keeps going on while Russia is cut off from all her old sources of supplies.

Most stirring of all, in the very midst of the greatest famine the world has ever known, Russia at once undertook, not only far more famine relief than all the rest of the world together, not only a stupendous sowing campaign, but also an irrigation survey over the whole of the famine region, to determine ways and means of preventing such catastrophes in future. The experts were brought together, conducted the survey and made the report during the months of the famine.

It is startling in its daring, that report. It deals not with creating one rich district out of desert, by the waters of one great river, as do our irrigation projects in the West. Russia's problem is not so simple; she must provide for thousands of villages scattered over hundreds of thousands of square miles of territory—a rolling country of many plateaus and valleys and swampy

places. It means a plan for reclaiming an entire empire of fertile but sun-baked soil.

The Russian plan calls first, for the retaining of the spring floods on the watersheds and plateaus by means of improved methods of cultivation, instead of letting them sweep all at once down barren hillsides to the streams. It calls next for small artificial lakes and reservoirs along all these little streams, some merely the size of village ponds, where the cattle may drink. The report talks daringly of 9,300 miles of rivers to be banked and regulated, thrice the distance across the United States. It deals in 50,000 gorges and gulches, in 70,000 artesian wells.

**M**UCH of this work must be done by the local peasants, but the report calls for immediate construction of certain experiment irrigation stations by the central government, in order to teach the peasant the benefits of such work. It goes on to plan the distribution of the water, not to make a few favored spots of rich production, but so that every village shall have a plot of irrigated land sufficient to preserve its life in the bad seasons. For ordinary crops the farmers must still rely on the weather; but irrigation can safeguard the emergency food and seed crops for the bare needs of the village.

I do not know when Russia will be able to afford the \$250,000,000 which she needs for the central government's part of this work. She has many more such necessary plans, which will bring great returns, but they await capital; and it is for this reason that Russia is making advances to the western world. But I am thrilled by a people which has courage to make calmly and scientifically and constructively a gorgeous plan like that, at the very moment when they are all living on black bread, without enough of that to keep millions from death.

It is the Communists of Russia who are making these plans. Not all the experts who do the work are Communists, far from it; but it is the energy and hope produced by the Revolution which gives the driving force and it is the Communist group which organizes and directs that force. I might as well admit that I love Russia because of her Communists. Not because of her communism, for communism has never yet been tried in Russia, any more than socialism has been tried in Milwaukee by the Socialist mayors there, or Christianity has been tried by the "Christian" rulers of the world. The day-by-day acts of the government of Russia have been dictated first by revolution, then by war emergency and the need of reconstruction. Communism exists only as the goal toward which they drive.

They are still driving toward it; make no mistake about that. In spite of concessions to foreign capital, in spite of free trade for the peasants, in spite of the return to capitalism in many, many forms. They know the extent of their retreat; they do not conceal it, but announce it openly. They announce and discuss publicly their next plans for [Continued on page 124]



## One woman in a hundred knows this secret

**IN EVERY** gathering there is always one girl who attracts the attention of everybody.

And she isn't always the most beautiful woman there, either. But her hair is so exquisite—so full of life and radiance that it makes her seem different from all the rest. And because she knows her hair is perfect—she really is different from all the rest.

No matter if your hair is dull, lifeless, hard to do up—or even full of dandruff, here is the secret of loveliness for you:—

Apply Wildroot Liquid Shampoo (either Wildroot Taroleum Shampoo or Wildroot Coconut Oil Shampoo) and wash as usual, rinsing

three or four times. After drying, massage Wildroot Hair Tonic into the roots of the hair with the finger tips.

You will be surprised to see how quickly you begin to get results—how light and silky your hair becomes—how easy it is to arrange it.

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For 10¢ each we will gladly mail you a traveler's size bottle of any of these three Wildroot products. Wildroot Co., Inc., Dept. H 10, Buffalo, N. Y.



# WILDROOT

## Hair Tonic *and* Liquid Shampoo



[Continued from page 122]

reaching the goal toward which they yearn.

Under the stress of war conditions, the Communists took control of far more than they find themselves able to operate; they know that they need foreign capital and foreign trade. They will pay for what they need by concessions in the wealth of Russia; and what they promise to give, they will give. But they will give no permanent possessions to capitalists, only lease-holds profitable for the time, but in the end to return to the people of Russia.

It is a gamble, of course, the biggest gamble on earth today. It is the great dramatic struggle of our age. That is why a newspaper friend wrote me, when I said I was returning to Russia (and he is by no means a Communist): "I give you good luck. You are going back to the Center of the World!"

On the one side are the holders of foreign capital, the greatest forces of world finance. They have subjugated all the nations of Asia and made of them mere payers of tribute. On the other side is a great people, hungry and in desperate need of capital, willing to pay for it at whatever rates they must, but determined not to pay for it by the sale of their independence. They will give oil, they will give coal, but they will not give their souls.

It's a gamble. The Communists know it's a gamble. They know they must put off for many years, perhaps for generations, the fulfilment of their plan. They know it will be not for them but for their children, to bring into being the new form of world order for which they have carried on a revolution and given their lives by the millions in war. They know that what they have bought by blood must be bought all over again by education and the slow tasks of productive labor, to transform the most backward country in Europe into a conscious communist state. . . . They have begun to know that they cannot ever tell what forms this state of the future may take, but can only plan, and go forward, and fail and make retreats, and learn from their failures and plan again.

That's why they are so open in confessing failures; because they want not only themselves, but the whole of the world, to learn from those failures. That's why they go up against the platitudes of European diplomats with a straightforward sincerity which smashes through pretense after pretense, and causes consternation in the ranks of those who use words to play politics and to conceal intentions. That's why they work on, in their hundred thousands, living on meager rations and with one set of clothes, obeying an iron discipline which may assign them to service in a typhus hospital or on a battle front, or as special workers to increase production in factory and mine. They are doing it to build a world for their children that they will never themselves see.

It is very simple, the way it works out in the little towns of Russia. The factory manager who went as interpreter with me on one or two trips from Samara was a very ugly man. A little Russian Jew from the East Side of New York, speaking English with a vile accent, and altogether unattractive. Then one day he took me through his factory, a little place in two half-ruined buildings making doors and windows and chairs for Samara.

He was very proud of the machines he had succeeded in putting together from pieces of old ones. He had learned the trade of machinist in New York and it came in handy. But he was proudest of all of the wages of his workers, the highest paid in the city, since he had succeeded in getting the authorities to put his factory on piece-work. They made fifteen dollars a month, which is ridiculously small for America, but is good wages in Germany and all countries east; and they got also their rations, their lodgings, and the services of the factory tailor and cobbler.

"What do you get yourself, as manager?" I asked. I learned that he got the same ration as his men, but no money wages at all. He was a Communist, mobilized for factory service, and he drew the regular Communist wage, which was once fixed at several thousand rubles, but is

now so low, because of the falling currency, that he never troubled to go and get it. It was only a cent or two per month. He thought there would be a change soon. Changes have taken place rapidly and much larger money wages are in existence; but the "Communist wage" is still below that of many skilled workers who work under the Communists.

"How do you live without money wages?" I asked.

He took me to visit his home. His wife drew the town ration, which wasn't enough to live on, so the man gave her part of his. He explained that as he did office work and the ration was planned for a manual worker, he didn't really need it all. His two children went every day to a Government children's home to be fed. Lodgings he got free, and sometimes some clothing, when there was any. "I get my share," he said firmly. "We will all get more when we produce more."

Among the men and women who are building the future Russia I seldom heard personal complaints of any kind. Other forms of complaint were plentiful—howls over the amount of red tape in the Government, the slowness of transport, the general laziness and inefficiency, howls at anybody or anything that seemed to be standing in the way of achievement. But never any one of them who complained of his own meager portion of bread. No doubt there are these complaints also, for Russians must be human; but I never heard them.

That's the group of men who stand on one side, staking their lives on a faith in the future. On the other side stands every other power on earth and all the ancient disorder of the world. It's the greatest conflict of the age, perhaps of many ages.

So that is why I love Russia and want to go back there. Because they are a friendly, loving people among whom I never feel lonely! Because they are doing fine new things with high courage! Because they are honest in confessing failures and deal in sincere plans, not platitudes! Because it is the heart of a great conflict, which affects the future history of the world.

## French Art Mocks at Convention

Willard Huntington Wright Describes Domergue's "Eve"—Continued from page 88

does any other nation. France has mastered the tools of art: her temperament is highly cultured: she is rich in tradition and prolific in production: and her esthetic nature, stemming from a combination of Germanic and Latin impulses, possesses a sensuousness and a plasticity which makes possible the conception and projection of intense and colorful images.

Consequently, there is manifest in French academic art a pervasive spirit of non-conformity, which has resulted not only in a fecundity of conception, but in an individuality of treatment. Where America possesses one John Alexander (with a characteristic flowing line), and England one Augustus John (with a distinctively decorative imprévu), France possesses a score of attractive and particularized talents, each distinguished by some intrinsic and individual quality of idea, subject-matter, spirit, or manner.

Regard, for example, the work of Jean

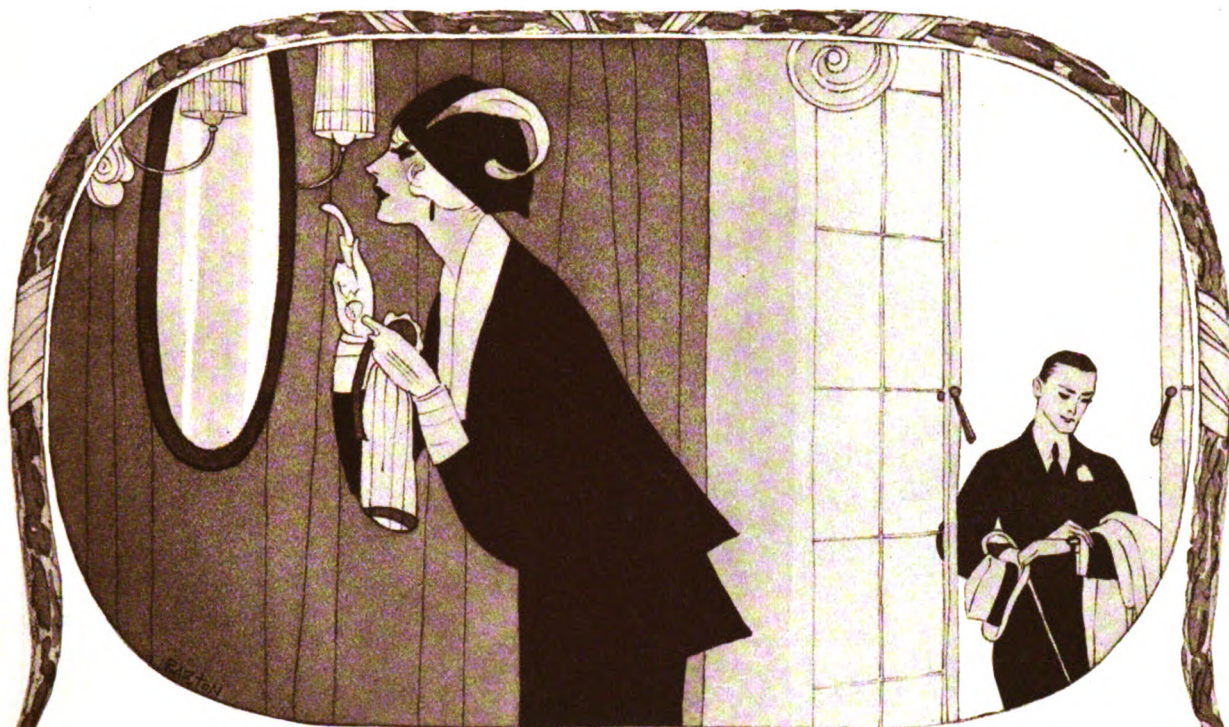
Gabriel Domergue. Here is a pictorialism essentially piquant and, at the same time, distinctive. Nor is it freakish in the sense that is Duchamp's "Nude Descending the Stairs." A layman, having studied one of Domergue's fantasies in paint, could identify almost any of his other works. Yet, his painting is academic throughout. In fact, Domergue is a well-known and familiar exhibitor in the Paris official salons. In 1920 three of his canvases were hung; and his "Fernande Cabanel" was reproduced in the official catalog.

"EVE" (from the 1921 *Salon*), which is shown herewith, despite the whimsicality and almost grotesquerie of its subject, is a conscientious attempt at linear decoration and balance of light and dark masses. Nowhere has the esthetic purpose been subordinated to the document. Indeed, it is the charming arrangement of curved and

slanting lines (the oval of the mirror, the circular folds in the gown, the silhouette of the coach, and the outlines of clouds)—together with the balanced juxtaposition of masses (as in the dark foliage, the skirt, the white torso of the woman, and the cloud formations)—which confers upon the picture its cardinal significance, and lifts it immediately out of the realm of mere diverting illustration.

However, much of its fascination and interest is due to its fantastic and somewhat unconventional subject.

The figure of Pan, the coach, the mirror, the monkey—all represent literary ideas in the painter's visualized fable of fair woman's vanity; and the treatment of the theme—the delicacy of detail, the idealized sky, the exaggeration of forms, and the like—lends it the necessary allegorical and unreal atmosphere. Were the picture treated naturalistically, the illusion would entirely be lost.



## The Art That Conceals Art

*Y*OU have spent money and *days* in the effort to produce an effect that shall be so graciously natural as to be positively beautiful. And yet the finished effect is, well, a shade *too* finished. Something resists your will to be beautiful. What shall you do? Think! What is it that softens and enhances and blends with your beauty like soft, slow music blends with the moonlight on the lake? Ah, *oui!* Just one touch of Bourjois' [pronounced Bourjoe-wah] Manon Les-

caut\* and—"So sorry I kept you waiting; my maid never was so slow!"

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# Where Barnum Went Wrong

**T**OR twenty years or so we've all been hearing Barnum's classic remark—"The public likes to be fooled."

The public has always enjoyed this biting comment, because it came from America's best loved showman.

But probably many of us had our fingers crossed even as we nodded approval.

\* \* \*

The past two years in the tire business has been a pretty good test of Barnum's famous saying.

If the public liked to be fooled, here was its heart's content. "Big Discounts" to the right. "Special Sales" to the left. "Bargains" on every corner.

Certainly no man who kept his eyes and ears open missed seeing the attempt to fool the public by drawing its attention away from the essentials of *real value*.

Why did car-owners refuse to lower their quality standards—why did more people than ever go to quality tires?

Especially U. S. Royal Cords, which they used more and more to *measure the market* when they wanted a *test of value*.

\* \* \*

In one way of speaking, Royal Cord leadership grew out of the confusing conditions put upon the tire-buyer.

---

Current prices on United States Passenger Car Tires and Tubes are not subject to Federal Excise Tax, the tax having been included.

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United States Tires  
are Good Tires

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U. S. Tire Co.

The car-owner, being a practical person, as a rule, did the *practical thing*.

He bought U. S. Royal Cord quality—and stuck to it.

The legitimate dealer lined up with the U. S. Royal Cord policy—and stuck to it.

The makers of Royal Cord Tires said "Go to a legitimate dealer"—and stuck to it.

\* \* \*

Perhaps Barnum intended his remark about the public to be taken with a grain of salt. Note that he always gave his customers a *whale of a money's worth*.



## U. S. Royal Cord Tires

United States  Rubber Company

Fifty-three  
Factories

The Oldest and Largest  
Rubber Organization in the World

Two hundred and  
thirty-five Branches



Robert Herrick's *New Novel of a Girl's Struggle and Growth*—Continued from page 14

## Her Own Life

which faced the lake. The moon had set, leaving an opaque mist upon the unruffled water. It was a still, brooding, mid-summer night. How she loved the lake, the fields, the freedom of earth and air! Suddenly a keen desire to plunge her hot body into the tranquil lake possessed her. Quickly without putting on a wrap she went downstairs, treading softly not to arouse the sleepers. As she passed the room on the ground floor where her cousin slept she could see his form on the bed through the open door, lying on one side. It made no impression on her, none at all. It was like anybody else there asleep. He meant nothing to her, nothing at all. . . .

SHE crossed the strip of lawn, feeling the grass refreshingly cool under her bare feet, and sped more rapidly down the long flight of steps to the beach. The lake was utterly still, the night so calm! As if waiting for something to happen, waiting watchfully. . . . She did not remove her nightdress, which was open at the breast permitting the cool, misty air to touch her hot skin, but began slowly, deliberately to wade out into the deep water, pausing now and then to wait and listen—for what? A faint streak of gray crossed the northern waters—the first pencil of reflected light from the rising sun. She looked at it curiously; this was but one of the myriad details of life which were so lovely. Then she resumed her slow progress, thinking what she meant to do. The water was cooling, softly lapping and soothing her heated body. Into it she meant to dive, forever—soon, very soon. But she paused. There was plenty of time. It could not be four o'clock, and the night was so beautiful, so perfectly her own. . . . Lilla never knew exactly what she would have done, whether she would have drowned herself or taken a cooling plunge and swum back to shore: the mystery remained hidden for always in the depth of her erratic nature.

Steps clattered down the wooden stairs, and her cousin's voice, trying to make itself heard and yet apparently afraid of making a noise, whispered hoarsely out of the dark: "Is that you, Lilla? Lilla! Lilla!"

He'll wake mother, thought Lilla. So he wasn't sleeping after all!

"What do you want?" she replied.

Lambert rapidly waded into the water in the direction of Lilla's voice, with a great splashing indicative of his excitement.

"What is it?" Lilla asked composedly.

"Are you trying to drown yourself?" the young man demanded, grasping her wet arm.

"What if I did?" she said, trying to free her arm. "A lot it would mean to you!" She laughed mirthlessly.

"Don't be a damn fool, Lilla!"

"Of course I could marry you!" she said tauntingly.

"Yes"—his voice was less vibrant—"if you feel that way."

"I don't want to marry you," she said with finality.

Lambert was somewhat taken aback.

They slowly walked back to the shore. Lambert dropped his hold upon her arm,

and they stood facing each other in the dim light at the edge of the lake.

"Why not?" he asked.

"I don't love you, not the least bit," she said quietly.

"It's a little late for that sort of talk, isn't it?" he suggested sullenly, and continued his own train of thought. "Of course we couldn't be married right off. But I could come back here next spring and then we might."

"Don't talk any more about it! I won't ever marry you, Lambert!" Lilla said.

"What are you going to do then?" Lambert asked after a time. Lilla made no reply. Instead she moved a little farther from him. "I don't see what has come over you," he complained. "Lilla, do you hate me?"

"I don't hate you," Lilla admitted. "And I didn't—mind—until—until—I knew!" She shuddered at the memory. "Don't talk about it any more."

"You'll feel differently later," he said with returning confidence.

Lilla turned her head and looked at him coldly. She said nothing, however. She could not make him understand the confusion in her mind and spirit. She realized how inexplicable, how purely whimsical her actions must seem to him. . . .

He put his arm around her wet body gently, protectingly, and she did not repulse him, seemed grateful for his tenderness, his nearness. They sat there for some time in the misty dawn, without words, each one thinking, near and yet very far apart. . . . When he tried to draw her closer to his embrace, to kiss her lips, muttering fiercely, "Lilla, you love me, you love me!" she roused herself and struggled free, protesting, "No, no, no, let me alone, Lambert!"

Wrenching herself free from his embrace she sped up the stairs to the house.

THE MORNING was hot and sultry; dull humid clouds hung over the lake, veiling the sun. Lilla stayed with her mother after breakfast, avoiding her cousin. At dinner Lambert said that he was leaving by the afternoon boat for Chicago. Mrs. Vance made only a feeble protest to his departure. Lilla had gone to a neighbor's after dinner, and the young man, after waiting until the last moment in the hope of seeing her, left a note for her with her mother. Mrs. Vance gave it to Lilla on her return and watched her daughter uneasily as she stood reading it. Lilla merely closed her lips more tightly and, tearing the sheet up, dropped the pieces into the stove.

There was a stifling consciousness between the two of something unsaid, something hanging in the air.

Mrs. Vance was plainly miserable, not daring to put the fearful question that had been eating into her since yesterday. Lilla was too miserable, being unable to tell what had passed to this austere, repressive mother. If it had only been her father! So both sat after the evening meal, silent, with the something between them growing. At last as they were putting out the lights Mrs. Vance asked in a strained, yet deter-

mined voice: "Lilla, did Lambert ever—ever make—ever do anything he shouldn't?"

Lilla looked straight into her mother's face and answered calmly, "No!"

Then they kissed each other good-night.

The thing between them hung heavy during the next weeks. Lilla was more at home, sometimes taking long walks into the country by herself. Once when her mother asked where she had been, she replied, "To the Grove." What possessed her to tramp the six miles to the Grove on a hot August Sunday, she could not explain. She had sat under the sycamore where Lambert Wells had first kissed her, thinking, brooding, wondering what was to happen to her, what it had meant.

THAT evening Mrs. Vance was emboldened to talk of men and love between the sexes more freely than Lilla had ever remembered, and Lilla listened to her mother's views more closely than ever before. Men, according to Mrs. Vance, were sharply divided into two classes—the moral and the immoral. The latter were all libertines, sensualists, and selfish, to be shunned by women who wished to avoid disaster. Even moral men had an entirely different nature from that of good women. They were by instinct coarser, more animal, and women must take great precautions if they wished to preserve their ascendancy with them.

"But don't women sometimes care the same way men do?"

"No," Mrs. Vance pronounced unhesitatingly. "Never the same way! They have not the same natures."

Lilla was silent, puzzled. She was in too humble a frame of mind to question her mother's dictum, and yet she was too honest, too clear-headed to accept it wholly as universal truth. Already in her brief experience of life it did not exactly tally with her own observation. She thought again of her frank, pleasure-loving father, and wondered what his relation with his wife had been. Had he been checked, repressed, because of his exuberant nature? She seemed to remember that he had been, in many little ways.

"If a girl likes to be kissed, if she feels that way—" Lilla ventured.

"No good girl likes to be kissed by a man unless she loves him, and even if she loves him and he appeals to her, on that side, there must be something wrong in her—something coarse, depraved," her mother pronounced firmly.

Lilla was silent. There was but one conclusion, and that was that she herself was far from "nice." The power in her over men which she liked to exercise, the tiptoe thrill she felt in her body, which made her want to dance instead of walk, was evidence of depravity.

Gradually the life of mother and daughter settled back into their normal routine. But the thing still remained between Lilla and her mother, pushed into the background and ignored, but always in the deeper consciousness of the two, as a division. Another letter came from Lambert





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Wells, who was waiting in Seattle for his steamer, a light letter with scarcely a hint of what had been between them. Lilla read it carefully twice, taking in all its implications. If she had been condemned to go to Alaska with him! To be alone way off there, shut up with him! She was almost convinced that her mother was right—there were but two sorts of men, and the bad sort was altogether worthless.

**I**N A curious reaction against Cousin Lambert and all that he stood for in her memory, Lilla obstinately refused to consider going east to college. She decided in a hurry that instead she would go to normal school as several of her high school friends intended to do.

"I don't want to be shut up with a lot of girls at college," she said. "I want to get out into life as soon as possible, and the quickest way is to teach!" So it was settled that in September she would make daily the long journey from Lawndale to the normal school in Chicago. . . .

When the grapes were ripe, Lilla went over to one of the vineyards and hired herself out "for something to do," as she explained. In fact she found the easy, idle life of the little cottage in close proximity to her mother, with that gulf between them, intolerable. She did not want to think, and hard physical labor was a great relief. The mechanical task in the heat and dust, with the sweat dampening her thin garments, gave her a happiness she had not known for weeks. She mingled freely with the other pickers, chiefly girls from the tenements in Chicago, off for a profitable vacation and a lark. She listened to their talk, which was not "nice" or reserved, and in spite of her mother's categories she found that she liked them. Perhaps, she thought, it was because she was no better really than they were, only more timid and less frank. They made no secret of their love affairs, which they did not take tragically. Nevertheless, her mother's doctrine of sex relations had sunk deeply into her consciousness. It was the accepted truth of books and society, which she must fit herself to accept. She began to think of herself as abnormal because apparently she had something of her father in her, of that more brutal man's nature with its coarse appetite for what was forbidden to a woman, instead of the instinctively pure woman's nature. When she found herself laughing freely with the grape-pickers, joking with the men, she would check herself, frightened. And when the thrill of her plunge into the lake subtly stirred her body, and she drove her breasts through the waves tingling and excited by their caress, she said unconvincedly:

"I'm not nice. . . . There's something wrong with me. . . . What is it?" . . .

Before she left Pitcher's Landing Lilla knew that she was not to become a mother, and gradually the experience of the summer faded into the softer background of memory, as something inexplicable and remote. But it had left its irregular mark on her consciousness, which later was to turn the balance of her life.

Normal school was a sort of treadmill like high school, though rather more exacting, through which Lilla pushed her way with fair gusto. Something told her it was not to be for always. She liked the

liberty which the long days away from Lawndale gave her, and she took the opportunity of half-holidays to explore the big sprawling city near which she had lived so many years without knowing it. She went to theaters, discovered the library and the concert hall, and began to read and think a little outside of school work.

In the middle of winter, one of the younger teachers in the Lawndale High School fell ill and asked Lilla to take her place for a fortnight. Lilla found herself sitting behind the desk in the same room where she had recently recited as a pupil trying to keep in order fifty boys and girls many of whom still called her Lil or Lilla Vance. She met them with a broad grin of understanding and did not hesitate to laugh with them over her own inexperience and mistakes. In two days, she was voted a great success by the pupils, and though her room may have been noisier than the regulations permitted, it was sufficiently industrious. Discipline was democratic and direct. As Lilla put it to her family:

"I can't throw a bluff with those kids I've known always, and I am not going to try to. I like them and they like me, and we'll work it out together. . . . It's great fun, best ever!"

**W**HEN she stepped on the platform with her confident, elastic tread, everyone in the room looked at her approvingly. She was conscious of her power, and it excited her in a new way. Very quickly she felt sure of herself at her desk among her fifty pupils. She knew that they were keen to find her tripping in algebra or Latin, and she enjoyed the joke of being caught. She was not afraid of admitting error and laughing at it, which is a sure sign of a competent teacher. So all went well until the happy fortnight was drawing to a close and Lilla expected to be obliged to return to the dull treadmill of Normal. Then one morning she was conscious that the big door beside her desk had opened and that someone was standing there watching her at her task. She divined that it was the new superintendent, a young man who had come to Lawndale from the neighboring university with a reputation for learning.

Lilla's face flamed, but she obstinately refused to turn to look at the intruder. He had come no doubt to notify her that she was no longer needed, or perhaps to see what she could do. Well, he should see; and she proceeded with the problem she was working out on the blackboard.

The young man stood by the door, supporting his chin thoughtfully in the palm of one hand as a certain distinguished university professor had the habit of doing before delivering judgment. A thin black beard completed the severity of his narrow white face. He cleared his throat. What he said was unexpected to himself as well as to the audience.

"Very good, Miss Vance. . . . Very good indeed. . . . You make a difficult subject interesting, which is a mark of the good teacher. And you secure coöperation between pupil and instructor. . . . Will you come to my office at the close of the session?"

*Lilla is on the verge of new experiences and there is no one with whom she can advise. Will she be able to fight her way through—to live her own life? See Hearst's International for November, ready October 20th.*

¶ Roland Pertwee's Story of "Mimories"—From page 51

## The Little Green Teapot

The door opened and Mother O'Donnel, bearing a tray, came into the room. She looked toward Lord Louis, whose hand was still resting upon the teapot. A flicker of alarm furrowed her brow and, setting down the tray with an odd protective gesture, she placed herself between her guest and the mantelshelf.

"Ah, now forgive me, but it's frightened I am lest an accident might befall it."

The old lady took the teapot and the little plate and set it upon the table, and while she measured out some tea from a Coronation caddy she said:

"It has been me only friend these forty-seven years."

"TEA," observed Lord Louis, offering a scone to Jill, "is a great comforter, and not the least of the blessings which come to us from the East."

But Jill had her own methods of approaching a subject.

"You were speaking of the mortgage on this cottage," she remarked innocently. "Won't you tell us more about it?"

"What more is there to tell, me dyurr? The mortgage is as old as me tinancy and past a doubt will survive it. For where would an old woman turn for twenty-five pounds with which to pay it off?"

"You might sell something, you know," said Jill, throwing a glance of awful meaning at her husband.

Mother O'Donnel shook her head.

"Ah, now, don't fret yourself with another's troubles."

"Yes, but——"

"Is the tay to your liking?"

"Lovely—but—Mrs. O'Donnel, my husband is very interested in old things. I'm sure he'd buy something of yours as a souvenir of our visit. He said he would while you were boiling the kettle—didn't you, Louis?"

He smiled engagingly from one to the other. "Covetousness is the curse of being a collector," he said. "If my wife were to perform her duty she would upbraid rather than encourage me."

"He wants to buy the"—a sudden flash of craft changed the order of the phrase—"that little green plate and perhaps the old teapot. He'd pay you—ten pounds—wouldn't you, Louis?"

"A good husband invariably agrees with his wife," came the rejoinder.

"Wouldn't you like to sell them for that?" queried Jill.

BUT MOTHER O'DONNEL had dropped her eyes and her old hand was plucking at the tablecloth in a queer aimless fashion. When she looked up they saw that her eyes were misted with tears. "Mebbe it's just a joke ye're having. Tin pound for an old taypot and a bit of a plate to kape the heat from milking the polish!"

"But it's a lovely teapot."

Jill looked at Lord Louis, but his eyes were coldly fixed upon the ceiling. For the first time she understood how hard the collector spirit can make a man. Quite obviously he was freezing his subject and for

that reason alone she took up the reins and jumped the price.

"Fifteen pounds," she said. "Fifteen."

"Seventeen ten," said Lord Louis, raising his hand as if it were at an auction.

And then they received the surprise of their lives, for the old woman struck the table a clean smart blow.

"Stop it!" she cried. "Phwat sort of people are ye to run a sale unasked in a poor woman's house and timpt her to the greatest of sacrifices. Would ye sell the hair of a dead child for a sthranger's money? Would ye barther a packet of love letthers for any sum of gol' or siller? Nay, thin let me be—let be!"

"I am sorry," said Jill; "we didn't know how you felt about it."

As quickly as it came the tempest departed and the old woman laid a hand on the sleeve of Jill's gown.

"Nay, nay. I shouldna have spoken so—ye touched me raw, that was it. Sure, and av course ye wouldna be exshpected to undershtand. 'Twas kindly mint and the A'mighty knows the blissing the money would ha' proved, but there's things beyont money—there's mimories."

THEN please forget our indiscretion," said Lord Louis. "We betrayed, I fear, a great want of gallantry which I deplore."

"It's over and forgotten."

"You teach us a lesson in civility, madam, but will you allow me, before we put the matter finally aside, to s'ate that had your feelings been otherwise, I should have been prepared to increase my offer to the sum of twenty pounds? . . . Thank you, I should enjoy another cup," he said, leaning back and stretching his legs.

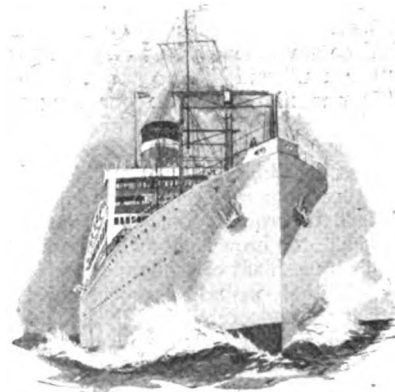
It is probable the matter would have ended at this point had not Jill been struck by the curious similarity in shape between the teapot and the first fruit mentioned in the Bible.

"Standing on that plate," she said, "it looks just like a pippin on a green leaf. Doesn't it, Louis?"

"Where the apple reddens never pry," he quoted with a smile, "lest we lose our Edens, Eve and I."

They were hardly conscious that the old woman had begun to speak; her voice fell gently on their ears, like down-drifting leaves in autumn-time. With hands resting upon the rough white cloth and eyes that looked across a valley of years, she spoke, and an infinite sadness trembled through the simple sentences of the tale.

"And iverywhere ye heard it said that me faither was a hard man. For many years he had followed the sea and the salt av it bitthered his spache long after he abandoned the tiller for the handle of a plow. Me mither, she uphild him, mebbe for raison of the prosperity they shared together. They inshpired shmall love in aught but each other and were feared as greatly in the countryside as iny of the gintlefolk from the big residences. A nip o' frost, me mither was likened to, and 'twas the same as an aist wind to have spache with me faither. 'Twas a loveless house but youth has a gladness of its



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own that naither folk nor adversity can conquer. I would run from it all and lie in the deep grass meadows and dream."

"Um-um!" said Jill.

"It was naither prince nor king who found me so, but a simple hireling lad—a teamster from a farm two valleys distant. Six feet he shtood, a shtray black lock twishting from under his hat and falling athwart the brow av him. His breast was burnt like the brown sail av a fisher's boat caught by a shlant of sunlight at the end o' day. Wish! wish! I can see him now, his feet square-planted and the blue wide-open eyes looking down upon me as I lay. I had been ashlope and, taken unawares, put out a hand to draw the shkirt over me ankles for viry modeshty. 'Be aisy,' he said, quick to read the shyness av the movement. 'Would ye cover a beauty that no dacint man could choose but reshpect?'"

"And, being young, we laughed at that and he sat beside me on the grass and we fell into talk.

"**T**HAT WAS the beginning av it. 'Twas a secret friendship of the twilight.

"Me faither came to know. It was the night he first kissed me. A dog fox barked in the valley—an ill omen that! We met me faither where the woods turn to meadows. 'Very pretty,' says he, and though the wind set gentle from the south we could feel the aist cut across our faces like a whip thong. 'And phwat is my Sheila doing on the arm of a dung-cart driver?' With that Mishael, for so he was named, loosed his hold upon me and shteepped a pace forward. 'The divil shtrike the legs from under ye,' he cried with a fury of which I could never believe he was masther. And he repeated it while me faither leant upon his blackthorn and shmiled. 'Pretty phrase,' he says thin, with an eye cocked toward me. 'Does he favor ye with love talk on such illicit lines? Be it so, thin his absince will improve upon his company. Take the hedge-gap yonder, Misther Muckcart, for I'd remind ye this meadow is mine and I've no taste for trespassers.' And he took me arm and shtarted homeward. But me Mishael had the courage of a rigiment and barred the path wi' arms folded across the breast av him. 'Shtand aside,' meniced me faither with a grip upon his blackthorn. 'Phwat sort of a tay party is ut whin a man cannot choose his own company?' 'Tis like to be the sort ye'll have to saison yoursel' to,' came the answer; 'for she and I ha' chosen ours already and naither divil nor spirk will wrest her hand from the taypot I mane to drink from.' 'And phwere's the money to come from that will fill ut? Is ut five or four shillin's a wake O'Mara pays ye to fork his midden?' Mishael's face wint dull crimson like the sun falling on a mishty evening. 'Thru, 'tis, me fortune's yet unmade,' he whispered, low and ominous. 'But I've a clane heart and a shtrong arm and, Mother of Mary, there's no dade I'd not perform to put a ring on Sheila's finger.' Achone! But he was a crafty man, me faither, and the words set a thought to work in the cold brain av him. 'That's a bether spirit,' says he. 'We'll walk to the farm and talk the question out.' Not a word was shpoken on the way but whin we enthered the kitchen he tould me mither and added: 'Lay a cloth, o' woman, and

set four cups and plates.' At me faither's direction she brought from the cupboard the bist taypot, a piece he cherished oncommon high, having brought ut from China seas whin little more than a lad."

Lord Louis raised the lid of the teapot and examined it with an added interest.

"As I told ye, me mither set it by Mishael's elbow and wint to the shtove for the kittle while he sat there, a dishpairful look upon his face. At the sight av him me faither laughed. 'Was iver so long-faced a lover!' says he. 'I wud ha' thought so mittle some a lad wud ha' sat wi' an arm about his swateheart's waist. Afther all, it may prove a long parting, for fortunes are not gathered like shards upon a highway.' 'I court in me own fashion,' replied Mishael with a show of bravado, 'but since ye suggest it—'"

She stopped and thrust the palms of her hands over her eyes.

"'Twas just that shmall action! The slave of his coat fouled the spout av the taypot and with a crash it shtruck the brick floor and shmithered into atoms. Will I iver forgit the scane that followed! Sudden as it come, the shtorm ceased and me faither pointed a finger to the fragments on the floor. 'Twas wan av two,' he says, 'in a praste's house back o' a little temple at Mansing on the Yang-tze. I tuk a knife thrust in me shoulder to pay for ut—aye, and was pursued a hundrid miles down river before I shook off the yallow divils who were afther me. And now 'tis smithered by a reeking rabbit snatcher who shovels dung for a livelihood! Ye try to shteel me daughter and ye smash me home. By God, ye shall right that sicnd wrong 'fore iver ye shall clap an eye on her ag'in.' 'Twas an accident,' shtammered Mishael. 'Show me the way to right ut and I will.' And, shtill pointing at the floor, me faither answered. 'There were two of them—go aist and bring the second.' 'I'll do ut,' he cried, and me faither shmiled, his thin lips curling down.

"The saisons came and wint. Ten years passed by, but naither word nor sight av him. Other lads came courting me but I wud ha' none av 'em. In the fall of the ninth year me faither died, and me mither followed six weeks later.

"**T**WAS a bitther winter that followed—the snowdrift in the valley yander was six feet deep and more, the shky leaden, and the wind knife-edged. Night was settin' in and I mind dhrawing a stool to the fire, and warming me hands and thinking how chill and lonesome the world could be for a woman alone. And, settin' there, I heard a knock to the strate door. 'Twas onlikely anyone wud be abroad and I hesitated to belave me ears. But prisintly the sound rep'ated and above the timpest I heard a voice which cried, 'Opin, for the love av God.' In a thrice I had the bolts drawn and the wind threw back the door upon its jambs. Leaning against the house side, his back toward the night, stud a man. But merciful Mary! 'Twas more like a corpshe he looked. Clutched to his breast was something wrapped in a bit of sacking.

"'Who are ye, so ill clad in such a weather?' says I. He made to answer but a fit of coughing took him and niver have I seen a man so shaken. 'Whoever ye are, come into the warmth,' says I, and putting an arm about him I led him here and set him

in a chair before the fire. All the while his eyes rested upon me with a look indishcribable—'twas as though his hunger for something were being appeased by the very sight av me. 'There!' says I. 'Sit ye quiet while I put a kettle to boil and fetch ye a blanket.' Thin it was he laughed—a queer laugh—more av a cough it was—and spohke. 'Aye, boil the kittle, mavourneen, and we'll dhrink our tay together.' And with shaking hands he drew the wrappings from the object he had held to his breast and set this little taypot upon the table."

"And what happened?" said Jill.

"We dhrank our tay together that night," she said, "and afther, I tuk him upon me lap like the child av me own I shall niver nurse and cradled him. He died as dawn broke—forty-seven years ago."

There was a low, mechanical hum outside the shop and a moment later the door opened and the chauffeur entered.

"The tire is O. K. now, m'lord," said the man, touching his cap.

Mother O'Donnel roused herself from the reverie and lifted her eyes to the level of his hands.

"Ye think me a foolish o' woman?"

"On the contrary, a memory such as yours could hardly be sold for twenty-five pounds."

"With twinty-five pounds I could buy the mortgage—I—"

Lord Louis laid five bank notes upon the table and picked up the small green plate.

"**T**HIS I can carry in my pocket."

"As you please! But go—go quickly."

Mother O'Donnel turned slowly into the house and entered the parlor beyond.

She moved across the room and opened the cupboard door. On the shelf was a row of china teapots identical in design to the one Lord Louis had purchased. She took the nearest and placed it in the center of the mantelpiece.

Jill did not address a word to her husband until they had covered nearly three miles and then her remark was crisp and to the point.

"I hate you—I think you are a beast."

"Don't say that," he replied, "for I was about to increase your scope of knowledge." He paid no attention to her silence and proceeded. "The Imitation Oriental China Factory of Newcastle, which started its inglorious career four years ago last autumn, distinguish their wares from those of any other firm by placing two cobalt dots on the under side." He undid the paper parcel and inverted the little teapot for her inspection. "There they are, you see?"

Jill opened her eyes very wide. "Louis!" she exclaimed. "But if that's true—"

"The old devil!" said Jill—then: "But you were deceived as well—or why did you give her the twenty-five pounds?"

For answer he drew from his pocket the little green plate and remarked:

"A piece of really good quality Caladon is always worth buying. Of course I paid highly, but she gave us an excellent tea."

*Can love live at the cost of ideals? The ways of a modern crusader crossed the path of his sweetheart's father. The girl was dragged two ways and that makes "Surrender," by Frederick Arnold Kummer, Hearst's International for November, on sale October 20th.*





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Dr. Paul H. De Kruif's Series on Doctors and Drug-Mongers—Continued from page 70

## The Vitamin Craze

In collaboration, appeared the names of seven other medical men and scientists of more or less note. They were apparently persons of distinction, since the letters following their monikers showed them to be Doctors of Medicine, Doctors of Philosophy, Masters of Science, Doctors of Science.

GLANCING at this imposing list of scientific and medical talent, the interest of the reader was bound to be aroused. But to his amazement and dismay, reading on, he found himself present at the launching of a new panacea, a new elixir of life, a new *Ichtyol*.

First, an imposing list of cases to which yeast had been applied in treatment. Seven diseases, comprising a grand total of seventy-six cases, had been attacked by this marvelous healing agent.

Second, another list, equally imposing, showing that all but ten of the seventy-six had been improved or cured. The diseases were of great variety and varying degrees of seriousness. Boils and swollen glands, acne vulgaris and acne rosacea, duodenal ulcer, and psoriasis, bronchitis, constipation and pruritis, one and all had been improved or cured.

It is interesting that every one of the diseases enumerated *may* get well of itself.

What is more, it is interesting that there is no mention of this in the entire article.

It is particularly interesting that in several instances only one case of a given disease was treated with yeast.

It is most interesting of all that conclusions in regard to the beneficial effect of yeast were drawn on the absolutely inadequate basis of the improvement of one case, which might have got well of itself!

Here is the old error, blossoming in all its glory; namely, the error of post hoc, propter hoc. The strange belief that, when a doctor gives a patient a dose of a remedy, and the patient improves, the improvement is necessarily due to the remedy.

To make a long story short, this article was not a carefully controlled impartial report of a scientific investigation. Instead it turned out to be the credo of a group of men who manifestly wanted to believe that yeast was a cure for many ailments. The piece was a veritable laughingstock, a humorous tract, to any careful scientific man. It was a supreme illustration of the way in which unreliable medical folklore arises.

THE commercial use of this "authoritative" paper was not greatly delayed. For in a short time a handsome yellow-bordered pamphlet was sent out, with the compliments of the Fleischmann Company. This pamphlet consisted of a report of the paper just described, together with a valuable and informing story of how Fleischmann's yeast is made and distributed. This pamphlet, except for its gaudy yellow border, had the appearance of a scientific treatise. It was evidently for doctors.

Then followed the inevitable broadcasting and popularization. Booklets were got

out for the public. One is entitled "The Healing Power of Compressed Yeast." It blandly states that Fleischmann's yeast is not offered as a "medicine." It compares its values to the natural ones of pure air, water, sunshine, and wholesome food. Then it proceeds to the directions for "dosage" and "treatment," with all the gravity of a textbook on materia medica. It states that "every case of ulcer and swollen glands was improved or cured," but neglects to announce that Dr. Hawk listed only one of each.

And this was the beginning of the avalanche. In this case the crime against the nation's pocketbook was not a great one. Yeast is cheap, and the doses of this new wonderful food cost but a few cents a day. What is more, the blame is not to be laid entirely on the Fleischmann Company. These gentlemen are not medical men, much less critical scientists. They doubtless took the dithyramb of Hawk and his associates in good faith. They doubtless were eager to, and who can blame them?

THEY HAD become rich in the making and selling of a meritorious product, indispensable in the manufacture of a nation's bread. Now, suddenly, they are told that their yeast has remarkable healing virtues, as well as nutritive ones. They are told this by Doctors of Philosophy and Doctors of Science, by a writer of textbooks and a teacher in a medical college of repute. Dazzled and overwhelmed by this unexpected good fortune, who could ask them to be critical and to withhold their advertising claims?

The burden of blame is to be laid at the door of the eminent "scientists" who so freely lent their names to the commercial exploitation of a curative agent, the status of which is entirely experimental—for the genuine merit of which there is no decent proof up to now.

The crime against the purse is small, let us repeat. But the danger of the wide exploitation of such pitifully half-baked evidence lies in arousing false hopes of the cure of many diseases; in inducing people to treat themselves in conditions which really demand the aid of a sound physician; in befouling the already sufficiently muddy and sluggish stream of knowledge in regard to the treatment of disease; and finally in setting a bad example to scientists, who in America have held themselves to a large extent free from commercial entanglements.

In the scientific advertisement of Hawk and his co-workers, no mention was made of vitamins. The supposedly wonderful curative powers of yeast were not explained in this paper. The healing virtue, according to the doctors, might be due to the laxative effect of the yeast, or to other direct causes. Of course, it would be comparatively simple to find out if the alleged benefits were due to the laxative effect. This could have been done by dividing the patients with boils into two groups. Group A might be physicked with yeast, group B by some ordinary cathartic. If group A got well of the boils, while group B did not, it would be plain that the cura-

tive effect (if there were any) was due not to the mere laxative effect but to some other beneficent property.

The first hint that the benefits of yeast are due to vitamin is to be found in the pamphlets for public distribution. Now it is an undoubted fact that yeast is rich in vitamin "B." The lack of this in food, we have seen, gives rise to beriberi.

How does the Fleischmann Company advertise the vitamin virtues of its yeast to the public? Let us consult its pamphlet.

Turning to page 20 of the pamphlet entitled "The Healing Power of Vitamins," we find the following statement:

Some foods are known to be seriously lacking in the Vitamin element. Such foods, eaten in combination with other foods, may be highly nourishing. Under other conditions, they may have very little food value. Thus, it is possible that some individuals might actually be suffering for nourishment while eating three hearty meals a day. It depends on what is called a "properly balanced ration."

The next paragraph then proceeds to state that "people who are unable to gain flesh even though hearty eaters, will usually secure good results by taking a cake of Fleischmann's Compressed Yeast after each meal."

The innuendo here is a glaring and typical trick of the "science" of advertising. The first paragraph quoted sounds plausible enough but really juggles with the truth. It leads one to believe that there is only one vitamin.

Then it exaggerates grossly by a clever use of innuendo. It says: "Thus, it is possible that some individuals might actually be suffering for nourishment while eating three hearty meals a day." Well, it is true that they *might* be. But the greater proportion of such people include plenty of vegetables and fruits and milk in their "three hearty meals." So they get plenty of vitamin.

THE advertisement then goes on to state that proper nourishment "depends largely on what is called a 'properly balanced ration.'" Again, true enough.

This clever distortion of the truth has been transferred by the yeast mongers to the display advertisements of newspapers.

Here, strangely enough, the yeast mongers admit that green vegetables contain vitamins. But they nullify this statement by the claim that vegetables do not contain enough—a claim for which there is not the shadow of foundation in fact. What is more, any mention of milk, dairy products, and fruit is left out, and the advertisement, as usual, leaves the reader with the idea that the only place to get vitamin is from Fleischmann.

To sum up:

Vitamins are necessary to health and growth.

They are abundantly present in many common foods, especially in fruits, vegetables, milk and other dairy products.

A half-baked scientific report in a reputable medical journal of high standards

started the idea that yeast is of great virtue in many diseases.

The report was appropriated for advertising use by the Fleischmann Company, first to doctors, then to the public. By clever advertising the erroneous idea is conveyed that yeast is the chief and principal source of vitamin, and that there is a widespread vitamin starvation.

The success of this propaganda has given rise to an avalanche of advertisement, by dozens of medicinal yeast mongers. Some of these peddle their wares only to doctors. Others outdo the wildest excesses of the patent medicine vendors of other days. There is no end to their astounding claims in the display advertisements of newspapers, or to their cynical trading on the hopes of the populace for health, for vigor, for beauty, and for success in life. They are daring and clever in innuendo; they do not hesitate to make false statements.

The most prominent of these advertisers is the Vitamon Corporation of New York. These commercialists state that an adequate vitamin supply is not to be obtained in staple foods. The advertisement neglects to state that the vitamin content of many foods is little damaged by proper cooking, and leaves out entirely any mention of the great vitamin value of milk, salads, and other uncooked foods. Finally it "positively guarantees" to put on firm flesh, clear the skin, and increase energy, with all the false assurance and indifference to the truth that any patent medicine advertisement might display.

Now it is a merit of Fleischmann's yeast that it does actually contain a large amount of vitamin B, even though, as we have pointed out, it is by no means necessary to buy yeast to obtain this vitamin.

A careful investigation, recently published in the Journal of the American Medical Association, shows that Mastin's Yeast Vitamon tablets fail to protect guinea pigs against scurvy. Such animals, fed a scurvy-producing diet, supplemented by the Vitamon in supposedly adequate doses, invariably developed scurvy in from fourteen to sixteen days. Therefore the claim that these pills contain vitamin C is not upheld. What is more, the Vitamon tablets fail to protect pigeons against a beriberi-producing diet; therefore they also lack vitamin B. The investigation states that "Mastin's Yeast Vitamon does not contain more than traces of water-soluble B, and is very inferior to most of our foods in its content of this substance."

A similar failure to contain appreciable amounts of vitamin is noted for Irving's Phos-Pho Vitamine, for Alpha Vitamine, and for Super-Vitamine. Even vitamin preparations that have the dignity and sanctity to be sold only to doctors fall far short of their advertising claims. This is the case with Metagen, manufactured by Parke Davis & Co. Samples purchased in the open market failed to protect animals from scurvy, and were therefore lacking in vitamin C. Such samples were also uncertain in their protection of pigeons from beriberi and were consequently deficient in their content of vitamin B.

A frank and instructive article on the social menace, "The Truth About Syphilis," will be the next article in the Dr. De Kruif series "Doctors and Drug-Mongers." See Hearst's International for November.

## IVER JOHNSON SAFETY AUTOMATIC REVOLVER



*Self-preservation  
is the first law*

OUR forefathers who framed the Constitution of the United States recognized the right of citizens to protect their persons and property.

And so the second amendment was inserted, which says, "... the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed."

Safe protection means keeping an Iver Johnson in your home. The standard safety revolver for over fifty years. Knocks, jolts, bumps,

thumps cannot discharge it. You can even "Hammer the Hammer."

Yet the Iver Johnson is always alert and ready when needed. Drawn-tempered piano-wire springs—instead of ordinary flat springs, which often break—keep this revolver ready for instant use.

Hammer and Hammerless models in all calibres. Regular, Perfect Rubber, and Western Walnut grips. If your dealer hasn't the particular model you want, write us.

FREE! Two interesting booklets full of information. Send at once for the one that interests you.

"A36"—Firearms  
"B36"—Bicycles

IVER JOHNSON'S ARMS & CYCLE WORKS

36 River Street, Fitchburg, Mass.

New York Office: 99 Chambers Street San Francisco Office: 717 Market Street



Ask your dealer to show you an Iver Johnson Champion Single Barrel Shotgun. Accurate, dependable, moderately priced.

Ride an Iver Johnson Truss-Bridge Bicycle. Strong, speedy, easy-riding and durable. Models and prices to suit everyone.



## All eyes turn toward Paris

The world of Fashion waits breathlessly just now for word from Paris. For the Paris Fall Openings decide what the mode shall be for the next twelve months to come.

And the first complete and fully illustrated reports of fashions that have triumphed at these Paris Openings will appear in the October Harper's Bazar.

Here will be shown the gowns and wraps and suits that smart women will wear in Paris and New York, in London and Buenos Ayres.

No woman who wishes to dress well should miss this issue of Harper's Bazar. It is, we consider, our most important number of the year.

On Sale October 1st

# Harper's Bazar



¶ *The Concluding Instalment of Upton Sinclair's Novel of the Second Coming—From page 35*

## They Call Me Carpenter

bundles of books and magazines tied with stout cords. I took the cords, and we bound the "pacifist's" wrists and ankles, and put a gag in his mouth, and then we felt sure he was really a pacifist. We carried him to the closet and laid him on the floor, where a humorous idea came to me. These bundles of magazines and books were no doubt the ones which the mob had confiscated from Comrade Abell. Since they were no longer salable, they might as well be put to some use, so I gathered armfuls of them and distributed them over the form of Hamby, until there was no longer a trace of him visible.

AND WHILE I was doing this, I noticed in one corner of the closet, under the bundles, a wooden box about a foot square. Upon trying to lift it, I discovered that it weighed several times as much as it should have weighed if it had contained printed matter.

"Here's our infernal machine," I whispered, and I picked it up gingerly, and tiptoed out of the room and down a rear stairway of the building. I unlocked the door and opened it—and there, crouching in the shadows alongside the door, just as I expected, I saw a man.

"Hello!" I whispered.

"Hello!" said he, badly startled.

"Here's something belonging to Hamby. He wants me to give it to you. Be careful, it's heavy." I deposited the box in his hands, and shut the door, and turned the lock again, and groped my way upstairs, chuckling to myself as I imagined the man's plight. He would not know what to make of this incident, and I had an idea he would not be able to find out, because he could not leave his post. Nor would he have much time to figure over the matter; for when I got back to the light I looked at my watch, and it lacked just three minutes to twelve.

I found that Lynch and Old Joe had shut the pacifist in the closet, and were in the ante-room waiting for me. I whispered that everything was all right. A moment later we heard a sound in the big room, and peered in, and saw a door at the far end open—and there was Carpenter, standing with his white robes gleaming in the light. After a moment I realized that they gleamed even more than was natural; I perceived once more that strange "aura" which had been noticeable at the mass-meeting; and by means of it I noticed an even more startling thing. There were drops of sweat on Carpenter's forehead, as always when he had labored intensely in his soul. This time I saw that the drops were large, and they were drops of blood!

A trembling seized me. I was awestricken before this man—afraid to go on with what I was doing, and equally afraid to back out. I remained staring helplessly and saw him approach the sleeping figures, and stand looking at them. "Could you not watch with me one hour?" he said, in his gentle, sad voice; and he put his hand on Comrade Abell's shoulder, with the words, "The time has come."

Abell started to his feet, and began to

apologize. The other said nothing, but stooped and waked Moneta. And at that moment I heard the shrill blast of a whistle outside on the street! "There they are!" whispered Old Joe.

I ran down the stairs, and peered through the doorway, and sure enough, there were four or five automobiles stopped before the headquarters, having approached from opposite directions. I stood just long enough to see a crowd of men jumping out; then I ran back, and leaving Old Joe and Lynch to keep guard at the top of the stairs, I walked in and greeted Carpenter.

He expressed no surprise at seeing me. Evidently his thoughts were on other things. For my part, I was trembling with excitement, so that my knees would barely hold me up. How long would it be before T-S and his crowd appeared? I could figure the time it should take them to drive from Eternal City; but suppose something held them up? How long would the men stay out on the street, waiting for Hamby to answer their signal? Surely not many minutes! They would storm the place, and hunt out their victim for themselves. And suppose they should carry him off before the others arrived?

Suddenly the silence of the night outside was shattered by the scream of that siren which served to warn people out of the way when T-S was moving his companies about on location.

I went up to Carpenter. I didn't enjoy telling him a lie; in fact, I had an idea that one couldn't lie to him successfully. But I tried it. "Mr. Carpenter, Hamby left a message; he had to go downstairs, and said he wanted to see you. Would you come down and meet him?"

"Ah, yes!" said Carpenter. And he walked to the door and down the stairs without another word. The rest of us followed him: Abell and Moneta first, they being innocent and unsuspecting; and then Lynch, and then Joe and I.

THE prophet stepped out to the street, and was instantly surrounded by a group of men, two of whom grasped him by the arms. He did not lift a hand, nor even make a sound. Comrade Abell, of course, started to cry out in protest; Moneta, the Mexican, reverted to his ancestors. His hand flashed to an inside pocket, and a knife leaped out. One of the men had hold of him, and Moneta shouted, "Stand back, or I cut off your ears." At which Carpenter turned, and in a stern, commanding voice proclaimed: "Let no man use force in my behalf!" Moneta stood still; and of course Lynch and Old Joe and I stood still; and the dozen men about Carpenter started to lead him away to their waiting automobiles.

But they did not get very far. Upon the silence of the street a voice rang out. Ordinarily, one would have known it was the voice of a woman; but in this place, under these exciting circumstances, it seemed the voice of a supernatural being. It almost sang the words; it was like a silver bugle calling across a battlefield—glorious, thrilling, hypnotic. "Make way-y-y-y for the

Grand Imperial Kle-e-eagle of the Ku-u Klux Klan!" Everyone was startled; but I think I was startled more than the rest, for I knew the voice! Mary Magna had taken another speaking part!

I was on the steps of the building, so I could see over the heads of the crowd. There were four of the big busses from Eternal City, two having approached from each direction. Some fifty figures had descended from them, and others were still descending, each one clad in a voluminous white robe, with a white hood over the head, and two black holes for eyes, and another for the nose. These figures had spread out in a half moon, entirely surrounding the little mob of men who had meant harm to Carpenter, and penning them against the wall of the building. In the center of the half moon, standing a few feet in advance, was the figure of the "Grand Imperial Kleagle," with a red star upon the forehead of the white hood, and shrouded white arms stretched out, and in one hand a magic wand with a red light at the end. This wand was waving over the group, and had apparently its full supernatural effect, for one and all stood rooted to the spot, staring with wide-open eyes.

THE grand-opera voice raised again its silver chant: "Give way, all mobs! Yield! Retire! Abdicate! Bow down-n-n-n! Make way for the Mob of Mobs, the irresistible, imperial, superior Super-mob! Harken to the Lord High Chief Commanding Dragon of the Esoteric Cohorts, the Exalted Grand Imperial Kleagle of the Ku Klux Klan!"

Then the Grand Imperial Kleagle turned and addressed the white-robed throng in a voice of sharp command: "Klansmen! Remember your oath! The hour of Judgment is here! The guilty wretch cowers! The grand insuperable sentence has been spoken! Coelum animum imperiabilis sensecat! Simila similibus per quantum imperator. Inexorabilis ingenium parasimilibus esperantur! Saeva imperatus ignotum indignatio! Salvo! Suppositio! Indurato! Klansmen, kneel!"

As one man, the host fell upon its knees. "Klansmen, swear! Si fractus illibatur orbis, impavidum ferient ruinae! You have heard the sentence. What is the penalty? Is it death?"

And a voice in the crowd cried "Death!" And the others took it up; there was a roar: "Death! Death!"

Finally the Grand Imperial Kleagle pointed her shrouded white arm at Carpenter, who stood as pale as death, but unflinchingly. "Death to all traitors!" she cried. "Death to all agitators! Death to all enemies of the Ku Klux Klan! Condamnatus! Incomparabilis! Ingenientis exequatur! Let the Loyal High Inexorable Guardians and the Grand Holy Seneschals of the Klan advance!"

Six shrouded figures stepped out from the crowd. Said the Grand Imperial Kleagle: "Possess yourselves of the body of this guilty wretch!" And to the group of staring men: [Continued on page 139]





**DAVOL**

"Here—Take this  
and Stop Crying"



King Baby gets what he wants *and is happy*

June 1921, 1,229,615 nipples were sold.

June 1922, 6,436,960 sold.

Tremendous increase! Because for years mothers have depended upon this small, but very important article—the Davol Anti Colic Nipples, to prevent colic to nursing babies. Insist on this Pure Gum ball top nipple with the blue band. Costs no more than inferior imitations. On sale in over 40,000 retail stores.

THE "DAVOL ANTI-COLIC NIPPLE"  
*Insist on this Pure Gum ball top nipple with the blue band. Costs no more than inferior imitations. On sale in over 40,000 retail stores.*

*A Sample Davol Anti-Colic Nipple mailed free on request*

The **PARIS** Hot Water Bottle  
**DAVOL**



**KING BABY'S** subjects—the family in general—find relief from pain by using the Davol made, Paris Hot Water Bottle No. 7622. Full capacity, seamless, in one piece of smooth even surface. Fully Guaranteed. Priced at \$2.00 in thousands of Drug Stores.

Davol Rubber Company, Providence, R. I.

**DAVOL**

THE RETAIL TRADE SUPPLIED PROMPTLY THROUGH SERVICE WHOLESALERS  
LOCATED IN ALL PRINCIPAL DISTRIBUTING CENTERS.



You, too, can  
have the  
loveliest  
skin

**ZIP**

IT'S OFF  
because  
IT'S OUT



### Destroys Superfluous Hair and Roots

Look in your mirror and see if there is a tiny growth of downy hair at either side of the upper lip. Perhaps unconsciously, you have permitted these tiny hairs to grow until they are now large and conspicuous, marring your good looks.

Remove them at once, off and out, roots and all, before they enlarge the pores and before they become a subject of jest among your men and women friends.

For over seventeen years ZIP has helped women become more beautiful by painlessly destroying superfluous hair on the lip, face, neck, forearm, underarm and limbs.

ZIP is easily applied at home, pleasingly fragrant, quick, effective, absolutely harmless. It leaves the skin soft and smooth. **Guaranteed.**

ZIP gently lifts out the roots and in this way destroys the growth.

Ladies everywhere are recognizing that ordinary depilatories and shaving merely remove surface hair, leaving the roots to thrive and often cause the hair to grow faster and coarser—but ZIP removes hair and roots in an entirely different, yet easy way, and destroys the growth.

When in New York, don't neglect to call at my Salon to let me give you a FREE Demonstration.

Write for my FREE BOOK "Beauty's Greatest Secret" which explains the three types of superfluous hair.

At All Good Stores or By Mail

Dept. 62—562 Fifth Avenue (46th St.)  
New York City

*Madame Berthe's*  
Specialist

### Do You Perspire?

Perspiration and unpleasant odors under arms can be entirely overcome without harm with this ideal liquid deodorant. Cannot irritate. Ideal for personal use.



**ABSSENT**  
COLORLESS

Contains no staining artificial colors  
50c—By mail 60c.

Bobbed hair demands that the nape of the neck have a perfect hair line, well defined, free from unsightly hair. ZIP is most necessary for this.



ZIP destroys the hairs that show thru the silken sheen.



Sheer waists no longer permit underarm showing even a suggestion of unsightly hair. ZIP destroys the growth.



The new perfect arched brow, so expressive, is readily had with ZIP. Plucking and shaving are passé.



A well rounded arm—free of all downy hair—is a necessity with the vogue for short sleeves. ZIP destroys both fine and coarse hair.





[Continued from page 136]

"Yield up this varlet to the High Secret Court-martial of the Klan, which alone has power to punish such as he."

What the bewildered men made of all this hocus-pocus I had no idea. Whatever they thought, it was obvious that they were hopelessly outnumbered. There could be nothing for a mob to do but yield to a Super-mob; and they yielded. Those who were in front of Carpenter stepped back, and the Loyal High Inexorable Guardians and the Grand Holy Seneschals took Carpenter by the arms and led him away. Apparently they were going to overlook the rest of us; but Old Joe and Lynch and myself took Abell and Moneta by the shoulders and shoved them along into the midst of the "Klansmen."

There was no need to consider dignity after that. We hustled Carpenter to the nearest of the busses, and put him in; the Grand Imperial Kleagle followed, and the rest of us clambered in after her. Sitting up beside the driver, watching the scene, was T-S, beaming with delight; he got me by the hand and wrung it. I could not speak; my teeth were literally chattering with excitement. Carpenter, sitting in the seat behind us, must have realized by now the meaning of this scandalous adventure; but he said not a word. All the way to Eternal City, T-S and I and Old Joe slapped one another on the back and roared with laughter, and the rest of the Klansmen roared with laughter—all save the Grand Imperial Kleagle, who sat by Carpenter's side, and was discovered to be silently weeping.

T-S AND I had exchanged a few whispered words, and decided that we would take Carpenter to T-S's place, which was a few miles in the country from Eternal City. He would be as safe there as anywhere I could think of. When we had got to the studios, we discharged our Klansmen, and arranged to send Old Joe to his home, and the three disciples to a hotel for the night; then I invited Carpenter to step into T-S's car. He had not spoken a word, and all he said now was, "I wish to be alone."

I answered: "I am taking you to a place where you may be alone as long as you choose." So he entered the car, and a few minutes later T-S and I were escorting him into the latter's showy mansion.

We were getting to be rather scared now, for Carpenter's silence was forbidding. But again he said: "I wish to be alone." We took him upstairs to a bedroom, and shut him in and left him—taking the precaution to lock the door.

Downstairs, we stood and looked at one another, feeling like two schoolboys. "You stay here, Billy!" insisted the magnate. "You gotta see him in de mornin'! I won't see him without you."

"I'll stay," I said, and looked at my watch. It was after one o'clock. "Give me an alarm clock," I said, "because Carpenter wakes with the birds, and we don't want him escaping by the window."

So it came about that at daybreak I tapped on Carpenter's door, softly, so as not to waken him if he were asleep. But he answered, "Come in"; and I entered, and found him sitting by the window, watching the dawn.

I stood timidly in the middle of the room, and began: "I realize, of course,

Mr. Carpenter, that I have taken a very great liberty with you—"

"You have said it," he replied; and his eyes were awful.

"But," I persisted, "if you knew what danger you were in—"

Said he: "Do you think that I came to Mobland to look for a comfortable life?"

"But," I pleaded, "if you only knew that particular gang! Do you realize that they had planted an infernal machine, a dynamite bomb, in that room? And all the world was to read in the newspapers this morning that you had been conspiring to blow up somebody?"

Said Carpenter: "Would it have been the first time that I have been lied about?"

"Of course," I argued, "I know what I have done—"

"You can have no idea what you have done. You are too ignorant."

I bowed my head, prepared to take my punishment. But at once Carpenter's voice softened. "You are a part of Mobland," he said; "you cannot help yourself. In Mobland it is not possible for even a martyrdom to proceed in an orderly way."

I gazed at him a moment, bewildered. "What's the good of a martyrdom?" I cried in bewilderment.

"The good is, that men can be moved in no other way; they are in that childish stage of being, where they require blood sacrifice."

"But what kind of a martyrdom?" I argued. "So undignified and unimpressive! To have hot tar smeared over your body, and be hanged by the neck like a common criminal!"

I realized that this last phrase was unfortunate. Said Carpenter: "I am used to being treated as a common criminal!"

"Well," said I, in a voice of despair, "of course, if you're absolutely bent on being hanged—if you can't think of anything you would prefer—"

I stopped, for I saw that he had covered his face with his hands. In the silence I heard him whisper: "I prayed last night that this cup might pass from me; and apparently my prayer has been answered."

"Well," I said, deciding to cheer up, "you see, I have only been playing the part of Providence. Let me play it just a few days longer, until this mob calms down. I am truly ashamed for them."

CARPENTER was on his feet. "I know!" he exclaimed. "I know! You need not tell me about that! I blame the men who incite them—the old men, the soft-handed men, who sit back in office-chairs and plan madness for the world! What shall be the punishment of these men?"

"They're a hard crowd—" I admitted.

"I have seen them! They are stone-faced men! They are wolves with machinery! They are savages with polished fingernails! And they have made of the land a place of fools! They have made it Mobland!"

I did not try to answer him, but waited until the storm of his emotion passed. "You are right, Mr. Carpenter. But that is the fact about our world, and you cannot change it—"

Carpenter flung out his arm at me. "Let no man utter in my presence the supreme blasphemy against life!"

So, of course, I was silent: and Carpenter turning away from me went and sat at

the window again, and watched the dawn.

At last I ventured: "All that your friends ask, Mr. Carpenter, is that you will wait until this excitement is over. After that, it may be possible to get people to listen to you. But if these men see you on the streets now, they will inflict indignities upon you, they will mishandle you—"

Said Carpenter then: "Do not fear those who kill the body, but fear those who kill the soul."

So again I fell silent; and presently he remarked: "My brother, I wish to be alone."

Said I: "Won't you please promise, Mr. Carpenter—"

He answered: "I make promises only to my Father. Let me be."

I WENT downstairs, and there was T-S, wandering around like a big fat monk in a purple dressing-gown. And there was Maw also—only her dressing-gown was rose-pink, with white chrysanthemums on it. It took a lot to get those two awake at six o'clock in the morning, you may be sure; but there they were, very much worried. "Vot does he say?" cried the magnate. "He won't say what he is going to do."

"Vell, did you lock de door?" I answered that I had, and then Maw put in, in a hurry: "Billy, you gotta stay here and take care of him! If he vas to come downstairs and tell me to do some-ting, I would got to do it!"

I promised; and a little later they got ready a cup of coffee and a glass of milk and some rolls and butter and fruit, and I had the job of taking up the tray and setting it in the prophet's room. When I came in, I tried to say cheerfully, "Here's your breakfast," and not to show any trace of my uneasiness.

Carpenter looked at me, and said: "You had the door locked?"

I summoned my nerve, and answered, "Yes."

Said he: "What is the difference to me between being your prisoner and being the prisoner of your rulers?"

Said I: "Mr. Carpenter, the difference is that we don't intend to hang you."

"And how long do you propose to keep me here?"

"For about four days," I said. "If you will only give me your word to wait that time, you may have the freedom of this beautiful place, and when the period is over, I pledge you every help I can give to make known your message to the people."

I waited for an answer, but none came, so I set down the tray and went out, locking the door again. And downstairs was one of T-S's secretaries, with copies of the morning newspapers, and I picked up a Times, and there was a headline, all the way across the page:

KU KLUX KLAN KIDNAPS CARPENTER—RANTING RED PROPHET DISAPPEARS IN TOOTING AUTOS

I understood, of course, that the secret agency which had engineered the mobbing of the prophet would have had their stories all ready for our morning newspapers—stories which played up to the full the finding of an infernal machine, and an unprovoked attack by the armed followers of the "Red Prophet." But now all this was gone, and instead was a story glorifying the

klansmen as the saviors of the city's good name. It was evident that up to the hour of going to press, neither of the two newspapers had any idea but that the white-robed figures were genuine followers of the "Grand Imperial Kleagle."

But of course the truth about our made-to-order mob could not be kept very long. As a matter of fact, it wasn't two hours before the Evening Blare was calling the home of the movie magnate to inquire where he had taken the kidnaped prophet. Of course T-S's secretary, who answered the telephone, lied valiantly; but here again, we knew the truth would leak.

IN THE course of the next hour or two there were a dozen newspaper reporters besieging the mansion. Before my mind's eye flashed new headlines:

#### MOVIE MAGNATE HIDES MOB PROPHET FROM LAW

This was an aspect of the matter which we had at first overlooked. Carpenter was due at Judge Ponty's police court at nine o'clock that morning. Was he going, demanded the reporters, and if not, why not? Mary Magna no doubt would be willing to sacrifice the two hundred dollars bail that she had put up; but the judge had the right to issue a bench warrant and send a deputy for the prisoner. Would he do it?

Behind the scenes of Western City's government there began forthwith a tremendous diplomatic duel. I called up my Uncle Timothy, and explained the situation.

"But, Billy, what can I do?" he cried. "It's a matter of the law."

I answered: "Fudge! You know perfectly well there's no magistrate or judge in this city that won't do what he's told, if the right people tell him. What I want you to do is to get busy with de Wiggs and Westerly and Carson, and the rest of the big gang, and persuade them that there's nothing to be gained by dragging Carpenter out of his hiding-place."

At eleven o'clock that morning, when the case of John Doe Carpenter versus the Commonwealth of Western City was reached in Judge Ponty's court, and the bailiff called the name of the defendant and there was no answer, the magistrate in a single sentence declared the bail forfeited.

I took up Carpenter's lunch at one o'clock and discovered, to my dismay, that he had not tasted his breakfast. I ventured to speak to him; but he sat on a chair, gazing ahead of him and paying no attention to me, so I left him alone.

T-S, NEGLECTING his important business, stayed around; getting up out of one chair and walking nowhere, and then sitting down in another chair. I did the same, and after we had exchanged chairs a dozen times—it being then about eight o'clock in the evening—I said: "By the way, hadn't you better call up the morning papers and persuade them to be decent?" So T-S seated himself at the telephone, and asked for the managing editor of the Western City Times.

It began with a reminder of the amount of advertising space which Eternal City consumed in the Times in the course of a year. It wasn't often that T-S asked favors, but he wanted to ask one now; he

wanted the Times to let up on this prophet business. Everything was quiet now, the prophet wasn't bothering anybody—

Suddenly, at the height of his eloquence, T-S stopped; and it seemed to me as if he jumped a foot out of his chair. "VOT!" And then, "Vy, man, you're crazy!" He turned upon me, his eyes wide with dismay. "Billy! Dey got a report—Carpenter is shoost now speakin' to a mob on de steps of de City Hall!"

The magnate did not wait to see me jump out of my chair, or to hear my exclamations, but turned again to the telephone.

Running upstairs, I found Carpenter's door locked; I opened it, and rushed in. The place was empty! The bird had flown!

I hurried to the city, and got within a couple of blocks of the City Hall, when I came upon the thing I dreaded—my friend Carpenter in the hands of the mob!

They had got hold of a canvas-covered wagon, of the type of the old prairie-schooner. The rioters had hoisted their victim on top of the wagon, having first dumped a gallon of red paint over his head, so that everyone might know him for the Red Prophet they had been reading about in the papers. They had tied a long rope to the shaft of the wagon, and the men had hold of it, and were hauling it through the streets, dancing and singing, shouting murder threats against the reds.

Halfway down the block we came to the Palace Hotel, and some excited men came pouring out. I heard the shrieks of a woman, and put my foot on the edge of a store-window to see over the heads of the crowd. Half a dozen rowdies had got hold of a girl; I don't know what she had done—maybe she had been saucy to one of the gang; anyhow, they began tearing her clothes. Then they took her on their shoulders, and ran her out to the wagon, and tossed her up beside the Red Prophet. "There's a girl for you!" they yelled.

THE cortège came to the Hippodrome, which is our biggest theater. They have all kinds of shows in the Hippodrome, and have a driveway by which they bring in automobiles, or war-chariots, or wild animals in cages, or whatever they will. Now the mob stormed the entrance, and brushed the doorkeepers to one side, and unbolted and swung back the big gates, and a swarm of yelling maniacs rushed the lumbering prairie-schooner up the slope into the building.

The wagon rolled on; the advance guard swept everything out of the way, scenery as well as stage-hands and actors, to the vast astonishment of an audience of a couple of thousand people.

I had got near enough so that I could see what happened. I don't know whether Carpenter fainted; anyhow, he slipped from his perch, and a score of upraised hands caught him. Someone tore down a hanging from the walls of the stage set, and twenty or thirty men formed a circle about it, and put the prophet in the middle of it, and began to toss him ten feet up into the air and catch him and throw him again. And that was all I could stand—I turned and went out by the rear entrance of the theater. The street in back was deserted; I stood there, with my hands clasped to my head, sick with disgust; I found myself repeating out loud, over and over again, those words of Carpenter: "It is Rome!

It is Rome! Old Rome that never dies!"

A moment later I heard a crash of glass up above me; I ducked, just in time to avoid a shower of it. Then I looked up, and to my consternation saw the red-painted head and the red and white shoulders of Carpenter suddenly emerging. The shoulders were quickly followed by the rest of him; but fortunately there was a narrow shed between him and the ground. He struck the shed and rolled, and as he fell, I caught him, and let him down.

I expected to find my prophet nearly dead; I made ready to get him onto my shoulders and find some place to hide him. But to my surprise he started to his feet. I could not see much of him, because of the streams of paint; but I could see enough to realize that his face was contorted with fury. I remembered that gentle, compassionate countenance; never had I dreamed to see it like this!

He raised his clenched hands. "I meant to die for this people! But now—let them die for themselves!"

WITH these words he started to run down the street; hauling up his long robes—never would I have dreamed that a prophet's bare legs could flash so quickly, that he could cover the ground at such amazing speed! I set out after him. He came to a cross-street, and dodged the crowded traffic, and I also got through, knocking pedestrians this way and that. I began to get short of breath, a little dizzy. But still I followed my prophet with the bare flying legs; we swept around another corner, and I saw the goal to which the tormented soul was racing—St. Bartholomew's!

He went up the steps three at a time, and I went up four at a time behind him. I saw people in the church start up with cries of amazement; someone grabbed me, but I broke away—and saw my prophet give three tremendous leaps. The first took him up the altar-steps; the second took him onto the altar; the third took him up into the stained-glass window whence he had first descended.

And there he turned and faced me. His paint-smeared robes fell down about his bare legs, his convulsed and angry face became as gentle and compassionate as the paint would permit. With a wave of his hand, he signaled me to stand back and let him alone. Then the hand sank to his side, and he stood motionless. Exhausted, dizzy, I fell against one of the pews, and then into a seat, and bowed my head in my arms.

I don't know just how much time passed after that. I felt a hand on my shoulder, and realized that someone was shaking me. I had a horror of hands reaching out for me, so I tried to get away from this one; but it persisted, and there was a voice, saying, "You must get up, my friend. It's time we closed. Are you ill? Can I be of any help to you?"

I raised my head; and first I glanced at the figure above the altar. It was perfectly motionless; and—incredible as it may seem—there was no trace of red paint upon either the face or the robes! The figure was dignified and serene, with a halo of light about its head—and in short, it was the regulation stained-glass figure that I had gazed at through all my childhood.

THE END

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**Gilbert Parker's Story of Love and Strife—From page 81**

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so, for Carnac's new honors would play a great part in influencing her. In his mind, it was now or never for himself: he must bring his affairs to a crisis.

Junia's father was poor, but the girl had given their home an air of comfort and an art that belonged to larger spheres. Chintz was the cover on windows and easy chairs, and in a corner of the parlor was a chintz-covered lounge where she sat and read of an evening. So it was that, with Carnac elected and Barode Barouche buried, she sat with one of Disraeli's novels in her hand busy with the future. She saw for Carnac a safe career, for his two chief foes were gone—Luzanne Larue and Barode Barouche. She understood now why Carnac had never asked her to be his wife, why that had been impossible.

There was the fragrance of roses in the room. She had gathered many of them that afternoon. Suddenly she caught a bud from a bunch on a table, and fastened it in the bosom of her dress. Somehow, as she did it, she had a feeling that she would like to clasp a man's head to her breast where the rose was—one of those wild thoughts that come to the sanest woman at times.

There came a knock at the outer door, and before that of her own room opened, she recognized the step of the visitor. So it was Tarboe had come.

"I hope you're glad to see me," he said with an uncertain smile, as he saw her look of surprise.

"I hope I am," she replied, and motioned him to a seat. He chose a high-backed chair with a wide seat near the lounge. He made a motion of humorous dissent to her remark, and sat down.

"Well, we pulled it off somehow, didn't we?" she said. "Carnac Grier is M. P."

"And his foe is in his grave," remarked Tarboe dryly.

"Providence pays debts that ought to be paid. This election has settled a lot of things," she returned with a smile. "Carnac Grier is beginning to get even with his foes at last—all of them."

"I'm not a foe—if that's what you mean. I've proved it."

SHE smiled provokingly. "You've proved only you're not an absolute devil, that's all. You've not proved yourself a real man—not yet. Do you think it paid your debt to Carnac Grier that you helped get him into Parliament?"

His face became a little heated. "I'll prove to you and to the world that I'm not an absolute devil in the Grier interests. I didn't steal the property. I tried to induce John Grier to leave it to Carnac or his mother. He left it to me. Was I to blame for that?"

"Perhaps not, but you could have taken Carnac in, or given up the property to him—the rightful owner. You could have done that. But you were thinking of yourself altogether."

"Not altogether. I am bound to keep my word to John Grier. Besides, if Carnac had inherited the property it would have got into difficulties—there were things only

John Grier and I understood, and Carnac would have been flooded. But I have the business at my finger's ends. I've added five per cent to the value of the business since John Grier died. I can double the value of it in twenty years."

"If you make up your mind to do it you will," she said with admiration, for the man was persuasive, and he was playing a game in which he was a master.

Her remarks were alive with banter, for Tarboe's humor was a happiness to her.

AS TARBOE looked at her, many thoughts flashed through his mind. If he married her now, and the truth was told about the wills and the law gave Carnac his rights, she might hate him for not having told her when he proposed. So it was that in his desire for her life as his own, he now determined there should be no second will. In any case, Carnac had enough to live on through his mother. Also, he had capacity to support himself.

There was a touch of ruthlessness in Tarboe. No one would ever guess what the second will contained—no one. The bank would have a letter saying where the will was to be found, but if it was not there when they looked—

He would ask Junia to be his wife now, while she was so friendly. Her eyes were shining, her face was alive with feeling, and he was aware that the best chance of his life had come to win her.

His face flushed with feeling, his eyes grew bright with longing, his tongue was loosed to the enterprise.

"Do you dream, and remember your dreams?" he asked with a thrill in his voice. "Do you?"

"I don't dream often, but I sometimes remember my dreams."

"I dream much, and one dream I have most constantly."

"What is it?" she asked with anticipation of his answer.

"It is the capture of a wild bird in a garden—in a cultivated garden where there are no nests, no coverts for the secret invaders. I dream that I pursue the bird from flower-bed to flower-bed, from bush to bush, along paths and along the green-covered walls; and I am not alone in my chase, for there are others who pursue. It is a bitter struggle to win the wild thing."

He rose to his feet, bent over her and spoke hotly. "Junia, the end of my waiting has come. I want you as I never wanted anything in my life. I love you, Junia. I have loved you from the first moment I saw you, and nothing is worth while with you not in it. Let us work together. It is a big, big game I'm playing and with you—"

"Yes, it's a big game you're playing," she interjected with emotion. "It is a big, big game and, all things considered, you should win it, but I doubt you will. I feel there are matters bigger than the game, or than you, or me, or anyone else."

She also got to her feet, and Tarboe was so near her she could feel his hot breath on her cheek.

"You have said all that can be said, you

have gifts greater than you yourself believe; and I have been tempted. But it is no use. I cannot marry you; if you were as rich as Midas, as powerful as Caesar, I would not marry you—never, never, never!" she said emphatically.

"You love another," he said boldly. "You love Carnac Grier."

She looked him straight in the eyes. "I do not love you—isn't that enough?"

"Almost—almost enough," he said embarrassed at her direct answer

ALL JUNIA had ever felt of the soul of things was upon her as she arranged flowers and listened to the church-bells ringing.

"They seem to be always ringing," she said to herself, as she lightly touched the roses. "It must be a Saint's Day!"

She looked out into the garden and saw Carnac making his way toward the house. A few moments later, her hand lay in that of Carnac, and his eyes met hers.

"It's all come our way, Junia," he remarked gaily, though there was sadness in his tone.

"It's as you wanted it. You won."

"Thanks to you, Junia," and he took from his pocket the blue certificate.

"That—oh, that was not easy to get," she said with agitation. "She had a bad purpose, that girl."

"She meant to announce it?"

"Yes, through Barode Barouche. He agreed to that."

Carnac flushed. "He agreed to that—you know it?"

"Yes. The day you were made candidate she arrived here; and the next morning she went to Barode Barouche and told her story. He bade her remain secret till the time was ripe, and he was to be the judge of that. He was waiting for the night before the election. Then he was going to strike you and win!"

Carnac's head was sunk on his breast, his eyes were burning. "It was a horrible thing for Barouche to plan!"

"Why so horrible? He was out against you, and if you were hiding a marriage for whatever reason, it should be known to all whose votes you wanted."

"Barouche was the last man on earth to challenge me, for he had a more terrible secret than this of mine."

"What was it?" Her voice had alarm, for she had never seen Carnac so disturbed.

"He was fighting his own son—and he knew it!"

The words came in broken accents.

"He was fighting his own son, and he knew it! You mean to say that!" Horror was in her voice.

"I mean that the summer before I was born—" He told her the story as his mother had told it to him. Then at last he said:

"And now you know Barode Barouche got what he deserved. He ruined my mother's life, he died the easiest death such a man could die. He has also spoiled my life. I want you to know why our ways must forever lie apart."

"Nothing can spoil your life except yourself," she declared firmly, and she laid a hand upon his arm.

"You want to cut me out of your life for a bad man's crime, not your own. Listen, Carnac. Last night I told Mr. Tarboe I could not marry him. He is rich, he has control of a great business, he is a man of

mark. Why do you suppose I did it, and for over two years have done the same; for he has wanted me all that time? Does not a girl know when a *real* man wants her? And Luke Tarboe is a real man. He knows what he wants, and he goes for it, and little could stop him as he travels. Why do you suppose I did it?" Her face flushed, anger lit her eyes. "Because there was another man; but I've only just discovered he's a sham, with no real love for me. It makes me sorry I ever knew him."

"Me—no real love for you! That's not the truth: it's because I have no real name to give you—that's why I've spoken as I have. Never have I cared for anyone except you, Junia. I knew Tarboe had a hold on your heart. Don't think I'm so vain as to think I've always been the one man for you. I lived long and weary years in anxious fear, and—"

"And now you shut the door in my face! I'm the best judge of what I want," she declared almost sharply, yet there was a smile on her lips.

Suddenly she saw in his eyes a curious soft look of understanding, and she put her hand on his shoulder. "Carnac," she said gently, "great, great Carnac, won't you love me?"

For an instant he felt he must still put her from him, then he overcame all compunctions, and he clasped her to his breast.

"But I really had to throw myself into your arms!" she said a while later, as her hand stroked his hair.

IT WAS Thanksgiving Day, and all the people of the Province were en fête. The day was clear, and the air was thrilling with the spirits of the north country: the vibrant sting of oxygen, the blessed resilience of the river and the hills.

It was a great day on the St. Lawrence, for men were preparing to go to the backwoods, to the "shanties," and hosts were busy with the crops, storing them; while all in trade and industry were cheerful. In every church, Catholic and Protestant, hands of devoted workers had made beautiful altar and communion table, and lectern and pulpit, and in the Methodist tabernacle and the Presbyterian kirk, women had made ornate the bare interiors. The bells of all the churches were ringing, French and English; and each priest, clergyman, and minister, was moving his people in his own way, and by his own ritual to bless God and live.

In the city itself, the Mayor had arranged a festival in the evening, and there were gathered many people to give thanks. But those most conspicuous were the poor, unsophisticated habitants, who were on good terms with the refreshment provided. Their enthusiasm was partly due to the presence of Carnac Grier.

In his speech to the great crowd, among other things the Mayor said: "It is our happiness that we have here one whose name is familiar to all in French Canada—that of the new Member of Parliament, M. Carnac Grier. In M. Grier, we have a man who knows his own mind, and it is at one with the interests of the French as well as the English. He is young, he has power, and he will use his youth and power to advance the good of the whole country. May he live long!"

Carnac never spoke better in his life than in his brief reply. When he had



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finished, someone touched his arm. It was Luke Tarboe.

"A good speech, Grier. Can you give me a few moments?"

"Here?" asked Carnac smiling.

"Not here, but in the building. There is a room where we can be alone, and I have something to tell you of great importance."

"Of great importance, eh? Well, so have I to tell you, Tarboe."

A FEW minutes later they were in the Mayor's private parlor.

Presently Carnac said: "Let me give you my news first, Tarboe: I am to marry Junia Shale—and soon."

Tarboe nodded. "I expected that. She is worth the best the world can offer." There was a ring of honesty in his tone. "All the more reason why I should tell you what my news is, Carnac. I'm going to tell you what oughtn't yet to be told, for another two years, but I feel it due you, for you were badly used; and so I break my word to your father."

Carnac's hand shot out in protest, but Tarboe took no notice. "I mean to tell you now in the hour of your political triumph that—"

"That I can draw on you for ten thousand dollars, perhaps?" shot out Carnac.

"Not for ten thousand, but in two years' time—or tomorrow—for a hundred and fifty times that if you want it."

Carnac shrugged his shoulders. "I don't know what you're driving at, Tarboe. Two years from now—or tomorrow—I can draw on you for a hundred and fifty times ten thousand dollars! What does that mean? Is it you're tired of the fortune left you by the biggest man industrially French-Canada has ever known?"

"I'll tell you the truth—I never had a permanent fortune, and I was never meant to have the permanent fortune, though I inherited it by will. That was a matter between John Grier and myself. There was another will made later, which left the business to someone else."

"I don't see."

"Of course you don't see, and yet you must understand me."

Tarboe then told the story of the making of the two wills, doing justice to John Grier and his business ambition.

"He never did things like anyone else, and he didn't in dying. He loved you, Carnac. In spite of all he said and did he believed in you. He knew you had the real thing in you, if you cared to use it."

"Good God! Good God!" was all Carnac could at first say. "And you agreed to that?" he demanded.

"What rights had I? None at all. I'll come out of it with over a quarter of a million dollars—isn't that enough for a backwoodsman? I get the profits of the working for three years, and a hundred thousand dollars besides. I ought to be satisfied with that."

"Who knows of the will besides yourself?" asked Carnac sharply.

"No one. There is a letter to the bank simply saying that another will exists and where it is, but that's all."

"And you could have destroyed that will in my favor?"

"That's so." The voice of Tarboe was rough with feeling, his face grew dark. "More than once I determined to destroy

it. It seemed at first I could make better use of the property than you. The temptation was big, but I held my own, and now I've no fear of meeting anyone in Heaven or Hell. I've told you all. . . . Not quite all. There's one thing more. The thought of Junia Shale made me want to burn the second will, and I almost did it; but I'm glad I didn't."

"If you had, and had married her, you wouldn't have been happy. You can't be fooling a wife and be safe."

"I guess I know that—just in time. I have a bad heart, Carnac. Your property came to me against my will through your father; but I wanted the girl you're going to marry, and against my will you won her. I fought for her. I thought there was a chance for me, because of the rumor you were secretly married—"

"I'll tell you about it, Tarboe, now. It was an ugly business." And he told in a dozen sentences the story of Luzanne and the false marriage.

WHEN he had finished, Tarboe held out his hand. "It was a close shave, Carnac."

After a few further remarks, Tarboe said: "I thought there was a chance for me with Junia Shale, but there never was a real one, for she was yours from a child. You won her fairly, Carnac. If you'll come to the office tomorrow morning, I'll show you the will."

"You'll show me the will?" asked Carnac with an edge to his tone.

"What do you mean?" Tarboe did not like the look in the other's eyes.

"I mean, what you have you shall keep, and what John Grier leaves me by that will, I will not keep."

"You will inherit, and you shall keep."

"And turn you out!" remarked Carnac ironically.

"I needn't be turned out. I hoped you'd keep me as manager. Few could do it as well, and, as member of Parliament, you haven't time yourself. I'll stay as manager at twenty thousand dollars a year, if you like to make that arrangement."

Carnac could not tell him the real reason for declining to inherit, but that did not matter. Yet there flashed into his heart a love, which he had never felt so far in his life, for John Grier. The old man had believed he would come out right in the end, and so had left him the fortune in so odd a way. How Carnac longed to tell Tarboe the whole truth about Barode Barouche, and yet he dared not! After a short time of hesitation and doubt, Carnac said firmly:

"I'll stand by the will, if you'll be my partner and manager, Tarboe. If you'll take half the business and manage the whole of it, I'll sell the half for a dollar to you, and we can run together to the end."

Tarboe's face lighted; there was a look of triumph in his eyes. It was all better than he had dared to hope, for he liked the business, and he loathed the way the world had looked at John Grier's will.

"Halves, pardner, halves!" he said, assenting gladly, and held out his hand.

They clasped hands warmly.

The door opened and Junia appeared. She looked at their faces anxiously. When she saw the smiling light in them:

"Oh, you two good men!" she said joyously, and held out a hand to each.

THE END



A. Conan Doyle's Account of a Historical Episode—Continued from page 5

## I Saw Him Crucified

paces each way, with stones so fitted that the blade of a knife will not go between, and the soldiers say there is gold enough within to fill the pockets of the whole army. This idea puts some fury into the attack, as you can believe, but with these flames, I fear a great deal of the plunder will be lost to our legions.

There was a great fight at the temple, and it was rumored that it would be carried by storm tonight, so I went out onto the rising ground whence one sees the city best.

As I stood in the darkness, I was suddenly aware that I was not alone. A tall, silent figure was near me, looking down at the town even as I was. I could see in the moonlight that he was clad as an officer, and as I approached him I recognized that it was Longinus, third tribune of my own legion. He is a strange silent man, who is respected by all but understood by none, for he keeps his own council. As I approached him the first flames burst from the temple, a high column of fire, which cast a glow upon our faces. In the red light I saw that the gaunt face of my companion was set like iron as he gazed upon this terrific scene.

"At last!" said he. "At last!"

He was speaking to himself rather than to me, for he started and seemed confused when I asked him what he meant.

"I have long thought that evil would come to the place," said he. "Now I see that it has come, and so I said, 'At last!'"

"For that matter," I answered, "we have all seen that evil would come to the place since it has again and again defied the authority of the Caesars."

He looked keenly at me with a question in his eyes. Then he said:

"I have heard, sir, that you are one who has a full sympathy in the matter of the gods, believing that every man should worship in accordance with his own conscience and belief."

I answered that I was a Stoic of the school of Seneca, who held that this world is a small matter and that we should care little for its fortunes, but develop in ourselves a contempt for all but the highest.

He smiled in grim fashion at this.

"I have heard," said he, "that Seneca died the richest man in all Nero's empire, so he made the best of this world in spite of his philosophy."

"What are your own beliefs?" I asked. "Are you, perhaps, one who has fathomed the mysteries of Isis, or been admitted to the society of Mithra?"

"Have you ever heard," he asked, "of the Christians?"

"Yes," said I. "There were some slaves and wandering men in Rome who called themselves such. They worshiped, so far as I could gather, some man who died over here in Judea. He was put to death, I believe, in the time of Tiberius."

"That is so," he answered. "It was at the time when Pontius Pilate was procurator. Pilate was of two minds in the matter, but the mob was as wild and savage as these very men that we have been contending with. Pilate tried to put them off with a criminal, hoping that so long as they had blood they would be satisfied.

But they chose the other and he was not strong enough to withstand them. Ah! It was a pity—a sad pity!"

You seem to know a good deal about it," said I.

"I was there," said the man simply, and became silent, while we both looked down at the huge column of flame from the burning temple. As it flared up, we could see the white tents of the army and all the country round. There was a low hill just outside the city, and my companion pointed to it.

"That was where it happened," said he. "I forget the name of the place, but in those days—it was more than thirty years ago—they put their criminals to death there. But He was no criminal. It is always His eyes that I think of—the look in His eyes."

"They have haunted me ever since. All the sorrow of earth seemed mirrored in them. Sad, sad, and yet such a deep, tender pity! One would have said that it was He who needed the pity had you seen His poor, battered, disfigured face."

"WHAT were you doing in such an affair?"

"I was junior centurion, with the gold vine-rod fresh on my shoulders. I was on duty on the hill, and never had a job that I liked less. But discipline has to be observed, and Pilate had given the order. But I thought at the time—and I was not the only one—that this man's name and work would not be forgotten, and that there would be a curse on the place that had done such a deed. There was an old woman there, His mother, with her gray hair down her back. I remember how she shrieked when one of our fellows with his lance put Him out of His pain. And a few others, women and men, poor and ragged, stood by Him. But, you see, it has turned out as I thought. Even in Rome, as you have observed, His followers have appeared."

"I rather fancy," said I, "that I am speaking to one of them."

"At least, I have not forgotten," said he. "I have been in the wars ever since with little time for study. But my pension is overdue and when I have changed the sagum for the toga, and the tunic for some little farm up Como way, then I shall look more deeply into these things."

And so I left him. I only tell you all this because I remember that you took an interest in the man, Paulus, who was put to death for preaching this religion. You told me that it had reached Caesar's palace, and I can tell you now that it has reached Caesar's soldiers as well. But, apart from this matter, I wished to tell you some of the adventures which we have had recently in raiding for food among the hills, which stretch as far south as the river Jordan. The other day

(Here the fragment is ended)

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**C** Octavus Roy Cohen's Story of Bummin'ham's Darktown Wrastlers—Continued from page 45

## To Have and Toe Hold

conversation with Mr. Flapp to restore his ebbing confidence.

Voices sifting through the closed door of Jason's room halted him. Mr. Flapp was finishing a speech. Then came a pause, and an answer in a voice which caused the face of Mr. Peaglar to turn ashen.

Zebulon Harrow, the Bone Breaker, was speaking.

"Reckon I guessed good when I said us should come to Bummin'ham, eh?"

Bud heard Jason's evil, chuckling laugh. "Reckon you is the world's mos' champeen guesser, Zebulon."

"So far," went on the man who was supposed to be Jason's bitterest enemy, "us has cleaned up pretty good. Not countin' what I won fum that lopsided Bud Peaglar shootin' pool—each of us gotten sevunty-five dollars outen that hund'ed an' fifty we won when you lemme beat you. Then we's gwine diwde the two hund'ed which he bet on you to th'ow me wrastlin', which ain't so wuss when you cumsidars that not neither of us knows nothing' much 'bout wrastlin'. Wonder what Mistuh Peaglar would think was he to know bofe of us is fakes? Anyway—"

Bud's hand was pressed tragically against his throbbing brow. He groped blindly down the hall and staggered from the house. Once he paused and stared blindly and bitterly down the tree-lined thoroughfare toward the cluster of tall buildings a dozen blocks away.

He returned to his pool room and seated himself in a secluded corner, informing his assistant that he was not feeling overly well and did not wish to be disturbed. Which was no part of a gross exaggeration. Then he buried his burning face in trembling hands and gave thought to the horrible situation.

So it was a frame-up, after all. Jason Flapp and Zebulon Harrow were buddies—and worse. They were not even the proficient wrestlers they proclaimed themselves to be. And Zebulon Harrow was slated to win the match—which meant that two hundred dollars was going the way of the other unfortunate wagers made by the unwary Bud.

Bud's impulse was to seek out the committee in charge of the bout and lay the situation before them. But common sense halted him. He would not be credited. Such a situation was fraught with excessively unpleasant potentialities. Bud fancied that neither wrestler would entertain any abiding affection for the man who had thus attempted to tumble their card house, and there might—almost certainly would—be an aftermath of physical violence with Bud cast in the rôle of violence. He shuddered at the thought.

It was not until more than an hour had elapsed that Bud received his inspiration. He arose from his chair with a howl of joy and catapulted through the front door. He flapped lopsidedly down the street at a ten-second gait and came eventually to the boarding house which Florian Slappey honored with his presence, and occasion-

ally with his cash. Into the ears of that languid gentleman he poured questions:

"Florian, you is chairman of the committee which has cha'ge of this comin' wrastlin' match, ain't you?"

Florian exhaled a cloud of Turkish cigarette smoke. "I is."

"What you says goes, don't it?"

"Uh-huh!"

"Has you app'inted a ref'ree yet?"

Florian's eyes narrowed. He suspected an ulterior motive. "Not quite yet."

"Yes, you has."

"Says which?"

"Says you has done app'inted a ref'ree."

"You talks foolishment."

"I speechifies sense."

"Who this ref'ree is?"

"Him is I!"

Florian frowned. "What says you is ref'ree?"

Bud waved five five-dollar notes under Florian's nose: "How 'bout this?"

Florian grabbed for the money. "You ref'rees!" he decided unanimously. Then: "What you knows 'bout ref'reein' wrastlin' matches?" he demanded.

"Heap."

"How much heap?"

"'Nough to know when a man is th'owed."

"Why you want to ref'ree?"

Bud shook his head vaguely. "Jes' 'cause."

"'Cause which?"

"I's got a cravin'."

"Funny cravin'."

"Man ain't 'sponsible fo' the cravin's which he gits. Cravin's is like wifes: you gits 'em does you want 'em or not."

Florian had his twenty-five dollars and was well content. "Yo' cravin's ain't gwine cause me no worriment."

THAT afternoon Bud Peaglar took a journey. He stepped aboard a North Bessemer car and rode to the end of the line. In Bessemer he rented a dilapidated flivver and drove to the gaunt, red camp of the Madoc Mining Company. Inquiries at the office sent him to the tippie and a half-hour later the monster figure of a man emerged from the mine and greeted his visitor with grim enthusiasm.

To this massive being Bud Peaglar orated with tense passion. He poured pleas and logic into the ore-grimed ears. And finally a broad grin broke out on the face of Mr. Cunjer Bill Johnson, and he crushed Bud's hand in a grip of friendship.

"You talks, Bud. I does it."

Bud winced with the agony of the handshake, but even the pain could not destroy his triumphal smile. "Reckon us is bofe good frien's to one 'nother, huh, Cunjer Bill?" he inquired.

"Yassuh—reckon us is."

When Bud returned to Birmingham that night, he found his pool room doing a boom business. And the first person to confront him was Jason Flapp, the Memphis Choker. Upon the face of Mr. Flapp there was an expression of mingled doubt and worry—

"Heahs you is gwine ref'ree our wrastlin' match, Mistuh Peaglar?"

Bud nodded. "You heahs correc'."

"How much you knows 'bout wrastlin'?"

Bud met his eyes levelly. "Much as you does."

Jason's gaze shifted uncertainly. He was afraid that Bud's words might have a double meaning. "Co'se I an' Mistuh Harrow is glad you is gwine ref'ree—"

"I kinder thank you would be."

"We is. Crost my heah. But we was wond'rin'—"

"I knows ev'ythin'." said Bud with dignity: "Even how pool should be shot."

Jason departed, shaking his head. There seemed something sinister in the appointment of Bud Peaglar as referee. Protests availed nothing. Florian Slappey was in charge and Florian refused point-blank to have his authority or judgment questioned. After all, reflected Jason, the most partial referee could not refuse to declare a fall if one wrestler lay flat on his back for five minutes. And Jason knew that the colored community had bet both ways with sufficient intensity to insure a square deal for each of the contestants.

THE day of the heralded battle found interest intensified. The thing, billed as being for the colored championship of the world, was a novelty in Darktown and the house had long since been sold out. With the immediate approach of hostilities there was an eleventh-hour recrudescence of betting on the result, so that when the doors opened that night every spare dollar belonging to any colored gentleman who boasted a drop of sporting blood had been wagered on the result. Feeling was running high and the supporters of each man were present to see that justice was done.

Bud entered the hall exalted by the feeling that upon his shoulders rested a great trust. He knew that no matter which of the fake wrestlers came out victorious, there would be intense sadness in many a colored home that night. One half of dusky Birmingham was destined to be voluminously flush with money—the other half miserably broke. And Bud was grimly determined upon a square deal.

And then he broke into a half-smile as through the doors bulked the Gargantuan figure of Cunjer Bill Johnson, star mucker at the Madoc Mines. Cunjer Bill was a giant of a man with a face which could be one moment irresistibly sunny and the next blood-curdlingly ferocious. His enormous shoulders swayed commandingly as he followed an usher to his choice ringside seat. He nodded lightly to one or two of his friends in the audience. But he gave no sign of greeting to Bud Peaglar, who sagged contentedly against the ropes.

The stage was set, the audience restless. And Bud was nervous. There was no hint of weakening, but he couldn't very well control the fierce hammering of his heart nor the twitching of his fingers. He knew that he was on the threshold of an extremely large evening.

The committee had deemed it best to

dispense with preliminaries. For the edification of the restless fans they had engaged Professor Aleck Champagne's Jassphony Orchestra and the most delirious cacophony of that organization fought its way through the smoke-laden atmosphere.

Promptly at eight-thirty Florian Slappey dispatched an envoy to the dressing-room of Jason Flapp, the Memphis Choker. In a few seconds he appeared, swathed in what had once, in pristine glory, been a bathrobe. Now it hung in limp and melancholy folds about Jason's stocky figure. And as its owner slouched down the aisle cheer after cheer rent the air—cheers and cries of encouragement from the multitude whose hard-earned money had been wagered on his chances.

Then came Zebulon Harrow, the Bone Breaker. Zebulon carried a retinue and Zebulon strutted gloriously. His scarlet robe fitted tightly the perfectly muscled six feet of height; the head was thrown proudly back, his stride was that of the master.

He leaped into the ring and crossed to Jason's corner. That scowling wrestler extended an indifferent paw for the conventional handshake, and then the two wrestlers gave themselves over to the customary examination of each other's finger-nails—making quite sure that they were pared to the safety point. Florian produced a box of resin which Zebulon used unctuously and Jason disdained.

FROM his wealth of inside information, Bud Peaglar applauded the histrionic abilities of the principals. Had he remained in ignorance of the frame-up he knew that he would have been fooled by the ostentatious display of scowling hostility. Certainly he did not condemn the audience for its gullibility.

Florian Slappey did the announcing; did it in a manner which brought a green flush of envy to the cheeks of Lawyer Evans Chew. Then Bud Peaglar was introduced and he chased Florian from the ring and called the principals to him. Jason shuffled forward, Zebulon strode. Bud spoke a few low and well-chosen words:

"Reckon I is a rotten pool player, fellers; but wrastlin' is the one thing I knows the most about. I's gwine call falls when falls is threw an' not otherwise. Does you git me?"

They nodded that they got him and glanced doubtfully at one another. Both sensed the antagonism of the skinny little referee. Then Zebulon shrugged. What could that runt of a man do to frustrate their meticulously laid plans? The thing was impossible—his fear unworthy of himself. As for Bud's obvious dislike, that was not at all unnatural.

As they took their corners Bud made the final announcement:

"This heah is gwine be fo' the cullud wrastlin' champenship of the world. They is gwine wrastle catchum-anyway-you-kin without nothin' barred 'ceptin' only bitin'. Gen'lemen, is you-all ready?"

As at an awaited cue they doffed their bathrobes. One rabid fan in the rear emitted a shrill of approval:

"Hot dam! Lookit them muscles!"

It was obviously Jason Flapp to whom he had reference. Jason, stripped to the waist, was an awe-inspiring figure—a creature with huge, crawling knots of

muscle. Bud Peaglar wondered whether, after all, Jason could possibly fail to throw the more symmetrical Zebulon.

The gong sounded. The house hushed. There was a nervous scraping of feet as the combatants moved slowly toward each other, arms bowed and extended, eyes focused rigidly. Their left hands groped, each finding a resting place at the rear of the other's neck. They then instituted a period of interminable sparring with their right hands, feeling for holds.

Around and around they shuffled. Occasionally there was a lightning lunge, a grunt—and again they were back at their incessant circling. Five minutes passed; ten, fifteen. The spectators grew a trifle impatient.

THEN suddenly the ebony figure of Jason Flapp dropped. The audience emitted a choky yell. Apelike arms shot forward and wrapped about the slender waist of the Bone Breaker. Then they were down, scrambling fiercely about the floor . . . and when the brief excitement was over Zebulon lay on hands and knees while Jason Flapp kneeled beside him, critically inspecting his opponent for the most likely place to fasten a hold.

Jason clamped a half-Nelson on the Bone Breaker. He twisted and squirmed and applied the full pressure of his tremendous arms. And then, at the crucial moment, Zebulon wriggled loose—amidst the frenzied howls of his supporters—and flung himself atop Jason.

And from that moment on the brum-magen character of the match became apparent to the not inexperienced eye of Bud Peaglar. For not only did he see that these men were not giving their best efforts, but it became apparent to him that they were not adept wrestlers. True, they did possess a rudimentary knowledge of wrestling and they knew more or less about the various holds—but their work as a whole was rather crude, and only the simulated ferocity of their attacks upon each other kept the crowd in a fever which blinded it to the actual wrestling merits of the two negroes.

They fought. It was hard to believe that this was all planned in advance. Through set teeth they cursed one another and gritted dire threats of absolute annihilation. The crowd screamed with excitement. But Bud Peaglar, circling above them with critical eye, saw through the sham.

And thereupon Bud Peaglar allowed himself the luxury of a triumphant grin.

The first fall came like a lightning-bolt after forty-two minutes of violent tussling. And it went to Jason Flapp, who, squirming awkwardly out of a body scissors, clamped a wristlock on his more Adonis-like opponent and pinned his shoulders to the mat.

Bud slapped Jason on the back and the wrestlers arose and trotted to their dressing-rooms for a ten-minute rest amidst howls of approval from Jason's supporters and groans from the many who had wagered their all on the chances of the Bone Breaker.

As for Bud, he lounged against the ropes and within his heart there surged a song of triumph. The first fall had gone to Jason Flapp, and Bud's money was bet that way. For one more fall, at any rate, he was financially secure. The worst that Zebulon

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could do was to take the second and even thirds up.

The men returned to the mat and for thirty-seven minutes mauled each other into exhaustion. And then occurred just what Bud anticipated. Zebulon Harrow won the second fall with a toehold and the match was evened.

But the contestants were honestly exhausted this time and they sank on their stools panting. The house was in an uproar. With the match horse-and-horse the betting fever was revived.

Bud Peaglar's eyes roamed across the heads of the spectators and came to rest finally upon the face of Cunjer Bill Johnson. To Cunjer Bill he nodded slightly, and the mucker from Madoc nodded agreement. Slowly, deliberately, he hoisted his massive figure from the chair and towered above the crowd. With innate dramatic instinct he raised one monster paw aloft and his deep voice boomed through the fetid air of the hall.

"Brethren!"

The chattering stilled. All eyes focused upon the Stygian giant. Quite pleased with the calcium, Cunjer Bill delivered a brief, pointed speech.

"This wastlin' match is a fake!"

There was a stir of irritation from the crowd. Bud, eyeing the wrestlers, saw glints of fear flash in their tired eyes. Again the resonant voice of Cunjer Bill resounded through the hall.

"Also I says neither of them fakes knows nothin' 'bout wastlin'!"

NOTHING but dead silence could be heard. And then the spectators became frankly exasperated. The crowd was intensely partisan and it had backed its partisanship with money. To it, the bout appeared to be on the level—and it was not to be easily convinced that the thing was a frame-up. A chorus of anger swelled.

"Who you is, Big Boy?"

"What you know 'bout wastlin'?"

"Is you ever wrestled anybody?"

This last inquisitor Cunjer Bill singled out, and he thundered a defi.

"Yeh, I is wrestled somebody. I is the cullud champeen wrestler of the world!"

The Memphis Choker looked at the Bone Breaker and the Bone Breaker looked at the Memphis Choker. There was genuine fear in the glances thus exchanged.

"You says you is!" challenged a voice.

Cunjer Bill's muscular paw dived into a trousers pocket and came forth clutching two hundred and fifty dollars in bills.

"Two hund'ed an' fifty dollars!" he roared. "That much I bets I c'n th'ow bofe them fakes in twen'y minutes. I's a champeen, I is. I has be'n a champeen wastler sence bullfrogs sang sopranner. Does I take mo'n ten minutes to th'ow either one, I loses the two hund'ed an' fifty dollars. Now what does you-all say?"

There was a stir of tense excitement. An hour and a quarter of fierce tussling had convinced the majority of the spectators that Jason and Zebulon were peerless wrestlers. It was incomprehensible that the man lived who could throw both of them in twenty minutes.

Florian Slappey arose and suggested the collection of a purse to cover the reckless wager of the big mucker. Within five minutes he held in his palms two hundred and fifty dollars. He shoved this under

the nose of the giant, Cunjer Bill Johnson.

"You is took!" he piped excitedly. "Git you off yo' clothes an' c'mon an' wrestle!"

The crowd was racked by fierce agitation. Here was new drama—something unexpected and well worth while. A handicap match against both main bout principals. And then interference came from a totally unexpected quarter. Zebulon Harrow, the Bone Breaker, arose and silenced the crowd with a gesture.

"I AN' Mistuh Flapp ain't gwine wrestle that feller!"

Horried stillness fell upon the house. Zebulon hastened an explanation. "We is plumb tuckered out with wastlin' each yuther."

Scepticism became more apparent. Zebulon fought valiantly to regain the swiftly ebbing confidence of the spectators—

"Us has done wrestled fo' mo' than one hour. Does us wrestle this big boy us is gwine git th'owed on account we ain't got no mo' stren'th lef'. So I says Mistuh Flapp an' mysef goes on an' finishes our match an' wrestles him some other night."

A few stanch supporters agreed vociferously with Zebulon's suggestion. Others loudly voiced their disapproval of this procrastination. Cunjer Bill sent his voice tearing through the hall.

"I tells you this—an' I knows what I's talkin' 'bout. Not on'y neither of these wastlers ain't no wastlers, but also this whole match is a frame-up. These fellers was frien's befo' they come to Bummin'ham an' they is be'n bettin' on the match they own se'ves. One of 'em is gwine lay down to the other. Folks, you has bet on these fakes, an' you is 'bout to be played fo' a whole covey of sucker-fish."

The public is always eager to believe rumors of faked sporting events. This particular audience was far from being an exception. The crowd's demeanor became ugly and threats arose:

"Does you th'ow us down, Brother Flapp—you gits you a coat of tar to make you blacker'n what you is now."

"Better not let that cullud boy th'ow you, Mistuh Harrow. We is watchin' you close."

The situation was highly unpleasant for the players of the stellar rôles. They glanced uneasily at one another and then at the audience and its air of increasing hostility. Both wrestlers wished that they had never essayed this thing. And yet, they both knew that they had to finish the bout. Come what might, that third fall must be fought out—and the winning bets collected. They feared that they were in line for a manhandling anyway and they preferred to let the match conclude as planned rather than to be torn limb from limb by this massive interloper with the two hundred and fifty dollars.

And Zebulon Harrow—no mean orator—addressed the crowd passionately.

He assured them that no mens never was straduced more worser than what him an' Mistuh Flapp was bein' done. He appealed to their sense of fair play. Admitting that this stranger was a great wrestler, was it fair to pit him against men who were already tired?

"An' all what happens does we wrestle him t'night is that you gen'lemen which has raised the money to bet on us—loses all which you has bet. So I sigges's that we

wrestles this heah big feller some other night, an' t'night I an' Mistuh Flapp goes on an' finishes our bout."

The logic of the situation was unanswerable. And so, reluctantly, the crowd agreed to allow the match to proceed. But the humor of the audience had changed. From heroes, the two battlers had degenerated into objects of dark and dire suspicion. The spectators were not positive that the match was a fake, but it was a foregone conclusion that the supporters of the loser would flock to that alibi.

Then, too, guilt was writ large upon the frightened faces of the wrestlers. Their own trepidation communicated itself to the suspicious house. There was no mistaking the dismay which had settled dankly upon their hitherto proudly swaying shoulders, nor the fear which glimmered in their furtive eyes.

But gloom had settled soggily about the wrestlers. Gloom—sudden and complete—where a few minutes before there had loomed only the certainty of triumph and financial success. They were both bewildered by the sudden and totally unexpected turn of events and their knees were trembling as the gong sounded for the third fall and they advanced to the center of the mat. Their eyes sought one another's pleadingly as arms crossed . . . and then the grinning face of the diminutive Bud Peaglar appeared between them and Bud proffered sage counsel:

"Was I you fellers, I reckon I'd see neither of me was th'owed!"

THEY flashed startled glances toward him, and he spoke again.

"Jes' keep on fakin' like'n you has be'n doin'. This crowd don' know no better."

They groaned so that it was audible to Bud's ears, and Mr. Peaglar laughed silently. This was his moment of triumph.

The crowd was growling surlily, impatient for action. And so the contestants went to the mat again.

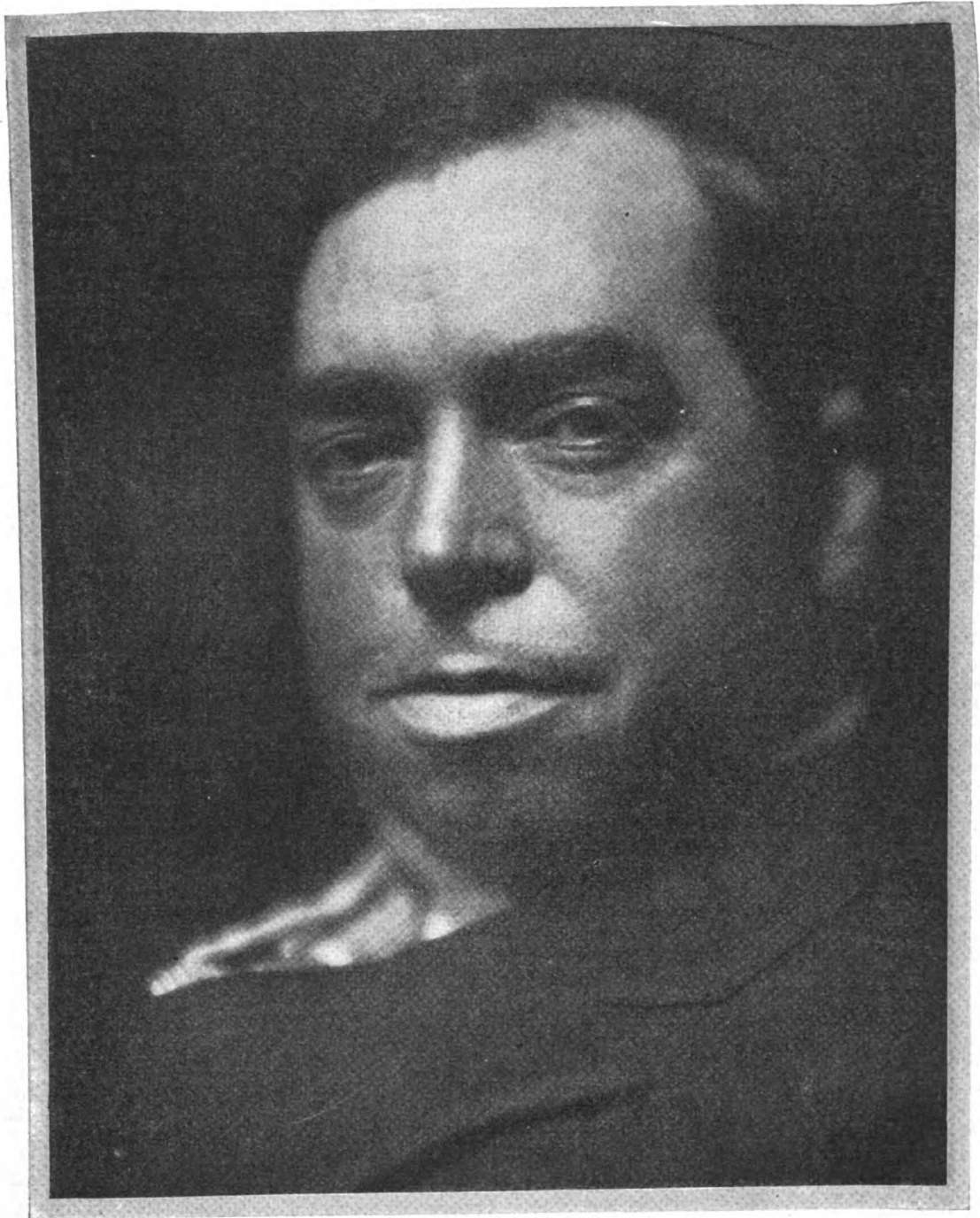
For fifteen minutes they wrestled; the crowd more impatient, more suspicious, more intolerant with every passing moment. And the cheerful referee kept up a running fire of comment:

"Fake wastlin' is a skeery game . . . . Never know when you is gwine git caught an' kilt—like a chicken. . . . Better watch out, Mistuh Harrow—he mos' let you fall that time. . . . That woul'n't be so bad on account yo'd make a elegant-lookin' corpse. . . . Either one gits th'owed, yuther one c'n ride in the mo'ner's ca'iage at the fumral. . . . We got swell funral ca'riages in Bummin'ham. . . . An' killin' fake wastlers is the fondest thing Bummin'ham cullud folks is of. . . . We kills 'em fo' exercise. Heah that crowd yowlin'. . . . They knows you is fakes . . . an' which one gits th'owed is gwine be the fakes . . . an' the mos' deadest. . . . Reckon you-all better neither one git th'owed this time. . . . But they ain't no sayin' you-all two bofe ain't swell pool players. . . . Which remin's me, Brother Harrow, does I git back them hund'ed 'an fifty dollars you skun me out of? Does I?"

"You does!" came the chorused groan. "When?"

"T'night—after we finishes wastlin'."

"Tha's fine," murmured Bud happily. "Befo' you leaves [Continued on page 150]



© by PIRIE MACDONALD

*The Short Stories of*  
**IRVIN S. COBB**

*Now appear in*

**Cosmopolitan**  
*America's Greatest Magazine*

[Continued from page 148]

the hall—when you gits yo' bets back fum the stakeholders. That bein' the case, my frien's, I agrees to call the match off in a few minutes."

Bud's task was made easy. The flagrant character of the match, the terror of a fall, became more and more apparent; the crowd more and more surly. And finally both wrestlers dropped with an excellent simulation of exhaustion. And Bud faced the audience and delivered his decision in forceful tone of authority.

"These heah wrastlers bein' all in," he shouted, "an' each havin' wonned on'y one fall, I heahby declares that this ain't no contest an' all bets is off!"

Which erudite verdict brought a howl of

approval from the disgusted and infuriated spectators.

Late that night, long after the muttering crowd had unwillingly dispersed and the wrestlers had made good to Bud Peaglar the hundred and fifty dollars illegally won from him at pool—long after they had slunk to the Terminal Station and slid out of Birmingham on a Chattanooga-bound local—after all of that Mr. Cunjer Bill Johnson of the Madoc Mines presented himself before the triumphant Bud Peaglar and in Bud's hands placed two hundred and fifty dollars in cash.

Fifty of this Bud returned to his friend. "You has earned it, Cunjer Bill—you sho"—Lawd has."

Cunjer Bill grinned modestly. "I done

it pretty good, di'n't I?" he asked blandly.

"I'll say you did, brother." Then a cloud crossed Bud's smiling face. "But they had me skeered one time."

"Yassuh," agreed Cunjer Bill. "They had me skeered wuss'n you."

Bud Peaglar chuckled.

"My goshness! I wonder what them two fakes would say did they know you never wrastled a wrastle in yo' whole life, an' that we was jes' bluffin' 'em? I wonder what they would say?"

"Huh!" smiled Cunjer Bill. "I knows—but I never uses that kind of langwidge!"

*Can you laugh at the jealous entanglements of colored folks? Then you will enjoy "The Melancholy Dame," by Octavius Roy Cohen in Hearst's International for November.*

## He Knew All About Women

¶ Bruno Lessing Describes The Wise Man of Forty-five—Continued from page 94

he remarked to himself, his conscience easy.

The girl intrigued him. He wrote her a long letter apologizing for his crime all over again and, in reply, received a humorous note which ended with an invitation to call upon her.

"So you're going to call on Peggy Preston," said Mrs. Wilmot, laughingly. "Well, you'll not be the first caller she has had. And I suppose you want to pump me dry about her to find out if you have a chance with her."

"Oh, it isn't as bad as that," said Ferguson hastily, inwardly cursing the lady's bluntness.

"Well, she's a dear, charming girl," Mrs. Wilmot went on. "She has turned the heads of all sorts of men, young ones and old ones. Though I guess you're the first author she has captured."

"You speak as if she were a cannibal chief," said Ferguson.

"I knew her mother before she was married," explained Mrs. Wilmot, "and—the apple falls close to the tree. Peggy is good and earnest and, altogether, a nice girl. But she doesn't know her own mind and—what makes it quite a problem for her—she knows that she does not know her own mind and the knowledge provokes her. She isn't a flirt and she isn't heartless. She just has too good a mind for a girl in her position and wants to find out everything for herself instead of letting her parents arrange her life."

"Who is Bobbie?" asked Ferguson.

"Bobbie Warner? Oh, dear! He's just one of a dozen whom she has captivated. I thought at one time that she would marry him—and he'd be a fine match—but, as I said, she doesn't know her own mind and has been putting them all off. Her mother was just like that, too, and made a splendid marriage in the end."

Within two weeks Ferguson realized that Margaret Preston was occupying a greater share of his thoughts than was entirely safe for his peace of mind.

She, for her part, made no effort to conceal her liking for him. She found him interesting and congenial and enjoyed the flattery of his admiration. They went to a theater one night and, while he was escorting her home, he said:

"I'm afraid, my dear, I'm getting terrible fond of you."

"I'm sorry you're afraid," she replied, laughing. "I like you but it doesn't frighten me."

"I'm really quite an old man, you know," said Ferguson.

"Yes, I know. I looked you up in Who's Who. You're forty-five. But in some things most of the boys I know are really older than you."

They had come to the door of her home. "You really like me a bit?" he asked.

"Yes," said she. "More than a bit."

He felt the light pressure of her hand against his arm and the next moment she was running up the steps.

"GEORGE FERGUSON," said he to himself, the next morning, "you're in danger of making a great fool of yourself. You had better take careful stock of the situation and make up your mind."

He began to reason the matter out and, after discovering that his mind was merely traveling in circles and always getting back to the original starting point, he came to the conclusion that it was not a subject for reasoning at all. He decided to talk it over frankly with the girl herself. He called her on the telephone.

"Did I wake you out of a sound sleep?" he asked.

"No, indeed," she replied. "I've been up two hours reading that poem of Keats' that you recommended last night. I think it's glorious."

Ferguson felt a thrill of pleasure.

"Listen, Peggy," he said. "I'd like to have a chat with you. Can I see you this evening?"

"I'm sorry," said she, "but I can't this evening."

Ferguson felt a sense of disappointment.

"How about tomorrow afternoon, then? A ride in the Park?"

"N-no, I'm afraid not," replied Peggy.

"I expect some visitors."

"Any time at all tomorrow then?" he insisted.

"I don't see how I can."

There was a long pause. Then:

"A little girl told me last night that she really liked me."

"That's the truth," said Peggy.

"But don't you think that if a girl really likes a man she would find some way of

squeezing in an hour of her time to give to him, Peggy?"

"Don't you think you're a bit unreasonable?"

"I don't think so," said Ferguson.

Another long pause. And then, suddenly, Ferguson heard a peal of merry laughter over the telephone.

"What's the joke?" he asked, frowning. The laughter increased.

"I'll wait until you get through," he said, sarcastically. "But I am curious to know what you are laughing about."

"A sudden thought came to me," said she. "I was just wondering if anybody else was overhearing us on the line who might take it into his head to give us both a lecture. That would be such a great joke after—after—well, you know."

Ferguson felt a slight chill run up and down his spine. And, at that moment:

"Hello, Central," came a gruff voice, "you've got me on a busy line. I'm trying to get the Pennsylvania Station."

He heard a distinct gasp from Peggy. Then, feeling as if a pail of ice water had been doused over him, he quietly placed his receiver on its hook, put on his hat and coat and went out for a walk in the Park. Late that afternoon he departed on a fishing trip to Canada with a friend.

FERGUSON remained away from the city for three months. In a belated newspaper, one day, he read an account of the wedding of Miss Margaret Preston and Mr. Robert Warner, son of a retired millionaire manufacturer. He merely smiled.

Nevertheless, in conversation with his friend, one day in camp, mention was made of the Pennsylvania Railroad Station.

"I came across a chap," said Ferguson, "who tried to get that station."

"What are you talking about?" asked his friend.

"He was a smart man," Ferguson said.

"He had sense enough to keep still."

"Are you crazy?" asked the friend.

"No," said Ferguson. "But I was."

*Skippy had met Hippo's beautiful sister, which was the only thing that saved Hippo from instant annihilation—until—she announced her engagement to someone else. See "Green and Fresh" in Hearst's International for November, ready October 20th.*



Jack Hines's Story of Love in Alaska—From page 61

## Nine Points o' The Law

Unless thou shalt have need of her before. Thou shalt find her ready for thee!"

Galt could contemplate no further, for tears sprang from his eyes that drenched the murder in his heart. Vengeance moved back from David's to its sacred sword—and he began gathering necessities for a journey. A malemute set up a weird howling outside and instantly the night was alive with the chorus of twenty wolf-dogs that were kenneled around the cabin. David sprang to the cabin door. It is not unusual, this nocturnal howling of the milemutes. But a canoe was due, overdue from down the Shungnak. And when the dogs cry in chorus in summer it usually announces the approach of a boat downstream, that may not appear for hours afterwards.

DAVID went to the river's edge and peered into its half-pallor, but there was no sign of any craft coming toward the landing. But the dogs still kept up their calling. He slid a canoe into the river and paddled toward the Shungnak bank. When he returned a half-hour later Tai-lonah was stroking the bow paddle. Behind her in the bottom of the canoe was a trim trail kit. She stayed by the canoe while David went to the cabin for his trail gear. This he stowed in the canoe next to Tai-lonah's.

Then Tai-lonah and David prepared for the arrival of Hagson and whomever he might have with him. For the dog sign had not stopped—someone was coming upstream. A half-hour's wait, and the vague shape of a stealthily gliding canoe became dimly discernible—two figures noiselessly sweeping the paddles as the craft came on from midstream.

"Now, Tai-lonah—now. We go to meet them. Then they are to turn in their tracks and we shall never leave the stern of their canoe until we have them safe in the power of our Great White Father. If we fail in that—you, Tai-lonah, shall kill the Wolf, while I—your David—slaughter the other beast."

They pushed out to meet the approaching craft. The canoes locked side by side. Hagson now recognized Tai-lonah and Galt. He began a cordial greeting but the words froze in his throat, for the craven collapsed when he saw the flash of blue steel in David's hand and, by the pale light, the deadly menace in his eyes. But not even Ladue could bring his eyes to look at the face behind a big-muzzled gun held on them by the Indian girl in the bow of the canoe.

Ladue made just the faintest move of his hand, after the command to remain absolutely still. David all but crushed his skull with his clubbed revolver. The Wolf crumbled up—and, when he came to, found himself bound hand and foot and strapped to the top of the dunnage and gear in the bow of the peterborough. Doctor Hagson had been strapped to his end of the canoe. And so were they towed—not trailed—down the Shungnak; and on down to the Kotzebue coast, where they had been delivered into the custody of Captain Tuttle

of the U. S. Revenue Cutter Bear. The Arctic pool was headed through the Bering Strait, with a scheduled stop at Kewalick on the way down to the Bering Sea. The lookout had caught David's hail dead on the port beam, and they immediately came off their course to affect the pick up of the two canoes.

Well, that's about all there is to record of his tale of the far North. The Eagle records are available for a history of this famous trial. Of course Judge Landers had to instruct the jury that the evidence was of such nature as to leave—in law—the reasonable doubt. That the Court's instructions were not unheeded in the verdict returned seems apparent from the informal suggestion that the Eagle jurors inserted in their decision. In effect it was this wise:

"And the jury further suggests that in recommending life imprisonment for these two defendants they thereby show due respect to the Court's charge, as to the reasonable doubt. The jury suggests that these two defendants will be more fittingly punished by being allowed to live and suffer—rather than enjoy a quick death at the end of a rope. Amen!" Judge Landers ordered this irregular addendum stricken from the Federal court records. But that did not lessen its justice. And so to this day Hagson and Ladue are breaking rock down on M—— Island—unless these twenty years have been too much for them.

Some time when you have a spare year on your hands, run up to the Shungnak and look over Galt City. It spreads out with all the improvements and facilities that you will find in Eagle. Directly opposite the town are the Galt mines, estimated today to be worth around \$100,000,000. Wasn't it a paltry seven million or so that we paid Russia for the entire Territory in "Fifty-seven?" They must have been blind, for surely their explorers had seen stalwart Shungnaks, wearing virgin gold trinkets. Why, the Shungnak bucks had pure gold labrets stuck through their underlips. Where was all that Tartar acuteness? But perhaps the inland expeditions never returned—who can tell?

CAN'T you picture the wonderful issue of the Shungnak Queen and her consort, David Galt? Kugarah's primeval philosophy come true? The crossing of his rare blue blood with the strain of the purest American aristocracy? Gods, what glorious children! And every time he hears Tai-lonah call him he somehow reverts to the morning down on the Eagle river bank when an Egyptian Princess crept into his embrace, calling him David as she tenderly kissed him on his lips. The singing gold harp is still up there in the Shungnak, still swathed in its magic skin. Go North, friend, and mayhap you will unearth it—and listen to its reminiscent lament!

Is there anything finer and funnier than Montague Glass's Jewish characters? You will have another chance to laugh with Mr. Glass when you read his story, "The Right Way," in *Hearst's International* for November.

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Cl. Sinclair Lewis Pictures Small City Life in His New Novel—From page

## BABBITT

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view, for the present, of politics and labor and humanity. One or two good words for Doane, dropped by him at the Athletic Club and to the Boosters got him into bad repute and his loneliness increased. It was further emphasized by the absence of his wife. It may be she thought George would be better without her for a while; at any rate, she left in the middle of the winter to visit her sister. Then he remembered Mrs. Daniel Judique. He had met her in a business way and now he renewed his acquaintance, more than half-believing she was the golden girl of his dreams. His association with her led him into wild drinking parties and carousals with Zenith City's bohemian "bunch." He was still traveling rapidly on this route when his wife returned and he could not persuade himself to give up Mrs. Judique. Of course, Mrs. Babbitt became suspicious and things at home were crosswise. This, added to his loss of friends incident to his expression of radical opinions, made him, indeed, a lonely man. Then came a new blow that once more changed his life:

BABBITT woke at three in the morning and struggled out of bed for a drink of water. As he passed through the bedroom, he heard his wife groan. His resentment was night-blurred; he was solicitous in inquiring, "What's the matter, hon?"

"I've got such a pain—down here in my side—oh, it's just—it tears me."

"Bad indigestion. Shall I get you some bicarb?"

"Don't think that would help. I felt funny last evening and yesterday, and then it passed away and I got to sleep—"

"I better call the doctor."

"No, no! It'll go away. But maybe you might get me an ice-bag."

He stalked to the bathroom for the ice-bag, down to the kitchen for ice. He felt dramatic in this late-night expedition, but as he gouged the chunk of ice with the dagger-like pick he was cool, steady, mature; and the old friendliness was in his voice as he patted the ice-bag into place on her groin, rumbling, "There, there, that'll be better now." He retired to bed, but he did not sleep. He heard her groan again. Instantly he was up, soothing her, "Still pretty bad, honey?"

"Yes, it just gripes me; I can't sleep."

Her voice was faint. He knew her dread of doctors' verdicts and he did not inform her, but he creaked down-stairs, telephoned to Dr. Earl Patten, and waited, shivering, trying with fuzzy eyes to read a magazine, till he heard the doctor's car.

To Mrs. Babbitt the doctor said with amiable belligerence, after his examination, "Kind of a bad old pain, eh? I'll give you something to make you sleep and I think you'll feel better in the morning. I'll come in right after breakfast." But to Babbitt, lying in wait in the lower hall, the doctor sighed, "I don't like the feeling there in her side. There's some rigidity and some inflammation. She's never had her appendix out, has she? Um. Well, no use worrying. I'll be here first thing in the morning, and meantime she'll get some rest. I've given her a hypo. Good night."

Then was Babbitt caught up in the black tempest.

Instantly all the indignations which had been dominating him, and the spirituous dramas through which he had struggled became pallid and absurd before the ancient and overwhelming realities, the standard and traditional realities, of sickness and menacing death, the long night and the thousand steadfast implications of married life. He crept back to her. She drowsed away in the tropic languor of morphia, he sat on the edge of her bed holding her hand, and for the first time in many weeks her hand abode trustfully in his.

BABBITT's family physician reported Mrs. Babbitt in a serious condition and asked for a consultation. This led to the decision that an immediate operation was necessary. George protested, sought delay, but the surgeon was firm and in less than an hour the sick woman was on her way to the hospital, accompanied by her husband who had been a wanderer but who was "back again."

The ambulance whirled under the hooded carriage-entrance of the hospital and instantly Babbitt was reduced to zero in the nightmare succession of cold-floored halls, endless doors open on women sitting up in bed, an elevator, the anesthetizing room, a young interne contemptuous of husbands. He was permitted to kiss his wife; he saw a thin dark nurse the cone over her mouth and nose; stiffened at a sweet and treacherous odor then he was driven out, and on a high stool in a laboratory he sat dazed, longing to see her once again, to insist that he had always loved her, had never for a second loved anybody else or looked at anybody else and never would look at anyone else.

MRS. BABBITT recovered, but through the stress of the days of her suffering, George reverted to type. He became again the home-loving, conservative business man. The Boosters took him back to their hearts; he became a member of the Good Citizens' League and no longer had anything good to say for Doane. His wife's sickness had stopped his radical thoughts and erased from his mind the image of Mrs. Judique. Meanwhile things were happening in his own family. Verona had won her secretarial position and married. Ted was at college, under protest, and pleading to change to an engineering course. One week-end Ted came home, and in the evening he and Eunice Littlefield, who lived next door, and with whom he had been friends for years, went out together. At a late hour they had not returned. In the early dawn, Mrs. Babbitt awakened George and demanded.

"COME HERE quick and see. Be quiet!" She led him down the hall to the door of Ted's room and pushed it gently open. On the worn brown rug he saw a froth of rose-colored chiffon lingerie; on the sedate Morris chair a girl's silver slipper. And on the pillows were two sleepy heads—Ted's and Eunice's.

Ted woke to grin, and to mutter with unconvincing defiance, "Good morning! Let me introduce my wife—Mrs. Theodore."

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# Do *YOU* Do Any of These Embarrassing Things?



The man in this picture has reason to be ill at ease. He has attended an informal dinner in conventional full dress. The Book of Etiquette would have told him how to interpret the word "informal" on the invitation—and would have revealed to him important things to know regarding an informal social function. The Book of Etiquette tells you what to wear on all occasions.



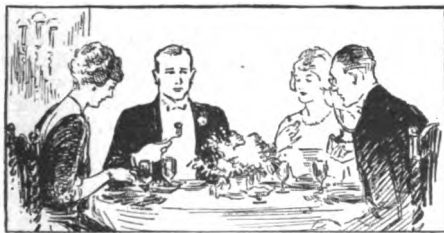
His friend has just introduced him to the young woman. Instead of waiting for her to offer her hand and make the acknowledgment, he has extended his hand first and mumbled confusedly something about being "Glad to meet you." By telling you how to make and acknowledge introductions, the Book of Etiquette prevents a great many embarrassing blunders.



She has just signed her name in the hotel register, and glanced at the names above. She sees, in these other signatures, that she has made a mistake—that she has registered incorrectly. Mistakes such as these can often be very embarrassing indeed. The Book of Etiquette prevents them, as it covers the whole subject of hotel etiquette completely and authoritatively.



Without realizing his mistake, the man in this picture has followed the head waiter, preceding the young woman. It is the wrong order of precedence, and he discovers it to his embarrassment only when he notices the entrance of another couple. The Book of Etiquette tells you about the mistakes that might be made, when entering the theatre, the street car, the drawing room. And it tells you how to avoid these humiliating blunders.



Every one knows that table manners are an index to breeding. The man in this picture has taken olives with a fork, and has just realized his error, as the others have taken them with their fingers. Too bad he didn't refer to his Book of Etiquette! It tells all about table manners—how to eat corn on the cob, lettuce, asparagus, frozen pudding.



The gentleman at the right does not know how to dance. Instead of doing what he should, under the circumstances, he is making himself conspicuous by standing alone while the others dance. The Book of Etiquette would have told him how to avoid this embarrassment—and would have told him also the complete etiquette of the dance and of dancing. It is a most fascinating chapter.

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On the 15th day of December, 1910, I made a discovery. At that time I was about as far down the ladder of success as a man can be. I lacked everything a successful man should possess. I possessed qualities that a successful man would be ashamed of. My spirit was broken. My health failing. I owed money to almost everyone I had dealings with. And as for friends—I had none.

It seemed that I had little to live for. I had tried to utilize what few qualifications I had—only to fail miserably. But I let myself drift on, in the dismal hope that some day my "luck" would change.

Then one day, as suddenly as a bolt of lightning flashes across the sky, something happened to me. You will not believe what I am now going to tell you. But on the honor of one who from direst poverty has risen to wealth and to the position of one who is respected by his friends and business associates, I swear that it is true—every word of it.

I tell you, with the deepest of all truthfulness and sincerity—I **WAS ACTUALLY RE-BORN!**

In a period of twenty-one days—only twenty-one days, mind you—I acquired an entirely *new mind*, an entirely *new individuality*! My former self completely disappeared. There was even a seeming difference in my physical appearance.

I can never forget my astonishment when I commenced an examination of my new self. Where was my former lack of ambition? Where was my indecision, my lack of concentration? Where was my brain-fag, my dull imagination—my faulty memory? Where were all those handicaps responsible for my failure?

All had disappeared. I was amazed. I did not—I could not—believe that such a sudden transformation was possible in anyone. It belonged to mysticism. It was not of this earth. It was too great—too overwhelmingly impossible—to be real.

But the proof was there! And it was so powerful, so incontrovertible, so completely conclusive, that denial of it was impossible.

I found that I had acquired an *entirely new mind*. I found that I possessed qualifications I never even hoped to own. I looked on life, and on the world, in an entirely new light. It seemed that everything had suddenly become clear—that the

age-old problems of life and business were suddenly made amazingly transparent and easy to understand.

But my biggest surprise came when I put my new qualifications to work.

Nothing was too big for me. It seemed that some clog in my ability to *think, concentrate and act* had suddenly been removed, releasing a wonderful new power for success. I was literally swept on by this new dynamic personality within me. I undertook every business proposition in sight—propositions many of which I once would not dare to think of handling. And I put them through successfully—every one of them. I was filled with a seemingly inexhaustible supply of new energy. And as I began accumulating a fortune I could not believe that I was once a helpless, downright failure.

Yet as I look back on it now, my transformation—my new mind—was brought about by one of the simplest things imaginable. I discovered the one thing that had been robbing me of success—the one thing that keeps ninety-nine people out of a hundred in the small pay class.

In a few words it was simply this—my *brain lacked motive power*. It lacked the *something* needed to stir it to action. It needed *something* to bring out my success faculties, and set them to work. And that "*something*" was *Will Power*. Like thousands upon thousands of people today, I was struggling along using only *one-tenth* of my brain. And as a result I was only achieving *one-tenth* of the success I could have achieved.

Now the Will is just like a muscle. If it isn't properly exercised it gets weak and flabby. That was the condition of my Will. I realized that without Will power I was as helpless as a child.

Then came the discovery that changed my whole life, that made an entirely different person out of me, that gave me a mind that pushed me from the shadow of poverty to the sunshine of prosperity. I found the way to acquire a *highly trained, inflexible Will*.

One of the greatest psychologists the world has ever known, Frank Channing Haddock, had for a number of years been delving into the realm of mind. He realized that most people had lost—or had never known—the power to use their greatest money-making factor—their Wills. So he devoted years to finding a method that *anyone* could use to develop Will power.

The result of his research and study is his now world-famous book "Power of Will." It was through the amazing information contained in this book that I at last found myself. And so unbelievably remarkable was the change it made in me,

that I resolved to devote at least a part of my life in helping in the distribution of this mighty work. For I felt that in helping to broadcast the money-making, success-building, information it contained I could do an incalculable good to the whole world.

Already thousands of people have written to me, telling of the wonderful results "Power of Will" has brought to them. Thousands have been able to go in business for themselves and make more money than they ever dreamt of earning. Thousands have doubled—yes, even trebled—their salaries in an amazingly short time. Stories of how people rose from \$15 and \$25 a week to \$200 a week and more are not at all unusual.

In your own case, if you have not achieved the success that is rightfully yours, you owe it to yourself at least to examine this great "wonder book." There is nothing difficult about it. And it starts bringing results almost instantly.

It will show you a sure, quick way to acquire a *new mind*. By giving you a dynamic will that nothing can resist, it can change *your* whole life, just as it changed my life and the lives of thousands of others. Rich opportunities will open up for you. Driving energy you never dreamed you had will manifest itself. You will thrill with a new power. You'll have an influence over people that you never thought possible. Success—in whatever form you want it—will come as easily as failure came before. These are only a few things that a new mind and an indomitable will can bring you.

## Let Me Prove This at My Expense

So that you may examine "Power of Will" I want to send it to you entirely free. Send no money. Simply fill in and mail the coupon below. By return mail you will receive the complete book "Power of Will."

Keep it five days. Look it over in your own home. Apply some of its teachings. If it doesn't show you how you can increase your income many times over—just as it has for thousands of others—mail the book back.

But if you feel that "Power of Will" will do for you what it has done for five hundred thousand others—if you feel, as they do, that it is the next greatest book to the bible—send only \$3.00 in full payment. You risk nothing, so mail the coupon now—today.

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## Coming NEXT Month:

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LEROY SCOTT

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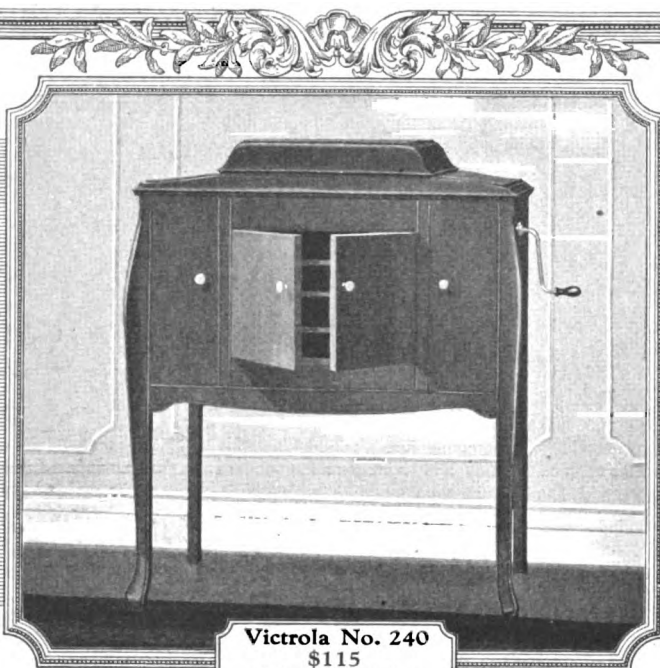
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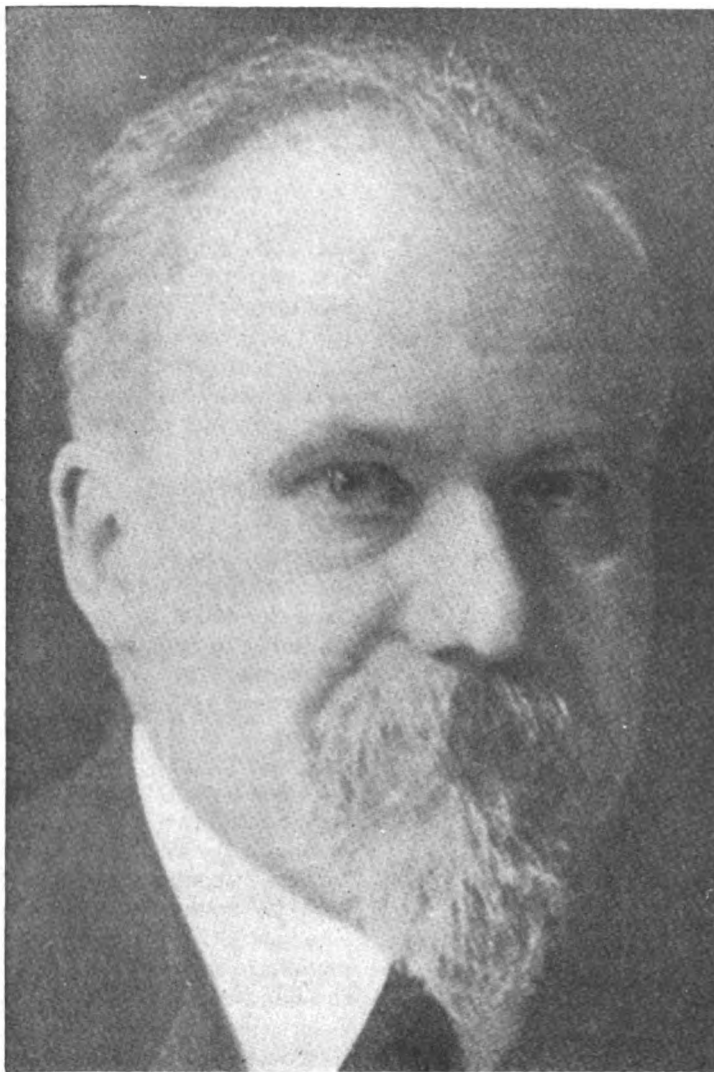
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**Cl. M. Poincaré**, Premier of France, who, declare his opponents, is pursuing an imperialistic policy, as dangerous to the world as it is to France.

**Cl. M. Longuet**  
*was the first  
 public man  
 to demand  
 the recognition  
 of Russia.  
 Nevertheless,  
 he refused  
 to accept  
 the 21 demands  
 in which  
 Moscow  
 undertook to  
 dictate to the  
 Socialists of  
 other countries*

# Poincaré and the Jingoism

*By Jean Longuet*

**U**NTIL RECENTLY, Belgium alone has been sympathetic toward the policy of the French government, but now even Belgium seems to have been alienated by the impossible attitude of M. Poincaré.

Our Nationalist Press tries to make capital out of the United States attitude. Because your government has been sympathetic toward the narrow and bitter attitude of our Government toward Russia, in her alarm over Bolshevism, those papers try to create the impression that your government is also favoring the French policy toward Germany.

It is to be regretted that such a dishonest and sensational paper as *Le Matin*, whose connection with a number of American plutocrats is of common knowledge, should create this confusion by making French opinion believe that America is favoring M. Poincaré's policy. It has deceived even M. Poincaré himself, for it is under this influence and on the advice of the sinister M. Bunau-Varilla, proprietor of the *Matin* (and one of the worst inciters of hate between France and Germany before the war) that M. Parmentier, a high official of the French Finance Ministry, has sent to Washington to demand in a most indiscreet fashion the cancellation of the French war debt to America without any regard to England's position.

Of course we cannot take M. Poincaré as an isolated phenomenon in French political life. He represents in a large measure the mentality of our governing classes at the present moment. He embodies their narrow conservatism, *unenti*

*glatin unenti*, jingoism, but in a more narrow and bitter sense than any other living statesman in France. He is of course a brilliant orator, a typical lawyer, with all the powerful logic of the great barrister, but living in abstract legalisms and knowing nothing of the deep realities of economics. He has always pursued a Nationalist and Imperialist policy, and everybody now in France remembers the prophetic words of the greatest of our modern orators, of the great Socialist, Jean Jaures, so tragically murdered on the eve of the war, just at the moment when Poincaré was elected as President of the French Republic in 1913: "Beware, lest you become the President of reaction and of war!"

Only when all the documents of the Foreign Offices of Paris, London and Rome are opened to the historian and the public's inquiries, as those of Petrograd and Berlin have been, can we know about the full responsibility this man had on the breaking out of the war—as we know of the responsibilities of Wilhelm II, Bethmann-Hollweg, Francis Joseph, Count Tisza, Baron d'Alenral, the Tzar Nicholas II, Sazonoff and Isvolsky.

But we do know of his acts during the War, and after. In 1916 a member of the French Cabinet, M. Doumergue, was sent to Petrograd with the offer of Constantinople to Russia, demanding in return the left bank of the Rhine for France; when some months later, from March 1917 to June, the peace offers which Prince Sixte de Bourbon had brought from his brother-in-law, the Emperor of Austria, [Continued on page 111]

# HAPGOOD *Enthuses* Over

## Lodge

THOSE residents of Massachusetts who date from the Mayflower, the Concord School, and such favored sources, feel badly about the increase of Irish, Italians, Jews, and others of the more recent comers. These earlier arrivals think they can govern better, and they think their culture is of higher interest. What do they do to show they still deserve to rule?

They send back, every six years, Henry Cabot Lodge to the Senate of the United States. Lodge is one of them: that much is conceded. But what has he done to solve modern questions in which common men are interested? His early career was marked by his Force Bill—the waving of the bloody shirt. In one way or another he has been waving it ever since. Whatever he does is either against somebody or for some vested interest. In temper he is described in *Hudibras*:

“..... whose chief devotion lies  
In odd, perverse antipathies,  
In falling out with that or this  
And finding somewhat still amiss;  
More peevish, cross, and splenetic  
Than dog distract or monkey sick.”

If the old residents of Massachusetts could find somebody as their permanent representative who stood for mankind, find men such as they found in the past, they might with more justice hope to keep the lead as against the new-comers. But the leader of the Senate old guard, the marshaller of the Newberry forces, the man who, voting just before Lorimer, was an example to Lorimer how to vote, the man who “never had a generous emotion”—if this official leader of dead reaction and class interest is the best the aristocrats can do, why should they rule?

## Third Parties

WE SMIRK a little at the prospect of two of our contributors in the next House of Commons. H. G. Wells and Norman Angell will bother the safe and sane members, but they will sometimes annoy also those labor members who rely over-much on words. Neither is an innocent enthusiast. Both are relentless pursuers of a fairer civilization. They joined the Labor Party after many years of hard work, in which labor leaders and trained scholars worked in harmony—they joined it because in 1917 that party emerged as the representative of reform to the bottom, but reform by practical routes. The platform was drawn up not by labor men, but by the famous economist, Sidney Webb. When the labor element wished to grapple with the all-important problem of the press, the man they asked for a report was Mr. Angell. Mr. Angell's article in our September issue all who read it must vividly remember. And we have in hand another article going to fundamentals of self-government. Mr. Wells' views are shown in *Men Like Gods* more easily and clearly than ever before. Men of this type are going from the Liberal Party into the Labor Party because the Labor Party comes nearer to having an appropriate modern program. There is some talk of a third party in this country for 1924. Where is its program? You cannot make a third party by merely saying you want

one, or by merely showing that the old parties are corrupt and stupid. There will be no third party of any importance in this country until expert thinkers, the best labor leaders, of the type of John Brophy, and some farmer interests, such as the leaders described in our next issue by William Hard, are able to construct a program on which all of them can stand.

## Wake Up, Poland

WHEN the sages at Paris made Poland too large, they did her no favor. When she marched into Russia, and took away territory clearly not hers, she added to her already existing dangers. If she continues to antagonize Germany and Russia in order to quiet the fears of France, she will have a terrible awakening.

Miss Strong's account of the present temper of Poland is reassuring, although it clearly marks the dangers. Let us all wish to that perilous land the wisdom that comes with the cold gray dawn. Clemenceau, at the session of the Big Three, June 2, 1919, said: “As far as Poland is concerned, there is first of all an historical crime to repair, and in the second place we have to make a barrier between Russia and Germany.” Both of which points are a good deal worse than nonsense. The more the mind of Europe feeds on past “crimes” the further away will it be from curing itself. A good lesson, for Europe as well as for America, is in Senator Borah's article on “Intolerance” in our December number.

## Russian Outlook

AS ASIA and Europe face each other, with potential menace, Russia, in the long run, holds a deciding voice. If friendly to the West she could absorb any shock, as she absorbed the invasions of the 9th and 13th centuries, and thus saved Europe. Now, as we watch many statesmen bungling and a few really seeing, we can only follow the details, hoping they lead to larger wisdom. Even Lenin's death would not create governmental chaos. Foreign statesmen see that, in spite of the famine of 1921, an increased area was planted. The peasant is adjusting himself, and many even of the larger interests would not have the reactionaries back. Where there is a decrease in sowing, it is not in crops the peasant uses himself, but in those he sells. It is in wheat, flax, barley, which he disposes of, not in rye, which he consumes. In his cottage industries he can make his own boots and shoes and rough garments. Moreover, unless our errors continue through some unforeseen new interference, Russia will in a few years export food again. Today the large industry that is nearest to being on its feet is petroleum, which happens also to be the new power behind much of the world-diplomacy. The finances will come around also. During June and July Russia went to gold and the American dollar as standards. Except the peasant, the borrower agrees to repay his loan with as many paper rubles as are necessary, on the day of payment, to purchase the gold rubles or dollars. For the peasant, the standard is a pound of rye. With 6% interest he pays back enough

# What Is In This Number

paper rubles, at the market price, to buy as much rye as on the day of the transaction. Russia has coal, and more than half of the hard woods of the entire world. With her iron, copper, lead, precious metals, and vast food production, she can wait for the results, whatever they may be, of Western intelligence or Western folly.

## *Clouds in the East*

IF WE LOOK far ahead, Asia offers the largest of all world-problems. China has gone through a series of convulsions that apparently are leading her slowly toward nationality and coherence in government. But change in her economic system will not be rapid.

India, like China, hears dimly the echoes of the West, but there also changes will be slow. The Irish settlement, and the ebb of Gandhi's crusade for the primitive life have increased the confidence of Indian intellectuals in gains by parliamentary methods. Interest grows in the elections to be held at the end of 1923. More of her educated men are learning to think in constitutional terms. When India refuses to pay higher taxes as long as a third of them go to an army controlled by foreigners, she will be talking a language that must reach English liberals.

No doubt it is hard to guess ahead at the forces likely to sweep a land in which 244,000,000 people speak eleven languages, not counting dialects, and only a third speak Hindi and a fifth Bengali. Nevertheless, we know that the stirrings in India may well prove to be the most serious aspect of the ominous problem of the Turk.

The Moslems, with their militant religion, have set their hopes on India. The projected Islamic bloc is Turkey, Persia, Afghanistan, Daghestan, Bokhara, Khiva, and Turkestan, making 20,000,000, a number small enough to be managed by Western civilization, if Western civilization can stop its household quarrels. But if the Moslems should be able to set India on fire imagination balks at the result.

Russia has strengthened this Moslem bloc. While we have played ping-pong along the lines mapped out by one Russian in Washington and two or three dozen in Paris, Persia, Afghanistan, and Turkey have made peace treaties with Russia; and Germany, watching this movement from afar, has herself made with Russia a commercial treaty that brings her into friendly relations.

In the four years since the Armistice, Asia, slow as she is, has become more conscious of herself. Russia, whose soul is half Asiatic, has proved that there is a limit to what the West can dictate. Germany waits and wonders.

The answer lies in Paris.

## *Prudery*

THAT a popular magazine can print as frank an article as the one by Dr. De Kruif in this issue is in itself a mark of national progress. Even fifteen years ago, in the best days of McClure's and Collier's, such easy candor was impossible. It is often the case that we see the lacks in our civilization and overlook its gains.

## *France and Drink*

THE campaign now going on in the United States has in it a good deal of the drink question. The wets, who were securely asleep while the prohibition wave was rising, are now fiercely at work trying to get their liquor back. The dry forces are in their turn alarmed. Facts are the best food for both sides. To both sides we recommend Mr. Hunt's article on what actually is going on in the most famous wine-drinking country in the world.

## *Will Lilla Be Happy?*

SOME of the talk showered on the over-criticized flapper might profitably be turned on her parents. Lilla, in Robert Herrick's serial now running, loses her best friend, as our readers already know, when her father dies. Her mother views with alarm and never understands. It was her mother's failure to understand that caused Lilla's first slip and it was the same maternal lack of insight that drove the girl to a remedy worse than the original fault.

Serene will be our days and bright  
And happy will our nature be  
When love is our unerring light,  
And joy its own security.

Hard indeed is life for a girl whose parents are not her friends. If Lilla finds her way to happiness it will be not with her mother's rigid maxims but with the inheritance of her father's healthy instincts.

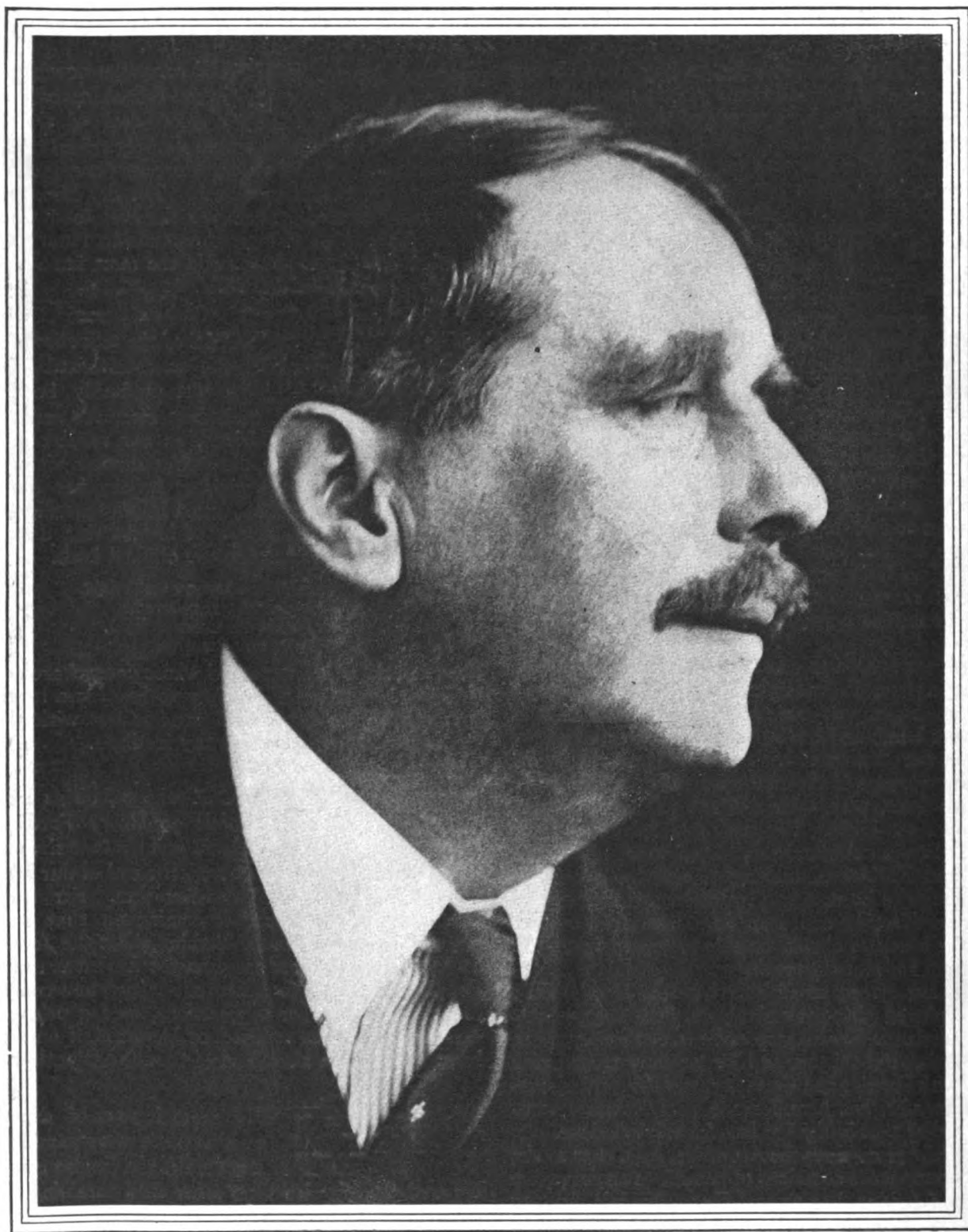
## *Jews in Colleges*

THOSE who read this month's article on Henry Ford's Jew-Mania will see that the present series ends. It is not, however, the end of our attempt to stop the growth of anti-Semitism. Far from it. Much first-class material is coming on that subject. Before long we will print something about the Jew in our colleges. The Harvard case brought the matter to a head, and fortunately our foremost university is now compelled to answer a number of questions, among others this: would prejudice be reduced or increased, if an historic home of freedom should yield to mob antipathy?

## *Bridge*

THE most famous of experts at auction whist was a gambler on a large scale, and he also combined his card-playing with vices other than gambling. Such is often the case. Those for whom bridge becomes the center of life are likely to acquire the gambler mind, the gambler heart and soul. But that is not the entire story. Bridge requires thought. It puts the brain to an exercise similar to those given by algebra and logic. It trains the memory and requires concentration. Thousands of men and women, especially in smaller cities, are thus obtaining an activity of mind they would never otherwise know. Good does not cease to be good because exaggeration can turn it into evil. There is scarcely a virtue that cannot by excess become a vice.





## H. G. W<sub>E</sub>LLS

**C.** *The man who wrote the Outline of History in a way to show that facts can be made as absorbing as fiction now looks forward two thousand years into the future in a work of fiction that may forecast history.*

# A NEW NOVEL of Strange Events by the Most Brilliant Author of His Day

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## Men Like GODS

By H. G. Wells

Illustrated by George W. Bellows

MR. BARNSTAPLE found himself in urgent need of a holiday and he had no one to go with and nowhere to go. He was overworked. And he was tired of home.

He was a man of strong natural affections; he loved his family extremely so that he knew it by heart, and when he was in these jaded moods it bored him acutely.

His three sons who were all growing up seemed to get leggier and larger every day; they sat down in the chairs he was just going to sit down in; they played him off his own pianola; they filled the house with hoarse vast laughter at jokes that one couldn't demand to be told; they cut in on the elderly harmless flirtations that had hitherto been one of his chief consolations in this vale; they beat him at tennis; they fought playfully on the landings and fell downstairs with an enormous racket.

Their hats were everywhere. They were late for breakfast. They went to bed every night in a storm of uproar: "haw, haw, haw,—bump!" And their mother seemed to like it.

They all cost money with a cheerful disregard of the fact that everything had gone up except Mr. Barnstaple's earning power. And when he said a few plain truths about Mr. Lloyd George at meal times or made the slightest attempt to raise the tone of the table-talk above the level of the silliest persiflage their attention wandered ostentatiously. . . . At any rate it seemed ostentatiously.

He wanted badly to get away from his family to some place where he could think of its various members with quiet pride and affection, and otherwise not be disturbed by them.

And also he wanted to get away for a time from Mr. Peeve. The very streets were becoming a torment to him, he wanted never to see a newspaper or a newspaper placard again. He was obsessed by apprehensions of some sort of financial and economic smash that would make the Great War seem a mere incidental catastrophe. This was because he was sub-editor and general factotum of the Liberal, that well-known organ of the more depressing aspects of advanced thought, and the unvarying pessimism of Mr. Peeve, his chief, was, every day that passed, infecting him more and more.

Formerly it had been possible to put up a sort of resistance to Mr. Peeve by joking furtively about his gloom with the other members of the staff, but now there were no other members of the staff, they had all been retrenched by Mr. Peeve in a mood of financial despondency.

Practically now nobody wrote regularly for the Liberal except Mr. Barnstaple, Mr. Peeve, and the large and inky family that

Mr. Peeve had very unkindly brought into this scene of woe. So Mr. Peeve had it all his own way with Mr. Barnstaple. He would sit hunched up in the editorial chair, with his hands deep in his trouser pockets, taking a gloomy view of everything sometimes for two hours together.

Mr. Barnstaple's natural tendency was toward a modest hopefulness and a belief in progress, but Mr. Peeve held very strongly that a belief in progress was at least six years out of date and that the brightest hope that remained to Liberalism was for a good Day of Judgment soon. And having finished the copy of what the staff, when there was a staff, used to call his weekly indigest Mr. Peeve would depart and leave Mr. Barnstaple to get the rest of the paper together for the next week.

Even in ordinary times Mr. Peeve would have been hard enough to live with, but the times were not ordinary; they were full of disagreeable occurrences that made his melancholy anticipations all too plausible. The great coal lock-out had been going on a month and seemed to foreshadow the final commercial ruin of England; every morning brought intelligence of fresh outrages from Ireland, unforgivable and unforgettable outrages; a prolonged drought threatened the harvests of the world; the League of Nations, of which Mr. Barnstaple had hoped enormous things in the great days of President Wilson, was a melancholy and self-satisfied futility; everywhere there was conflict, everywhere, unreason; seven-eighths of the world seemed to be sinking down toward chronic disorder and social dissolution. It would have been difficult enough to have made headway against the fact even without Mr. Peeve.

MR. BARNSTAPLE was in fact ceasing to secrete hope, and for such types as he, hope is the essential solvent without which there is no digesting life. His hope had always been in liberalism and generous liberal effort, but he was beginning to think that liberalism would never do anything more forever than sit hunched up with its hands in its pockets grumbling and peeving at the activities of baser but more energetic men, whose scrambling activities would inevitably wreck the world.

Night and day now Mr. Barnstaple was worrying about the world at large. By night even more than by day, for sleep was leaving him. And he was haunted by a dreadful craving to bring out a number of the Liberal of his very own—to alter it all after Mr. Peeve had gone away, to cut out all the dyspeptic stuff, the miserable empty girding at this wrong and that, the

gloating on cruel and unhappy things, the exaggerations of the simple, natural human misdeeds of Mr. Lloyd George, the appeals to Lord Grey, Lord Robert Cecil, Lord Landsdowne, the Pope, Queen Anne or the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa (it varied from week to week) to arise and give voice and form to the young aspirations of a world reborn, and instead to fill the number with—Utopia; to say to the amazed readers of the Liberal: Here are things that have to be done! Here are the things we are going to do! What a blow it would be for Mr. Peeve at his Sunday breakfast! For once too astonished to secrete abnormally, he might even digest that meal!

**B**UT THIS was the most foolish of dreaming. There were the three young Barnstaples at home and their need for a decent start in life to consider. And beautiful as the thing was as a dream Mr. Barnstaple had a very unpleasant conviction that he was not really clever enough to pull such a thing off. He would make a mess of it somehow. . . .

One might jump from the frying pan into the fire. The Liberal was a dreary discouraging ungenerous paper, but anyhow it was not a base and wicked paper.

Still, if there was to be no such disastrous outbreak it was imperative that Mr. Barnstaple should rest from Mr. Peeve for a time. Once or twice already he had contradicted him. And Mr. Peeve soured rapidly under contradiction. A row might occur at any time. And the first step toward resting from Mr. Peeve was evidently to see a doctor. So Mr. Barnstaple went to a doctor.

"My nerves are getting out of control," said Mr. Barnstaple. "I feel horribly neurasthenic."

"You are suffering from neurasthenia," said the doctor.

"I dread my daily work."

"You want a holiday."

"You think I need a change?"

"As complete a change as you can manage."

"Can you recommend any place where I could go?"

"Where do you want to go?"

"Nowhere definite. I thought you could recommend—"

"Let some place attract you—and go there. Do nothing to force your inclinations at the present time."

Mr Barnstaple paid the doctor the sum of one guinea and armed with these instructions prepared to break the news of his illness and his necessary absence to Mr. Peeve whenever the occasion seemed ripe for doing so.

For a time this prospective holiday was merely a fresh addition to Mr. Barnstaple's already excessive burden of worries. To decide to get away was to find oneself face to face at once with three apparently insurmountable problems: How to get away? Whither? And since Mr. Barnstaple was one of those people who tire very quickly of their own company, with whom? A sharp gleam of furtive scheming crept into the candid misery that had recently become Mr. Barnstaple's habitual expression.

**O**NE thing was very clear in his mind. Not a word of this holiday must be breathed at home. If once Mrs. Barnstaple got wind of it he knew exactly what would happen. She would, with an air of competent devotion, take charge of the entire business. "You must have a *good* holiday," she would say. She would select some rather distant and expensive resort in Cornwall or Scotland or Brittany, she would buy a lot of outfit, she would have afterthoughts to swell the luggage with inconvenient parcels at the last moment, and she would bring the boys. Probably she would arrange for one or two groups of acquaintances to come to the same place to "liven things up." If they did they were certain to bring the worst sides of their natures with them and to develop into the most indefatigable of bores. There would be no conversation. There would be much unreal laughter. There would be endless games. No!

But how is a man to get away for a holiday without his wife getting wind of it? Somehow a bag must be packed and got out of the house. . . .

The most hopeful thing about Mr. Barnstaple's position from Mr. Barnstaple's point of view was that he owned a small automobile of his own. It was natural that this car should play a large part in his secret plannings. It seemed to offer the easiest means of getting away; it converted to possible the answer to whither? from a fixed and definite place into what mathematicians call, I believe, a locus; and there was something so companionable about the little beast that it did to a slight but quite perceptible extent answer the question, with whom?

It was a two-seater. It was known in the family as the Foot-bath, Coleman's Mustard, and the Yellow Peril. As these names suggest, it was a low open car of a clear yellow color.

Mr. Barnstaple used it to come up to the office from Sydenham because it did thirty-three miles to the gallon and was ever so much cheaper than a season ticket. It stood up in the court under the office window during the day. At Sydenham it lived in a shed of which Mr. Barnstaple carried the only key. So far he had managed to prevent the boys from either driving it or taking it to pieces. At times Mrs. Barnstaple made him drive her about Sydenham for her shopping, but she did not really like the little car because it exposed her to the elements too much and made her dusty and disheveled. Both by reason of all that it made possible and by reason of all that it debarred, the little car was clearly indicated as the medium for the needed holiday. And Mr. Barnstaple really liked driving it. He drove very badly but he drove very carefully, and though it sometimes stopped and refused to proceed it did not do, or at any rate it had not so far done, as most other things did in Mr. Barnstaple's life, which was to go due east when he turned the steering wheel west. So that it gave him an agreeable sense of mastery.

In the end Mr. Barnstaple made his decisions with great rapidity. Opportunity suddenly opened in front of him. Thursday was his day at the printer's, and he came home on Thursday evening feeling horribly jaded. The weather kept obstinately hot and dry. It made it none the less distressing that this drought presaged famine and misery for half the world. And London was in full season, smart and grinning; if anything it was a sillier year than 1913, the great tango year, which, in the light of subsequent events, Mr. Barnstaple had hitherto regarded as the silliest year in the world's history. The Star had the usual batch of bad news along the margin of the sporting and fashionable intelligence that got the displayed space. Fighting was going on between the Russians and Poles, and also in Ireland, Asia Minor, the India frontier and Eastern Siberia. There had been three new horrible murders. The miners were still out and a big engineering strike was threatened. There had been only standing room in the downtrain and it had started twenty minutes late.

**H**E FOUND a note from his wife explaining that her cousins at Wimbledon had telegraphed that there was an unexpected chance of seeing the tennis there with Mademoiselle Lenglen and all the rest of the champions, and that she had gone over with the boys and would not be back until late. It would do their game no end of good, she said, to see some really first-class tennis. Also it was the servants' social that night. Would he mind being left alone in the house for once? The servants would put him out some cold supper before they went.

Mr. Barnstaple read this note with resignation. While he ate his supper he ran his eye over a pamphlet a Chinese friend had sent him to show how the Japanese were deliberately breaking up what was left of the civilization and education of China.

It was only as he was sitting and smoking a pipe in his little back garden after supper that he realized all that being left alone in the house meant for him.

Then suddenly he became very active. He rang up Mr. Peeve, told him of the doctor's verdict, explained that the affairs of the Liberal were just then in a particularly leavable state, and got his holiday. Then he went to his bedroom and packed up a hasty selection of things to take with him in an old Gladstone bag that was not likely to be immediately missed and put this in the dickey of his car. After which he spent some time upon a letter which he addressed to his wife and put away very carefully in his breast pocket. Then he locked up the car-shed and composed himself in a desk chair in the garden with his pipe and a nice book on the Bankruptcy of Europe, so as to look and feel as innocent as possible before his family came home.

When his wife returned he told her casually that he believed he was suffering from neurasthenia, and that he had arranged to run up to London on the morrow and consult a doctor.

Mrs. Barnstaple wanted to choose him a doctor, but he got out of that by saying that he had to consider Peeve in the matter and that Peeve was very strongly set on the man he had already in fact consulted. And when Mrs. Barnstaple said that she believed they *all* wanted a good holiday, he just grunted in a noncommittal manner.

In this way Mr. Barnstaple was able to get right away from his house with all the necessary luggage for some weeks' holiday





**C** With a kind of awe Mr. Barnstaple knelt beside the dead body of the beautiful girl. Suddenly two stark Apollos stood over the ruin and were regarding our Earthlings with an astonishment as great as they created.

without arousing any insurmountable opposition. He started next morning Londonward. The traffic on the way was gay and plentiful but by no means troublesome, and the Yellow Peril was running so sweetly that she might almost have been named the Golden Hope. In Camberwell he turned into the Camberwell New Road and made his way to the post office at the top of Vauxhall Bridge Road. There he drew up. He was scared but elated by what he was doing. He went into the post office and sent his wife a telegram. "Dr. Pagen," he wrote, "says solitude and rest urgently needed so am going off Lake District recuperate letter follows."

Then he came outside and fumbled in his pocket and produced and posted the letter he had written so carefully overnight.

It was deliberately scrawled to suggest neurasthenia at an acute phase. Dr. Pagen, it explained, had ordered an immediate holiday and suggested that Mr. Barnstaple should "wander north." It would be better to cut off all letters for a few days. He would not trouble to write unless something went wrong. No news would be good news. As soon as he had a certain address for letters he would wire.

After this he resumed his seat in his car with such a sense of freedom as he had never felt since his first holidays from his first school. He made for the Great North Road, but at the traffic jam at Hyde Park Corner he allowed the policeman to turn him down toward Knightsbridge, and afterwards at the corner where the Bath Road forks away from the Oxford Road

an obstructive van put him into the former. But it did not matter very much. Any way led to elsewhere and he could work northward later.

The day was one of those days of gay sunshine that were characteristic of the great drought of 1921. It was not in the least sultry. Indeed there was a freshness about it that blended with Mr. Barnstaple's mood to convince him that there were quite agreeable adventures before him. Hope had already returned to him. He knew he was on the way out of things, though as yet he had not the slightest suspicion how completely out of things the way was going to take him. It would be quite a little adventure presently to stop at an inn and get some lunch, and if he felt lonely as he went on his way he would give somebody a lift and talk. It would be quite easy to give people lifts because so long as his back was generally toward Sydenham and the Liberal office, it did not matter at all now which way he went.

A little way out of Slough he was passed by an enormous gray touring car. It made him start and swerve. It came up alongside him without a sound, and though, according to his only very slightly inaccurate speedometer, he was doing a good twenty-seven miles an hour, it had passed him in a moment. Its occupants, he noted, were three gentlemen and a lady. They were all sitting up and looking backwards as though they were interested in something that was following them. They went by too quickly for him to note more than that the lady was radiantly lovely in an immediate and indisputable way, and that the gentleman nearest to him had a peculiarly elfin yet elderly face.

BEFORE HE could recover from the éclat of this passage a car with the voice of a prehistoric saurian warned him that he was again being overtaken. This was how Mr. Barnstaple liked being passed. By negotiation. He slowed down, abandoned any claim to the crown of the road and made encouraging gestures with his hand. A large smooth swift limousine availed itself of his permission to use the thirty odd feet or so of road to the right of him. It was carrying a fair load of luggage, but except for a young gentleman with an eyeglass who was sitting beside the driver, he saw nothing of its passengers. It swept round a corner ahead in the wake of the touring car.

Now even a mechanical foot-bath does not like being passed in this lordly fashion on a bright morning on the open road. Mr. Barnstaple's accelerator went down and he came round that corner quite ten miles per hour faster than his usual cautious practice. He found the road quite clear ahead of him.

Indeed he found the road much too clear ahead of him. It stretched straight in front of him for perhaps a third of a mile. On the left were a low well trimmed hedge, scattered trees, level fields, some small cottages lying back, remote poplars and a distant view of Windsor Castle. On the right were level fields, a small inn and a background of low wooded hills. A conspicuous feature in this tranquil landscape was the board advertisement of a riverside hotel at Maidenhead. Before him was a sort of heat flicker in the air and two or three little dust whirls spinning along the road. And there was not a sign of the gray touring car and not a sign of the limousine.

It took Mr. Barnstaple the better part of two seconds to realize the full astonishment of this fact. Neither to right nor left was there any possible side road down which either car could have vanished. And if they had already got round the farther bend then they must be traveling at the rate of two or three hundred miles per hour!

It was Mr. Barnstaple's excellent custom whenever he was in doubt to slow down. He slowed down now. He went on at a pace perhaps fifteen miles an hour, staring open-mouthed about the empty landscape for some clue to this very mysterious disappearance. Curiously enough he had no feeling that he himself was in any sort of danger.

Then his car seemed to strike something and skidded. It skidded round so violently that for a moment or so Mr. Barnstaple lost his head. He could not remember what ought to be done when a car skids. He recalled something vaguely about steering in the direction in which the car is skidding but he could not make out in the excitement of the moment in what direction the car was skidding.

Afterwards he remembered that at this point he heard a sound. It was exactly the same sound, coming as the climax of an accumulating pressure, sharp like the snapping of a lute string, which one hears at the end—or beginning—of insensibility under anesthetics.

He had seemed to twist round toward the hedge on the right, but now he found the road ahead of him again. He touched his accelerator and then slowed down and stopped. He stopped in the profoundest astonishment.

This was an entirely different road from the one he had been upon half a minute before. The hedges had changed, the trees had altered. Windsor Castle had vanished, and—a small compensation—the big limousine was in sight again. It was standing by the road-side about two hundred yards away.

FOR a time Mr. Barnstaple's attention was very unequally divided between the limousine, whose passengers were now descending, and the scenery about him. This latter was indeed so strange and beautiful that it was only as people who must be sharing his admiration and amazement and who therefore might conceivably help to elucidate and relieve his growing and quite overwhelming perplexity, that the little group ahead presently arose to any importance in his consciousness.

The road itself instead of being the packed together pebbles and dirt smeared with tar with a surface of grit, dust and animal excrement, of a normal English high road, was apparently made of glass, clear in places as still water and in places milky or opalescent, shot with streaks of soft color or glittering richly with clouds of imbedded golden flakes. It was perhaps twelve or fifteen yards wide. On either side was a band of greensward, of a finer grass than Mr. Barnstaple had ever seen before—and he was an expert and observant mower of lawns—and beyond this a wide border of flowers. Where Mr. Barnstaple sat agape in his car and perhaps for thirty yards in either direction this border was a mass of some unfamiliar blossom of forget-me-not blue. Then the color was broken by an increasing number of tall pure white spikes that finally ousted the blue altogether from the bed. On the opposite side of the way these same spikes were mingled with masses of plants bearing seed pods equally strange to Mr. Barnstaple which varied through a series of blues and mauves and purples to an intense crimson. Beyond this gloriously colored foam of flowers spread flat meadows on which creamy cattle were grazing. Three close at hand, a little startled perhaps by Mr. Barnstaple's sudden apparition, chewed the cud and regarded him with benevolently speculative eyes. They had long horns and dewlaps like the cattle of South Europe and India. From these benign creatures Mr. Barnstaple's eyes went to a long line of flame shaped trees, to a colonnade of white and gold and to a background of snow-clad mountains. A few tall white clouds were sailing across a sky of dazzling blue. The air impressed Mr. Barnstaple as being astonishingly clear and sweet.

Except for the cows Mr. Barnstaple could see no other living creatures at all except the little group of people standing by the limousine. They seemed to be standing still and staring about them. A sound of querulous voices came to him.

A sharp crepitation at his back turned Mr. Barnstaple's attention round. By the side of the road in the direction from which conceivably he had come were the ruins of what appeared to be a very recently demolished stone house. Beside it were two large apple trees freshly twisted and riven, as if by some explosion, and out of the center of it came a column of smoke and the sound of things catching fire. And the contorted lines of these shattered apple trees helped Mr. Barnstaple to realize that some of the flowers by the wayside near at hand were also bent down to one side as if by the passage of a recent violent gust of wind. Yet he had heard no explosion nor felt any wind.

HE STARED for a time and then turned as if for an explanation to the limousine. Three of these people were now coming along the road toward him, led by a tall, slender, gray-headed gentleman in a felt hat and a long motoring dust-coat. He had a small upturned face with a little nose that scarce sufficed for the springs of his gilt glasses. Mr. Barnstaple restarted his engine and drove slowly to meet them.

As soon as he judged himself within hearing distance he stopped and put his head over the side of the Yellow Peril with a question. At the same moment the tall, gray-headed gentleman asked practically the same question.

"Can you tell me at all, sir, where we are?"

"Five minutes ago," said Mr. Barnstaple, "I should have said we were on the Maidenhead Road. Near Slough."

"Exactly!" said the tall gentleman, in earnest argumentative tones. "And I maintain that there is not the slightest reason for supposing that we are not still on the Maidenhead Road."



**C.** *The Earthlings became aware of a body lying on a grassy slope behind the ruin—the body of a man in the prime of life, naked except for a couple of bracelets and a necklace and girdle.*

The challenge of the dialectician rang in his voice as he spoke. "It doesn't *look* like the Maidenhead Road," said Mr. Barnstaple resolutely.

"Agreed! But are we to judge by appearance or are we to judge by the direct continuity of our experience? The Maidenhead Road led to this, was in continuity with this and therefore I hold that this is the Maidenhead Road."

"Those mountains?" considered Mr. Barnstaple.

"Windsor Castle ought to be there," said the tall gentleman.

"Was there five minutes ago," corrected Mr. Barnstaple.

"Then obviously those mountains are some sort of a camouflage," said the tall gentleman triumphantly, "and the whole of this business is, as they say nowadays, a put up thing."

Came a pause during which Mr. Barnstaple surveyed the tall gentleman's companions. The tall gentleman he knew perfectly well. He had seen him a score of times at public meetings and public dinners. He was Mr. Cecil Burleigh, the great conservative leader. He was not only distinguished as a politi-



cian; he was eminent as a private gentleman, a philosopher and a man of universal intelligence. Behind him stood a short thick-set, middle-aged young man, unknown to Mr. Barnstaple, the natural hostility of whose appearance was greatly enhanced by an eyeglass. The third member of the little group was also a familiar form, but for a time Mr. Barnstaple could not place him. He had a clean-shaven, round, plump face and a well-nourished person, and his costume suggested either a high church clergyman or a prosperous priest of the Roman Catholic church.

The young man with the eyeglass now spoke in a kind of impotent falsetto. "I came down to Taplow Court by road not a month ago and there was certainly nothing of this sort on the way then."

"I admit there are difficulties," said Mr. Burleigh with gusto. "I admit there are considerable difficulties. Still I venture to think my main proposition holds."

"You don't think this is the Maidenhead Road?" said the gentleman with the eyeglass flatly to Mr. Barnstaple.

"It seems too perfect for a put up thing," said Mr. Barnstaple with a mild obstinacy.

"But, my dear sir!" protested Mr. Burleigh, "this road is notorious for nursery seedsmen and sometimes they arrange the most astonishing displays. As an advertisement."

"Then why don't we go straight on to Taplow Court now?" asked the gentleman with the eyeglass.

"Because," said Mr. Burleigh, with the touch of asperity natural when one has to insist on a fact already clearly known, and obstinately overlooked, "Rupert insists that we are in some other world. And won't go on. That is why. He has always had too much imagination. He thinks that things that don't exist *can* exist. And now he imagines himself in some sort of scientific romance and out of our world altogether—in another dimension. I sometimes think it would have been better for all of us if Rupert had taken to writing romances—instead of living them. If you, as his secretary, think that you will be able to get him on to Taplow in time for lunch with the Windsor people—"

Mr. Burleigh indicated by a gesture ideas for which he found words inadequate.

MR. BARNSTAPLE had already noted a slow moving, intent, sandy-complexioned figure in a gray top hat with a black band that the caricaturists had made familiar, exploring the flowery tangle beside the limousine. This then must be a no less well-known person than Rupert Catskill, the Secretary of State for War. For once Mr. Barnstaple found himself in entire agreement with this all too adventurous politician. This was another world. Mr. Barnstaple got out of his car and addressed himself to Mr. Burleigh. "I think we may get a lot of light upon just where we are, sir, if we explore this building which is burning here close at hand. I thought just now that I saw a figure lying on the slope close behind it. If we could catch one of the hoaxers—"

He left his sentence unfinished because he did not believe for a moment that they were being hoaxed. Mr. Burleigh had fallen very much in his opinion in the last five minutes.

All four men turned their faces to the smoking ruin.

"It's a very extraordinary thing that there isn't a soul in sight," remarked the eyeglass gentleman searching the horizon.

"Well, I see no harm whatever in finding out what is burning," said Mr. Burleigh and led the way, upholding an intelligent anticipatory face, towards the wrecked and burning house between the broken trees.

But before he had gone a dozen paces the attention of the little group was recalled to the limousine by a loud scream of terror from the lady who had remained seated therein.

"Really this is too much!" cried Mr. Burleigh with a note of genuine exasperation. "There must surely be police regulations to prevent this kind of thing."

"It's out of some traveling menagerie," said the gentleman with the eyeglass. "What ought we to do?"

"It looks tame," said Mr. Barnstaple, but without any impulse to put his theory to the test.

"It might easily frighten people very seriously," said Mr. Burleigh. And lifting up a bland voice he shouted; "Don't be alarmed, Stella! It's probably quite tame and harmless. Don't irritate it with that sunshade. It might fly at you. *Stel-la!*"

"It" was a big and beautifully marked leopard which had come very softly out of the flowers and sat down like a great cat in the middle of the glass road at the side of the big car. It was blinking and moving its head from side to side rhythmically,

with an expression of puzzled interest, as the lady in accordance with the best traditions of such cases, opened and shut her parasol at it as rapidly as she could. The chauffeur had taken cover behind the car. Mr. Rupert Catskill stood staring, knee deep in flowers, apparently only made aware of the creature's existence by the same scream that had attracted the attention of Mr. Burleigh and his companions.

Mr. Catskill was the first to act and his act showed his mettle. It was at once discreet and bold. "Stop flopping that sunshade, Lady Stella," he said. "Let me—I will—catch its eye."

HE MADE a detour round the car so as to come face to face with the animal. Then for a moment he stood, as it were displaying himself, a resolute little figure in a gray frock coat and a black banded top hat. He held out a cautious hand, not too suddenly for fear of startling the creature. "*Poosy!*" he said.

The leopard relieved by the cessation of Lady Stella's sunshade regarded him with interest and curiosity. He drew closer. The leopard extended its muzzle and sniffed.

"If it will only let me stroke it," said Mr. Catskill, and came within arm's length.

The beast sniffed the extended hand with an expression of incredulity. Then with a suddenness that sent Mr. Catskill back several paces, it sneezed. It sneezed again much more violently, regarded Mr. Catskill reproachfully for a moment and then leapt lightly over the flower-bed and made off in the direction of the white and golden colonnade. The grazing cattle in the field, Mr. Barnstaple noted, watched its passage without the slightest sign of dismay.

Mr. Catskill remained in a slightly expanded state in the middle of the road. "No animal," he remarked, "can stand up to the steadfast gaze of the human eye. Not one. It is a riddle for your materialist. . . . Shall we join Mr. Cecil, Lady Stella? He seems to have found something to look at down there. The man in the little yellow car may know where he is. *Hm?*"

He assisted the lady to get out of the car and the two came on after Mr. Barnstaple's party, which was now again approaching the burning house. The chauffeur, evidently not wishing to be left alone with the limousine in this world of incredible possibilities, followed as closely as respect permitted.

The fire in the little house did not seem to be making headway. The smoke that came from it was much less now than when Mr. Barnstaple had first observed it. As they came close they found a quantity of twisted bits of bright metal and fragments of broken glass among the shattered masonry. The suggestion of exploded scientific apparatus was very strong. Then almost simultaneously the entire party became aware of a body lying on the grassy slope behind the ruin. It was the body of a man in the prime of life, naked except for a couple of bracelets and a necklace and girdle, and blood was oozing from his mouth and nostrils. With a kind of awe Mr. Barnstaple knelt down beside this prostrate figure and felt its still heart. He had never seen so beautiful a face and body.

"Dead," he whispered.

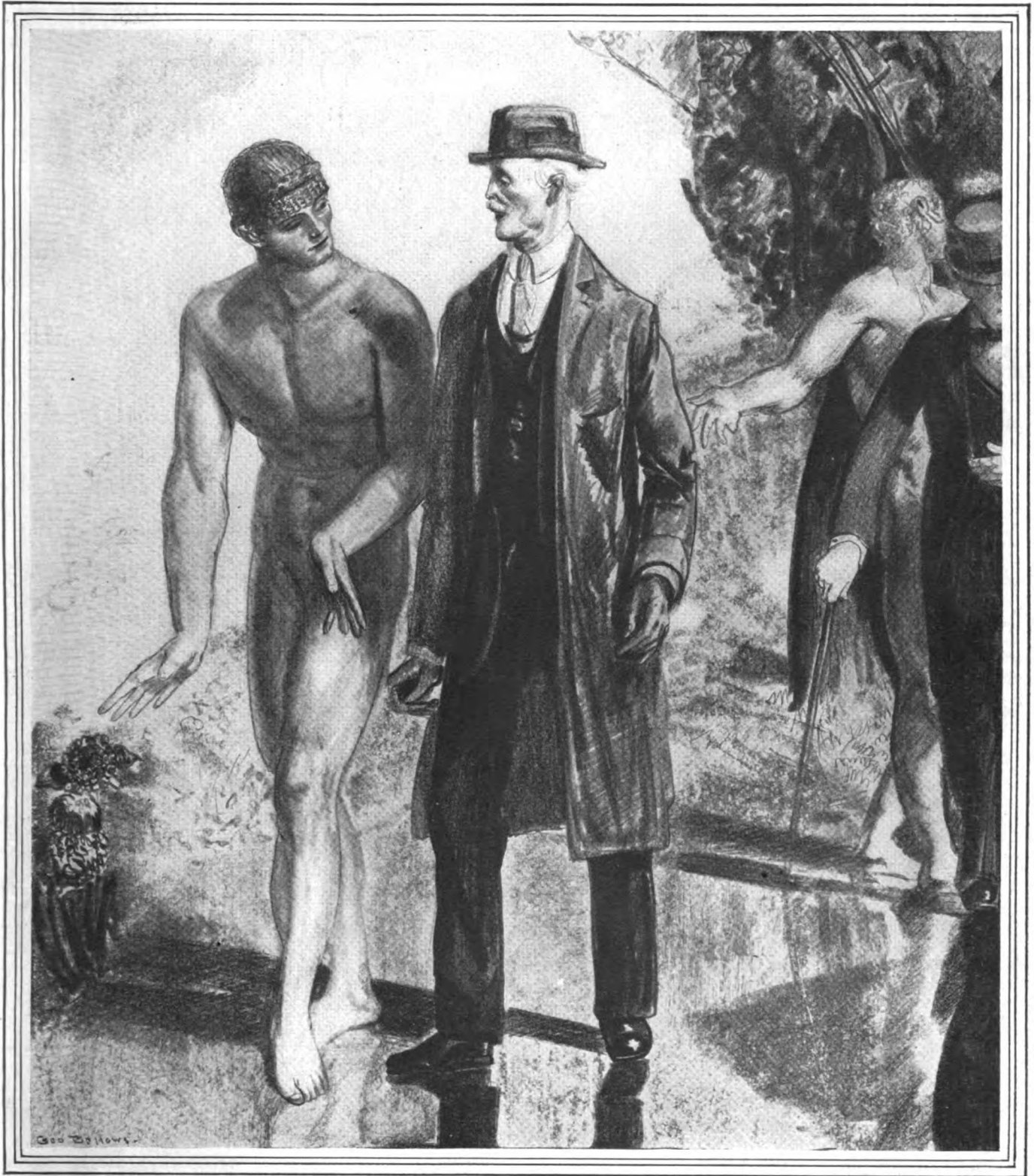
"Look!" cried the shrill voice of the man with the eyeglass. "Another!"

HE WAS pointing to something that was hidden from Mr. Barnstaple by a piece of wall. Mr. Barnstaple had to get up and climb over a heap of rubble before he could see this second find. It was a slender girl, clothed as little as the man. She had evidently been flung with enormous violence against the wall and killed instantaneously. Her face was quite undistorted although her skull had been crushed in from behind; her perfect mouth and her green-gray eyes were a little open and her expression was that of one who is still thinking out some difficult but interesting problem. She did not seem in the least dead but merely disregarded. One hand still grasped a copper implement with a handle of glass. The other lay limp.

For some seconds nobody spoke. It was as if they all feared to interrupt the current of her thoughts.

Then Mr. Barnstaple heard the voice of the priestly gentleman speaking behind him. "What a *perfect* form!" he said.

"I admit I was wrong," said Mr. Burleigh with deliberation. "Yes, I have been wrong. . . . These are no earthly people. Manifestly. And *ergo*, we are not on earth. I cannot imagine what has happened nor where we are. In the face of sufficient evidence I have never hesitated to retract an opinion. This world we are in, is not our world. It is something—" He paused, "—it is something very wonderful indeed."



¶ Mr. Cecil Burleigh cleared his throat and assumed the duties as spokesman. "We are quite unable to account for our presence here," he said. "We are as puzzled as you are. We have discovered ourselves suddenly in your world instead of our own."

"And the Windsor party," said Mr. Catskill, without any apparent regret, "must have its lunch without us."

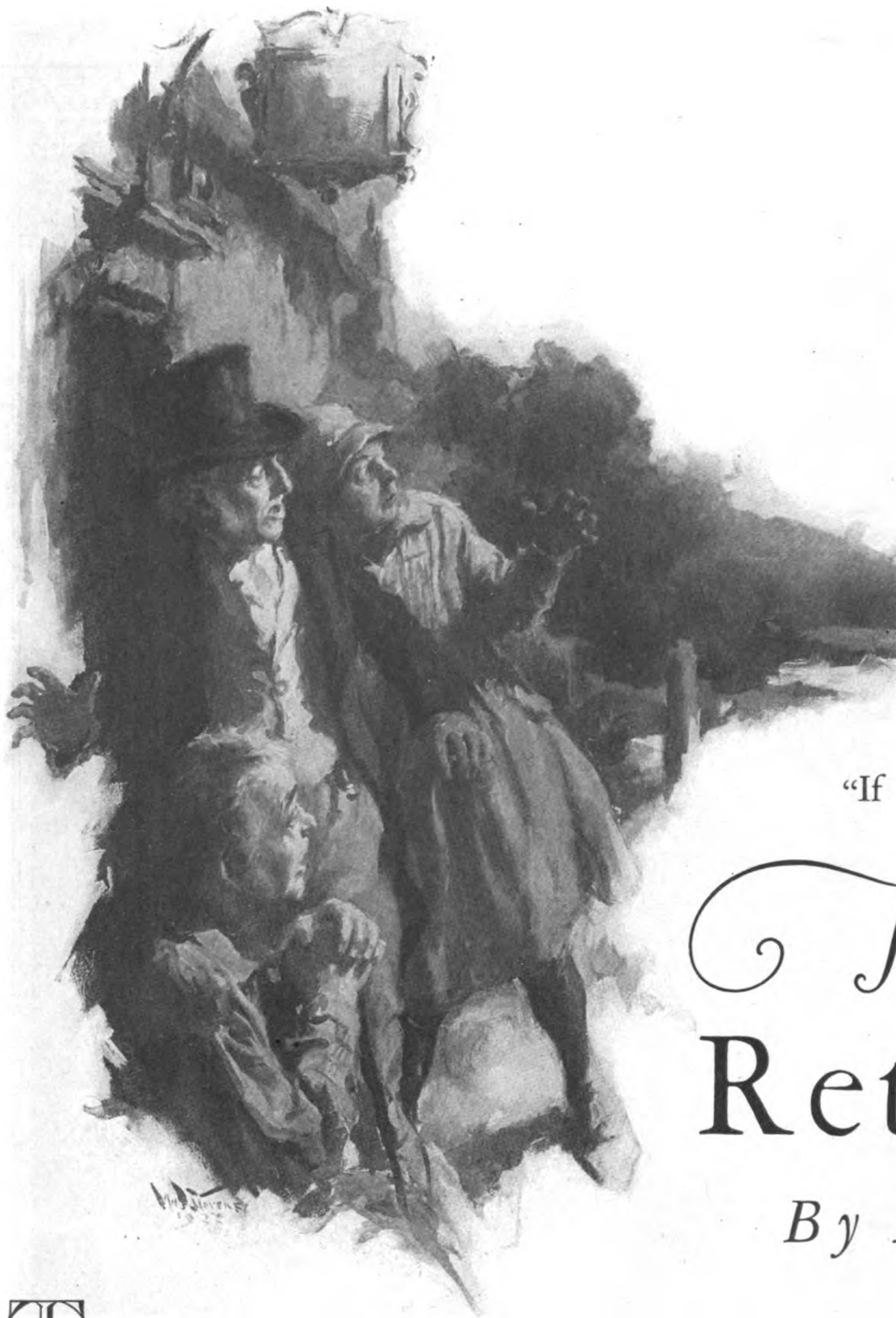
"But then," said the clerical gentleman, "what world are we in, and how did we get here?"

"Ah! *there*," said Mr. Burleigh blandly, "you go altogether beyond my poor powers of guessing. We are here in some world that is singularly like our world and singularly unlike it. It must be in some way related to our world or, maybe we are in some other dimension of space than those we wot of. But my poor head whirls at the thought of these dimensions."

"Einstein," injected the gentleman with the eyeglass, compactly and with evident self-satisfaction.

"Exactly!" said Mr. Burleigh. "Einstein might make it

clear to us. Or dear old Haldane might undertake to explain it and fog us up with all that adipose Hegelianism of his. But I am neither Haldane nor Einstein. Here we are in some world which is, for all practical purposes, including the purposes of our week-end engagements, nowhere. Or if you prefer the Greek of it, we are in Utopia. And as I do not see that there is any manifest way out of it again I suppose the thing we have to do as rational creatures is to make the best of it, and watch our opportunities. It is certainly a very lovely world. The loveliness is even greater than the wonder. And there are human beings here—with minds. I judge from all this material lying about, it is a world in which experimental chemistry is pursued—pursued indeed to the bitter end—under almost idyllic [Continued on page 136]



*A  
short story by  
the author of  
that tremendously  
successful book  
"If Winter Comes"*

# The Return

*By* A. S. M.

*Illustrated by*

**T**HIS is how Old Wirk tells a story:  
"I fot at the ba'le o' Water-loo-oo-oo."

Some explanation is needed. Old Wirk manifestly never fought at the battle of Waterloo. But he imagines he did. He is eighty. He is in his dotage. He has never been out of Penny Green in his life, and his father was never out of it before him. But his grandfather fought at Waterloo. His grandfather, it is clear, over and over again told his infant grandson that story, and many another story of his life, and times; and now Old Wirk, living again his childhood, reproduces stories precisely as, in that childhood, he had them from his grandfather's lips. He never, in telling things told him by his grandfather, says:

"My granfer did so and so." He always says, "I did so and so," and, when reasoned with, can by no means be made to believe that he didn't.

Thus comes "I fot at Waterloo-oo-oo"; and the reduplication of the final syllable is because Old Wirk was some years ago presented by public subscription with a set of false teeth; and

they get unshipped with certain articulations, and his cheeks and his chin and his tongue churn them round and round while his hearers wait patiently for him to catch and control them and get on with it. But he is very proud of his false teeth, and never takes them out except for his meals, a singularity that gave some offence to those who had subscribed for the teeth; but as Old Wirk said, "I've ate wi' me gooms these score years or more, an' I never can ate clean an' sharp an' healthy not but only with me goo-oo-ooms."

Old Wirk owns and lives at the forge on Penny Green. He is long past work at the anvil, but he still can do a turn at the bellows; and for the rest he sits all day on his bench beside the forge, ceaselessly moving his jaws round and round and round, and in the mind behind his extraordinarily bright blue eyes (clear and shining as a child's) revolving round and round and round a hopelessly confused mixture of his own youth, of his father's youth, and of his grandfather's youth.

Precisely at seven every summer evening he crosses the road



**C** Willie Pringle *was buried*  
*in the churchyard*  
*and the stone stands there*  
*for any man to see.*  
*“But Willie Pringle*  
*no lies there;*  
*he harnts the Green,”*  
*declares Old Wirk*



# *of the* Swordsman

*Hutchinson*

W. D. Stevens

to the Tybar Arms, and there sits with his pot of ale and the sires of the village, contributing his part to the debates, and, when these touch the past, doing so as the contemporary of those whose tombs are already overgrown and misshapen in the churchyard up the lane.

**I**T WAS on one such evening that young Mark Sabre (who told me this), recently come to live at Penny Green and much appealed to by the antiquities of the village, material and corporeal, asked Old Wirk what was the story of the ghost which was supposed to haunt the Green and to walk it on summer nights, its head beneath its arm.

“Mrs. Pithycomb told me,” said Sabre, “it was some way connected with that green patch where the children never play,”—and he pointed to a vivid brightness in the Green’s burnt summer aspect about which lay the remains of wooden rails which one time had fenced it off. “Is that right, Mr. Wirk?”

Old Wirk churned his cheeks and tongue and chin, and might be imagined churning also the confused medley within his brain.

“Ou-ai,” said Old Wirk, “ou-ai. That’s right enough. Green’s harnted. Green’s harnted, as many a frightened soul a seen with his own eyes. Willie Pringle harnts un, an’ yon patch with the rails is where a’ lies an’ where a’ rises. Ou-ai, Willie Pringle was buried in churchyard, an’ stone stands there for any man to see. But Willie Pringle no lies there. Earth hadn’t laid on Willie Pringle mor’n a week when four very old and sober men, sitting on this very bench on a full-moon night, saw Willie’s awful shape up out of yonder place and seek his head and find it lying there and start toward them, head under arm, for to ask them to join it to his shoulders. Ou-ai, they run, they run like young chaps for all their rheumatics. Ou-ai, they surely did, for I met un running; an’ ever after Willie Pringle in’s chosen time has rise there an’ took his head an’ walked the Green for one to join it for un. An’ never will rest till he finds one, for that’s the curse that’s set on un.”



“A’ was dressed in a soger’s coat, and a’ was pretty to look upon; a’ whistled an’ sung an’ laughed as a’ walked and a’ carried in his hand a long sword that was like a streak of lightning.”

Sabre asked, “How came he to lose his head, Mr. Wirk?”

“Why, be sure, be sure, that’s a tale I’ve told ’ee a two-score times an’ more. ’Tis a terrible tale, to be sure, an’ a grave warning to maid an’ man alike. Willie Pringle lost his head after Corporal Harry come home from the ba’le o’ Waterloo-oo-oo.”

“Ou-ai, ou-ai, I fot at Waterloo-oo-oo. Drab take these teeth o’ mine! Corporal Harry an’ ine, we fot together at Waterloo.”

‘Here they be coming, Zack,’ shouts Corporal Harry in me ear; and surely there they were, they Frenchies, thundering on their great enormous horses of war, and waving their great enormous swords, and shouting.

“Ou-ai, ’twas where I lost my arm, at Waterloo. I mind him now, the mighty an’ ferocious Frenchie that took my arm from me. I see him now. His horse could by no means fall for the bagganets that upheld him. An’ he sat atop on his dead



“Where be my sweetheart?’ a’ says. An’ they look one upon another and say no word. An’ I says to un, ‘Harry,’ I says, ‘thy maid Prudence be dead an’ laid in churchyard.’”

beast an’ slashed most terrible all about him. An’ he see me eye to eye, an’ swings back his mighty sword till his arm to the elbow was over his shoulder, an’, thinks I, ‘I’ll take thee with me, Frenchie, if so be my hour is now come.’ An’ I set my foot on the bodics before me, an’ I ups an’ gives him my bagganet straight to his throat; an’ he comes swish with his sword, an’ I goes ha’ with my bagganet, an’ a most terrible dizziness comes

over me; an’ I mind I said to one, ‘Draw me from here’; an’ a’ bawls to me, ‘Thou must die first, Zack.’”

Old Wirk paused and stared before him with bemused eyes as though he saw again those sights which in actual fact he had never seen; or as if, Sabre thought, watching him, some rift of his own individuality struck into the clouds of his fancies and held him puzzled. But he shook his head as though to shake it



an' mighty sergeant shouts, 'Now then, my likely lads, my likely lads! Now then, my true-born British likely lads, here's a pocket full o' shillings an' a knapsack full o' ribbons, an' who's the likely lads, the true-born British likely lads, that's going to have un'.

"That grandly man a-shakes his head an' rattles his shillings, an' smile, an' laughs, an', 'My likely lads, my likely lads,' says he, 'thy goodwife there would keep ye to tie to her skirts till ye be old women too. My likely lads, the King's a-calling for ye one an' all to catch Bonaparty, the scourage of Europe, an' who will stop to home when the king's a-calling him? Who'll wear a smock when a' can wear a fine red coat?'

"An' with that he sets off, an' they all sets off, walking in a circle here, with the drum tapping an' the colors flying, an' that grandly man giving a shilling an' pinning a favour here an' there to half a score on us. Right opposite me a' halts and cries, 'Now one for you, my likely lad. I warrant me the King's got the likeliest lad in all England here.'

"Ou-ai, so a' did say, to be sure, for I was a rare an' likely lad in those days, an' none in all the village to set beside me save only Corporal Harry, who was a lusty an' mighty one as ever woman loved well in these parts. Ou-ai, a' certainly was. But he was no corporal then, 'ee mind me, nor him nor me going for sojers then, having a most daring and terrible adventure to our hands which were to come to pass that very night; so that us stood away an' let the sojers an' the chaps go marching off while we shaped for it.

"You mind me, there was in the land in those days many a Frenchie that was gentle born in a's own country that was prisoner to us an' that lived with folks on parole, as they named it, which was his solemn word pledged on's sword that a'

would not escape. One an' another I've see'd in they days, an' one there was a year an' more in the village here. A' was called Mouser, which is what they all are named in their own country, an' a' lived here with Mr. Crawshaw at the white house yonder.

"A' could speak nobbut a word an' a word of English, an' no man understand un when a' did, an' 'twas long o' that that Harry an' me come to run for sojers. Harry saw a main deal o' this Mouser, for a' was courting Prudence that was wench in Mr. Crawshaw's kitchen. An' a' tells me, Harry, that his was none the only courting at that house. Often as he be there, a' tells me, a' sees this Mouser walking the garden with Mr. Crawshaw's lass, Mistress Anne. An' there come a day when a' says to me 'Zack,' a' says, 'there's fifty guineas to be had for putting the Mouser over to Sandwich, by Dover, in Kent, to smugglers that wait to run un to France.'

"I says to un, 'Harry,' I says, 'tis a hanging job'; an' a' laughs an' says, 'Drabbit, man,' a' says, 'Tis a fifty guinea job, an' tho'llt have five-an'-twenty, Zack, an' I'll have five-an'-

C. "Mouser pulls out a sword; an' one ups with a stool and cracks him on head, an' down he goes, crash."

clear, and declared, "Ou-ai, that's how I lose my arm at the great ba'le of Waterloo-oo-oo."

One of the younger men, with a wink and a nod, called Sabre's attention to a bit of sport.

"Why, but, granfer, tha's got thy arms, both on un."

Old Wirk stared at his two hands, one on either knee before him, and raised and stared at one, and then the other. His questioner tittered, and from others there were "Haw-haws."

The old man turned on them sharply. "Tell 'ee I lost me arm at Waterloo-oo-oo. Tell 'ee I did!"

Sabre shook his head in reproof at the mockers, and pushed the ale-pot to Old Wirk's trembling hand. "Go on, Mr. Wirk; go on. You're telling us about the ghost, about how Corporal Harry came home from Waterloo."

Old Wirk brightened and wetted and gulped. "Ou-ai, ou-ai, when Corporal Harry come home from Waterloo. To be sure.

Ou-ai, those were days; they surely were days. Us run for sojers, Corporal Harry an' me. Us run for sojers, we surely did. I mind me well the day the sojers come, an' round, an' round the green they marched with drum an' colors an' a great mighty sergeant with a handful of favors that a' waves and shouts like the grandly man a' surely was.

"Ou-ai, drie times they go round the green with the drum an' colors; an' then they stand up here afore the inn an' the great

twenty an' my Prudence likewise, which the lass 'll marry me when we get the Mouser safe away.'

"I tell 'ee, chaps, I tell 'ee, sir, I were a rare un in those days, an' ready to chance my neck for any bit fun, leave alone a pocket of guineas, so I gives ear to un, an' a' tells me.

"A' tells me a rare tangle o' stuff. A' tells me a' was going to do this for Prudence, an' Prudence she be doing it for Mistress Anne, an' Mistress Anne she be doing it for the Mouser, an' the Mouser he be doing it for to see his mother that were dying.

"Me an' Harry we went over along to Mr. Crawshaw's that night, an' in the garden we settled it all to rights, Harry an' me an' Mistress Anne an' Prudence an' the Mouser. The Mouser were a fine bold man, he surely were, an' a rare well-looking un. I mind me he had his arm about Mistress Anne while we talked, an' rare an' bravely he looked at her; an' rare an' sweet she looked at he with tears in her eyes.

"Mouser's trouble, ye see, chaps, was that a' could speak no English, which was why he surely could not travel the roads alone; an' Mistress Anne she made it for us that, when we meet folk on the road, Harry an' me'd be two young chaps taking to Dover a gentleman that was deaf mute from his cradle an' no could talk and no could hear; an' 'twas so arranged, an' on a fine clear evening we set out, the dree on us, a hunner an' fifty miles an' all, an' us in reckoning to meet the smugglers on the tenth day forward.

"Ou-ai, right down into Kent we come, with never a slip nor hurt by the way; an' then the luck turn against us.

"Two-score mile or more from Sandwich, by Dover, an' dree days from the night of meeting the smugglers, we come by an inn at nightfall an' made to pass the night there, an' stepped into kitchen an' found much company assembled an' mighty ungracious. Was a fine lady there an' a fine gentleman, with a wheel off their chaise, an' made to stop for the night along of it, an' mighty ill-pleased to tarry in such a place; an' two fine young officers bound for Dover making company with them, an' they four desiring all the inn to themselves.

"Ou-ai, when we made entry, all dripping, for 'twas raining amain, 'La!' cries the fine lady, 'here be three more of the wretches. Why, this inn doth collect the raff of the roads like bugs in a straw-bed.'

WITH THAT she puts a bottle to her nose an' smells at it, an' her fine lord puts glass to his eye an' stares at us, an' the fine young officers put also bottles to their noses an' stare, an' the company beside the fire that likely had been talked to thus, each in's turn, looked mighty sour upon us, which was to make favor with the fine folk, 'ee understand.

"Us made to take stools quiet by the fire, never liking, 'ee mind me, to call folks' regard to ourselves; but whiles we ate of our vittles the quality folk must chatter on idle tongues at us.

"This Mouser, 'ee mind me, was dressed like sober an' decent gentleman, an' carried short sword by's side; an' the fine lady with her eye on un, 'Him wear a laced waistcoat,' she cries. 'La, 'tis monstrous strange to wear a laced waistcoat an' carry sword an' be keeping company with such!'

"Has a hang-dog look,' says her lord, quizzing the Mouser through his glass.

"Fore George,' says one of the officers, 'has a nasty French look, or I never see a Frenchman that have run twoscore through the body,' a' says.

"Corporal Harry touches his lock in a well-behaved, sober,

modest way, an' a' says, 'Thy pardon, madam,' a' says, 'thy pardon, sirs, the gentleman is no French but true-born English, an's father is man of property an' good estate beyond Dover. An' by thy kind leave, lady, an' by the most terrible affliction of God, a's born deaf-mute an' neither speaks nor yet hears, an' be come from Bath where a most notable physician has seen un,



C. "Ob, the disgusting French villain!" the fine lady spits out and the officer comes at us with a sword.

an' be travelling now to a's father's-estate—in our company.'

"Ou-ai, a' could speak properly, Corporal Harry could, remembering all that Mistress Anne had told un to say, an' saying it most bold an' convincing. But it surely was of no avail with they. 'A fine tale,' cried the lady. 'Keep it where 'tis asked of thee,' she cries. 'Speaking to thy betters! La!' cries she to the officers, 'tis a nice thing that I should be spoken up to my face by any dirt that pleases!'

"Her lord, that likely was accustomed to her such-like whimsies, laughs; but one o' the young officers takes up



C. Prudence was a wench in Mr. Crawshaw's kitchen and Harry was courting her. But that was before he came back from the battle of Waterloo.

with her. 'Will have the room cleared for 'ee, madam' a' says to her, 'if it likes 'ee, madam,' a' says. 'But sound the precious mute if he be mute to French or to English only,' a' says. 'Try him with thy French, madam,' a' says.

"'Ee mind me, chaps, 'ee mind me, sir, the Mouser could understand no word of this that they was saying, an' for some cause I could no warn un; an' whiles I broke out a most cruel sweat all hot an' cold in all parts of my body, an' whiles I see Corporal Harry's face that a' was suffering the same, the lady in a very quick an' sharp voice cries out some jabber of most foreign an' outlandish language; 'an every man's eye was on the Mouser watching him, an' to my most terrible horror an' fear a' starts up a's head as though a' was stung, an' a' flushes in the face red as a maid that have had a rude immodest word spoken to her.

"Ou-ai, it surely was a clever cunning trap as ever I did behold an' that Mouser fair caught in un an' Corporal Harry an' me fair caught along on 'un, an all jumps to their feet an' shouts; an' I tell 'ee, chaps I see plain before my eyes the most terrible an' alarming spectacle of myself hanging from gibbet for escaping a Frenchie.

"OU-AI, they all jump to their feet, one an' all, quality an' common company alike; an' the young officer hollers out, 'Fore George,' a hollers, 'a villian Frenchman as well I knew the minute I set eyes on un,' a' hollers. An' a' tugs out a's sword; an' the fine lady spits out some more French language; an' Mouser, like as if was some most terrible insult, goes red as turkeycock an' fires back some most

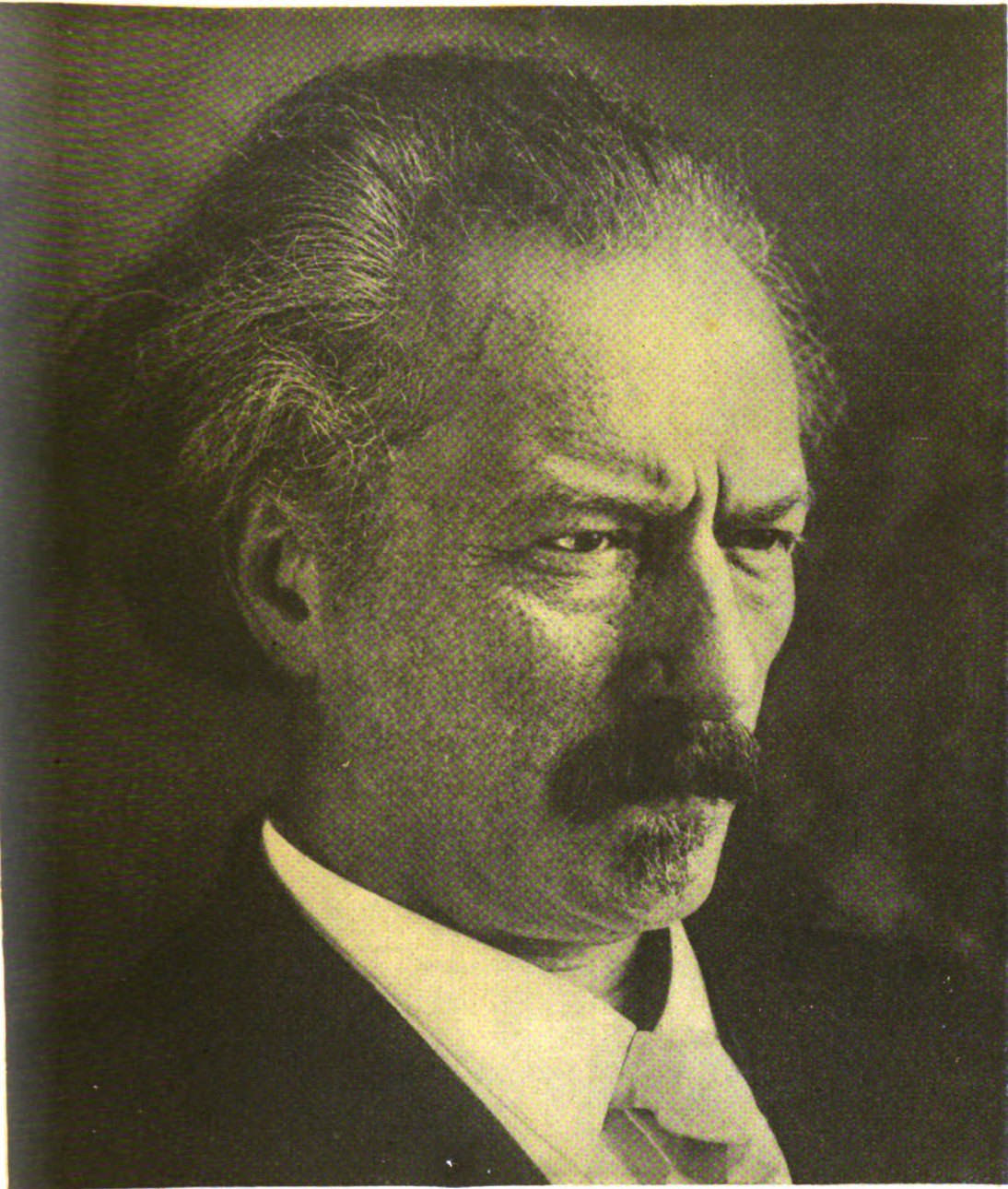
fierce an' hissing language, an' the lady screams out. 'Oh, the disgusting French villain!' an' the officer comes at un with a's sword; an' the Mouser pulls out sword to un; an' one ups with a stool an' cracks un on head from behind; an' down a' goes crash; an' another catches my boots from beneath me an' down I goes on top of un; an' another runs in on Corporal Harry, an' Corporal Harry ups stool an' lends un a flick that splits for un; an' a' swings stool, but they was too many for Corporal Harry, lookee, and very soon a' was down an' a dozen upon un, an' soon all dree on us trussed with stout ropes an' pitched in stable.

"Ou-ai, there we surely were, the dree on us, in most sad an' alarming situation as ever mortal man could surely be in.

"Ou-ai, I were most sore amazed an' fearful; an' presently I says, 'Harry,' I says, 'we be in most sorrowful an' mortal plight,' I says to un; 'an' we best be preparing to meet our God,' I says.

"Corporal Harry give a laugh, an' I tell 'ee, chaps, 'twas no rueful laugh as 'ee might expect that a' gave, but a bold and merry laugh, for a' was ever a bold an' merry un, come lot, come scot; an' a' says, 'Zack, I've my hands nigh free,' a' says, 'an' in nobbut a minute I'll free thine, an' us'll see if there be no way from here (Continued on page 109)





**C.** *The news  
from Poland  
changes fast.  
Americans  
cannot keep  
up with all  
the details.  
Miss Strong  
gives a picture  
of the  
bigger aspects*

**C.** *Paderewski, world-famous musician, stepped into control of Poland's affairs and for a time guided the destiny of the new nation.*

# *The Cold Gray Dawn in* POLAND

*By Anna Louise Strong*

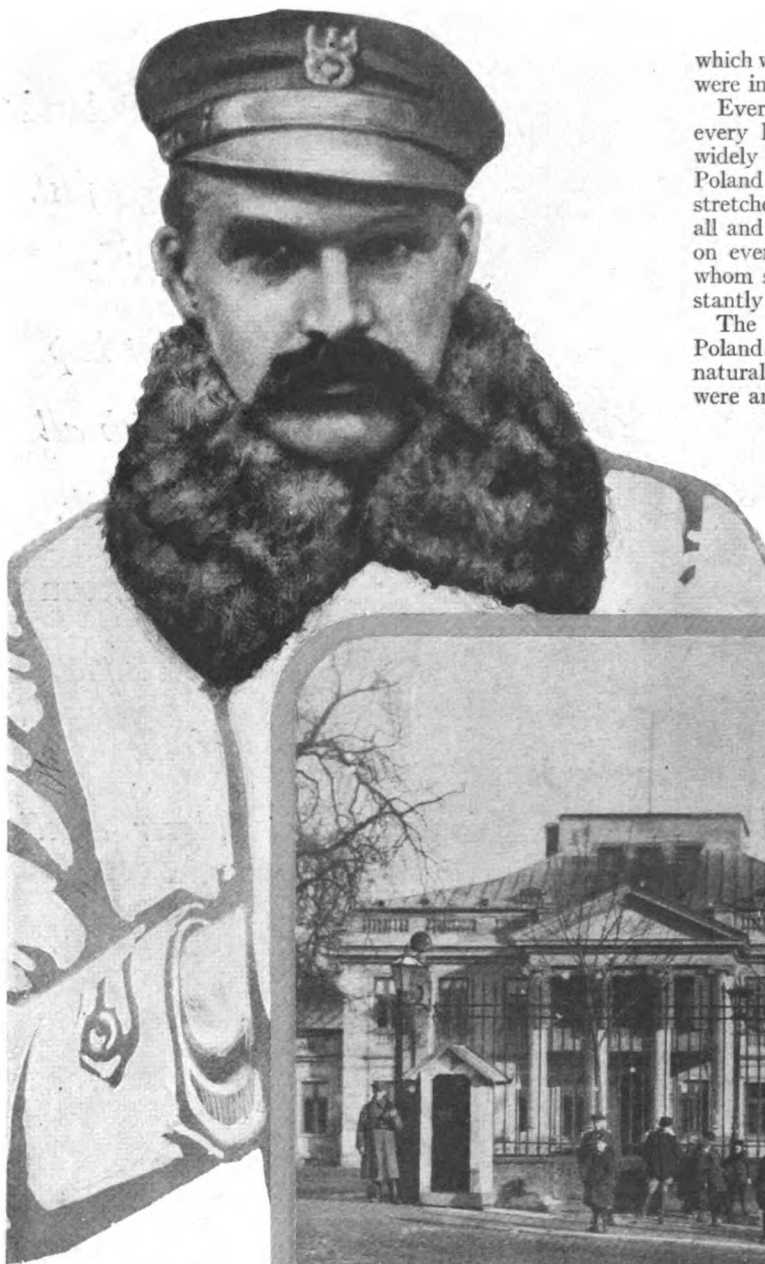
**T**HE TROUBLE with Poland," said Diamond to me with a twinkle, "is that we have to wake up from so many dreams." Diamond is one of the leaders of the Socialist party in the Polish Diet—the first Polish parliament for a hundred years, the parliament whose job is to create a new nation. It has some little task on its hands.

For more than a hundred years Poland has been the football of the great empires in eastern and central Europe. She lies in the great plain between mountains and seas, over which Asia and Russia must cross to Europe. In the ancient days of Turk and Tartar raids, when Russia was submerged, and the Balkans were overrun as far north as Vienna, Poland held the vanguard of Christian Europe against these wild Mohammedans of the East. She developed a spirit of war and chivalry in doing this, and later she drove her armies to the east on her own account, and ruled over a fair-sized empire which reached across what is now Ukraine, clear to the shores of the Black Sea.

That was the Poland of the "glorious past." The more recent past has been less glorious. She lay at the point where three great and growing empires met: Russia to the east, Austria to the south, Germany to the west. These three fought their battles across the plains of Poland and divided her lands between them bit by bit, until, more than a hundred years ago, there was nothing left of Poland except a memory of the past and a dream of the future. For more than a hundred years she cherished dreams.

These were the dreams of which Diamond spoke with a smile. They were the dreams of many kinds. But now it is the cold gray dawn of morning and the dreaming is over and the work begins. The Treaty of Versailles gave back the freedom of Poland and made her an independent nation again. She began to organize her land. And it doesn't work out a bit as it did in the dreams.

"One section of us dreamed," said Diamond, "that as soon as



**J.** Joseph Piłsudski, Minister of War for the New Republic of Poland, headed the Polish Legion and became the popular hero in the eyes of his people.



**J.** Poland's White House—the home of the new Republic.

which were in Germanized Poland well organized and law-abiding, were in Russia Poland suppressed into revolutionary channels.

Every labor or business organization, every political party, every law-maker faces the difficulty of harmonizing groups of widely differing traditions. And as if this were not enough, Poland has vastly added to her troubles by acquiring large stretches of territory inhabited by people who are not Poles at all and who do not like Poland. She has a fringe of discontent on every border, and beyond that is a fringe of nations from whom she has taken that territory and from whom she constantly fears trouble.

The Socialists had first whack at the task of governing Poland. They had managed the fight for Polish freedom; they naturally took the first provisional government, before there were any elections or chance for elections. The Polish borders were not even settled. In one direction were the Bolshevik armies; in the others a lot of knotty problems with Germany, Czecho-Slovakia, and Lithuania.

The Socialists held the reins for about three months, with Moracewski as prime minister, from November, 1918, till early in 1919. They put through a bunch of highly progressive laws that none of the

other parties have been able to get repealed since. It was quick work and rather clever of them, for it might be harder to pass those laws in Poland now.

They started off with an eight-hour day, and a forty-four hour week. They followed with compulsory insurance for sickness, imposed on all workers. They arranged a law that wages should rise in proportion to the rise in the cost of living.

"Each month," said Vice-Minister of Labor Simon to me, "our department figures out statistics of the cost of living. Wages go up month by month in accordance with what we find. We have nothing to do with the original basic wage, which is fixed in each industry by agreement between the unions and the employers' organizations. But this basic wage goes up each month in accordance with our statistics. It has been a great preventive against strikes."

"But what happens," I asked, "if the cost of living falls? Do wages go down?"

"Theoretically they should," he answered. "But so far there have been only two months when the cost of living was lower than the month before. It was only a little lower, about four percent, not worth making any changes for. If there should be a big drop in living costs, undoubtedly there would be labor troubles, for the employers would want to reduce the wage and the workers wouldn't want it."

**H**E TOLD me other achievements of that first Socialist government. A tenant's defense law was passed, which forbade the raising of rents; without that law the housing shortage would have thrown hundreds of poor people into the streets. Compulsory schools were decreed. A thoroughly democratic system for the Diet was established.

They did a rapid job in those first three months—that Socialist government of Moracewski. But then followed the government of Paderewski and then Skulski and then Grabski—and the cabinets grew steadily conservative. No new progressive laws were passed on behalf of the workers. The conservative even began to eat away the edges of those Socialist laws which they did not quite dare repeal.

the Tsar was gone we should march to Freedom without any more trouble. But then we had also a group of imperialist patriots who wanted to march to a new empire over the necks of the Russians. And we had a Catholic group who dreamed of making Poland the most holy Catholic kingdom since ancient Spain! While our Socialist crowd thought they would get a Polish cooperative commonwealth as soon as the shackles were broken!"

"Did your Jews expect also a new Palestine?" I asked. "Well, no," admitted Diamond, "our Jews were never any too hopeful."

"They were wiser than the rest of you, perhaps?"

"No, no, no," said Diamond, "only much more experienced!"

They have a hard job on their hands, these builders of a nation, as they start work in the dawn. They have first to put together the three pieces of Poland, which have undergone different history and acquired different laws, languages, customs in the last hundred years.

There is Germanized Poland, orderly and organized, with good schools, looking down on the rest of Poland as an uneducated, untidy land. There is Russian Poland, vast, disorganized, dirty, uneducated. Even the railway lines were a different gauge in the two countries. Everything else ran on different gauges also; the trade union and socialist movements, for instance,





**C.** A Russian Bolshevik policing the Polish border. The Army of Russia claims it cannot disarm while Poland cherishes her dreams of empire.

The eight-hour day has exceptions to it now—in the stores. The tenant's defense law has been modified, so that rents have been doubled, while lights, water, and cleaning are extra charges. The compulsory school law stands, but hardly any city in Poland has yet found the money to make its schools really compulsory.

The democratic voting for the Diet—that too has been modified by the creation of a Senate, for which only the men and women over thirty years old can vote—the conservative element of the population. Meantime one-third of all Poland has not yet had a chance to vote at all. These are the territories to the east which Poland took by her war with Russia; they became Polish after the first election, and the conservative Diet has managed to postpone having any more elections.

"IT IS dangerous," argued these conservatives, "to let these people vote. They are Russians and Ukrainians; they do not speak our language; they cannot appreciate our democracy!" And so reaction, as usual, brings about the thing that it fears, and the peasants to the east grow even more resentful toward the government under which they are cast.

Poland has more parties than most countries. She has the tag-ends of all the old parties in Russian Poland, Austrian Poland, and German Poland. She has three peasant parties, and two workmen's parties, and several varieties of conservative and clerical parties—about a dozen parties altogether.

After the Socialist Dream was over for the time, and the Socialists were reduced to holding the ground they had won, instead of pressing onward to new fields of power, the Imperialist Dream had its chance.

There were always plenty of imperialist dreamers in Poland. The Polish dreamers could point back to a grand empire, the Poland of 1772, reaching from the Baltic to the Black Sea, across all of southern Russia. The fact that they had no more right to oppress unwilling Russians and Ukrainians than the Russians had to oppress the Poles, didn't worry them.

If the imperialists in Poland needed any encouraging, they certainly got it. If they require at present any blame for their grabbing of lands, the blame is not only on them; but on the Allied nations, especially France. For the Allies shoved the Poles along toward empire in every direction. The Allies

wanted to hurt Germany and Russia, and Poland happened to be a good tool.

She encouraged Poland to wish for Upper Silesia, which had belonged to German governments for seven hundred years. There was a large group of Poles in Upper Silesia, oppressed by German absentee capitalists; so the Poles had a good talking-point. But it wasn't only Polish population that interested them. Upper Silesia had mines and industries, developed by German capital. Poland with Upper Silesia would be, as a government pamphlet bragged, "among the richest countries in Europe."

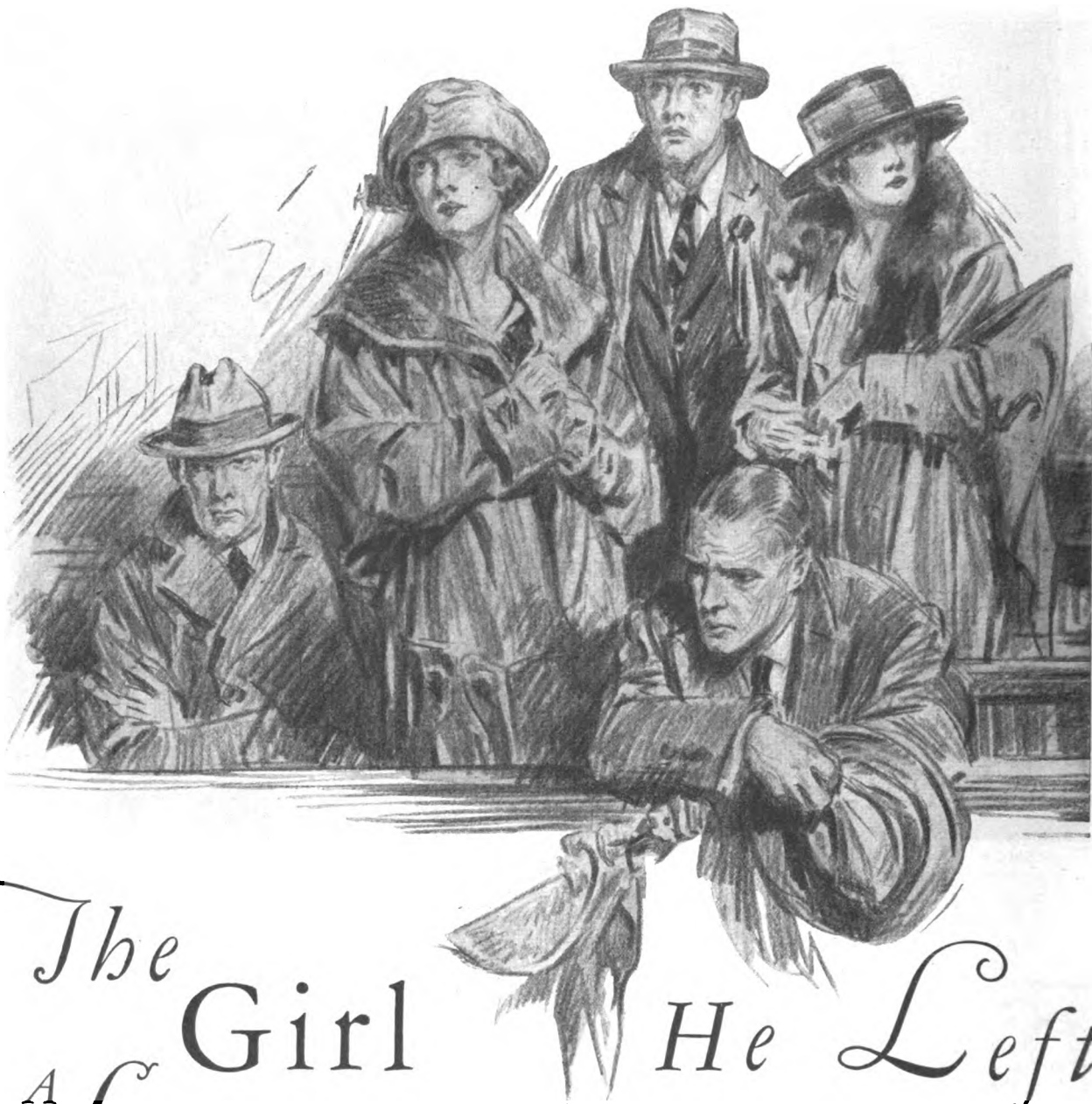
It was a handsome gift; it is not surprising that Poland wanted and took it. The population of Upper Silesia voted, it is true, to belong to Germany instead; but Poland got it, most of it. And with Upper Silesia she got soreness and unrest on her western border.

Poland wanted a seaport, and the Allies, especially France, encouraged her to drive northward to Danzig. Now Danzig is a German city, where even today the German mark holds sway instead of the Polish mark. The corridor of land which connects Poland with Danzig is inhabited by many Poles, it is true, but it cuts right across Germany and divides West Prussia from East Prussia. It is a fine thing for Poland to have a seaport but will Germany always remain contentedly in two pieces?

THE ALLIES encouraged Poland to drive eastward toward Russia. So Poland fought back and forth for two years against Russia, making a great drive to the east and being beaten back once to the very gates of her own capital. In the end, at the treaty of Riga, she got vast lands from Russia.

Again there was a good excuse for her action. Those lands belonged to Polish nobles, and if the Bolshevik got the territory, the Polish nobles would see their land nationalized. Any nobleman will fight against that. But the people that lived on the lands, the peasants, were White Russians and Ukrainians. They did not speak the Polish language (*Continued on page 132*)





# The Girl He Left

*A story which proves that football, love and war are all the same game under different names*

**F**OR TWENTY-FIVE years, Miss Harriet Peabody was known in Hubbardville as the woman who once had an affair with Curly Hotchkiss.

Curly entered Crocker College, in the sleepy little town of Hubbardville in the southern Middle-West, in the days when a young man with a swift horse and a shiny buggy had a long start in the current Cupid Handicap.

His career at Crocker College was brief and eventful. He was a slim dapper boy with a cameo face, brilliant dark eyes and a crown of thick, black, stubbornly curly hair that gave him his name. His home was in California and he had traveled in Europe and remembered what he had seen.

There were rumors of interesting reasons why he had been sent to Crocker College. It was said that he had been expelled elsewhere for wild escapades; that his father, reputed to be a wealthy California mining man, had exiled him to Crocker.

He was a sensation from the day of his arrival. When he stepped off the train at the depot, a brawny rustic wit called out: "Hey! Look at the dude! Where did you get that hat?"

Curly smiled, deposited his suitcase on the platform, walked

gently up to the hulking rustic and gave him a boxing lesson. When the big fellow refused to rise to receive further punishment from Curly's small, but extremely hard and accurate fists, the elegantly-dressed newcomer carefully wiped his hands on a silk handkerchief and spoke for the first time in Hubbardville.

"I get my hats where I please," he said genially. "And when I get a hat I wear it where I please, until I find somebody who can make me take it off. I generally wear a hat quite a while. Do any of you other gentlemen object to my clothes? Any one of you like to teach me the right things to wear in your tight little city? No? Then I'll be moving along."

**W**HEREUPON he picked up his suitcase, stepped into Joe Gilbert's hack and with a distinguished air, asked to be driven to the best hotel in town.

Two days later he showed up for football practice and that night he was the subject of conversation wherever students met. Crocker College, they agreed, had a find. Even Buster Morgan, the coach, had broken his habit of critical silence and almost



# BEHIND Him

*By William Slavens McNutt*

*Illustrated by Charles D. Mitchell*

gushed in praise of the newcomer's ability on the gridiron.

Curly played quarter-back that year, a trim, snappy, ever smiling figure, cockily confident, airily bossing the big team to more victories than the little college had ever before known. There were only about two hundred and fifty students there then, but that year, with Curly Hotchkiss doing the stellar work, the team not only defeated its greatest rival, Fillmore College, but actually played the great State University team to a scoreless tie.

For the season, Curly was the idol of the place, but there were ugly rumors about him. It was said that he broke training; that he drank and gambled. This was in a day and place where penny-ante was a vice that damned a man and the first glass of beer was a potion about which long and solemn sermons were frequently preached.

Harriet Peabody was then a girl in her teens. She kept house for her widowed father, a professor of chemistry. Curly was seen driving with her on three successive Sundays and that settled the matter so far as Crocker College and Hubbardsville were concerned; for at that time and place, courtship was looked upon as seriously as penny-ante, and the first kiss was as solemn

a matter as the young man's much discussed first glass of beer.

Late in November the expected explosion came. Curly was expelled. The accepted rumor was that he had called on Harriet Peabody with liquor on his breath. It was known that the Professor had ordered him from the house and immediately thereafter visited President Marquard. The next day, Curly Hotchkiss, still smiling, elegant, mockingly confident, drove to the station in Joe Gilbert's hack, boarded the 2:10 train and passed from the ken of Hubbardsville and Crocker College.

THE NEXT year he was heard from in the East. He was at West Point playing quarter-back for the Army team. Crocker College and Hubbardsville began to take notice. Harriet Peabody was pointed out to newcomers as the girl with whom Curly had kept company. "You know, Curly Hotchkiss, the star quarter-back at West Point."

In his fourth year at the Point, Hotchkiss was Captain of the team and the unanimous selection by experts for All American quarter. Crocker College and Hubbardsville paid more attention

to news of the Army contests than to the doings of the home team. Curly Hotchkiss was beginning to be a legend in the little college where his stay had been so brief and brilliant.

Early the followi g all, Buster Morgan, the coach, was heard to say: "If I could just get Curly Hotchkiss to come back for a couple of weeks and give us a hand, we might get somewhere this year." That fall, each and every freshman who matriculated at Crocker had his attention called at some time or other to Miss Harriet Peabody and was told: "That's the girl that Curly Hotchkiss was sweet on when he was here. You know: Curly who was Captain of the West Point team last year and All American quarter-back. Yes, that's her."

SO THE LEGEND of Curly Hotchkiss and his brief stay at Crocker College grew up about his flashy work on the football field and his affair with Harriet Peabody. Each fall Buster Morgan said wistfully: "If I could only get Curly Hotchkiss to come back for a couple of weeks and give us a hand we might get somewhere this year." Each fall Miss Peabody was pointed out to the newcomers as the girl who had had the affair with the famous player. No one from Crocker College ever wrote to Curly or received any communication from him. He had come from another world, lived brilliantly in their quiet back water for a little stretch, and passed on.

Buster Morgan's annual remark about getting him back to help out was merely a habit with the old coach. He no more thought of actually writing to Curly to come back than he would have attempted to summon the spirit of one who has passed into the Great Beyond.

Harriet Peabody's father died and, having been a professor, left her in reduced circumstances. She turned the old home into a boarding-house for students and gradually developed into a sweet-faced serene old maid, yet peculiarly identified with the college and its traditions. Each succeeding crop of classmen continued to be told: "She's the one that Curly Hotchkiss was sweet on when he was here. You know: the famous Army player, and All American quarter-back."

Horses and hymns went out and automobiles and jazz came in. A concrete garage took the place of the old frame livery stable in Hubbardsville and young men found favor with the professors by telling them where good old pre-war stuff could be had at only ten dollars a quart—instead of being expelled in disgrace, as their fathers would have been, for being on terms of intimacy with low scoundrels who dealt in booze. All the while the brief record of Curly Hotchkiss remained as the high light in the history of the place and Harriet Peabody continued to be pointed out as the one with whom he had had an affair.

DURING the war, the town and the college felt proudly conspicuous in the reflection of a new light from the famous star of old football fields. Thrilling words came back from France of the deeds of Brigadier-General Hotchkiss, handling a greater team in a greater game. Miss Peabody, in consequence, had a place of honor in the local headquarters of the Red Cross with the mothers, wives and sweethearts of those who were in service.

No one ever spoke directly of the general to her, because by then it had become a tradition that the old affair had left a deep and lasting sorrow in her heart, and she was looked upon with a certain awe by her neighbors, who explained to strangers in carefully guarded asides: "She was General Hotchkiss's sweetheart when he was in college here. Her father broke up the match. She never married. Yes, too bad."

For thus is much of history made: A persistent rumor growing unchecked into a tradition and becoming ultimately an accepted fact. It was all on the strength of a half-dozen visits, a few Sunday afternoon buggy rides, and a stormy scene between a tipsy young scalawag and a shocked old Puritan.

The year after the war Crocker College turned its attention from the casualty lists to the football scores. Once upon a time the President of Crocker College and the faculty had reluctantly tolerated football, but in the early fall of that first year after the war, President Marquard sent for the coach, Buster Morgan, and inquired anxiously concerning the quality of the material available for the team.

That year Buster was pessimistic. "I'm afraid we're in for a bad season, sir," he said.

The President thoughtfully tapped the back of his hand with his nose glasses. "I hope you'll do your best, Mr. Morgan," he said anxiously. "Personally I feel that there is too much importance attached to the athletic record of our schools and

colleges today. But we must be practical, Mr. Morgan. We live in a practical world and we must recognize facts. It is undoubtedly a fact—I might say regrettably a fact—that even the majority of parents today are influenced in their choice of a college for their children as much by its record on the football field as the reputation of its faculty for scholarship and the quality of its traditions. It galls me to be compelled to admit it, but this is an era of advertising and the best advertisement of a college today is a winning football team. Frankly, we must grow—or die. Fillmore has beaten us for the last five years, and in that time the student body there has doubled in size. I regret being compelled to hope seriously that you can defeat Fillmore this year."

Buster Morgan went away railing disgustedly at the lack of proper coincidence of time and conditions. "Years ago, when I had the stuff to turn out winners, they did everything they could to hurt me," he growled. "Now I've got nothing to work with, they come around and tell me to turn out a great team!"

THAT NIGHT after dinner at Harriet Peabody's boarding-house, Morgan sat on the front porch and gloomily told his story to the gentle little lady who had once had an affair with Curly.

"Fillmore will swamp us this year," he said gloomily, "and when I think of what the State team is going to do to us—!"

"Can't anything be done?" Miss Peabody asked anxiously.

Morgan stroked his chin reflectively. "If I could just get Curly Hotchkiss to come back and help out for a few weeks we might get somewhere," he said.

"Why don't you write and ask him to come?"

Morgan took his pipe from his mouth and sat up straight. He stared at Miss Peabody in amazement for a moment and then laughed heartily.

"What a chance!" he exclaimed. "Why, he's all tied up down in Washington. Even if he wasn't busy he wouldn't come. Shucks! What does Crocker College mean to a man like him? I guess after the way he was treated here he—" Morgan stopped, flushing, remembering that the subject was delicate.

For a little time, Miss Peabody calmly went on with her knitting. Then:

"You say President Marquard told you the college needed a good team this year?"

"Well, that ain't to be repeated," Morgan said, alarmed at having told so much. "He was very special about that. He wants to go on pretending that football doesn't amount to anything to the college, but all the same he let me know very clearly that if the team didn't do better Crocker College is liable to curl up and die."

Miss Peabody went on with her knitting, glancing up occasionally to nod to friends passing along the street in the growing dusk. Then she gathered up her work and went inside.

An hour later she descended from her room and spoke to a student in the hall. There was a high flush in her soft cheeks.

"Do you suppose a letter to an army officer in Washington addressed just Washington, D. C., would reach him?" she asked.

"I'd put 'War Department' on it," the student suggested. "That'd be all right, I think."

"Thank you. I'll do that. Are you going out? Would you mind waiting just a moment? I would like to have you mail a letter for me."

THERE was a thin mist of steam in the dressing-room. Football togs lay here and there on the floor and benches in disorderly piles. Mixed with the talk and laughter of healthy youngsters, pink from the showers, there was the flat staccato of old Ed Murphy's palms patting a lively tattoo as he worked over a man on the rubbing table. The air was heavy with the odor of sweat-soaked garments, wet leather and liniment. The talk and laughter died away as Buster Morgan came in.

"Boys, I've got some news for you," he announced triumphantly. The players in various degrees of undress gathered about him eagerly.

"We've got the chance of our lives this year," Morgan went on. "You fellows are going to learn more football in a week than all the teams this college ever had, all put together, ever did know. Boys, Curly Hotchkiss is coming back to Crocker to help out. What have you got to say to that?"

There was a moment of silence and then a roar. The men surged about Morgan besieging him for details.

"I don't know anything about it," Morgan declared. "I





CHARLES D. MITCHELL

**A** Everyone felt a chill of disappointment as the slim figure of the General appeared on the platform. They were disappointed, too, at the lack of romantic tension in the first meeting between him and Harriet Peabody.



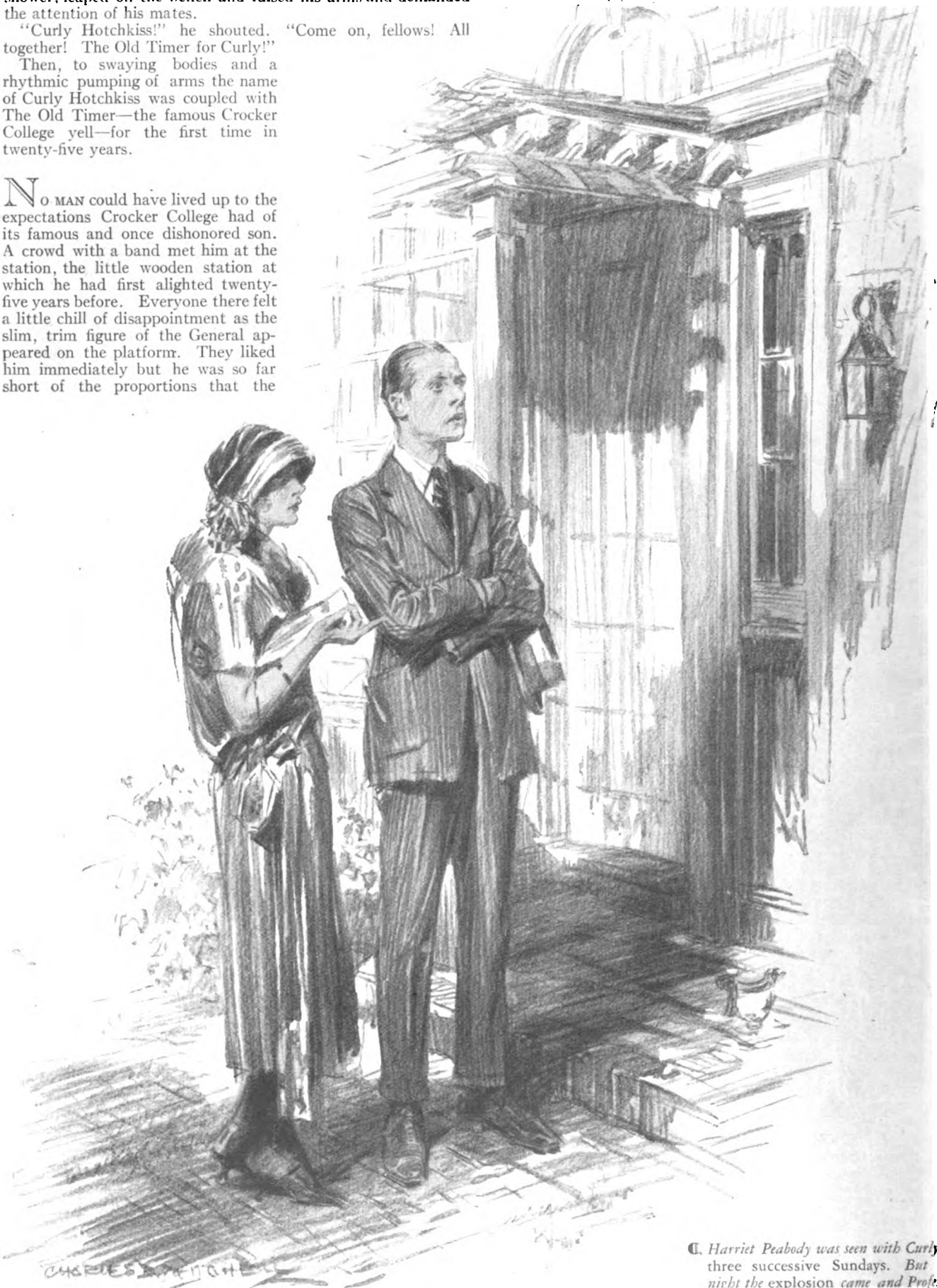
just got a telegram from him from Washington, asking if he could help out this year and telling me he could get here next Tuesday if I needed him."

A half-dressed youngster, his pink body still steaming from the shower, leaped on the bench and raised his arms and demanded the attention of his mates.

"Curly Hotchkiss!" he shouted. "Come on, fellows! All together! The Old Timer for Curly!"

Then, to swaying bodies and a rhythmic pumping of arms the name of Curly Hotchkiss was coupled with The Old Timer—the famous Crocker College yell—for the first time in twenty-five years.

NO MAN could have lived up to the expectations Crocker College had of its famous and once dishonored son. A crowd with a band met him at the station, the little wooden station at which he had first alighted twenty-five years before. Everyone there felt a little chill of disappointment as the slim, trim figure of the General appeared on the platform. They liked him immediately but he was so far short of the proportions that the



C. Harriet Peabody was seen with Curly on three successive Sundays. But one night the explosion came and Professor Peabody ordered Curly from the house.

legend had led them to expect! In outline he was the slender, erect boy of twenty-five years before; his face was leathery and lined and the still stubbornly curly thick hair was iron gray. The persistent smile of old was on his face but it no longer had the quality of contemptuous mockery. It was rather genial and sympathetic. Crocker College was a little disappointed. No one admitted this, but it was a fact.

They were disappointed, too, at the lack of romantic tension in the first meeting between the General and Harriet Peabody. President Marquard presented her, one of many among the crowd. "You remember Miss Peabody, General?" he said.

"I SHOULD say I do," the General said, laughing, taking her hand. "Why, Miss Peabody and I were quite spoony once. Weren't we, eh? Yes, indeed! Why if I hadn't been such a wild harum-scarum young rascal that I got run out of town before I got the chance to really get started in the race against the mob of love-sick young cubs that were all in pursuit of the charming young lady then, nobody knows what might have happened, eh, Miss Peabody?" He shook his finger at her warningly. "You want to look out, young lady!" he went on. "I'm liable to start right in where I left off." Then someone claimed the General's attention and Miss Peabody drifted away in the crowd.

There was much comment in many homes that night. Details of the affair were recalled by the old timers. It was remembered that Hotchkiss had really seen but little of Miss Peabody; called on her occasionally and taken her driving a few times. Some of the women were inclined to be bitter about it.

Professor Mehaffy's garrulous wife summed up the sentiment when she said:

"Well, of all the deceitful people! You never can tell about these quiet prim old ladies that try to seem so nice all the time. Imagine her going on all these years, pretending that she'd had a serious affair with General Hotchkiss, making us all feel sorry for her! Pretending to be a martyr all that time, and when he met her he could hardly recall her name!"

The next afternoon Hotchkiss showed up on the football field. "You go ahead," he said to Buster Morgan. "I'll just stand around and look on for a while." That was all he did for the entire afternoon.

At the end of the practice, he contented himself with perfunctory compliments.

"You certainly do know football, coach," he said as he went toward the dressing-room with his arm around Morgan's shoulder.

That was all about football that afternoon. Instead of criticizing the team, he sat in the dressing-room with them and told stories, rolling thin, crooked cigarettes as he sat on a bench, leaning forward with his elbows on his knees, telling anecdotes of the Philippines, of China, of Mexico and France.

The men were all fascinated and disappointed.

But the General spent the next afternoon in the same way and the afternoon after that. He made a few general suggestions to Morgan, advancing them in a tentative sort of way, and spent the rest of the time telling stories to the team.

On Saturday the team played Harrisburg, a school yet smaller than Crocker. Crocker won six to nothing, but the victory was disheartening, for on that same day, Fillmore beat Rushville, a team about equal to Crocker, thirty-four to nothing, and used many substitutes in the last two quarters.

After the disappointing game, General Hotchkiss was as genial and inconsequential as ever.

"You did fine today, boys," he declared. "You know a lot of football and old Buster Morgan will teach you a lot more before the season is up."

HE PAUSED for a little, devoting his entire attention to the business of drawing in and exhaling a luxurious lungful of smoke. Then, in his rambling anecdotal manner he went on:

"You know, boys, football is war. You have your lines and objectives and fight for ground, just the same as an army. War and football are funny games. There's nothing else just like them. Now you can take an army and train it just so well; you can teach your men to shoot just so straight and you can't teach them to shoot any straighter. The other fellow, he can teach his men to shoot straight, too.

"You can think up a lot of tricks—strategy they call it in the books—but the other fellow can think up a lot of tricks too, so there isn't any sure advantage there. But, boys, there's one thing about war and football which is far and away the most important thing in either one of them. I don't know what it is.

It's been called a lot of things by a lot of people. During the last war, our people got to calling it morale. Whatever the name for it is, it's the thing that wins football games and wars.

"You know, of course, that there's a limit to human endurance. Well, this morale, or spirit or whatever you want to call it, is the thing that a man gets hold of in a battle or a football game—a man fighting for a country or a college—and operates on, after he's reached the limit of human endurance.

"A football coach can teach you how to play the game just as well as it can be played, but somehow you've got to get hold of that thing that makes you go out there and play a damn sight better than that. Buster Morgan here knows football and he's teaching it to you just about as well and as fast as anybody could cram it into you, but this other thing——"

He broke off and looked slowly around at the circle of faces about him. The temporary solemnity of expression on his face dissolved into a genial grin.

"That reminds me of a story," he rumbled along, switching back into his customary inconsequential tone. "We had a sergeant with our outfit when I was in the Philippines, who——" And he was off again on one of his long interesting yarns that had nothing to do with football.

That night even Buster Morgan confessed his doubt of the General's value as a coach.

"I'm afraid the old boy's been away from the game a little too long," he admitted to the captain later.

THE following Saturday, the team and a crowd of rooters traveled the fifty miles to Unionville, where the big state university was located, to take the annual trimming. On the train General Hotchkiss was very much the life of the party.

"Wish he had to get out there and take the gaff from that steam-roller State bunch," one of the half-backs muttered resentfully.

"Oh, cut it out!" a chunky tackle rebuked him. "The old man's had his day, but he's a mighty damn fine fellow."

No such charity sweetened the whispered discussions about Miss Peabody, who sat conspicuously alone throughout the trip. On her was heaped the unadulterated scorn, inevitable in devotees who have discovered that the object of their worship is a mortal fraud.

The team's patience with the old general was finally exhausted when he failed to show up in the dressing-room, before they went on the field.

About five minutes of the first quarter had been played, when old Doctor Graydon sought out Morgan on the side lines.

"General Hotchkiss's been hurt," he whispered.

"Hurt!"

"Automobile smash-up," the Doctor said. "On his way here from the hotel, when it happened."

"Is he badly hurt?"

The Doctor looked away for a moment before he answered. "He's done for."

"Oh, my God!" Morgan blubbered.

HE watched the rest of the quarter through a blur of tears, only dimly aware of what was happening on the field.

In fact nothing was happening that gave occasion for comment. The game was going according to form. The Crocker College boys were fighting creditably, hopelessly. The quarter ended with a score 7 to 0 against Crocker.

At the end of the second quarter the score was 14 to 0 and it was evident that the Crocker team was about done.

As his team came off the field, Buster Morgan dried his eyes and fought for composure. Whatever happened, the boys must not know about the injury to the General until after the game was over.

At the door of the dressing-room, old Doctor Graydon met them.

"Quiet, boys," he urged. "Please! There's been an accident."

Morgan fought his way toward him, motioning to him to keep silence.

"I can't help it, Buster," the Doctor said sadly. "Boys, General Hotchkiss was hurt in an automobile accident on his way to the field this afternoon and he's dying. When he found out that he couldn't live, he begged to be brought here. It was a dying man's request, boys, and it wouldn't have helped him any to refuse it. We brought him to the field in the ambulance and carried him to the dressing-room. He's in there now, waiting for you. Quiet now, boys—and cheerful! [Continued on page 123]



**C***You may think  
you have a  
difficult job  
when you have to  
fire the cook  
but consider  
Permanent  
Williams  
who was ordered  
by his second spouse  
to discharge  
his ex-wife,  
the star performer  
in his cabaret*



# The Melancholy Dame

By Octavus Roy Cohen

**T**HE JAZZADANCERIE was pervaded by melody, mirth and misery. The melody was supplied by Mr. Webster Dill, a Gargantuan individual whose tremendous hands wrenched toe-tickling harmony from the rented piano. The mirth was the property of the crowd that thronged the cabaret and fervidly applauded the esthetic dancing efforts of the delectable Mrs. Sapho Dill, wife of the pianist.

Misery cowered in a far corner of the room where, at a bare table, sat Permanent Williams, proprietor of the Jazzadancerie, and his melancholy wife, Jonquil. Mrs. Williams was at the moment expressing a very definite thought: "Ev'y time I looks at that fool woman dancin', Permanent, I thinks how good she would look with a lily in her han'."

He remonstrated. "Honey! You ain't got no right thinkin' them kind of thoughts."

"Mml Mebbe not"—sadly—"but as I has warned you—does you not fire her out of her job they's gwine be a quick call fo' the undertaker."

"You ain't meanin'—"

"I means I has stood all what I prospec's to stan', an' you or her, one, is pretty close to a heap of ginuwine trouble."

The music which flowed from the tips of Webster Dill's muscular fingers crescendoed. His huge, ungainly body swayed

passionately and finally he clutched a crashing chord. The music ceased. So did Sapho. Poised on one toe she stood momentarily motionless, awaiting the inevitable applause.

There was a brief hush. Birmingham's colored society held its collective breath. Then, headed by Lawyer Evans Chew, it flamed into wild acclaim. Sapho crumpled to the floor, where she crouched demurely, dimpling her thanks from the midst of a chiffon pool. Her husband, all awkwardness now where he had been the quintessence of grace while wreaking music from the instrument before which he sat, towered to his feet. But the crowd was insistent.

"**N**OTHER dance!" came the unanimous demand. "Give us another!" And from the big center table where Florian Slappey was entertaining a party of friends: "Dance one with Permanent Williams, Sapho!"

The cry was echoed. Eyes focused upon the unhappy family group in the corner. Permanent fidgeted uneasily, his heart responsive but himself fearful of his forbidding spouse.

"You ain't sore, is you, Jonquil?"

"I's so sore that was I all over ointment I'd still ache."

Permanent hesitated, but only for a moment. There was



Illustrated by  
H. Weston Taylor

*C. All memory of his glowering wife departed from Permanent as Sapho slid into his arms. Here was the dance superb—Terpsichore hog-tied and helpless while Mr. Webster Dill wrenched toe-tickling harmony from the rented piano.*

no denying the spectators. Permanent rose to his feet, wavering between lure of the spotlight and fear of his lean and lachrymose mate. Then, uncertainly, he made his way toward the polished dance floor.

As he approached the dance space, the look of haunting fear disappeared gradually from his eyes and his lithe and slender body lost much of the rigidity which had been inspired by the recent domestic squall. Clad in a loose-fitting white silk shirt, a tiny red necktie, white flannel trousers and white shoes and socks, he presented a truly professional appearance. The girl, Sapho, viewing his approach, rose to await him. Webster Dill stared at them, then turned back to his piano, a peculiarly inquiring light in his eyes. His monster hands opened, fingers felt for the keys—and with the first crashing chord, all awkwardness departed the man. Jazz—supreme and irresistible—spurred through the room.

Permanent stood transfixed, his expression softening imperceptibly until finally there had departed from his mind all troubling memory of his glowering wife. His body swayed easily from the hips. Sapho fairly rippled. Easily, gently, almost without motion, she slid into his arms and they were off in the intricacies of a dance that was strictly their own.

It was an extremely intimate dance and one to inspire enthu-

siastic introspection. They danced as one person—swaying, dipping, squirming, spinning. Webster Dill's fingers flew over the keyboard, now playing loudly, now softly, always sensuously. The spectators were silent. Here was the dance superb—Terpsichore hog-tied and helpless. It ended amidst thunderous approval. Permanent and Sapho seated themselves at a table on the edge of the dancing space, which became crowded with dancers the instant Webster turned once more to his duties.

**B**UT now that the intoxication of the dance had passed away Trouble introduced himself once again to Permanent and that chocolate-cream gentleman turned pleading eyes to Sapho.

"The day you come to Bummin'ham, Sapho, was the most unlucky day of my life."

"Huh! You says words, but they ain't got no sense to 'em, Permanent. When me an' Webster come heah you wasn't no farther than one inch away fum bankrup'cy. An' now where is you at?"

Permanent allowed his eyes to dwell affectionately upon the happy, carefree, money-spending multitude which crowded the Jazzdancerie. "I's admittin' that you an' Webster boosted business an' all that"—he glimpsed the menacing figure of

his wife—"but, Sapho, you has done taken away all the happiness of bein' a ma'ied man."

She followed the direction of his gaze. "Jonquil?"

"Uh-huh."

"She's jealous of I an' you?"

"All two bofe of us."

"Why'n't you tell her she ain't got no cause to be jealous?"

"Huh! Lot of good that'd do."

"Sho'ly it would. If she was to know that I an' you useter be ma'ied an' that we got a divo'ce fum each other—"

"Was she to know that, Sapho, I an' you would atten' a concert which we woul'n't hear none of, an' all the music would be sof' an' low."

"Even if she understood that we gotten our divo'ce on account you useter raise so much hell 'roun' the house?"

"Jonquil never would un'erstan' that."

"How come not?"

"On account all the hell which is raised 'roun' our house—she raises. An' was I to tell her I useter to be boss she'd know it was a lie an' a frame-up."

SAPHO stared curiously across the room at the sad figure of her ex-husband's present wife. Through her brain flashed memory of her domestic existence as Mrs. Permanent Williams; an endless succession of squabbles—more or less severe—in which Permanent was invariably the victor. Sapho, as Mrs. Williams, had been most decidedly on the receiving end of the sketch. It was difficult to imagine Permanent as henpecked by the innocuous-looking woman in the corner.

"You is bigger'n her, Permanent."

"Tain't her size," he retorted wanly. "It's the length of her tongue. My Gawd, Sapho, Jonquil is the talkin'est woman you ever did see."

"Talk never hurt nobody."

"Mebbe not. But it's made 'em mighty sick."

Sapho studied him speculatively. The old arrogance had departed. He was thoroughly and completely cowed. And this was the man who for two years had been her husband and her vaudeville partner. They had danced together on stages from New York to New Orleans, and in all of their mutual career he had reigned supreme—dominant, aggressive, stonily obdurate. Sapho's palm smacked on the table top.

"If she on'y knowed it, Permanent, they is jes' one pusson in the whole world she ain't got no cause to git jealous of, an' her is me."

"Tha's what you know an' I know, Sapho. But if she don't know it, we is in a fix."

"You is," she answered firmly. "I ain't."

He leaned forward earnestly. "C'mon now. Be a good spoht an' leave Bummin'ham."

"You is mos' as foolish as you looks."

"You got to," he explained desperately.

"Well"—her tone was deadly level—"I tells you heah an' now I ain't got no idee of same. What is you gwine do 'bout it?"

"But Sapho—"

"Don't you go buttin' me. Webster an' I come heah when you was jes' 'bout to lose ev'y las' nickel which you owned an' we siggested you should make a cabaret outen yo' rest'rant. An' what happened? Right away you sta'ted makin' money—heaps of money. You is mos' gittin' to be a rich man. All the money you is got—"

"Money ain't no good after you is daid."

"You gittin' daid don't intrust me none. I an' Webster made this heah business what it is, an' we ain't gwine lef' it now."

HIS jaw hardened. "S'posin' I fires you bofe?"

She laughed; a hard, threatening little laugh. "You won't."

"How come not?"

"You ain't got the nerve. You ain't even *most* got the nerve."

"On account—"

She nodded toward her mammoth husband. "On account Webster hates you."

"He ain't never acted like it."

"Tha's 'cause he don't know you is the man he hates."

He stared at her curiously. "Meanin' which?"

"Meanin' this: Befo' I ma'ied Webster he ast all about the feller I had be'n ma'ied to an' got divo'ced away fum. I ain't never tol' him yo' name, but I has tol' him a heap else. An' I ain't tol' him the troof, neither. I wasn't gwine tell him you useter bully me, on account I made my min' up that was I

ma'ied to him I was gwine do all the bullyin'. So I tol' him that my fust husban' useter beat me up all the time. I tol' him he was the croolest man which ever was ma'ied to a woman. If you had of ever done half the things to me which he thinks my fust husban' done, they woul'n't be enough lef' of me to stick a postage stamp on. The p'int bein' that Webster is plumb crazy 'bout me an' he has always said that does he ever meet up with my fust husban', he's gwine beat him up so bad the insurance company ain't gwine 'low his fambly's claim on account the body cain't be identified."

Permanent went cold all over. He stole an apprehensive glance at Webster Dill. It was barbarous. The man was six and a half feet in height, 250 pounds avoirdupois and a mass of solid, crawling muscle. She rightly interpreted his look: "Yep! Jes' squash you!"

"Y-y-y-you ain't se'ious?"

"Ain't I, though. Does you think I ain't, you fire me away fum this job an' lemme tell him you was my fust husban'—jes' do that, Permanent, an' right away you is gwine be ain't."

The prospect was not wholly alluring. It was, in fact, downright impossible. And he knew that Sapho was telling no less than the truth, unless—"You mean, Sapho, that you is the boss in yo' fambly?"

"I is," she returned proudly. "It's all how ma'ied folks sta'ts off. When I an' you was ma'ied you sta'ied off the boss. But when I made ma'iage with Webster I di'n't lose no time lettin' him know I was gwine have my own way."

Florian Slappey sauntered up and coolly demanded a dance. Sapho glided off in his arms. Permanent shouldered his way through the crowd and speculated morosely upon the antics of a capricious fate. Six months before he would have maintained stoutly that nothing mattered save material achievement. Now he would barter most cheerfully a success surpassing his fondest dream in exchange for the domestic placidity which apparently had departed forevermore.

MOST unkindest of all, there was the omnipresent thought that the situation was of his own making. His ex-wife and her new husband had ended twenty weeks of vaudeville in Birmingham and he had met her at a dance given under the auspices of The Sons & Daughters of I Will Arise. Discretion had prompted him to keep secret from his wife the fact that this delicious creature was his former mate. Jonquil, while not particularly long on pulchritude, was there nine ways from the ace in temperament. Jealousy was her middle name. She knew, of course, that he had been unfortunate in a previous matrimonial venture. At any rate, he neglected to inform her that Sapho was the former party of the second part.

And, as Sapho had most glibly explained on the occasion of their first meeting after several years, there was no use manufacturing dynamite by informing her massive husband that this debonair young colored gentleman had once halved her joys and doubled her sorrows. So that when she made plain to him the ways and means for rescuing his decrepit restaurant venture from disaster, he leaped blindly into a contract which was now strangling him.

From the day his restaurant was converted into a cabaret with Webster at the piano and Sapho doing duty as hostess, entertainer, and vaudeville star, the Jazzadancerie had become a gold mine. The idea of a cabaret for colored folks was new in Birmingham, and dusky society responded fervently to the uniqueness of the enjoyment it afforded. Too, the Jazzadancerie was no more glorious than Sapho.

Sapho was really a first-class esthetic dancer, and when Society ceased to gasp in horror it began to love her. Her soft and gentle exterior masked the vitriol which only Permanent and Webster knew lay beneath. And besides, Permanent had been briefly happy.

Time had been when Permanent and Sapho had been vaudeville partners, as smooth a pair of dancers as ever graced the Ebony Circuit, Big Time Acts Only. And since the severance of their domestic and professional relationship Permanent had been danceless. That had been a lack which he experienced difficulty in controlling and he even yet looked back in delicious retrospect upon that most glorious of all nights—the first night at the Jazzadancerie when he and Sapho had slipped out onto the floor in the whirling intricacies of one of their most popular stage-dances.

The crowd had watched them spellbound, and at the conclusion of the number the applause had been spontaneous and tumultuous. Since then they had danced together frequently, finding



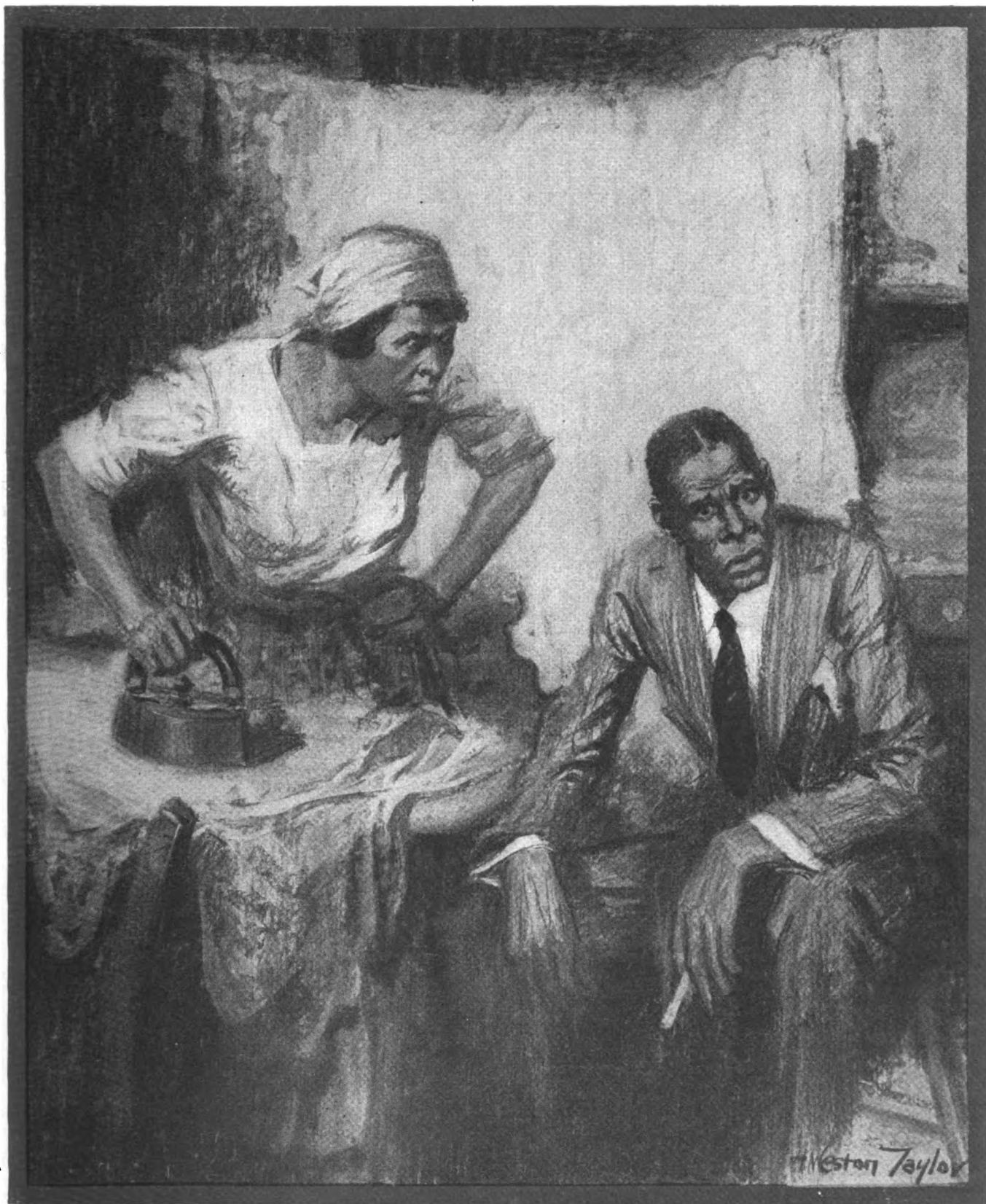
in each other's society a certain basis of friendship which had entirely escaped their marital venture.

Permanent was deeply enamored of his present wife. Jonquil more than atoned in sterling qualities for what she may have lacked in vivacity. And from the zero hour of their matrimonial venture, Jonquil had been the boss.

Jonquil had seen more in the relationship of Permanent and Sapho than mere casual friendship. There was something deeper

than a dancing affinity—and Jonquil's sixth sense informed her of it. Wherefore Jonquil's eyes became shot with emerald and her soul boiled over with outrage.

Of late Jonquil had become uncomfortably insistent that her husband discharge the fair coryphée and the pianist. His reluctance intensified her jealousy. She insisted. He refused. Then doubt crystallized into certainty. And Permanent knew full well that should she learn at this eleventh hour of the fact



“Permanent, I gives you one last chance: Does you fire Sapho? I tells you right beah an’ now that does you not get rid of that woman, I gets rid of her my own se’f.”

that Sapho had once been his wife, the glorious Fourth would be barren of pyrotechnics compared with the events of the then immediate future.

His recently acquired information regarding the repugnance with which Webster Dill regarded his wife's first husband was not particularly heartening. It merely made misery more miserable. "Jes' like that gal Sapho—go lyin' 'bout me thata-way an' git me all kilt up."

SIX DAYS later, in the sanctuary of their new cottage on Avenue F, Jonquil caused matters to climax.

"Permanent?"

"Yeh, honey?"

"Is you gwine discharge Sapho fum wukkin' fo' us?"

He attempted evasion. "I ain't said I ain't."

"You ain't said you is."

"I ain't said nothin'."

"I asts you then fo' the las' an' finalst time: Is you is or is you ain't?"

He scratched his head. "I—I ain't!" Then his voice mounted to a moan of protest. "Honeybunch, I cain't!"

"Tha's what you says."

"It's the hones'-t'-Gawd troof."

"A'right. Also it's the hones'-t'-Gawd troof that I an' you is finished, done an' completed with one another."

"Honey——"

"You go find another hive."

"Sapho done made the Jazzadancerie siccussful."

"She made a heap mo'n that. She made me mad."

"You ain't gwine b'lieve——"

"I b'lieves what I b'lieves. An' I tells you right heah an' now that does you not git rid of that woman, I gits rid of her my own se'f."

Consternation! Jonquil intended taking a hand. Permanent knew that she was no bluffer. He also knew that she was a person of action. With Jonquil righteously angry, Sapho merciless, and Webster thirsting for his gore—"I got about as much chance as a one-eyed pig at a barbecue."

Permanent had no idea what Jonquil would do, but he was certain that she would do it. Jonquil, passive, was the passivest person in the known world; active, she was the activist. And he realized that she was about to swing into action.

The tempest was forecast one morning after a breakfast eaten in stony silence. "Permanent, I gives you one last chance: Does you fire Sapho?"

He raised haggard eyes, seeking mercy in Jonquil's face—seeking unsuccessfully. "I cain't."

"A' right." She resumed her attacks upon the bacon.

"Is you prospectin' to do somethin'?"

"Yeh."

"But, sweetness——"

"Thanks fo' them cornbreads, Mistuh Williams. I has got to eat with you, but I ain't cravin' to make no talk."

HE FLUSHED. "Anyway, you ain't gwine to make sech a hell of a good-lookin' widdler!"

From her house, Jonquil proceeded downtown on Eighteenth Street toward the Jazzadancerie. There was decision in every move of her body; the light of battle flamed in her eye. Permanent, staring moodily after her, got ready for the immediate hereafter.

Arriving at the deserted cabaret, Jonquil painstakingly indited a letter:

Mrs. Dill dear madam—

Yore presents is requested imediate at the restrant on a matter of utmost importanse and you better come if you no what is good for yours truly.

JONQUIL WILLIAMS

Sapho came, and she came red-hot. In a secluded corner the women faced one another.

"What you mean, 'sultin' me like you done, Mis' Williams?"

"I meant a heap." Jonquil's tone was uncompromising.

"Splain yo'se'f then—an' splain tho'ough."

"Tha's what I intends doin'." She leaned forward, her long fingers drumming a light tattoo on the table-top. "Mis' Dill, I has come to info'm you that you an' yo' long, tall husban' is hereby entirely fired!"

"Says which?"

"Says you is bofe fired—discha'ged—kicked out."

Sapho laughed grimly. "Never knowed so much words could make sech a lil bit of sense."

"Git out."

"Who says so?"

"I does."

"Who you is?"

"I runs this place——"

"You does—not. Yo' husban' owns it."

"He says you should git out."

Sapho's eyes narrowed. "He never said no sech of a thing."

"He's gwine to."

"He ain't."

"Reckon I know my own husban'."

"Reckon you don't know him no bettr'n I. N'r neither even half as good."

"What you mean, cullud woman?"

"I mean this!" Sapho was merciless now. "I mean, did Permanent ever tell you he'd done be'n ma'ied once befo' he met up with you?"

"Yeh."

"Well"—trimuphantly—"I reckon he never tol' you that I was the woman he was ma'ied to, did he?"

Jonquil gasped. "You?"

"Uh-huh. Me! An' so——" Sapho's tone grew a thought more soft—"you see they ain't no cause of you bein' jealous of me on account I has had all of Permanent I wants. I has finished an' done with him an' you is welcome to what is lef'. Yo' jealousy is all wrong. Me being his former wife—they ain't nothin' you c'n tell me 'bout our husban' which I don't know a'ready." She rose and bowed. "I bids you good mawnin', Mis' Williams."

Sapho made her exit in regal triumph, leaving Jonquil, crushed and doubt-obsessed, staring after her. So Sapho was Permanent's first wife, was she? So that explained his reluctance to discharge her? She wondered whether Webster Dill knew that Permanent was his wife's first husband. She had small use for the giant Webster. Hadn't he allowed this flirtation to flourish under his very nose? Didn't he sit passively by and permit a dangerous acquaintanceship to ripen?

SAPHO believed the explanation would rid her of jealousy! Jonquil's jealousy was intensified. She understood now the allure which Sapho must hold for Permanent. Permanent always had been a contrary sort. Too, Jonquil was acutely conscious of her own lack of pulchritude and aware that Sapho was present on nine different counts along those lines.

Jonquil was afraid of widows and ex-wives, particularly the latter. She was amazed at Sapho's disclosures, and indicted them both without further ado. Also she swung into action.

Permanent meanwhile gloomed about the house, seeking futilely for diversion. The trees were in full leaf, flowers bloomed in tiny front yards, spring beckoned, the birdies twittered in the trees. But Permanent knew none of this. The flowers in the front yard were cemetary decorations for him and the chirping of the little birds was not at all in tune with his fit of depression.

But Jonquil was placidly at work in the restaurant when Permanent reached the Jazzadancerie. She was dividing her time between the kitchen and the two helpers who were making ready for the business of afternoon and night. Her face wore an expression of contentment which foretold no good for Permanent. That gentleman sank lugubriously into a chair and watched Fate move forward.

But he could not forever keep silent. He rose and shuffled across the room. If Jonquil saw him coming she gave no sign. Permanent stood before her, fidgeting awkwardly.

"Honey?"

She arched her brows. "It's Permanent, ain't it?"

"Uh-huh"—humbly. "I's he."

That appeared to terminate her interest in the conversation. She moved away but he blocked her path.

"You been heah long, Jonquil?"

"Kinder."

"Alone?"

"Not ontirely."

"Who you be'n talkin' to?"

Jonquil looked him straight in the eyes. "On'y yo' ex-wife!"

Permanent shied from the abyss which yawned at his feet.

"M-m-my which?"

"Yo' ex-wife."

"Meanin'——"

"How many ex-wives has you got?"



1. "I has always wanted to meet up with Sapho's fust husban'," said Webster Dill, his mammoth hands descending upon the cringing shoulders of Permanent Williams. "An' now that I has done so, I asts you a question and I wants a honest answer."

"One too much," Permanent admitted in a most doleful tone.

"Well, I has be'n talkin' to her."

"Wh-what she said?"

"Sapho di'n't say much, Permanent. Not near enough. So I went an' had a lil talk with her husban'."

He staggered. "With Webster Dill?"

"Yeh. I so't of gotten the idea he di'n't know befo' that you an' Sapho uster be ma'ied."

"What did he say?"

"Tain't what he said, Permanent—it's how he said it."

"Oh, my Gawd!"

Permanent effected a violent exit. The worst had happened. Catastrophe had come upon him. Gone now was his last chance; his salvation lay in speed.

He negotiated the distance to the corner in nine flat and clipped eleven seconds from that on the next block. Eighteenth Street knew him as a cloud of dust and a boy on a bicycle retarded his progress not a particle. The lad picked himself up from the gutter, viewed the human streak—now far distant—and made terse comment: "Mebbe that feller is in a hurry."

Once in his home Permanent exhibited genuine activity. From the basement he resurrected a battered suitcase which he opened on the bedroom floor. Working in a frenzy, he crowded it beyond capacity with clothes—some of them his. He labored to a definite end.

Permanent was leaving; leaving absolutely and completely; departing for parts unknown and to remain unknown. And he wasn't coming back.

He was sad. With a few deft twists of the tongue his beloved wife had piled an Ossa of terror upon a Pelion of apprehension. It meant that Permanent was parting from his wife—and he didn't relish that. Not even a little bit. He loved Jonquil despite her most sincere faults. He loved her even yet. He could not find censure in his heart. Nor could he arrange time for explanations. The one thing he desired between

himself and Webster Dill was distance—and plenty of it.

The clicking of the front gate came to the ears of the prospective exoduster. It should have warned—but didn't. It was only when the front door opened unceremoniously and a black terror bulked in the doorway that Permanent understood.

Webster Dill stood motionless. Framed in the doorway, his tremendous size was accentuated. The great, muscular arms which hung loosely from the enormous spread of shoulder seemed ready for action.

Permanent felt that he must speak—or shriek.

"M-M-Mistuh Dill. . . ."

"Huh!" It was a deep, throaty growl; a menacing rumble. "So *you* was Sapho's fust husban'?"

Permanent bobbed his head in eager agreement—anything to postpone the inevitable shambles.

"I was s'prised to heah it."

"I—I kinder thought you would be, Mistuh Dill."

Again nothing but silence could be heard in the room. And after an interminable pause, Webster Dill spoke again.

"I craves to make talk with you, cullud man."

"Hot dam!" Permanent was passionately, pitifully eager. "Let's us make it a *long* talk."

"Huh! . . ." Webster took one step forward, two, three. His mammoth, muscular hands descended with sledgehammer force upon the cringing shoulders.

"I has always wanted to meet up with Sapho's fust husban'," said Webster in a firm, even voice. "An' now that I has done so—I asts you a question an' I wants a honest answer."

The clock on the mantel ticked ominously. Half unconscious, Permanent extended his right hand to clasp that of St. Peter.

"What I want to know is this, Mr. Williams," finished Webster Dill. "What is the best way fo' a feller to go about gittin' a divo'ce fum Sapho?"



# THE WORLD WAR ON BOOZE

By Frazier Hunt

## II 2 Exploding the Myth of France as a Country of Moderate Drinking

SAY, THESE are the folks who know how to drink—these French people. If we in America had understood this nice wine game we wouldn't be drinking shellac and wood alcohol at eight dollars a quart at home now.

The young man who propounded this sat opposite me in a sidewalk café in Paris on a brilliant early afternoon this summer. We were "having one," and my American friend was unburdening himself on the eternal question of prohibition.

"Just look around," he went on. "Don't see anybody drunk here, do you? Tell me, have you seen anyone drunk in Paris this trip?"

"About a dozen this past week," I answered, and added, "But they were all foreigners."

"Sure—Americans and English and all kind of foreigners. But no native Frenchmen. You never see them drunk. They know how to drink—a glass or two of wine at their meals and maybe a little drink in the afternoon like this." He swept his arm in a semicircle and took in the hundred or more patrons seated at tables and quietly sipping their wine or beer or an *aperitif*, or very possibly a cup of coffee.

"These French people know how to drink," he pronounced with absolute finality.

But do they?

I didn't argue the point with my enthusiastic fellow countryman, but I did take it up as seriously and deeply as it is possible for an outsider to investigate the manners and intimate customs of another people.

Now, there are what I please to call "national myths" about every country. These are traditions, axioms, shibboleths, inaccuracies, superstitions—that are accepted by the visitor within the gates at their own face value. France is especially blessed with these national fallacies. Every Frenchman is supposed to be volatile, highly inflammable, uncalculating, entirely sentimental—and sober. This last belongs to the long list of "drinking myths."

My American companion had just quoted some of them to me. There are others quite as common:

"You can't get drunk on wine."

"French common people have been drinking wine for a thousand years and more."

"There's no harm in wine—it even aids digestion."

"The French people drink very modestly and there's no drunkenness."

IN THE five-year period of 1905-09 (due to war and post-war conditions, only pre-war statistics have any value at present) France, the Temperate, was by a 50 percent margin the biggest user of alcoholic beverages in the world. She consumed three times as much pure alcohol per capita as the British Isles, the Drunken. Even in those days her per capita consumption was three and one-half times as great as in the United States. She led the field with 20.2

litres alcohol—reducing all drinks to 100 percent alcohol—with Italy a weak runner-up with a record of 13.2 litres pure alcohol.

In that particular five-year period she consumed per man, woman and child:

155 litres of wine.

36 litres of beer.

3.46 litres 100 percent distilled spirits.

In that same period, France, the Temperate, had 479,898 retail wine, beer and liquor retail establishments—nearly a half million bars for a scant 40,000,000 people. Belgium, however, takes the honors in the number of bars per capita.

One saloon to every 82 inhabitants in France means an average of one saloon to every 20 families. That's bad enough; but in some districts in the North, there is one saloon to every 38 inhabitants—roughly one bar to every ten families. In the big industrial city of Rouen, there is a bar to every 60 people, and on one street there are 150 houses and 75 drinking places.

"TALK'S cheap, but it takes money to buy cider," is an old saying that is especially true of France. Impoverished though she is her drink bill for 1921 was in the neighborhood of one billion and a quarter dollars—not francs, but American dollars. That's almost one-half her total American war debt. It's enough to pay the interest and retiring fund on all her debts and have a tidy sum left over.

Now what does France really drink? I mean does she bother with other things besides the famous juice of her grapes?

A few paragraphs back I quoted figures for a period some ten to fifteen years past. At that time she was consuming per capita 155 litres of wine, averaging 10 percent alcohol; 36 litres of beer averaging 3.5 percent alcohol, and 3.5 litres of alcohol—this 3.5 litres pure alcohol representing some 7 litres of distilled spirits, brandy or whisky.

The whole world, and France itself, has been enamored of the pleasant wine-fables—fragrant, blossoming vineyards with happy French peasants wandering home in the twilight to drink a glass of ruddy wine with their meal.

All that is true of millions of French sturdy common folks.

Within the hour that little Jacques is born, he is given a spoonful of warm watered wine. His whole life is nourished in a sane and happy atmosphere of wine. As a schoolboy he is packed off to his lessons with a bottle of watered wine in his knapsack. From earliest recollections he is given a glass of half-watered wine at his meals. Grown up, on wedding days and special celebrations he drinks a glass or two of some old cognac brought out especially for the occasion. He is temperate and wine does add to the joy and happiness of his life.

But there are other millions of France: Children, particularly in the Normandy country of the North, and the Breton country of the West, born of drunken

### Europe's drinking record in 1911.

*The following statistics given are  
the per capita consumption in litres.*

|                    | Distilled |         |        |
|--------------------|-----------|---------|--------|
|                    | Wines     | Spirits | Beer   |
| France.....        | 133.00    | 8.08    | 46.00  |
| Italy.....         | 120.00    | 1.26    | 2.28   |
| Switzerland.....   | 53.00     | 2.98    | 82.00  |
| England.....       | 1.13      | 3.52    | 124.00 |
| Belgium.....       | 3.70      | 5.44    | .....  |
| Germany.....       | 6.30      | 6.00    | 106.00 |
| United States..... | 2.54      | 5.53    | 78.20  |
| Denmark.....       | 1.40      | 11.48   | 37.00  |
| Sweden.....        | 0.52      | 6.60    | 50.17  |
| New Zealand.....   | 0.64      | 4.00    | 43.90  |
| Canada.....        | 0.50      | 4.50    | 24.50  |
| Norway.....        | 1.40      | 3.22    | 22.08  |

*Statistics from the International Anti-  
Alcohol Bureau Year Book, 1914*



**C** This demonstration by wine-growers and peasants against prohibition at Bar-Sur-Aube, shows the hold that grape-growing and wine-making have on the very life of the French people.

fathers and mothers, living in poverty and filth—half hungry, half cold, half educated, alcoholic from childhood. This is the unknown half of France. Few tourists see it. Millions of Frenchmen know little of it.

"During the war I examined 600 boys in Normandy for the army examinations and 50% of them could not pass the tests," Dr. Legrain, a French temperance leader, and head of a great hospital for the insane, told me. "In the ten-year period just before the war, the percent of tuberculosis among the conscripts for the whole of France was 13.5 per 1,000, while in Normandy it ranged from 23.1 to 43.3 per 1,000."

These "calvados" and "marc" drinkers of Normandy and Brittany are the hardest spirit drinkers, as I have said, but they are by no means the only spirit bibblers in France. Hundreds of thousands of peasants in the wine districts distil and drink their own spirits. France in fact is the home of the home still.

There were in 1920 exactly 1,728,029 home stills in operation. That's one for every 23 people.

Until a war law, passed June 30, 1916, was consummated, home distillation of fruits was permitted without tax. After the juice had been squeezed from the grapes for wine-making there is left the stems, seeds, skin, etc., that contain a certain amount of sugar. From this residue is made a fermentation which is run through a home still. This, up to the war, was free from all government duty or supervision of any kind as long as it was only for home consumption.

This law of 1916 limited the amount of free distillation to ten litres for home consumption. That's the law, but to see that it was obeyed would take 1,728,029 revenue inspectors. As it works out there can be no doubt that millions of litres of spirits are distilled and surreptitiously sold without paying any government tax or without being figured in the statistics.

It is around this spirit-distilling and drinking that the temperance fight in France is centering. The one real great temperance organization is called the *Ligue Nationale contre l'Alcoolisme*, The National League against Alcoholism.

The joker in this high sounding name is that wine and beer are not considered in its temperance programs. Alcohol in France means distilled spirits, eau de vie, brandy, cognac, marc, carvados, or in American terms, bgoze. Wine according to France is not alcohol.

**I**T WOULD be almost impossible to overestimate the hold that grape-growing and wine-making have on the very life and imagination of the great majority of French people. Fully 4,000,000 are in one way or another connected at some season with the trade—including some 25 percent of all the peasant farmers. In the year just before the war, 1,550,952 hectares (3,830,851 acres) of the best lands of France were in vineyards.

Except within the vision of a handful of medical men, who see the rocky road of alcoholism, tuberculosis, disease, poverty, and

## FRANCE'S PREMIER DECLARES FOR WINES:



"We can hope, doubtless, that in a later day—in a future more or less distant—all will recognize the truth of the delightful Anglo-Saxon poet's tribute to wine, 'I am Health, I am Heart, I am Life'..."

(From a speech delivered by M. Raymond Poincaré, Premier of France, at the SEMAINE DU VIN, Senlis, March 28, 1923)

### SIDE BY SIDE



Side by side they shared the hardships—the privations—the glories of war. Theirs was a comradeship born in adversity, strengthened by trial, and ripened to the enduring friendship of man to man that is founded on mutual respect,—on common aims and ideals. This friendship was pledged and frequently renewed in the wholesome and healthful wines of France.

Today, with the same rich juice of the grape transformed by Nature's alchemy into the blood of each, may they work together to maintain that peace which they fought to secure, side by side!

Ⓐ Dramatic newspaper advertising is one of the many weapons used to combat the growing prohibition sentiment in France.

decreased population, that France is stumbling down, there are only a few thousand in the whole country who consider the temperance fight as anything but a war against distilled spirits.

It is true that there are several small societies and groups who are uncompromisingly attempting to direct the movement against all drinking but their influence is small.

However there is a strong and growing demand that distilled liquors be done away with. This movement was given concrete recognition when on March 16, 1915, the manufacture, sale and consumption of absinthe was prohibited by law.

A YEAR later, as a war-time measure, all so-called "industrial alcohol," made from sugar beets, or grains was requisitioned by the government. This measure is still in force.

The next step against spirits was made October 1, 1917, when a law was passed prohibiting the sale of spirits to children under eighteen, and regulating the employment of women as servants in saloons.

On March 14, 1918, a real test of the temperance strength came with the introduction of a bill prohibiting the sale of distilled alcohol as a drink. Despite the fact that this was put forward as a war-time measure only 47 deputies—congressmen—voted for it.

To all appearances the wine, beer and spirits interests of France are as firm as Gibraltar. They control the Deputies and the Senate; through advertising, ownership and social prestige, they have a complete strangle-hold on the press; and in the consciousness of certainly 75 percent of all the people of France the whole prohibition idea is a wild inconceivable fantasy.

Yet if America proves the success of her prohibition, and if England and northern Europe move toward at least partial temperance, as they probably will, then it takes no prophet to foretell the day when the sale of distilled spirits will be illegal throughout France.

But wine is another matter. Its economic significance is tremendous, and before the temperance forces can make any inroad into the far-reaching industry they must solve this economic side. They must discover and popularize an economic substitute for wine-making. Hundreds of thousands of these acres of France are peculiarly fitted for grape culture, and as far as France or Italy or Spain knows the grape was meant only for wine.

DESPERATE attempts are being made at present by temperance groups to work out this substitute along practical and popular lines. Italy has done most in this work, and a Dr. Monte, of Milan, has discovered a process, called the Monte Method, whereby the water can be extracted from the grape juice by a process of refrigeration, the water freezing before the heavy sugary juices, and a sweet, highly concentrated, unfermented juice left.

No friend of France or of the people of the world can possibly know of the depth of France's drinking and not feel that somewhere there must be a check placed on it. It had, up to the war, been increasing every decade for the past 100 years. Before the French Revolution, the peasants of France were little more than serfs. They were water drinkers. Wine was a luxury. With the great estates seized and divided up, the small farmer became more and more prosperous and independent and he drank more and more wines and spirits.

In 1890 France was drinking 12.47 litres pure alcohol, reducing all her drinks to a basis of alcohol. In 1900 this had increased to 16.62. In 1913, just before the war, it was 21.17 litres per man, woman and child. In 1920 this had decreased to 16.01.

By and large this decrease is the result of the general economic depression and the fact that the government tax on distilled liquor has increased 800



percent. In regard to purely distilled spirits, as against wines and beers, the consumption decreased from 4.35 litres pure alcohol in 1890 to 2.26 litres per capita in 1920.\* High prices and financial depression was primarily responsible for this.

In Italy, it is significant, as it was in France, that the most ardent anti-spirits advocates are physicians, most of whom are by no means teetotalers. At the First National Congress of the Italian Hygienic Association, held May 2, 1922, the three hundred physicians attending voted in favor of a law against all liquors containing more than 15 percent alcohol; in favor of total prohibition for all hospitals, prisons, etc., and petitioned the government to send a commission to America to study prohibition.

Like France, Italy's average consumption was growing at an alarming rate up to the war. Her wine consumption alone increased from 80 litres per capita in the decade following 1870 to 127 litres in 1921. Last year, reducing all her drinking to pure alcohol, her per capita consumption reached 13.18 litres.

"ITALY's temperance movement is bound to move steadily ahead," Domenico Pastorello, head of the Nationale Italiano Contra L'alcoolismo Society, explained to me. "There is a great moral movement in Italy today and there are thousands of the best people of Italy who are willing to throw themselves into any cause that tends toward the general betterment of our country. We believe that with propaganda we can get through a law against liquor containing more than 15 percent alcohol. Our wine people will not oppose this. Then with this law passed we will go on with our education and propaganda in favor of local option. At the same time we will be solving an economic substitute for the use of grapes for wine. We will need help from America. With money for propaganda we can make great strides in Italy."

In Rome I saw a great welfare organization being born under the direction of Dr. Ettore Levi. A famous nerve specialist of Milan before the war, Dr. Levi threw himself into war work, caught the vision of social service, eventually gave up his Milan practice and came to Rome with his big idea of driving social disease and tuberculosis and alcoholism entirely out of Italy.

"These three curses work hand in hand," he told me. "They are branches of the same tree grown in the soil of ignorance and misery. To crusade against one you must crusade against all three. They are sapping the life blood of our nation. But when the people of Italy fully realize it, we shall make great changes here."

In Switzerland the temperance idea has taken deep roots and this coming spring of 1923 a vote will be taken on a law giving Local Option to the cantons and parishes. This is a result of a referendum circulated and signed by 146,000 voters, although only 50,000 are needed to force the Swiss Congress to consider any bill. This local option, even if passed, will only give the individual communities the right to vote against dis-

\* Statistics from Bulletin de Statistique et de législation.



"Let us put alcohol in our automobiles, not in our own insides," is the persuasive argument of one of the posters of the great French temperance organization—The National League Against Alcoholism, whose secretary, J. Meteil, has got in some effective blows against John Barleycorn in his country.

tilled spirits, not against wine.

In the meantime the government is putting forward for popular vote the proposal that the government take over the manufacture of all distilled liquors. In normal times most of Switzerland's fruits and berries are exported to Germany, but due to the unfavorable German exchange practically all this exportation is stopped. With no market for their fruits the good Swiss farmers went to their home stills and are now turning their produce into spirits. There are 25,000 of these home outfits working and the government, not relishing this moonshine competition, is asking the people to turn over all distillation to the government monopoly.

The next two or three decades will see great advancements made in the prohibition of distilled liquors in all southern Europe, probably their abolishment. But until the 3,830,851 acres of grapes of France can be economically used for some other product than wine-making total prohibition will be only a dream.

With this economic question solved, however, a bone-dry France will become a definite actual possibility.



*A Novel of a Modern Woman's Search  
for Freedom, by the author of "Together"*

# Her Own Life

*A Résumé of  
the Opening  
Chapters*

By Robert Herrick

Illustrated by Dalton Stevens

LILLA VANCE, astride the ranch pony, her soiled cotton dress too small for a sturdy girl of twelve, wasn't exactly a pretty sight as she looked back sulkily at her mother standing in the door of the dingy old ranch house. She was on her way to her father's sawmill and her mother's thoughts seemed to pierce her body and lodge in her mind. "How did I ever have such a daughter—such a homely little girl—careless—a tomboy—always dirty and 'slack' like her father, and like him always laughing at 'vulgar' jokes?" Mrs. Vance was a New Englander and she was always bitterly reminding her husband that she didn't belong on a Wyoming ranch. But Lilla, with the recklessness of youth, chuckled as she urged the pony forward. Her mother was different from her father and herself—so much so that they were constantly shielding each other's shortcomings from her.

When Lilla reached the sawmill where her father was alone she found him fallen across a table, his shoulder caught under the saw. The wicked steel band was whirring but not flashing its bright teeth. With all her young strength she managed to stop the saw and drag him from beneath it. He opened his eyes and whispered, "Lilla, get somebody—get Dan!" But her pony had run away and she came back wailing. "Tell me what to do, father!"

"Try to stop the bleeding," he said faintly.

Lilla ripped off her dress and tried to stanch the flow, but she soon knew he was beyond hope. . . . They found her there in the dark shed, her two bare arms stretched protectingly about the dead man's chest. "He's dead," she said dully to her mother. "Father's dead. I couldn't stop the blood."

DURING the following days she revisited the sawmill, living over again the terror and horror of those dark hours. She wanted to stamp into her soul every impression of her father, that big, shambling, jolly man who had been the best part of her life.

Then the family moved to a suburb of Chicago, Lilla rebelling at leaving the ranch life and hating the cooped up city.

But as the years passed she became more amenable. In high school her teachers spoke well of her. She was growing into a large, sturdily-built young woman, singularly free from any sickly curiosities in regard to sex. But as she began to feel her power of attraction, especially over boys, despite the fact that she had no prettiness, she often wondered if the simple facts of life as she knew them didn't hide some savage reality.

And then she met her elegant young cousin, Lambert Wells. Lilla and her mother had a tiny cottage on the lake for the summer and the boy had come to pay them a visit. The two were together every day. She wasn't in love with him, but by way of experiment and curiosity she had let him kiss her. Neither had realized their danger until it was too late. Lilla characteristically wasted no time in useless anxiety. She had no desire to marry the boy even though he had weakly suggested it. And above all, her mother must never know—she would never understand. She admitted guiltily to herself now that her mother had always been right and good—it was she and her father who had the "bad" streak in them. But she nevertheless set about straightening out her life again. She became a school teacher and a very successful one. The young superintendent, Dr. Gordon F. James, of course noticed this at once, but he also noticed Lilla—and in a way that left no doubt of his keen personal interest. One day, after watching her work, he asked her to come to his office. Lilla expected to be discharged.

UPSTAIRS in the superintendent's office, Lilla had regained her self-assurance. It was no disgrace for a substitute teacher to be dropped from the school, she reflected, and she was no longer afraid of the precise little man. But what came from his thin lips when she stood in front of his desk, her head thrown a bit back and her lips smiling, surprised her.

"Miss Cummings is returning to the school tomorrow, as perhaps you have heard. Would you like to take charge of the assembly room, Miss Vance?"

This took her breath away. The assembly room, where a hundred and fifty restive boys and girls were herded together for the purposes of study, while often a class was in progress at one end, was the Waterloo of most high-school teachers. One after the other failed ignominiously and relapsed to the other classrooms, being unable to keep order or even quiet. Lilla's round eyes centered on the man in mystification.

"I shall be there myself more or less," he said, "but I believe you will be successful, even without my support. You have personality."

"Why—" Lilla began stammeringly.

"Think it over if you like and let me know tomorrow, Miss Vance," he said reassuringly.

"I don't have to think it over! Of course, I'll try. It will be a lark!" she said enthusiastically.

The compressed lips relaxed into the glimmer of a smile. "That is the right spirit," Dr. James said approvingly. "I am sure with that spirit you will succeed. You can count always upon my support." And he added, "Suppose you report tomorrow at my office before school."

Lilla strode home, laughing to herself on the way at the memories of her own days in the big room, the pranks that she had "put over," the perpetual buzz of conversation, the flirtations and idleness—in short, the utter anarchy of the place.

Democracy and coöperation were not the principles upon which solely to rely in the control of the big assembly room, at first, at any rate. There were some bad precedents to break up as Lilla well knew, and if the thing was to be done at all she must begin at the start and let love and comradeship and all the pretty qualities come later.

BEFORE long all Lawndale was ringing with stories of Lilla's methods in quelling the big assembly room, how she boxed this boy's ears when he was impudent; "called down" a snippy upper-class girl; organized impromptu games to relieve the monotony of sedentary hours or took "the bunch" on a long hike. They did not hear how Lilla had broken up the clandestine gatherings of boys and girls in the attic on rainy afternoons, nor how she talked to certain of the wilder ones "on the level," threatening to expose them, not to the principal nor to their parents, but to the entire assembly room. It was a triumph. Before spring she had the undisciplined mob not merely cowed, but obedient.

The slim superintendent in eye-glasses watched the process, darting in and out of the room unexpectedly, smiling approvingly at his youngest teacher, though she was breaking all the principles of psychological pedagogy. At times coming upon Lilla in a crisis, he discreetly withdrew, giving her that promised support by feigning ignorance of what she was doing. The pupils quickly knew, however, that Lilla was a magnet for the young man, and long before she was aware of his special interest in her they were gossiping about them.



**C** The coldness of her husband's tone stabbed Lilla to the heart. She went to him and put her arms about his knees. "Gordon," she said, tears in her eyes, "it shouldn't be so terrible, so unforgivable for a woman to have a second child!"

On a spring afternoon Lilla gathered up her books and papers, put on her hat and went flying down the long stairs, running into Mr. Gordon F. James.

"I was just looking for you, Miss Vance," he said mincingly. "Do you mind if I walk home with you? There are certain matters I should like to discuss with you, and we can talk them over in the open air of this balmy afternoon as well as in the confined office."

"Of course!" Lilla agreed.

The superintendent did not seem to have any weighty matters on which to consult Lilla. He talked as always in carefully chosen phrases about the responsibility and opportunity afforded by the Lawndale school, and complimented Lilla warmly upon her "novel" methods of sway. Lilla was conscious of the eyes of Lawndale, as she passed through the streets at the side of the correct young man. Her lips twitched mirthfully. When she reached the Porter house she kept him dangling on the sidewalk until she was sure that everybody inside could see her prize, then formally gave him her hand and squeezed his so firmly that he drew it back.

"May I—may I give myself the pleasure of calling upon you some evening?" he asked ceremoniously. "There is so much of interest to us both in our professional

duties that we hardly have time for—for—other subjects."

"Come any time," Lilla said promptly. "I'm home most every evening, and the family would like to see you too."

"Thanks!" The young man bowed stiffly, raised his hat, held it elevated for at least two seconds above his smooth black hair, turned and departed. Lilla ran up the steps, grinning broadly at the strangeness of life.

**I**T HAD come, her first formal caller! her first beau! Lilla skipped into the house and gurgled out the news to her mother and Aunt Myra in a burst of foolish laughter. Her mother reproved her for her flippant spirit. The young man was very highly considered in Lawndale; it was feared that Lawndale could not long retain him. "He has a brilliant future in the educational world," she said gravely. Lilla laughed again at her mother's seriousness and evident flutter.

There followed in due course the courting of Lilla. Dr. James brought her candy, flowers, books, took her once to the opera in Chicago in the gallery, walked home from church with her every Sunday, and called at first once, then twice a week. Gordon James, Lilla knew, was her mother's picture of a desirable and moral young man, the kind to marry. "And you may consider



yourself lucky, Lilla," Mrs. Vance admonished her daughter, with a gleam of hidden reverence.

"He hasn't asked me yet," Lilla replied. But she knew that the formal young man would ask her to marry him whenever she let him.

Lilla hardly knew what she herself felt. This must be the kind of man that nice women attracted, and the colorlessness of her feelings must be the correct index of the purity he aroused. So when the day finally came, late in May, she said, "Yes" with a disconcerting promptness. The young man looked as if he had expected more hesitation or possibly opposition.

"Of course we shall not be rich," he said, when the emotional moment had passed, signalized by a faint impress of his tight lips upon Lilla's cheek, "but we shall have common interests."

IT WAS a mild day. The whimsical climate of Chicago had suddenly turned from a sullen spring to a warm summer. The lovers were walking beside a sluggish stream that meandered through the prairie not far from Lawndale.

"So you see," he concluded, "we shall not be likely to remain in Lawndale forever!"

"I see," she assented without much animation.

"My friends in Chicago are already approaching me about the possibility of a place in one of the larger high schools—a very attractive proposition."

"Yes," she assented, far away.

Then he talked fluently about the joys and attainments of a successful marriage.

"My mother and father were very closely united," he said.

She wondered if her own father and mother had been really united, and thought not.

Before the engagement walk ended Gordon kissed her once more. There was a collision between the stiff rim of his derby and her broadbrimmed velvet hat, that made Lilla giggle. Gordon frowned as he might if she had giggled in church and drew back. Lilla lifted the derby from his head, and he tried again more successfully. She saw the smooth skin of his sound skull beneath the thin black hair and closed her eyes, to shut out something.

"Lilla! Lilla!" he murmured.

She let her head rest for a moment upon his shoulder.

"I love you, Lilla," he said in a more natural voice than she had ever heard from him before. It was the first time, she thought, those old words had been said to her. They gave no electric thrill. But this according to her mother was as it should be before marriage—and afterwards.

If Lilla had any serious doubts of the desirability of her engagement, they must have been dispelled by the tremulous joy with which her mother received the news. Mrs. Vance liked Gordon and thought him all that a man should be—correct, refined, "cultured and highminded." They talked career and politics together until Lilla observed, "One would think you were courting mother, Gordon."

"I am sure I might be, if I had not met you first," he responded gallantly. Lilla found this reply enormously diverting. "We are not a bit alike," she said warmly.

The engagement weeks sped quickly past in a flutter that prevented serious reflection. Lilla found this excitement delightful. The announcement of her engagement was a thrilling climax for her career in the high school. The assembly room relapsed somewhat into its former anarchy, and Lilla tolerantly permitted infractions of discipline. After all, teaching and learning were not the two most serious things in life. What were the most serious things in life? Lilla could not say. . . .

THEY WERE married at the end of June and all Lawndale saw the young couple off for their wedding journey with hearty approbation. At the ceremony, Lilla looked quite superb in her white gown, blotting out the slight, black figure at her side. His lips were tensely compressed through the ordeal, and he gave the responses in a thin, clear voice with that precise enunciation which to the average American seems British and affected. The only discordant note in the whole performance was Uncle George's heavy remark to his niece, "You mustn't drive him too hard, Lilla."

She laughed without exactly understanding what he meant, and often thought of his words afterwards as if they had been oracular. Now she was too busy saying good-bye and answering joke with joke. The station platform was crowded with her

friends and pupils. Across their faces, she seemed to see all Lawndale, all her life back to the lonely ranch in a kind of blur, as something unreal, not herself. Was she now about to discover herself, with this companion to whom she had been legally and formally tied? . . . In her last glimpse through the car window, she saw her mother take Ed's arm with a little weary gesture of relief.

"Well," she thought, "mother at any rate is glad!"

She turned to look at her husband.

Gordon was engaged in arranging their handbags neatly in the rack above the seat, stretching himself on his toes to reach it. He had difficulty in placing her new dressing case and Lilla promptly swung it into the rack. He frowned slightly, as if her action had not wholly pleased him, and settled himself into the seat beside her pulling his cuffs down and his trouser legs up. He was very neat and careful in his dress. For a moment Lilla was subdued; then her hand stole out and she squeezed his hand to express her sense of the queerness of it all, to draw him nearer to her in some way.

Gordon gently withdrew his hand. He hated public exhibitions of feeling. They made him self-conscious. They were not dignified. To guard against a repetition, he opened his small handbag and got from its orderly depths two magazines. One he handed to Lilla, and the other he opened with his long white fingers, searching for a certain article. . . .

LILLA let the magazine lay on her lap, and looked from the landscape to her husband and back again, more queer thoughts flitting through her head. So they were married; they were going to live together, always, at least that was to be hoped. They would be together all that day and that night, and all the days and nights that were coming.

Her mind went back to their acquaintance and engagement and the weeks that had followed since. Gordon had talked to her a lot, of course—told her about his people, his life at college, his ambitions, and he had read to her a great many books, in his desire to establish intellectual bonds between them. They had discussed marriage, occasionally, though Gordon took that largely for granted.

She looked at him once more, very penetratingly out of her wide blue eyes. He was calmly turning the pages of his review, now and then stopping to make a penciled note in his small writing on the margin.

"What is it, dear?" he asked, lifting his eyes.

She wanted to seize his arm, to pinch it and see if he were real, but she knew it would annoy him, and she said instead, "When do we get there?"

"The Lakehurst? Three-thirty, I believe." He consulted the timetable,—"No, three thirty-eight, to be exact." He was always exact. And he resumed his reading.

The Porters had offered them the cottage at Pitcher's Landing for a month, and Gordon was inclined to accept it as both convenient and economical. But Lilla had peremptorily refused the offer much to every one's surprise.

"I KNOW it too well," she had said, but that was not the reason. There was something too incongruous between the life she had led at Pitcher's Landing, culminating in her affair with Lambert Wells, and the present whatever it was to be. That was the wild, fierce Lilla, whom she believed she was burying with the act of marriage.

So they were on their way to a little lake, hidden in the forests of the northern peninsula, and afterwards they were to visit Gordon's family in Wisconsin before returning to their new home in Chicago. For the second step in her husband's career had already been achieved: he had been appointed to a principalship of one of the Chicago high schools at a salary of thirty-five hundred dollars, which Lawndale thought to be a promising beginning for the young couple, very.

"What are you reading Gordon?" Lilla asked at last.

"An article on the secondary school system in New Zealand."

Lilla leaned on his shoulder and scanned the page, which was sprinkled with statistics. For a moment, she caressed her husband's neck where it disappeared into his standing collar, then recollecting herself withdrew to her side of the seat and stared out of the window at the landscape, which consisted of a succession of flourishing corn fields. Once—and only once—during their engagement she had been moved to be "demonstrative." In surprise Gordon had repulsed her.

Now she did not feel that way, not in the least. And she





**A.** For a time while her baby lay in her arms, Lilla was radiantly content. Her prison had opened out into the most harmonious freedom, and she and her mother were closer than ever before in their lives in the universal understanding of birth.



wondered if ever again she would be carried away in a mad, tearing impulse to "demonstrate." Probably not. That was what marriage with its responsibilities did for one.

The retreat in the northern woods which Gordon had chosen was all that the advertisement said, except that the woods had been largely devastated by lumbermen and fire, with gaunt trees here and there as melancholy memorials of an ancient glory, great piles of mouldering sawdust and wastes of decaying slashings. Here and there in this wilderness of ruin, some foreigner had cleared a few acres and was raising a crop of wheat or corn, through which stumps still clung to the soil. The roads were dusty and incredibly bad. It was hot and dull. They spent their days on the little lake aimlessly rowing about in the search of shady nooks, or reading on the veranda of the small hotel.

ONE afternoon Lilla proposed that they should take a walk. They set out on a trail that led through the slashings and past abandoned lumber camps in search of a new iron mine which some Chicago capitalists had just opened up in the cut-over land. They lost their way, floundered through the slashings and undergrowth the perspiration rolling down their bodies. At last they came out on a cup shape lake, lying in the still hot air like a bowl of blue metal. Lilla knelt down at the edge and lapped the water like a thirsty animal, then she bathed her face and arms.

"Let's have a swim!" she exclaimed, beginning to unbutton her belt and tear at the hooks of her waist.

"But we haven't our bathing suits," Gordon protested.

"What's the difference?"

"There's a camp over there." He pointed to some shacks a little way around the edge of the lake.

"It's probably empty like the others," Lilla observed.

"Lilla! I must protest! It is most unsafe. There are people all about in these woods. I see what looks like a road on the other side."

"Let 'em come!" Lilla laughed. She was looking eagerly at the steel mirror of the still water and thinking how good it would feel against her hot body. "Let 'em look if they want to!"

"Lilla!"

The horrified tone of her husband's voice arrested her.

"If you don't care for yourself, if your own modesty doesn't inhibit you, you must at least consider what it would mean if anybody saw you and reported it to the hotel. If the story should get about that my wife stripped naked and took a bath in a public place——" Gordon stopped, overcome by the enormity of his own picture.

Lilla sat down, still thinking enviously of that envelope of cool water covering her parched body.

"Oh!" she said. "I didn't think it might hurt your career."

"It would indeed," he said reprovingly,

After a time spent in meditation Lilla rose saying, "Let's hike back to the hotel and the modest bathtub." She strode fiercely into the thickets of slashings leaving her husband far behind in his effort to follow without damaging his clothing.

THAT slight experience had given Lilla a new insight into matrimony. What she did henceforth must be judged not alone on its intrinsic merits but as it might or might not affect her husband's career. By nature reckless and not introspective, Lilla had done all her life what seemed good to her, without much thought for consequences, at least without thought of what people might say or think. Now it seemed she must judge and weigh carefully the effect of her conduct not only upon herself but upon her husband and his future.

All this he explained to her at great length after supper that evening as they sat before the open window of their bedroom. As she listened patiently she saw unfolded before her ignorant and heedless mind a panorama of social relationship that she had never considered.

"One cannot be too careful," he ended his lecture. "Every little thing counts toward failure or success. And your husband, Lilla, doesn't intend to make any fool mistakes."

Lilla listened, more and more dumbly. As Gordon described this new world in which she must live and play the part of Gordon F. James's wife, she saw a vast and intricate web and across each mesh was written in red letters, "Danger! Be careful! Think before you speak; think before you act!" However could she manage not to tear the web with her clumsy, unpremeditated tongue?

Her husband was undressing for the night. He had a methodical way of doing everything, even to folding his clothes

across the chairs and putting trees into his boots. He came over to her now, his preparations completed, and put his hand on her shoulder affectionately.

"Time for bed, Lilla," he said. She did not stir. He leaned down, she could feel the point of his beard touch her shoulder, and kissed her on the neck. "Come!" he said persuasively.

When he took her by the shoulders, she jumped up suddenly brushing him aside and strode heavily to the door.

"I am going out," she said, and jerked the door to behind her before he could remonstrate.

Out in the night, she took a road at random which wandered through the cut-over land, and walked on and on with the swinging stride that was natural to her. The calm, the warm dark night, pungent with odors of the wood quieted her mood. She did not think, but walked steadily following the meanderings of the road which led past little settlements and clearings and finally plunged into a piece of uncut woods to emerge once more into the open beside a little lake. The very lake where she had almost committed her first great matrimonial sin! She leisurely stripped and waded in, thinking pleasantly of Gordon's face if he could see her. He was doubtless asleep.

After she had tired herself swimming about the tiny lake, she came out and clothing herself, walked slowly back to the hotel.

THEY BEGAN their home life in an apartment in a new building far out on the North Side on one of those endless avenues common in this city of magnificent spaces. The building was so new and so cheaply built that every door was warped, and all the woodwork pulled apart under the steam heat, even the oak flooring. But it was fresh and clean and convenient.

It was also ugly, terribly ugly, like all its ten thousand neighbors. But this Lilla did not know, and if she had been told, it would have made little difference to her because her sense of beauty, so vivid in the big things of outdoors, stopped abruptly when she came under roof.

The apartment was shiny with varnished oak and cherry, and heavy with stucco decoration on wall and ceiling and immense plate glass mirrors and electric light fixtures. The furniture was all new and good of its kind. Lilla felt that their new home filled adequately all material wants. It was "comfy." She kept it clean and orderly unassisted. Uncle George, who came with the others to the first dinner the young couple gave observed, "You'll have to step carefully, Lil, in all this furniture!"

But he too admired and enjoyed the good dinner, which Lilla had prepared by herself. Gordon played the host somewhat formally, with great dignity, his mother-in-law at his right, Aunt Myrah at his left.

"Monarch of all he surveys," Lilla thought.

Very soon the routine of their marriage was established: the breakfast across the shiny oak table. Then the cool kiss on the brow, with "Good-by, my dear—will you speak to the janitor about the door-bell and ring up that tailor?" After a flurry of collecting papers, books, hat, coat, and gloves Gordon disappeared through the door. From the bay window of the front room, Lilla could see him emerge below and trot down the pavement in the direction of the car line, spruce, correct, academic, his black bag hugged under his arm.

Sometimes, if the sun shone, before getting busy with her morning duties, she threw open the big window, and resting her solid arms upon the grimy sill would look up into the clear sky and out over the vacant lot across the way to other buildings, like the one she was in, on neighboring streets. She would draw in long breaths of air, thinking, "I must hurry and get out—it's such a pleasant day."

OUTSIDE, however, there were endless blocks almost exactly like the one where she lived, miles and miles of them, and walk as far as she might, she could not reach any really open country. The city had caught her and hemmed her in, threatening to stifle her in its cell-like structure. Its ugliness did not affect her. She craved wild places almost like an animal.

After some months of living in the Wisconsin Avenue apartment she realized how her father had been driven from within to throw over all his good business prospects in Chicago to gain the freedom of the Wyoming ranch. The open country drew her in the same, instinctive, passionate manner.

Gordon's idea of outdoors was a walk through the big park a few blocks from their apartment. He extolled the liberality of the Chicago park system.

Late in the afternoon Gordon reappeared, wilted and a little





**Q** Once, during their engagement, Lilla had been moved to be demonstrative, but Gordon in surprise had repulsed her. Now she wondered if she ever again would be carried away in a mad tearing impulse. That was what marriage and its responsibilities did for one!

faded from his tasks, but still neat and correct. At supper he would briefly recite the day's events, his encounters with teachers and district superintendent, and expatiate on what seemed to Lilla the infinitely petty intrigue of the school system, whose drama completely absorbed him.

Lilla listened dutifully to her husband's recital, realizing that anxiety made him nervous and brought out certain little wrinkles about the eyes. Also that he found the game exciting and stimulating. The game of politics and intrigue, on a small scale—the pushing and pulling of small, unimportant personalities, each one seeking his own advancement or preservation, wholly absorbed in the personal aspect of his work.

When Gordon was tired with his own doings, he would ask Lilla what she had been doing, who had called upon her, and invariably he commented upon all the persons she had met.

After the customary kiss and good night, Lilla sometimes lay awake and wondered and thought about life, and wondered still more; finally falling asleep with her questions unanswered to be awakened by the alarm clock at six-thirty—and the morning anxiety about the cream bottle—whether it was on the staging outside the kitchen door.

Thus their married life wore on through the year, with almost no variations. Gradually under Gordon's watchful supervision, their acquaintance in the city was increasing and occasionally they gave little "informal" dinners to people who entertained them. These Lilla enjoyed because they gave her something more to do, and she liked people in general, in an indiscriminate way that irritated her husband.

In the summer Lilla made a visit to the Porters at Pitcher's Landing, while her mother was east with her brother. She had looked forward to this visit to the place where she had spent so many free, happy summers with passionate eagerness, as if she were to find something there she had lost. It was largely a disappointment. Lilla no longer felt at ease with the boys and girls on the beach—no longer one of them.

One hot afternoon, Gordon coming over from Chicago unexpectedly by the boat, found her in her bathing suit with tousled hair drowsing on the hot sand where she had been buried for hours. After much urging he was induced to don a bathing suit and venture into the water. His thin legs and pallid color gave him a ridiculous look in the baggy bathing suit that belonged to Uncle George. Lilla laughed.

"What are you giggling at?" he demanded sharply. Lilla knowing how sensitive her husband was to personal ridicule suppressed her laughter quickly. Lilla was conscious, when he emerged, of the derisive figure he made upon the bathers, and she blushed furiously.

Sunday was a long, hot, dull day. Lilla helped her aunt with the dinner in the morning while Gordon sat on the porch smoking with Uncle George, who had a tolerant contempt for "the little professor" as he always called him. Lilla came out with a spade and advised her husband to dig around in the garden.

"It needs it, and the exercise will do you good," she said.

This was her revenge for the sewing, and she took a childish delight in pointing out to her aunt the slight figure laboriously and precisely turning up the weedy surface of the soil.

It was a relief when Gordon took the Sunday night boat back to Chicago with Uncle George, and the little cottage relapsed into its somnolent, manless state of midweek. Aunt Myra had something on her mind, and found occasion the next day to say it hesitantly.

"Lilla, my girl, aren't you going to have a child?"

"I want babies," Lilla blurted out. "But Gordon says it would interfere with his career—we should have to move into a larger flat and have a servant and he doesn't feel sure enough of his position in Chicago to risk it."

Before Lilla left Pitcher's Landing, she had come to a momentous decision and knew vaguely how she should reach her end. It would have to be by ruse, as it had been ever since the days of Eve—and Delilah. Lilla had no more scruple against the use of guile than had they.

She returned unexpectedly to Chicago one sultry September afternoon, and surprised Gordon glooming in their dusty apartment. He was, for him, demonstratively delighted at her appearance.

"How awfully well you look, my dear!" he exclaimed, after the first kiss. "Beautiful! Beautiful!" he repeated. Lilla looking into his black eyes with a mocking gleam from her own wide blue

eyes murmured: "Do you think so, dear?" and knew that she must triumph.

She was clever enough to keep her own counsel as long as concealment was possible, and when she read the panic in her husband's soul at her announcement of the fact she knew that she had done wisely. She had saved him many anxious weeks. It must be said that Gordon struggled bravely to meet the situation with cheerfulness. "It can't be helped now," he said. "We must make the best of it, Lilla. One child is not too much. We shan't have to move. . . . And you are so strong and well! . . . You always wanted a child, dear," he reminded her another time. "It is the natural thing for a good woman to want children."

For a time while her baby lay in her arms she felt perfectly, radiantly content. Her prison had opened out into the most harmonious freedom. She was well and strong, the little boy was all that a first child should be, and already she dared dream of another, others, in the vague, blissful dreams of her convalescence. Her mother felt this new happiness in Lilla's soul and rejoiced. Mother and daughter were closer than ever before in their lives, in the universal understanding of birth.

"He's like Dad, don't you think?" Lilla said after the thousandth minute examination of the young David.

"In his body, perhaps," Mrs. Vance admitted, "but he has the Wells head—and black hair like his father!"

Lilla laughed. "His mother doesn't care whom he looks like," she crooned. "He's his mother's own, now at any rate."

Gordon did not approve of her, he did not like her ways—he corrected and scolded her, sometimes even in public—but he could not keep away from her, let her go her own way and live her own little life as she was quite willing to let him live his, keeping house for him and bringing up their child and performing all the other little duties of the married woman.

"Take care!" her mother warned. "You don't want your marriage to be a failure do you, Lilla?"

"No!" Lilla agreed heavily.

"It is the woman's business to see that her marriage is successful."

It was the woman's business, Lilla thought, to do everything in marriage except earn the money; and as Gordon's closeness in money matters became apparent, she felt that it would be easier to try her hand at it, instead of undergoing the humiliations inherent in this method of earning her living.

When David was nine, Lilla just thirty-two, and Gordon not yet forty, there occurred in Chicago one of those periodic political storms that take up an unconscionable space in the local newspapers and furnish the necessary drama for democracy. The political situation of city, state, and county was in unstable equilibrium between the two great parties, and two wings of the democratic party in state and city.

The democrats, having seized upon the convenient weapon of "reform," it behooved the republicans to put forward fresh candidates, at least in the minor positions, for the sake of the window dressing. Thanks to this and a few other complexities of the political horizon, Gordon James was selected by the seasoned slate makers to run as the republican candidate for county superintendent of schools.

Gordon grasped at the opportunity eagerly. He had begun to weary of his duties as supervisor, and to suspect that he might be some day shelved: this was the chance he had been scheming for and he prepared to make an energetic campaign for his party ticket.

Lilla accompanied her husband to the party rooms in a big downtown hotel on election night. She was sorry that the hurried days of the campaign were ending—it had been the pleasantest episode of her marriage, and she liked the new basis of friendliness and coöperation which it had established between her and her husband.

The noisy streets, the massed crowds before the billboards, the lights, the waves of cheering as the different returns were flashed on the screen filled her with a pleasant excitement. All these drab human beings massed in the streets below the hotel were for once interested in something, alive, awake. It did not make much difference, she thought, what they were cheering for. They felt their own strength and enjoyed it. . . . Some of the men she had met the past month came up to where she was sitting and talked to her.

"The professor is running well up," they said encouragingly. She smiled happily, with the comfortable feeling that after all "the professor" was her husband. By nine o'clock, it was evident that in spite of reform the republicans were being swept into victory in the city, county, and (Continued on page 120)



Q

*Everything  
is fair in  
LOVE  
but  
nothing  
is fair in  
Politics  
as  
the young  
Reformer  
in this story  
learned*



Q. Betty Keating  
*had blossomed into  
sudden and glorious  
womanhood.*

# Surrender

By Frederic Arnold Kummer

*Posed by Tallulah Bankhead*

*Illustrated  
by  
Baron  
De Meyer*

"T HERE'S no use talking," said Beverly Curtis, throwing down his newspaper. "The country is going to the dogs!"

Martin Collins turned sharply from the window, where he had been standing for some time, his back to the other men.

"Why?" he demanded, his gray eyes suddenly luminous. "Why is the country going to the dogs?"

Young Mr. Curtis yawned, and consulted his wafer-thin watch.

"I'm damned if I know exactly why, Martin," he replied. "It shouldn't, if people would only be honest with each other—treat each other fairly. But they won't. Look at the facts.

Tremendous corporations controlling everything we eat, drink and wear, robbing the people right and left in order to make millions. On the other side, labor demanding impossible wages and hours, or bolshevists ready to destroy the government if they are not allowed to run it according to their crazy ideas. And the worst of it is, there's nothing we can do to remedy matters."

Martin Collins threw back his shoulders, lifted his pugnacious chin, as he had done when in khaki, about to lead his men in a dash on some hidden machine-gun nest. The deep furrow plowed in his cheek by a shell splinter glowed dull red.



"You make me tired, Beverly," he growled. "If conditions aren't right, why don't you get out and try to change them?"

Beverly Curtis regarded his friend with rather a superior smile.

"Change them?" he asked. "How?"

"Beverly," Collins asked quietly, "did you vote at the last primary election?"

"No." Curtis moved uncomfortably in his seat.

"I see. And right there is the answer to your question, if the country is going to the dogs, it's because men like you sit around and talk, instead of doing something."

Beverly did not appear to be greatly impressed.

"Sounds all right, Martin," he said, "but it doesn't work. Take our own town, for instance. Colton runs the Republican end—Farrell the Democratic. Both of them are grafters, as everybody knows. Here's an election coming on for United States Congressman. I happen to know that it's all fixed beforehand. Farrell is going to nominate Kerns, whom he knows can't be elected. Colton is going to put up Ben Tracy, son of old man Tracy, of the Westhaven Coal Company and a dozen other corporations. Tracy will be elected, of course, not only because of his money, a lot of which will go into Farrell's pocket, but because Colton let the other side win, at the last mayoralty election, and it's his turn at the pork barrel now."

"Curtis," Collins exclaimed angrily, "you're a quitter! You say the next Congressional election is fixed—that Tracy is going to Washington to take care of his father's interests. All right. He isn't the sort of man we want. Let's elect the right sort of a man!"

"Just like that!" laughed Curtis, flipping his cigarette into the fireplace. "You're dreaming, Martin. It can't be done."

"I'll tell you what I'll do, Curtis," he added presently; "I'll make you a little bet that I can not only beat both Tracy and Kerns, but I can elect"—he allowed his gaze to stray about the

big room—"I believe I could elect the head waiter of this club, if I can once prove to the public that he is an honest man."

Curtis laughed, as did several other men who had come up.

"In fact," Collins went on eagerly, "I even believe, Curtis, that I could elect you!"

This time the laugh was general. Curtis rose with a yawn.

"Nothing doing," he said. "Why don't you run yourself?"

Martin Collins stood staring at the others in silence for several moments, his eyes bright with enthusiasm.

"All right," he said, thrusting out his hand. "If you and the rest of the crowd will get out and work for me I'll do it. I'll run on the Independent ticket. I'll make the issue a fight of honesty against graft, Curtis," he exclaimed, his voice vibrant with energy. "Are you with me?"

CURTIS and the others, inspired for the moment by Collins's enthusiasm, grasped his outstretched hand, pledged their support. When he had left them, they regarded each other with uneasy smiles. The influence wielded by Colton and Farrell reached into many unsuspected corners, and they knew it.

"Martin's just letting off steam," said Curtis, taking up his newspaper again. "He'll forget the whole thing by morning."

"He'd better," remarked Stinson, the hardware man, with a grin. "I wonder if he's forgotten that Betty Keating's father and Sam Colton belong to the same lodge."

"I'd forgotten that, too," Beverly Curtis answered.

Martin Collins, striding along Poplar Avenue in the direction of Judge Keating's house, was thinking exclusively of Betty, who had blossomed into sudden and glorious womanhood during his two years' absence in France. Since his return he had thought of her, at times, almost to the exclusion of Red Star ready-mixed



**C.** Martin Collins had not been with Betty half an hour when Beverly Curtis came in. With a disarming smile and his eyes on Betty he began to tell the hard things the newspapers were saying about Martin's campaign.



“Collins won’t be elected,” Curtis confided to Betty. “They’ll get him some way. He hasn’t a chance in the world.”

paints, the merits of which had been made known, by his genius for advertising, for publicity, throughout the United States.

Betty was awaiting him in her best war paint, in the big old-fashioned parlor. Her father and mother had retired to the sitting-room upstairs. There was a certain significance in this. Both socially, and as sales manager of the big Red Star factories, Martin Collins was a very eligible young man.

Tom Farrell, when he heard that Martin Collins had been nominated for Congress on the Independent ticket, gave one of

his characteristic chuckles, then strolled over to the offices of the Westhaven Coal Company in the Garvin Building. His visit was ostensibly to discuss the plans for a new trestle he was building for the concern; on his arrival he was at once ushered into the private office of Ben Tracy, the company’s treasurer. He exhibited no surprise on finding Sam Colton there, smoking his usual black cigar.

“I suppose you noticed young Martin Collins has been nominated for Congress on the independent [Continued on page 117]





Painting by Arthur E. Becher

# I WAS NOT HE

By Thomas Hardy

*I was not he—the man  
Who used to pilgrim to your gate,  
At whose smart step you grew elate,  
And roused, as maidens can,  
For a brief span.*

*It was not I who sang  
Beside the keys you touched so true  
With note-bent eyes, as if with you  
It counted not whence sprang  
The voice that rang. . .*

*Yet though my destiny  
It was to miss your early sweet,  
You still, when turned to you my feet,  
Had sweet enough to be  
A prize for me!*





¶ When Price went through the strange house in search of something for her feet, while her snow-wet pumps and stockings were drying, Charity sat with her rosy toes stretched out toward the fire.

# Her Sixth and Only Husband

*The story of a girl who knew that the only  
safe men were those already married*

By Royal Brown

Illustrated by Everett Shinn

LOVE MAY ONCE, as the poet phrased it, have been a woman's whole existence, but times have changed and customs with them. To Charity Coe love was a thing apart, the diversion of her lighter hours. But this was more than Price Allerton could be expected to realize, all at once. Lean and lithe and, even in February, deeply tanned from golf, tennis and polo at Aiken, he looked to be what he believed himself—thoroughly modern. Indeed, as a junior partner in one of Boston's oldest and most dignified combinations of corporation lawyers, he found himself often in New York where, being free, white and thirty-three, he mingled with the world and scraped up a bowing acquaintance with the devil.

Nevertheless the fact remains that, born on Beacon Hill in

a house with little lavender window panes through which six generations of Allertons had first glimpsed the light of day, he was, and forever must be, temperamentally tied to the apron strings of his ancestors. A terrifying thought, and yet—

IN New York there are a thousand and one social circles, and this was his first experience with the one in which Sam Sargent moved. Now, as an extra man at a dinner that New York considered formal but which was anything but that from the Beacon Hill viewpoint, he sat with Charity Coe on his left and, while she devoted herself intensively and exclusively to Sam Sargent, wondered what feminine category she might be placed in.

"Now why," ran Price's thought, "should she concentrate so exclusively on Sam?"

Everything about her indicated a deliberate intent to focus the errant glance of the casual male. Yet Price, delivered into her hand as her dinner partner and prepared for that direct frontal attack which even the sweet young things on Beacon Hill are using this year, had found himself ignored.

"Perhaps," he mused, "she's working him for a tip on the market—" The thread of that was broken by Sam's voice. "If you're not going," said Sam, "I'll be damned if I will."

Now this, of course, was addressed to Charity; that it should reach Price was significant of Sam's slipping self-control.

The glance Price cast across the table, to where Mrs. Sam sat, was purely instinctive. . . . The years had treated her less kindly than they had Sam: he could hardly believe that she was the girl for whom Sam had made such preparations when she had accepted his invitation to Class Day, eleven years ago! She had been cool-eyed, slim and self-possessed then. Now, though she could not be much more than thirty she was running incredibly to fat. The shoulders he had remembered as exquisite now bulged from her gown. Her eyes, watching Sam, were anything but cool.

OF HIS wife's glance or, indeed, of anybody or anything but Charity, Sam seemed utterly unaware.

"I'll take you home instead," he was saying. "It's time we came to a showdown. I—"

Eavesdropping was furthest from Price's intentions, but short of the wax of Ulysses there seemed no escape from the rising intensity of Sam's tone. But the hostess was rising. Price instantly came to his feet, glad of the chance to escape Charity's reply. He felt as if he had unwittingly read a letter not intended for him and of a confidential nature.

"Are you going on to the opera?"

The question, put in a voice as mellow as cathedral chimes, lingered in his subconscious mind a moment, before he realized that Charity had risen and had addressed him directly.

"No," he managed to say, "I—"

"Then perhaps you won't mind dropping me at my apartment," she suggested. "That will relieve Sam of his horrible sense of responsibility."

So, presently, Price found himself in a taxi with her. She did not speak at once, the transient glow of a street lamp revealed her wholly relaxed with her eyes closed.

"I hope I'm not taking you too far out of your way," she said, "but Sam would have been too much for me tonight."

From the many things he might have answered, he chose the conventional.

"I'm glad to be of service to you."

In the murk that enveloped the taxi, he could not be sure, yet he fancied that her eyes briefly mocked him. But her next remark was casual.

"Sam said you were from Boston."

"I believe I have managed to live it down," he retorted.

This surprised him. He had yet to discover that Charity was ever successful in making a man follow.

"REALLY? I should never have guessed it!" she commented and now he knew that she mocked him. "Also Mrs. Sam told me that you are a bachelor. Mrs. Sam," she went on, as if musing aloud, "is of the old school. You may not have suspected it but you were the fatted calf, the burnt offering at the feast tonight."

"I'm afraid I don't understand—" he began.

"Of course you wouldn't! But having been furnished with a complete prospectus of all your charms and a hint of your position and probable income, I was expected to desert Sam and devote myself to you."

"And so you didn't!" he suggested, this being a game at which two could play.

"Hardly!" she replied. "Mrs. Sam belongs back in the dark ages. She can't really believe that I'm not interested in a husband—"

"It seemed to me that you were rather interested in hers!" Price could not resist the temptation.

"Oh, Sam's a peach!" she agreed. "The fifth and best husband I've had so far."

To Price that sounded like something out of Alice in Wonderland—a bit of the Mad Hatter. But Charity seemed to sense

no need of explanation; she had leaned forward to signal the chauffeur. As the car stopped, she glanced at the meter, produced a dollar bill and surrendered it. Then, turning to Price:

"Thanks," she acknowledged. "The taxi's now yours."

There, by every token, the episode should have ended, and would have, had not Price had his moments of impulse.

"I'm coming in if I may," he announced.

"As you choose," she acquiesced. "But remember I'm dull company tonight."

In her apartment she seemed oblivious of him. The switch she snapped lighted three shaded lamps simultaneously, but the subdued glow of them all only partly revealed the furnishings of the living-room. A livable living-room striking a definite color note of black and gold, without accentuating it to the point of artificiality or oppressiveness. Magazines here and there, many books on shelves and, in an open grate, the cheerful blaze of cannel coal.

Over the mantel hung a gilt framed mirror, wide as the mantel itself. Charity, letting her evening wrap slip from her shoulders, turned to this.

The mirror was like one in his Aunt Elizabeth's home in Chestnut Street: if it was genuine and not a reproduction it must be worth a lot. . . . But then, everything in the room suggested command of money. He began to speculate anew.

"Well," she demanded, facing him, "have you got me all nicely indexed and card catalogued now?"

"So far," he confessed, coolly enough, "I haven't progressed beyond the obvious. May I ask a question?"

She nodded negligent assent.

"What," he demanded, deliberately, "are you trying to do to Sam?"

Her lovely, flagrantly lip-sticked mouth dimpled to a smile.

"That," she retorted, "is *like* a man! Still, Sam *is* rather obvious. I'm afraid I shall have, regretfully but firmly, to return him to his wife, before he becomes a public nuisance."

From the table she took a cigarette, lighted it and then curled up on the divan, indolent and graceful.

"And what is Mrs. Sam to say?" asked Price.

"That," Charity assured him, "is the least of my troubles."

THEN she yawned frankly, without attempt at concealment—realizing perhaps that she was none the less attractive so.

"You're funny," she remarked. "Boston background I suppose. I do believe that for two cents you'd deliver a highly moral lecture to me."

"I really haven't any such intention—"

"And you an Allerton—of Boston!" she mocked. "When has an Allerton failed to qualify as his brother's keeper. Remind me that Sam is a married man, that I ought to be ashamed of myself for what you think—"

"I have not suggested that, have I?"

"No, but you think it. To you Sam is the poor moth, I'm the wicked flame and Mrs. Sam is—what?"

"I wonder! It seems to me that she is rather to be pitied perhaps in the circumstances."

"Why? Because, having captured Sam, she promptly let herself relapse into innocuous desuetude? She is fat you know, mentally as well as bodily."

"You mean that she is not quite as young as she was—or as you are!"

Charity gave him a swift amused glance. "You don't mean to be complimentary, I'm sure, but you are! How old do you think I am?"

The light of the nearest lamp illumined the youth of her uplifted face, touched faintly the gold in her hair.

"Twenty-five?" he hazarded.

Charity laughed outright.

"If I should say that I am thirty," she retorted, "my best friend would lift her eyebrows and say, 'Oh, did *she* tell you that?' Actually, I'm thirty-two—which I imagine gives Mrs. Sam at least one year advantage over me. But, never having made any poor devil, temporarily bedazzled by the thing called love, promise to love and cherish me until death do us part, I simply can't afford to let myself go the way of all married feminine flesh."

"I see! Any woman who gets fat and no longer interests her husband must expect to lose him. You make out a good case and yet—"

"Oh, I know I can't convince *you*. That's inevitable. I don't want to anyway. You amuse me though—really! You're so absolutely mid-Victorian—"





**C** In her bathroom, Charity fell into a reverie. "Egypt's Queen! I'm crazy. I'd better get me another husband." Suddenly the telephone rang. "I've got a car," an imperturbable voice told her. "Be ready in about fifteen minutes."

"Than which nothing worse can be suggested!" he interrupted her with marked emphasis.

"And I'm a tired business woman," she finished. "Too tired, really, to be amusing in turn. Do you mind if I say good night?"

Price came to his feet instantly. Still he lingered.

"A tired business woman? Just what does that mean?"

"Architecture. And I'm darned good at it, if I do say so myself. I work as hard as any man could for eight hours a day and for the rest—well, what did the tired business man do?"

"Light plays, light fiction——"

"And late suppers with light players," she finished. "I'm not interested in chorus men somehow. But I do need diversion of a sort. Sam supplies it just now. That's all."

"Wouldn't a bachelor do just as well?"

"It's lucky for you," she retorted, "that I'm modern enough to realize that *that* is purely an academic question."

Price laughed. "Oh, I say!" he protested.

"I'd like to see an old-fashioned man like yourself try to squirm out of it if I misconstrued it!" she flashed. "But answering your

question—no. A bachelor is a spoiled beast. He thinks every single woman is trying to marry him and so he's wary."

"And a married man?"

"Is almost pathetically grateful for a little attention!"

"I see. But isn't there—does this sound impossibly old-fashioned to you—an element of danger in it. Mrs. Sam looked tonight as if——"

"I saw her," commented Charity coolly. "As to the danger, run over in your mind the things that make lie worth while and see if the element of danger isn't always there, in some degree, to give the necessary zest!"

Evidently she intended this to be the last word. For, offering him her hand, she added:

"I don't usually bother to explain but—well, I appreciate your viewpoint. I was born in Boston myself, although I keep that a dark secret usually!"

From Washington Square to his hotel was a matter of forty blocks, but Price chose to walk. A tribute perhaps, to the seductiveness of the serene February night—or perhaps a sub-



conscious tribute to Charity. Inevitably she and her arguments filled his thoughts.

"New York stuff!" he told himself definitely.

Nevertheless he pictured Sam and Mrs. Sam and they became symbolic of married couples everywhere. The Sams were kept fit and vital by the keen competition they faced in business, the Mrs. Sams did seem somehow to relax, to let the charm that had been their stock in trade diminish. Was it because, secure in the position the conventions have accorded a married woman, they lost the sense of competition that they had felt, if only subconsciously, before they had captured a man?

**Y**ET the institution of marriage has endured through the centuries. Those who attack it have ever been placed beyond the pale. Married women are the arbiters of the conventions, they have made a married man taboo for any girl or woman with regard for her reputation. Yet here was Charity, wilful and lovely, serenely disregarding the ancient code.

"It might be a good thing for marriage if women like Mrs. Sam were forced to meet competition—keep up their charm," he admitted. But as an afterthought came this, "What about thousands of women worn out by child-bearing and the ceaseless duties of motherhood. Are they to have no protection?"

It struck him that he would like to ask Charity that. But he was not in New York to solve social problems. Even the most successful legal firm attends to odd jobs not always connected with corporation law, for its clients. These, too trivial for the gray-headed gods to whose names his own were linked, fell often to Price and with them his attention was engaged through the next few days.

One such made it necessary that he consult an architect. This did not suggest Charity, but a man did suggest her.

"Try Charity Coe," he advised.

"Is she really very good?" asked Price, with interest.

"One of the best. All she needs is the reputation the years will bring her. But you sound as if you knew her?"

"I've met her—once."

Price couldn't be sure, yet it seemed to him that briefly something flickered in the older man's eyes—indefinable yet reminiscent of the intensity in Sam's tone at the dinner. But the architect merely said:

"A remarkable young woman. Shall I 'phone her for you?"

"No! Just give me her address if you will."

The other wrote it down. "Tell her I sent you," he suggested. "I feel like heaping coals of fire on that young woman's head. She worked for me once, by the way."

**N**OW THAT was destiny. Price himself was blameless. Charity had left her office. Her secretary added that she thought Miss Coe usually walked to her apartment, if his business was pressing he might possibly overtake her or find her at home. His business was not as pressing as that and yet—Price overtook her in sight of the Arch.

"Oh—Mr. Allerton!" she said, with her swift smile. "I thought you had returned to Boston. So I can't resist the inevitable temptation to add, 'Are you still in New York?'"

"Is anybody or anything ever still in New York?" he retorted. "I'm not only here but wondering if you'll take tea with me. Being a bachelor I'll hastily add that it's a matter of business."

"Let that be my excuse!" she acquiesced, gaily. "Actually though I'd take tea with the devil himself at this hour."

"I'm flattered! If you'll suggest some place——"

"Follow me!" she commanded.

They walked south, past the Arch. Various little signs, each striving to outdo its neighbor in pure eccentricity, signified that tea was being served about the premises, but these Charity scornfully ignored.

Presently they arrived at a corner where there stood that which, with its mullioned windows, suggested an old English Inn. Through a small pane, Price glimpsed the head and shoulders of a much painted beauty who, though taking tea solitaire, manipulated her cigarette with marvelous coquetry as one who ever practices her art.

"This is the best of the lot," announced Charity, and led the way through into an atmosphere of elusive and cathedral dimness.

Here they found a little table, set for two, about which a single candle in a chaste brass stick cast a nimbus of radiance.

"I've got to hurry," remarked Charity. "Dinner tonight—let's talk your business while we eat."

Price described the commission he was authorized to place

"One of our clients has bought the house. He's in Europe now but he wants the work started at once."

"Seventy thousand dollars!" murmured Charity, as if her thoughts had left him. "A lot could be done with it. And I do love to remodel an old place."

Price, relapsing into silence, studied her anew. A different Charity this—all business! Yet lovelier so than he had remembered her even. The semi-privacy of their table, the candle that furnished light just for them, gave an atmosphere of warmth and intimacy to which he reacted instinctively; in which indeed he seemed to expand physically.

"I like that hat!" he said suddenly—boyishly almost.

Charity's thoughts came back to him; she smiled.

"Thanks." And abruptly she added: "It was sweet of Mort to turn you over to me."

"He said something about heaping coals of fire on your head."

"He was my first husband," she explained, startling Price until second thought recalled to him what she meant. "He's really great—and so darn' attractive, too. I adored him. But he," she made a little grimace, "was taboo!"

"What do you mean by that?"

"His wife is just sweet! She stuck by him through all the lean years, raised his family for him and has reaped woman's inevitable reward—faded and worn out at forty-five! It isn't her fault and Mort has no right to philander. I told him so and left his office the same day."

**P**PRICE realized, suddenly, that Charity had quite unwittingly answered the very question he had asked himself.

"You sound as if there were rules to the game," he suggested.

"There are rules to every game, aren't there? Sam is fair quarry. Can you blame him for wandering? I give him sympathy and understanding."

The sentence flickered off suddenly, as she glanced at her wrist watch.

"I *must* run!" she exclaimed hastily. "But—can you come to my office tomorrow? At ten, say?"

So began that series of meetings which, exclusively business, eclipsed the subject of husband hunting. Even so their acquaintance progressed to that point at which Price, returning from a flying trip to Boston, felt justified in calling her up and suggesting tea again, without even offering business as his excuse. Charity accepted.

The February sky was lowering, dusk was settling as they came to the tea room that so resembled an English Inn.

The same little table, the same atmosphere of warmth and intimacy. Charity as he remembered her in the same little jersey frock—and the hat he liked.

"I really hadn't ought to do this," she remarked. "A specially important dinner tonight. Very stupid but it may mean a lot—business, you know."

A little sketch book, bound in beautifully tooled leather which she always carried, lay on the table beside the service. Tea finished, half absently he reached over and captured this.

"May I?" he asked tardily.

The clear rose-pink that flushed her surprised him; he had never before seen Charity blush. For an instant he really believed, incredible as it seemed, that she was going to snatch the book away from him. Instead:

"Let me have it a minute, please," she asked. "There's something I want to show you."

Price, puzzled, nevertheless obeyed. So, presently, he found himself studying a caricature of himself.

**V**ERY good," he conceded. "And the tombstones in the background are, I suppose, the graves of my ancestors?"

"Do you ever get very far away from them?" she demanded.

Price, letting the book close, returned it to her.

"How well you know me!" he remarked.

"The study of womankind is man," she paraphrased flipantly. "I'm sorry to have to eat and flee but I must!"

So they emerged to find that the single snowflake they had observed before entering the Inn, had been the forerunner of a healthy young blizzard. Charity, turning north and falling into her swift free stride, drew a deep breath.

"This is glorious!" she exulted. "Do you know what I'd like to do? I'd like to duck that dinner and just ride and ride through a storm like this. In a roadster, with the snow stinging my eyes and face."

"You'd catch your death of cold probably!"

"That's the first time I've heard that phrase since I left Boston. You sound exactly like my Aunt Elizabeth."

They had reached the apartment hotel in which she lived.

"Even if you want to come up, you can't," she said. "I've got to bathe and dress and every second counts."

Nevertheless, when she reached her own rooms, she seemed to forget her need of hurry. Instead she stood, for an appreciable interval, at the window overlooking the square. Presently a tiny clock on the desk tinkled the hour.

"Egypt's Queen!" she murmured, aghast. "I'm crazy! I better get me another husband." In her bath, however, she

again fell into a reverie, studying first her pink toes and then her ankles, as if in contemplation of them she might find an answer to something that perplexed her.

The telephone buzzed; startled out of her absorption she hesitated briefly. Then sprang forth snatching at her peignoir.

"I've got a car," announced an imperturbable voice over the phone. "Will you be ready in fifteen minutes?"

"You—you've got a car?" she echoed incredulously.

"A roadster," he affirmed.

"I'll be ready in exactly fifteen minutes," she told him.

This promise she kept faithfully. The roadster, parked at the



**C.** Charity, letting her evening wrap slip from her shoulders, turned to Price: "Well," she demanded, "have you got me all nicely indexed and card-catalogued now?"

curb as they emerged, suggested limitless power, ready for the task at hand.

The magnitude of this Charity began to appreciate before they were clear of the city. Fifth Avenue was a maze of slowly moving, slipping, skidding, struggling motors. The busses loomed up over them, titans fighting their way through the storm. Traffic policemen, looking like snowmen, blew whistles, lights flashed red and green when they were not wholly obliterated. The snow obscured headlights and flung itself against the windshield, which Price finally thrust open.

"Sorry, but it can't be helped," he murmured. "You dressed warmly, of course——"

"Got your rubbers on?" mocked Charity. Then, snuggling down into the robes he had wrapped her in she added, "I'm comfy—don't worry about me."

A white magic wove its spell over the familiar. She surrendered herself to this. The drive, Grant's Tomb—snowflakes hurling themselves at the headlights—Yonkers, lighted shop windows, seen as through a feathery curtain, pedestrians looking like ghosts—Tarrytown, with its fine estates all but obscured.

"Like it?" he asked, breaking a long silence.

"Love it!" she assured him. "Don't you?"

"MY AUNT ELIZABETH—I had one too—used to say 'you love your mother and like your food,'" he retorted, whimsically. "And yet I think I—do love it!" he confessed.

"I think," she commented with a flash of her more familiar manner, "that for a Bostonian born and bred, with Mayflower ancestors to boot, you do very well!"

The motor choked, gasped and stopped short. He looked at her—and she smiled.

"No gas, probably," she jeered. "And you a Bostonian."

He sat a moment, considering, and then slid out from behind the wheel. She remained where she was, utterly content, wholly unconcerned, as he disappeared toward the rear deck.

"A leak in the tank—empty!" he told her. "I wonder——"

"How far we are from a garage!" she interpolated. "That's what you are going to say, isn't it?"

"I can walk on a bit, but I don't like to leave you here alone——"

"In the midst of all this traffic? Don't worry——" she stopped short and glanced at him. "Did you see it, too?" she demanded incredulously, "or am I dreaming——"

"I saw it," he said.

The mirage, it seemed like one, was repeated. Through the storm they saw what appeared to be lighted windows, scarce a hundred yards ahead, and then again, utter blackness.

"Why, it's positively uncanny!" she gasped.

"I'm going to investigate nevertheless."

"So am I," she announced, and slipped out of the robes.

As she stepped forth he glimpsed, in the glow of the dashboard lamp, the sheer length of silk, terminating in an absurd satin slipper.

"You stay where you are!" he commanded, swiftly. "You can't——"

"Just watch me!" she suggested and slipped by him.

He captured her, within twenty yards.

"Are you mad?" he demanded, sharply.

"If you mean out of my head—no!" she retorted, flippantly.

"But I am damn' mad at my skirts. If it hadn't been for them you'd never caught me."

THEY stood within the subdued radiance of the searchlight, her face upturned toward him was rosy and so very lovely that—but he caught himself.

"Will you go back to the car?" he demanded.

"No!" she flashed.

"Very well!" he said grimly. The next thing she knew he was carrying her.

"Put me down, please!" she demanded with a flash of anger.

"On the front steps if they aren't a mirage, too," he promised.

They were solid enough and so was the house, with its lights now on, now off. Then suddenly forgetting her righteous wrath, Charity laughed.

"Stupid!" said she. "I ought to have realized that the storm is doing something to the wires. It's affected the lights and they won't burn steadily."

"But why doesn't somebody answer?" he asked, and rang again with an insistent pressure.

They waited, but there was no response. Price turned to her.

"You're becoming wetter every moment," he said. "I'm going to get in somehow—wait here, please."

This time she obeyed. The snow had drenched her absurd slippers: she shivered and snuggled down into the fur collar of her wrap. Then, startling her, the front door opened.

"Come in," suggested Price, "and make yourself right at home. The lights seem to have gone for good. But there must be a candle or a lamp somewhere."

THE match he struck illumined the little hall, and they both turned toward what was obviously the living-room. There, on the mantel, he discovered twin candles in brass candlesticks and these he lighted.

"The lady of the house will murder you," prophesied Charity, cheerfully. "Those candles look to me like wedding presents—all dolled up—and obviously intended to be ornamental rather than useful."

Price grinned. "Needs must when the devil drives." And then, his voice quickening. "What luck—a fire all laid in the grate!"

As he knelt to kindle this, Charity let her eyes traverse the room. To her practiced eyes it represented a definite attempt at charm, without quite achieving it. Perhaps because it was so obviously new and yet untried.

"And that's that," announced Price, rising and looking down at the slapping blaze with the conscious glow of pride that every human seems to feel at this achievement. "Won't you take off your things and stay a while?"

Charity instantly slipped out of her wrap . . .

"Great Caesar's ghost!" he exclaimed, incredulous of eye—she was in the same black décolleté that she had worn the first night—"do you call *that* something warm?"

"I call it a feminine retort to masculine fuddy-ism!"

Price drew a chair up to the hearth. "Sit down!" he commanded.

"My lord and master, your humble servant obeys!" mocked Charity.

"I'll see if I can find something for you to change to," Price announced, and taking one of the candles departed upstairs.

When he returned, bearing woolen stockings and brown mules, she sat with her rosy toes nonchalantly stretched out toward the fire.

As she took the things, he bent toward her. The pressure of his lips on hers took her utterly by surprise. She struggled to her feet, breathing hard, and then surrendered to an irresistible impulse. But he caught her wrist and laughed at her.

"False move!" he mocked. "You should have laughed, not struck."

This was true and she knew it. Tears, which she scorned threatened to complete her rout. She turned and snatched at her wrap.

"I shan't stay here another instant!" she flashed.

"I AM VERY much afraid that you are going to stay here all night!" he told her coolly.

"I thought," she flamed,—“that you were a gentleman."

"You belong back in the dark ages—with Mrs. Sam," he assured her. "If women choose to play the game with new rules, why shouldn't men?"

"I—I hate you!"

"That's bully good news!" he replied, with undiminished cheerfulness. "Eleven o'clock. Gosh, aren't you most famished?"

"I couldn't eat a mouthful."

"I could—several," he said and, taking one of the candles wandered off toward the kitchen.

Left alone, Charity hastily struggled into dry stockings and thrust her feet into the mules. Then she rose. She might slip out yet, while he was busy at the ice chest. But suppose she did?

A note, scrawled in pencil and pinned to the lampshade, attracted her eyes; she began to read automatically, without realizing she was doing so:

"Dear Children:

Welcome home again. I've left everything in readiness. I must run now to get father's supper. Anyway, I know that your first night in your own home——" [Continued on page 143]



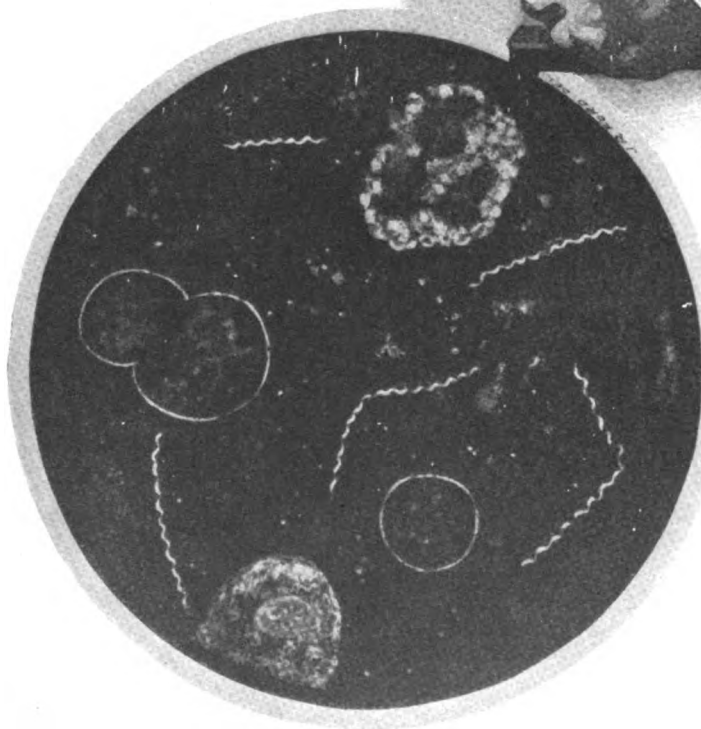
# The TRUTH About SYPHILIS

## Third of the Series on Doctors and DRUG- MONGERS

By

Dr. Paul H. De Kruif

**Q** Here is a  
devastating  
scourge for  
which there  
is now a  
cure;  
yet people  
still run  
to fakes!



**Q** The mystery surrounding the Great Pox, as syphilis used to be called, was shattered by the German scientist Schaudinn who discovered the germ (here shown a thousand times enlarged) that had so long eluded the bacteriologists.

same; hence the number of gullible doctors will do likewise. What we will attempt to do in this series will be to place ourselves in the attitude of the intelligent doctor, who is scornful of crazes, adamant against fads, but hospitable to advances of genuine merit.

It is a curious and interesting fact that one of the most feared and loathsome of human afflictions is at the same time one of the few diseases which up to now have been definitely influenced by drugs. The

disease in question is known as syphilis. It is only very recently that this word has been able to appear in print, outside of medical journals, and textbooks, so great is the loathing of mankind toward the disease and toward those who suffer from it, and so great the secrecy surrounding its discussion.

The first really authentic record of this plague among civilized people is that of 1494, when it appeared in epidemic form, first in Spain, then in Italy, next in France, and so all over Europe. It was carried from place to place, largely by invading armies. Its venereal nature was soon recognized, and opprobrium and loathing began to be associated with it at once. No nation wanted to own it. So the French spoke of it as the "Neapolitan Sickness" and the Italians referred to it as the "French Disease," and so on.

Strangely enough, a drug was found to combat it very soon after it had spread over Europe. Old records tell us of one

**M**ANY intelligent doctors become disgusted with the confusion and lack of common sense that exist in the field of the treatment of disease. They observe their fellow physicians chasing after this fad or that, enthusiastically indorsing a new treatment one day, and dropping it the next. Such men use drugs sparingly, and in many of their cases, not at all. They pin their faith on the power of the body to overcome many of its ills, and believe that the number of really valuable and necessary drugs may be counted on the fingers of both hands.

They are from Missouri in regard to new drugs and new methods of treatment. They require to be shown. Were all doctors of this skeptical turn of mind, the drug industry would collapse, the great confusion that exists at present would be cleared away, and the chances of real progress in the fundamental knowledge of the treatment of disease would be much improved. But such a condition would be Utopian, and there is not much hope that it will ever exist.

This is true, because there is no good evidence that the human trait of gullibility is decreasing, despite the great extension of education. The number of gullible people remains about the

Jacobus Carpensis, who in 1502 first used mercury in the treatment of the Neapolitan Sickness, "whose use was so successful that he presently became rich thereby."

The effect of the drug was so distinct and unmistakable that even the shaky and unscientific methods of folklore soon placed it in the small company of really valuable drugs. Mercury, however, has some serious disadvantages. It is a poison to the body as well as to the disease. So, because there was no carefully standardized dosage, many patients were poisoned and actually killed by doctors who were too eager to cure them. This caused the popularity of mercury to wax and to wane. In the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries German candidates for the doctor's degree were made to take oath that they would under no conditions prescribe mercury for their patients. Doctors who did so

punishment by God, visited upon lewd and immoral persons. There was only one way, in early days, to tell to what extent mercury was of benefit. This was for doctors to give a long and careful course of treatment with the drug, until outward signs of the malady disappeared, and then to watch carefully for a recurrence of the disease or what is technically known as a "relapse."

If a person so unfortunate as to contract the disease, submitted himself to careful mercurial treatment, his symptoms might disappear, they might never return, and consequently he might be said to be *cured* by mercury.

On the other hand, some people who were *never* treated with mercury, had the same experience. That is to say, they contracted the plague, and then for some unexplainable reasons got better without any treatment, and remained hale and hearty till old age.

NEW YORK MEDICAL JOURNAL

# SPIROCIDE

(MERCUPRESSEN)

## A New and Successful Treatment of Syphilis

By Fumigation and Inhalation

Spirocide is a carefully balanced combination of mercury, copper and vegetable matter, compressed into a mass weighing approximately 10 grams. This mass when ignited, burns slowly and requires 15 to 30 minutes for complete combustion.

Spirocide is the safest and most convenient form in which mercury can be administered.

Spirocide does not cause pain, and its use is attended by the least possible discomfort to the patient.

Spirocide can be administered in the office and the home; does not interfere with the patient's work or usual activities.

Spirocide is indicated in all stages of syphilis, primary, secondary and tertiary, and in all its complications or sequelae.

Interesting case reports, together with the names of medical men who are using Spirocide, will be sent to physicians on request.

**THE SPIROCIDE CORPORATION**

28 West 23rd Street      New York

*C. The morbid veil of secrecy thrown about syphilis promotes and encourages such fake cures as Spirocide, the ridiculous claims for which fairly reek of the ancient quacksalvers.*

were denounced as "poison mixers and murderers."

As years passed the amount of mercury which might be safely given was more and more accurately determined, so that now no physician is in danger of being clapped in prison for using the drug. For a long time, however, it was a serious question whether its effect on this dreadful disease was to cure, or only to improve its symptoms.

Till very recently, the cause of syphilis remained a mystery. It was considered by many people to be a

It is evident from this that it would be easy for "knockers" to maintain that mercury had no real effect on the disease. Such critics might say that it would be better to go to a soothsayer or witch doctor, or indulge in prayer to God, rather than run a chance of being poisoned by a dangerous drug.

In those days of ignorance of the cause of this sinister plague, the opponents of the use of mercury might have been put to flight by a simple method. That is to say, if doctors had kept careful records of the number of people who suffered relapse after good treatment with mercury, compared to the number who relapsed after prayer or witch-doctoring *with no mercury*, they might have had definite evidence of the merit of mercury. They could have assured themselves by comparing the records, that many more people got better by mercury, than spontaneously or by prayer.

But doctors do not like to keep statistics. They are usually too busy. They find it necessary to rush about at the beck and call of anguished patients. Unlike the engineer, they fear mathematics and even simple arithmetic. So they are forced to rely on their impressions and beliefs. And they are, therefore, constantly involved in discussions, arguments, strife, and turmoil both among themselves and with ignorant outsiders, who seek to belittle their praiseworthy efforts.

In 1905 an event occurred which has proved of capital importance in the fight of physicians against the "Great Pox," as syphilis used to be called. The mystery surrounding the disease was shattered by a German scientist named Schaudinn. This investigator showed that the malady was caused by a minute germ, so slender and delicate that it had escaped the search of hundreds of bacteriologists. The illustration on page 59 gives you an idea of the appearance of this dangerous beast.

Schaudinn named the organism "Spirocheta Pallida." He called it a "Spirocheta" because of its spiral form; "Pallida" because it was so difficult to stain with the dyes that are used to make such minute organisms visible.

A short time afterwards two French scientists named Metschnikoff and Roux were able to transfer the disease to higher apes. It is interesting to know just how they obtained these rare and expensive animals. One of them had received a prize for distinguished work in science. Instead of spending the money for a Rolls-Royce, or a better house, this investigator devoted it to the purchase of apes, and to experimenting on these animals.

With the possibility of studying this disease in the laboratory, our knowledge of the chances of curing it began to grow rapidly. The spirochete



*C. Facsimile illustration from circular showing "practical" use of Spirocide appealing to the most gullible elements in humanity.*

could be demonstrated in the syphilitic sores of the apes, as well as in those of humans. It was soon found that the germ rapidly disappeared when the animals were properly dosed with mercury and that a real cure could be effected.

But a serious obstacle remained to further knowledge. The symptoms of this disease have a curious way of disappearing. The patient, and even the doctor, may believe that a cure has occurred. Then suddenly the malady may return, with ravages more severe than those that occurred in the first attack. There was no way to determine whether a patient had really been cured or whether treatment had caused the spirochetes to retreat to some remote corner of the body, to rest, and at the first opportunity to resume their attack with redoubled vigor.

This obstacle to knowledge has been at least partially conquered by another German, named Wassermann. This investigator devised a blood test which gives quite a good indication of cure. The technic of the test is too complicated to describe in this place. But when it is properly performed, much can be learned from it in regard to the real condition of a patient who is well to all outward appearances.

**I**F THE test is pronounced "positive" by a competent man, the physician may be sure that his patient still harbors the germ of the disease, even though his skin be as clear as that of a baby, and even though he be perfectly well and able to go about his ordinary duties.

If, on the other hand, the test shows a negative result, repeatedly, over a period of years, it is fair to presume that a genuine cure has taken place.

Great steps forward in the conquest of this dreadful disease followed the scientific studies just described. It is thanks to the fact that the malady could be transmitted to animals that such advances were made.

While it had now been proved that mercury has a definitely injurious effect on the cause of this infection, it was clear that other curative agents should be looked for. This was evident for two reasons. First, the dose of mercury needed to destroy the infection is perilously near to the dose that seriously harms human beings. Second, many cases of this plague flourish obstinately, in spite of thorough treatment with this new drug. So, the German scientist, Ehrlich, set out on an adventure as stirring as any exploration. In brief, he began looking for a chemical compound, which would have a fatal effect on the germ of the Great Pox, but which would, at the same time, leave the patient unharmed.

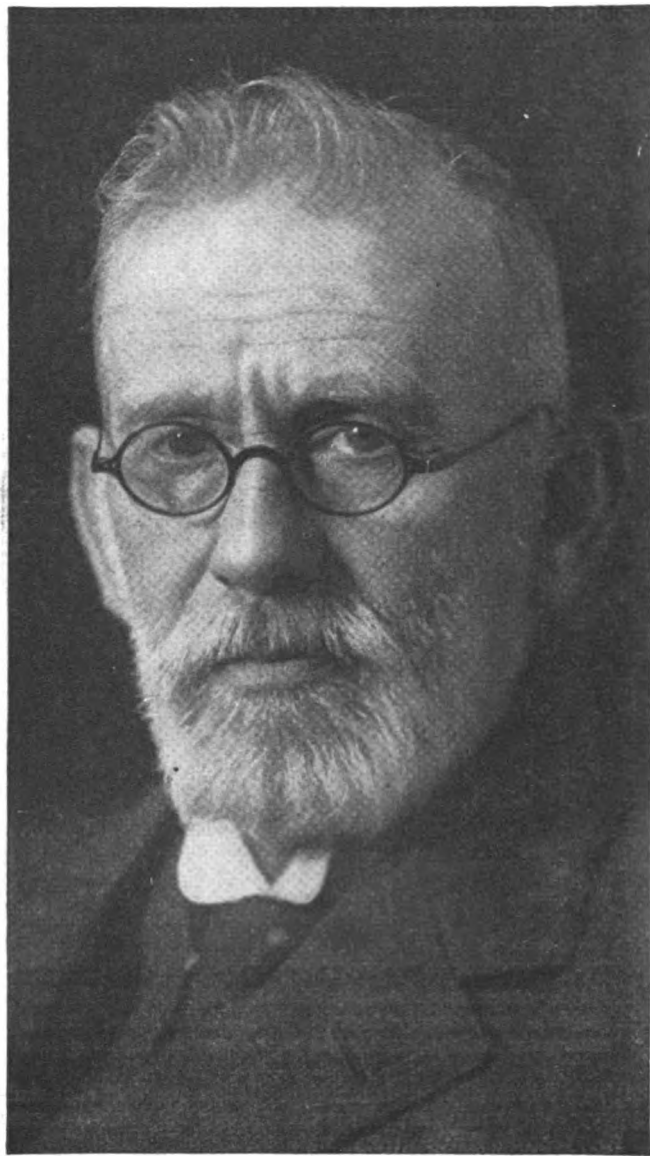
In a remarkably short time after the beginning of his systematic search, Ehrlich found a substance which had a striking effect upon various diseases caused by spiral-shaped microbes.

**E**HRlich and his assistants did not work with substances which were ready-made. On the other hand, they called upon expert chemists to fashion new and complicated compounds. The chemists modified these substances in various ways, according to the advice of the master, Ehrlich, who tested the curative action of each one on experimental animals. Finally a drug was prepared that showed great promise of curative power against various diseases caused by spiral-shaped microbes. A small dose of this drug was able to cure rats, at one fell swoop, of relapsing fever.

Following this lead, Ehrlich turned his attention at once to syphilis, which by this time could be experimentally produced in rabbits. Again he was successful. In 1909 this drug, which Ehrlich called "606," was first tested on human beings suffering from this disease. The results were really magical. A patient on one day might be covered with a severe syphilitic rash. A dose of the new drug was given him, and presto! In twenty-four hours the rash had disappeared. The severe and loathsome sores and ulcers of the later stages of the disease vanished in an almost equally prompt manner.

High hopes at once arose of the possibility of stamping out completely this scourge of mankind. Ministers of the gospel and moralists generally entered upon grave discussions of the advisability of using this new miraculous substance. For, said they, people will be freed of the penalty of their sins, if venereal disease can be stamped out so easily.

The first high hopes were soon shattered. For it was found that while the outward sign of the malady quickly vanished before a single dose of the new drug, relapses were almost sure to occur, sooner or later. What is more, numbers of fatal accidents following injections began to be reported.



*Ehrlich, another German scientist, in 1909 set out on a stirring adventure. He began looking for a chemical compound which would have a fatal effect on the germ of the Great Pox but which would leave the patient unharmed, and he found it in his famous "606."*

Twelve years have gone by since the brilliant discovery of Ehrlich. The fires of the first enthusiasm have died down. The cries of the knockers and critics have largely been silenced. The drug has been modified into a new compound, called "914." Millions of injections have been given.

It is now known that, if a sufficient number of doses are given, there is far greater hope of cure than in the old days when mercury was the only weapon. Careful statistics have been compiled, especially by British physicians. These show that when a patient is well treated with "606" and mercury, his outlook for a healthy and useful life is bright.

**Y**EARS must pass before it is really known whether this disease can be cured in the majority of cases. But it is surely a great triumph of science, and wonderful enough, that it can be so well controlled. It is most important from the viewpoint of public health, that a drug exists which is able rapidly to abolish the contagious stage of the disease, so that persons carefully treated are no longer a menace to their fellows.

Readers who delight in the art of muck-raking will begin to wonder at the purpose of the foregoing story. Expecting to read of the sinister activities of drug-mongers, they have met instead great praise of solid and brilliant achievements in the treatment of a most fearsome plague. It is easy to understand how quackery and piracy might exist in the treatment of a disease like cancer, which has till now baffled the attacks of scientists. But it is difficult to imagine how such exploitation could exist in the case of a malady like syphilis, which can be most





**C.** Further obstacles to knowledge in the treatment of syphilis were partially conquered by the famous Wassermann Blood Test, the investigator devising a test which gives a good indication of cure.

strikingly benefited by certain drugs. It is a real fact that sculduggery exists even here, where there is not the faintest excuse for it. We will try to give you an idea of the sinister nature of the activities of certain drug manufacturers in this field.

There are a number of ways of giving mercury to unfortunates who suffer from the Great Pox. Compounds of this metal may be taken by mouth, they may be rubbed into the skin, they may be injected underneath the skin, or into the muscles, or even into the veins. The best opinion seems to hold that there is little to choose between these methods. Each has certain advantages. To each there are certain objections. But none of them stands out above the others in efficiency.

But wait! These careful statements of the highest authorities are given the lie by a group of public "benefactors" who call themselves "The Spiroicide Corporation." According to their advertisements in medical gazettes, the safest and most convenient way to take mercury is to inhale it.

Their appeal, they say, is to physicians only, and their conduct in regard to advertising is "ethical." But in reality their appeal extends far beyond the ranks of doctors. The methods of Spiroicide are irresistibly attractive to the most gullible and childish elements in

humanity. They go cleverly after that side of our natures that loves to parade itself in the plumed fore-and-aft hat and the tin sword of mystic orders, that wishes to take part in the childish and imbecile activities of the Ku Klux; that hesitates to sail the seas in stateroom "94," because 9 plus 4 equals 13.

The administration of "Spiroicide" is not an example of sound treatment. It is essentially a rite, or a ceremony. Here are some of the directions, taken from one of the advertising booklets, sanctimoniously labeled "For Physicians Only," which show the flimsiness of its claims.

"Spiroicide is administered by means of fumigation and inhalation. The patient is disrobed to the waist and placed in a light chair, preferably with arms. A pastil or tablet of spiroicide is placed on a small plate, or other receptacle, after being ignited by holding in a gas or alcohol flame. . . . until it begins to smoulder. The plate with the burning spiroicide is then placed on the floor beneath the patient's feet or just under the chair. A small shelf or platform between the lower rounds of the chair is an excellent location for the plate containing the burning mass. When all is in position, a sheet should be thrown over the patient and arranged to enclose the whole. The patient should breathe naturally and inhale the vapor, which will rise and fill the canopy surrounding him. . . . The patient may complain at first of a slight choking sensation, and there may be some tendency to cough. This can be removed by raising the sheet long enough to let in a little clear air. The eyes should be closed or lightly bandaged to avoid smarting."

The picture on page 60 is a facsimile of a circular showing the "practical" use of spiroicide. The directions just quoted fairly reek of the nonsense put out by ancient quacksalvers and medicine men.

The minute directions in regard to the placing of the pot of healing incense, the order that the patient be stripped to the waist, the remark about the chair "preferably with arms," are gorgeous examples of the hocus-pocus in which the medieval brothers of the Rosy Cross loved to indulge.

Six repetitions of this sacred rite are urged, but "occasionally, depending on the severity of the disease, it may be wise to give nine treatments."

It is alleged:

"At the completion of this course of treatment with spiroicide all signs or evidences of syphilis are removed, and in ten days to three months all Wassermann tests are negative. Any further treatments than the original course of fumigations are rarely needed. These results have been obtained in cases in which Salvarsan (606) and kindred preparations have been employed without even the slightest benefit."

**A**STOUNDING claims these! And such as would hardly be made after years of careful and prolonged treatment by the most improved methods.

But in spite of the very evident appeal to hocus-pocus, and the evidently exaggerated claims of merit, this mysterious new method gained a considerable vogue among doctors.

To claim special virtue for this method of giving mercury is no more or less fantastic than to advocate giving castor oil by means of a spray pump. And it would be just as idiotic to assert that the best way to give Epsom salts would be to cause the patient to dive headlong into a vat of the bitter dose. Let these two latter procedures be advertised with insistence and sonority and many doctors would solemnly recommend them in a short time.

This year the whole question of the virtue of inhaling mercury in the treatment of syphilis has been impartially studied by medical experts. They have shown conclusively that:



**C.** Here is our old friend, Swift's Specific, which used to claim to cure syphilis, and which traded upon the fear some sufferers have of the mercury treatment.

First—Not only is mercury inhalation not “the safest method,” but there is special danger of irritation of the lungs.

Second—The dosage is bound to be indefinite, causing the doctor to steer between inefficiency and danger.

Third—An improved method of mercury inhalation was applied to a series of patients with active syphilis—*without* therapeutic (curative) response.

The Spiroicide Corporation claims to be in possession of records which prove the superiority of its methods. The Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry submitted these records to two of the highest authorities in the land.

These men agreed that the evidence was completely insufficient to support the exaggerated claims of spiroicide. In several of the cases it was by no means proved that the patient had syphilis.

In twenty cases, the patients had also received “606.”

The advertisements of Spiroicide were still to be seen in the New York Medical Journal for March, 1922. In the same month the writer paid a friendly call upon the Spiroicide Corporation at its offices in New York City. He asked for records which might really prove the remarkable virtues of this new treatment.

His polite inquiries were met with profound suspicion and attempts at evasion by a representative of the company. He was told that advertising of Spiroicide had been withdrawn and sale stopped, pending “important experiments,” being conducted in Brooklyn on guinea pigs! (Guinea pigs, of all laboratory animals, are the very ones least suitable for syphilis experiment.)

Either the Spiroicide Corporation is a bit frightened at the wild nature of its claims, or it is preparing to announce still more astounding triumphs.

Detailed remarks are not in order. It is enough to say that, in spite of the existence of at least four superior ways of giving mercury, in spite of the availability of “606,” this ancient, mysterious, essentially foolish, possibly dangerous method is impudently extolled to the medical profession.

It is hard to explain why it does not rise as one man to exclude such arrant nonsense and lying claims from the mails and advertising pages of its journals.

Those of you who have followed the war against “patent medicines” will probably remember the fraudulent claims of the cure of syphilis that were formerly made for a nostrum called “Swift’s Sure Specific.” This great remedy was a concoction of harmless yarbs and simples. It had little effect upon the body, or its ailments. It was elevating to the soul because of its fifteen per cent content of hooch.

It claimed, in those days, to be a *vegetable* cure for the Great Pox. It traded upon the great fear that many sufferers from the disease have for treatment with mercury. For it is true that many patients have suffered abominably from overdosage with this drug, which is valuable only if properly used.

OF COURSE the claim of S. S. S. to be a vegetable cure was utter poppycock. Its beneficial effect, aside from that of its alcohol on the courage of the patient, was equal to that of so much water. Finally, scenting possible prosecution from certain powerful agencies, S. S. S. withdrew its quackish claims. Now it respectably and conservatively presents itself as beneficial to other ailments, having not the remotest connection with syphilis.

The commercial use of the drugs we are about to describe had its beginning in a hurried and regrettably thoughtless publication by a surgeon of very high standing. This doctor, eager to be abreast of the times, had heard of the brilliant success of “606,” which had just then been announced in Germany.

The new miraculous drug was not yet obtainable in America. The doctor was no scientist, and knew only that “606” was an organic compound of arsenic. He reasoned that if one organic compound of arsenic was beneficial for syphilis, any other one would have the same effect. He did not stop to realize that drugs display a most remarkably specific effect upon the parasites that plague us. He failed to remember that Ehrlich had tested hundreds of compounds of arsenic, closely related to “606,” before finding one that had a curative effect.

Having blundered thus in his reasoning, he cast about for a ready-made compound of arsenic. He found it in a substance which was comparatively cheap, and rather harmless to the body. It was known as Sodium Cacodylate.

He tried this drug upon *three* patients with active syphilis, found them to improve, published his results in the Journal of the American Medical Association and advised that all doctors try this new remedy. Not a semblance of animal experiment, mind you!

But such tests came quickly on the heels of the great doctor’s so-called discovery. They proved that, in the syphilis of rabbits, cacodylate had absolutely no curative effect.

Then followed a careful study of the treatment of this dread disease in humans, with cacodylate. Again, the report that the drug was practically useless. What is more, large doses were found to be dangerous to the health of the patient.

In spite of these proofs of its uselessness, certain drug-mongers began at once to advertise sodium cacodylate as a new wonderful treatment for the Great Pox.

The “Intravenous Products Company” produced a form of it which they dubbed “Venarsen.” This name is a deliberate attempt at imitation of the trade name of “606,” which is “Salvarsan.” These gentlemen asserted their product was “less poisonous than other known arsenic compounds, and that it had greater effect upon the spirochete” (the germ which causes syphilis).

CALLLED upon to present real evidence of these claims, the manufacturers failed to do so. Probably such testimonials are in their possession. At any rate, the writer wishes to add one presented by an honest and reputable physician of Kansas City.

June 8, 1917.

The Intravenous Products Co.,  
Denver, Colo.

Gentlemen:

In reply to your circular letter under date of June 3, may I say that after using a great quantity of Venarsen both in clinical and private cases, I can see no more effect upon these cases *than if so much water had been administered.*\*

This is also the report of Dr. \_\_\_\_\_ pathologist of the \_\_\_\_\_ Hospital, University of \_\_\_\_\_.

In our experiments all bloods were tested before and after administration of this product.

\_\_\_\_\_, M. D.  
Kansas City, Mo.

\*Italics are ours.

This testimonial is added, because the Intravenous Products Company may, by accident, fail to include it in their advertising material.

This compound, now named “Solution of Arsenic and Mercury,” is offered to doctors by the New York Intravenous Laboratory. These gentlemen are seeking with more or less success, to propagate the faddish and often dangerous notion that the majority of drugs should be injected directly into the blood stream.

They announce in regard to their “Solution of Arsenic and Mercury”:

“This methyl compound of arsenic (sodium cacodylate) has come into almost universal use for syphilis. . . . It has been demonstrated beyond a doubt that cacodylate of soda proves an effective remedy for syphilis. . . .”

These statements contain at least two lies. Cacodylate has *not* “come into almost universal use in the treatment of syphilis” and there is not a shred of decent evidence that “its usefulness has been demonstrated beyond a doubt.”

How do these drug-mongers differ from the low peddlers of S. S. S.? Only in that they make dupes of doctors, while S. S. S. sought to dupe the public.

If there were no really effective remedy for this terrible disease, there might be some excuse for the trial of questionable drugs. But this is not the case. The medical profession has powerful weapons for the control and probable cure of syphilis. These weapons are “606,” “914,” and mercury.

It has been demonstrated that cacodylate is practically inert against this disease, yet the drug-mongers in question seek to substitute it for drugs of proved value.

“606” combined with mercury rapidly destroys the contagious stage of syphilis. This treatment consequently removes great sources of danger to the public health. For every person suffering from syphilis in an active form is a possible source of infection to his fellow men. The advertisement and sale of inert drugs like “cacodylate,” when really valuable ones are at hand, is hardly less than criminal.

The indifference of many physicians, who are constantly bombarded by these false claims, is a blot on a generally honorable profession.

❧ Next Month: “Vaccine for Broken Legs,” the fourth of Dr. De Kruij’s articles on Doctors and Drug-Mongers.





“A flare bursts. I look. He has reached the post, he is shaking, pulling it. Then all the boche machine guns begin coffee-milling together.”

# The Unknown

By Will Irwin & Howard E. Morton

Illustrated by Douglas Duer

LÉON RÉNAUD was bearing his vicarious honors with a Gallic sense of appropriate dramatic importance. As he entered the Café des Ruines at Ily-sur-Flère on the eve of the day set for the climax, the assembled company of café loafers dawdling over their liqueurs or their cylindrical glasses of sweet, thin beer, noted that already he was arrayed in his frock coat of ceremony. Fanlike from his buttonhole ran in brilliant little slashes the ribbons of the War Cross, the Military Medal, the Verdun Medal, the medal of the Great War.

“Ah! It is tonight your son comes, then, Rénaud?” spoke Dufresne from the monentary silence over the card game in the corner. Dufresne was of a jealous nature; it was just his way to mar triumph by a remark so subtly offensive that one could not take it up. Léon Rénaud’s manner grew if anything more stiff and formal as he answered:

“No, tomorrow as all the world knows.” Without further ado

he wheeled, military-fashion, and seated himself at the side-table with the cracked marble top across from the one-armed Eclogue. His manner suggested that the glory of his race and tribe was not going to make him forget old friends—that, quite democratically, he proposed to continue his invariable practice of playing his evening game of dominoes with Eclogue, comrade of the whole Great War and especially of the Twenty-first of February—the immortal Territorial Defense at Verdun.

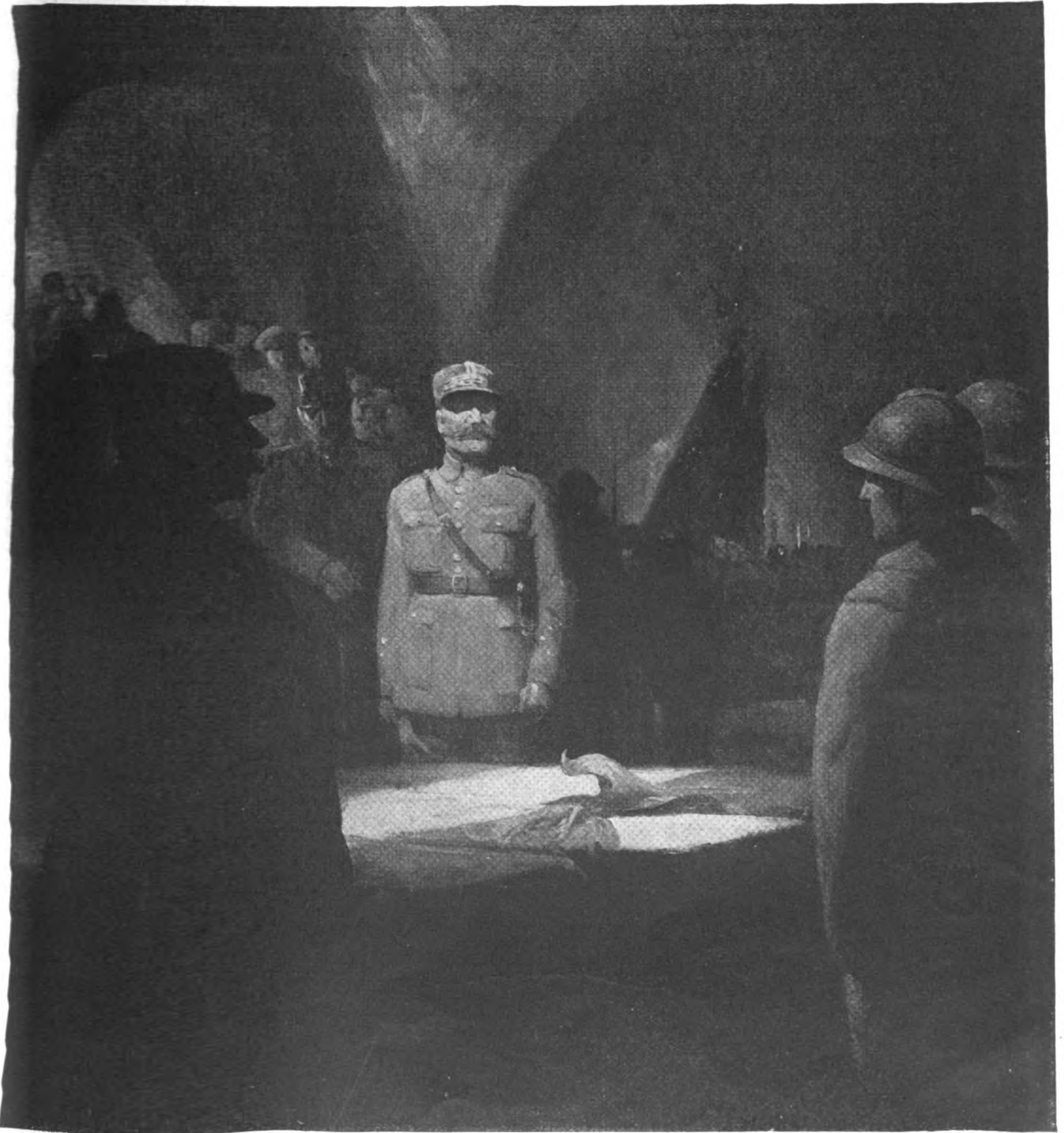
That dignity of Léon, that faint suggestion of condescending eminence, had for a week been growing on him as successive arrivals of the Parisian newspapers brightened the glory. The first dim hint came in the weekly letter from Virgile himself. His regiment of the new class was at Verdun training. All Verdun, military and civilian, was tuning up for the great event which was to put the capstone on her innumerable glories—the selection from her shell-winnowed fields of that unknown



soldier whose body, representing the poilus of France, should lie forever under the Arc de Triomphe. "We hear that a squad of *les nouveaux* is to make the selection," wrote Virgile. "Lucky monkeys! They probably will get leave afterwards." Then, one morning not a week later, Madame Gemier, town gossip, came in advance of the Parisian newspapers to bring the great tidings which she had learned at the Mairie—Virgile had been in the squad. There, when the newspapers arrived, was the name on the front page of the *Matin*—Virgile Rénaud,—Infantry, Ily-sur-Flère, Pas-de-Calais.

Followed a week of pleasantly exciting events, each of which increased by its quarter of an inch the chest measure of Léon Rénaud, raised by a degree his sagging shoulders toward their

old military perpendicular. The squad of *nouveaux* who had selected the coffin of the unknown was to march in the parade when the body was interred under the Arch of Triumph. Virgile was to share honors for the day with the President of the Republic and the Great Marshal. Then the editor of the *Pas-de-Calais Télégramme* came all the way over from Boulogne to interview the father of this hero, bore away, after many pledges of its safety, his one photograph taken during the war—the gift of an American correspondent who had made this snapshot while Léon was in hospital back of Dugny, recovering from his Verdun wound. And Monsieur the editor brought confirmation of news already broken in a postcard from Virgile—that when all was over, he was going to have a week's leave at home.



Q. "We stand before the six coffins. They are covered with tricolor. The tricolor on the coffin to my right begins to lift. On both corners of the coffin are hammer marks like a letter T."

There was evidently some mysterious connection between the Télégramme and the Parisian press, for two days later, the snapshot was on the front page of the Paris Journal beside a photograph of young Virgile in his uniform. That, and an account of Léon's own military record—how he, a man of forty-one with three children, had gone to war with the Territorials in 1914, how the German lines had come up to the very gates of Ily-sur-Flère, driving his family as refugees to Bordeaux; how Léon's regiment of grizzled old men had formed itself in the trenches before Verdun on the day when the great German attack burst out of a clear sky; how they had held even to extinction.

**F**AITH, YES! It was fit, thought Léon; and his glorified imagination carried him to reflections which he confided only to Eclogue. Madame Rénaud, to whom he dutifully confided most things, and who herself now lived in a state of glorified excitement, was only a woman after all. She had not seen him through fear and triumph over fear, through misery and unnatural hysterical happiness, through starvation and freezing and vermin and unbearable pain, through all the shadows of death, as had that cynical, chary, quiet, but generous-hearted chum of his, save himself the only survivor of a squad of six Territorials that had marched in their old-fashioned red kepis and trousers from Ily a thousand soul-years ago.

"Eh, but perhaps it was one of ours that has been chosen," said Léon to Eclogue.

"And which?" he continued, letting imagination become certainty, "which would it be—Dubuque or Cordier or my lieutenant, perhaps?"

"It does one no harm to dream," said Eclogue, "except the disappointment at waking. And one will not wake from this dream. For who will know? Pick your man, and believe it!"

Léon played his double-six almost savagely. In some things, even Eclogue could not have perfect sympathy. For a minute, there was no sound between them except the click of the dominoes. But there were other sounds, all whipping up the tiny annoyance within him. From the table in the corner where Dufresne sat, came a faint snicker. Someone had passed an invidious joke. Turning his

eyes he could see that the head of Madame, bowed on her hands, was shaking.

"One stifles in this atmosphere!" growled Léon to Eclogue; then he snapped a word to Madame which brought her up straight trying to hide the confusion in her face under a deferential smile.

"Is it that your back room is vacant tonight?" asked Léon.

"But yes—" began Madame.

"We go there!" said Léon decisively, sweeping the dominoes into the box. Before Madame could rise to precede them, he had pushed into the narrow back entryway, knocked together of boards from a dozen abandoned trenches, had shoved with determination through a portière-like door of gunny-sacking, had switched on the electric light, had seated himself. All these movements Eclogue followed.

"One stifles," he repeated. "One wishes to be alone. Is it that this camel of a Dufresne defended Verdun? Is it that he has a son honored by France?" His voice rose and stopped as though he were controlling much. And when Léon spoke again, his irritation was gone and only glory remained—that and old memories, regretful but how tender:

"Dubuque or Cordier or Thiollère or my lieutenant!" he said. And now, plainly, speculation had grown in his mind to a certainty.

**H**ERE ECLOGUE flashed a quick, "But one never can know—the law of chances, my boy!" The smoldering fire of his musings went out of Léon Rénaud's eyes. He shook his head and, "But yes—one never can know," he admitted as he settled himself back to the game. When he spoke again, Virgile, it appeared, was uppermost in his mind. "A mischievous boy—a little blagueur—but always dutiful in the end."

Suddenly a clamor arose in the café without—a shuffling of feet, joyous voices. Léon stiffened up, a domino poised in air. The clamor increased, it was coming their way; it was pierced by a word which brought Léon tumbling to his feet—Virgile! The burlap door opened, was dropped; it left standing full in the electric light a lithe, straight boy all in neat, tight horizon-blue, his cap tilted rakishly over his ear. Slim and only of middle height, he was stalwart, nevertheless. His hair and complexion were of the ruddy, Frankish blond wherewith the North has touched France, but his large eyes were dark; and they twinkled and glittered now as if

many electric cross-currents of emotion were meeting and shooting sparks. Some roguish impulse seemed to conquer; for before Léon Rénaud rose and gathered him in a paternal French embrace, he had drawn himself up with a salute so flourishing that it was almost mocking. And as his father released him, held him off by the shoulders at arm's length, his eyes danced. Eclogue had risen, was sliding out of the room. In an aside almost impatient, Léon called him back.

"They out there are superfluous," he said; "you—never!" Now he addressed Virgile, still holding him by the shoulders at arm's length. "And why are you here so soon? And have you seen your mother?"

**C**, "Armand hears her from the road at night—he is watching the house. He rushes and pounds upon the door."





1. "Rose-Émilie, he discovers, leaves her room at night to meet this young Armand Croque. Magniac shuts her up. She weeps."

"My leave was to begin tonight," replied Virgile; "but my travel orders and ticket came this morning. The system of the French army—it is astonishing, wonderful to behold!"

"Now I know he is a son to one of ours," put in Eclogue. "A true poilu. He objects. He finds fault."

"And as for my mother," interrupted Virgile. "Do I not, my captain, know my duty? Have I not reported to the sergeant? Ma foi, it rained women at once! She was for sending for you, but I dragged myself away from the tea-party to you!" Something new was in this son of his, Léon meditated through all his grateful sense of personal flattery. Six months ago, when Virgile marched away with the colors, he would have cut off his right hand rather than display his affections on the surface; now—it was as though he had suddenly grown up and, man-fashion, was willing to face everything, even his own emotions.

"We old veterans have things to talk over which the women would never understand!" he continued; and Léon felt in that assumption of equality something curiously thrilling. It seemed to put the capstone onto the structure of rapturous pride which

life had been building up in him during the last fortnight. The glow lasted while he summoned Madame, ordered apéritives all around, while they lighted black cigarettes and settled back to a talk which consisted mostly in flashes from Virgile, in promptings from the others: how the Great Marshal looked—the mustache of the President of the Republic—the girls of Paris. Once, Eclogue with his own crackling directness, once Léon with his emotional rhetoric, tried to draw him to the heart of the reminiscences—the scene in the citadel of Verdun when the squad of young soldiers picked the body of the unknown. Both times, Virgile seemed to shy from this point; he shifted abruptly to sprightly accounts of Paris in the solemnity of the state funeral, in the rebound of gaiety afterwards. When Léon again drew near the subject, he half consciously noted a curious thing. He had a sense that this heart of the subject embarrassed Virgile. The nearer he approached it, the more some curtain of reserve seemed to blind the sparkle of his son's eyes. Yet this sense was not strong enough to inhibit Léon's rush of speculation.

"Ah!" he said. "Ours fought before Verdun. We left there



sixty-eight unknown dead, for the boche took no prisoners from among us—not after what we had done to them! And if it were one of ours—how fitting with you in the squad! And why not?" Léon continued, his voice now a little squeezed with awe: "Why not? Do not our dead live? Did they not lead us on in the year of victory? Were they not present in glorious legions that day?" His voice stopped. "Tell me, my son," he asked almost pleadingly. "Was there any sign—any proof—of where they found him—who he was?"

THE FATHER was holding the son's eyes in the clutch of his own direct, burning gaze. And the thing which followed was tiny but momentous. Virgile's eyes grew leaden, dropped. A flush began at his throat, ran upward across his fair skin to the roots of his hair. It brought a flash of memory to Léon; and behind memory trailed certainty. Once, five years ago, home on leave with his refugee family, he had found Virgile accused of poaching—snaring pheasants from the estate of

the Comte d'Alois which bordered the refugee camp. It was the gamekeeper who brought the charge—privately. He did not wish to brand the son of a poilu at the front, he said. And he presented a piece of incontrovertible evidence—Virgile's cap, the name inked on the lining. One of the poachers had lost it in running away. Virgile was only fifteen then; an age when a boy has not yet come to his honor. He denied it all. "Then what of this?" asked Léon, and showed the cap. Over the boy's eyes had fallen the same curtain, over his complexion had risen the same flush. Touched, touched—it was true, then.

And now, Virgile was a man and a soldier. He had been taught to look his superiors in the eye, to tell the truth.

"There was a sign!" said Léon hoarsely. "You know, my boy—you know!"

Now, Virgile's eyes met his father's steadily. There was assent in them, and also pleading. Then they turned uneasily upon Eclogue. The father's mind was flashing, making instantaneously mental contacts, grasping unspoken expression as French minds will. And he answered:

"There is nothing you can tell me that you cannot tell my comrade Eclogue. The honor of the French army is safe with him as with me."

Virgile dropped his eyes; his hand went into his blouse, loosed a button, fumbled in some inner recess. He drew forth an object, tossed it onto the table, where it fell with a metallic clank.

"If one could identify the owner of that!" he said with a kind of forced gaiety. Léon's hand went out. Eclogue was on his feet; before he controlled his impulse, he had almost snatched the object from Léon! Head by head they inspected it. The thing, at first glance only a rough bit of flat, corroded metal, resolved itself into a rough but amusing caricature of a dog with forward-cocked ears, a bobbed tail, long legs and an exaggerated abdomen—one of those crude bits of craftsmanship in the aluminum from exploded shells with which the French army used to relieve the boredom of long watches in the trenches. On its side, in irregular, corroded letters, was scratched the word, "Toto."

Virgile, regarding them with a look half astonishment and half apprehension in his blue eyes, saw in his father's face a change which opened his own gates of memory. Long ago, when he himself was a very little boy, his mother had fallen in a sudden faint. And over his father's face had come that same green tinge—a wave which began at his throat, lost itself in his beard, reappeared on his cheeks, seemed to lose itself again in his stubbly, black hair. Eclogue's fair complexion had gone suddenly as white as paper. And out of his throat squeezed the one word, "Croque!" And Léon repeated it: "Croque!"

"Mon Dieu!" said Virgile, in a last attempt to appear jaunty.

And then the voice of Léon Renaud rang with command. It held not only the authority of a French parent, but also the bark of a military order, so that the shoulders of Virgile stiffened, as though by habit he were about to rise and stand at salute.

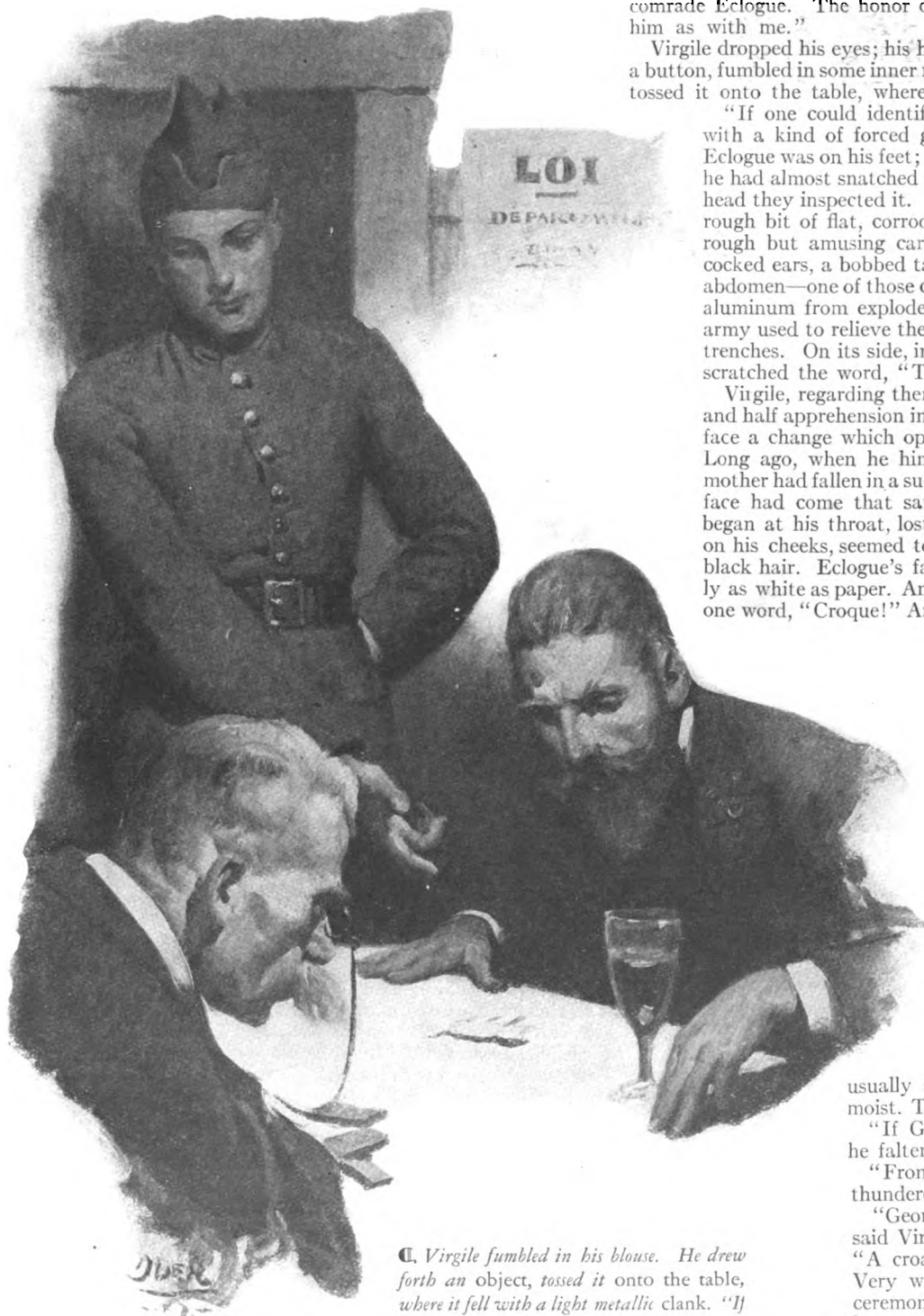
"Tell me—where did you get this—on the honor of the army!"

Léon kept his seat, but his torso had risen until he seemed to tower. Eclogue remained standing, his one hand resting on the table as he leaned forward; his eye, usually so dull, had grown bright and moist. The touch of jauntiness left Virgile.

"If Georges hadn't been drunk—" he faltered.

"From the beginning—the beginning!" thundered Léon.

"Georges, then, is of the graves service," said Virgile, with his eyes on the table. "A croaking crow he is—but amusing. Very well. It is the night before the ceremony in the citadel. All the world knows that a squad of nouveaux will



C. Virgile fumbled in his blouse. He drew forth an object, tossed it onto the table, where it fell with a light metallic clank. "If one could identify the owner of that!" he said.

choose the body. No one knows who—that is the secret of the army. Verdun is excited. I have that evening town leave. I visit Marie's. It is almost deserted. But Georges sits in the corner, and I see that he is fuddled. He is cynical when he drinks, and mysterious, but all the more amusing for that.

"I sit down with him. He hints, hints that he knows something important about the ceremony. He asks who will select the coffin tomorrow in the citadel. I answer that no one knows. He is depressed. He grows more drunken. At last he lays this down—this metal thing.

"It was on one of them," he says. "I put him in the lead casket today. Orders were to select no body with any mark of identification. I pretended to search this body. Affixed was this"—Virgile paused in his narration to indicate the bit of aluminum twirling between the nervous fingers of his father—"and I palmed it. And I did more." It is long before I learn what more he did. He tells at last. He put that body in the casket. He nailed it in. And on each corner of the lead cover he made two dents of a hammer. Like this!"

**V**IRGILE'S voice stopped and a gasp from his hearers broke the silence as he traced in the lees of the table-top the form of a letter "T." "If that body is picked this is a souvenir, n'est-ce pas? Georges is drunk. He exaggerates its value. He thinks he can sell it for a million francs. He offers to divide if I will get that coffin picked. I laugh at him. I tell him he is more likely to get six months in the box than a million francs. I advise him to go to barracks. I get him up, help him in, make him walk straight when he passes the sentry. And I continue to frighten him. I do not believe his story is true—then. But even if it is not true, he is preparing trouble for himself.

"Next morning at assembly, I am called out of line. I report before the caserne. I find five others waiting. Then I know. I am one of the chosen. We are marched to the citadel. There are ceremonies. I do not know what happens, for I have remembered Georges, and I am apprehensive. If he knows—the blabber—that I am in the squad, he will tell of our talk and I too am in trouble. We stand before the six coffins now, for the Marshal is making his speech. They are covered with the tricolor. We are far in the interior of the citadel where there is no air. But there are ventilators, and the wind of them is blowing abominably against my legs. It blows harder. The tricolor at the coffin to my right begins to lift, lift. No one seems to observe but me. I regard the Marshal. He is still speaking. All are looking at him. I am safe to turn my eyes. I look. The tricolor has folded itself back. And on both corners of that coffin are hammer marks like a letter T.

"A big vegetable of the staff sees this now. He replaces the tricolor. And then—we are ordered to count sixes. I wait. And the captain commanding says, 'Number four, choose!' And I am number four—"

"And you choose—it?" demanded Léon huskily. Virgile nodded, slowly, solemnly. His eyes dropped in shame from his father's direct eagle-gaze. "I am human," he muttered; "it was as though my hand touched it in spite of myself—" He looked up defiantly.

But his father was not regarding him. Léon Rénaud and the one-armed Eclogue were gazing tensely into each other's eyes. Then a spurt of his native chariness seemed to pierce the bewildered mind of Eclogue. For the first time, he spoke:

"And this pig of a Georges—and the token here?" The manner of Virgile began to grow sprightly again. He even forced a laugh, as he said:

"I arranged all that. I hunted him up before we were marched out of Verdun. He is again tipsy. He knows I am of the squad. He does not know it was I who made the choice. I have a hard time making him keep quiet in public. When I have him alone—I lie for the honor of the army. I say the lead coffins were sealed in wooden boxes and covered with the tricolor. I say there were fifty coffins—I have seen them outside—from which these six were selected before we marched in. He is depressed, for he is getting very drunk. He weeps because yesterday he thought he had a million francs—and now he cannot even pay Marie. He draws out the token. He starts to throw it into the river. I catch his arm, for I see my chance. 'Here,' I say, 'give me your pretty toy. I will pay your bill at Marie's.' I give him twenty francs and when I have Toto in my pocket, I frighten him from talking any more. I tell him that one of ours has been reported for court-martial just because he guessed at whose body it might be. And I leave him at Marie's. That is all!" he concluded, and looked at his father again with the defiant gaze of

a little boy waiting punishment. And then, as his eye fell on the token, he too turned pale. An idea almost too strange and bizarre to be entertained seemed to have entered his mind.

"You know—you recognize—this thing?" he gasped.

Léon rose to his feet.

"Stand!" he commanded. "You, too, Eclogue! Repeat this after me: I swear on the honor of the French army and of the Republic never to repeat this story. I swear never to mention what I know to a living man or woman. If I do—" Léon paused as though considering what curse might be strong enough—"if I do, may the boche return and blast France!" The others repeated the oath after him, phrase by phrase. And then, almost pleadingly, Virgile asked again:

"Do you know who—what?"

At this, the floodgates of reserve seemed to break in both Léon and Eclogue. Strophe and antistrophe, they poured scattered fact, imprecation, expletive.

"Croque—Armand Vignaux—"

"Apache—kit-stealer—the disgrace of ours—"

"He had his military training here—went to Paris—was brought back to serve with ours in the war—the police knew him in Paris—"

"But that—that—" faltered Virgile, pointing to the token. Eclogue, the calmer of the two elders, responded:

"He hammered it out in '15 when we were in the Arras trenches—from a boche shell-band. The thing is unmistakable. It was his mascot. He used to talk to it—he was an amusing pig, that!"

Léon turned on him and shot a glance of reproach on one who would make sport of the shame of France. And again Eclogue understood.

"And why not?" he said. "The angels in heaven are laughing at the fool France made of herself. Croque! The Legion of Honor on his coffin! The Great Marshal saluting him! Resting under the Arc de Triomphe!"

As though imitating the angels Eclogue burst into mirthless laughter. They continued to review the military and moral delinquencies of Croque the Apache—the time he tried to desert, the time he was caught robbing kits and Cordier all but killed him, his orgies at the rear. Yet finally? Eclogue seemed to recover some of his chary sense of fairness—or perhaps it was only his contrariness—and spoke the first kind word for Croque.

**H**E HAD his good impulses, nevertheless," said Eclogue.

"His impulses—but yes!" snorted Léon. "His impulses! We bury under the Arch a bad soldier, an Apache—with impulses!"

Yet the rage and scorn in Léon's voice died down a little as he finished the words. It was as though he were looking for some escape from the ironical trick which Fate had played on France.

"Children loved him, for example," he muttered, half to himself, "and he was always playing with them when he was en repos. That was a curious fancy of his—that. He thought the war ought to be fought by the unmarried men—we and the boche ought to agree to that."

"Some of his blague," said Eclogue, by instinct shifting to opposition.

The romantic French spirit was surging back into Léon; he, who a moment before had been bowed with the secret shame of France, found himself now defending Croque.

"But no," he said, "he was sincere, my boy—as I know. You remember those three days in the shellholes with the trenches gone? Bien! It was Croque who lay beside me. He was to my right. I heard his admirable language all night. And the boche thought they had something over to his right, and kept dropping marmites on a piece of vacant ground. We talk now and then. I speak of Virgile here and the little sister. Those marmites were near him, so they fountained above him. But me—twice fragments tore the rim of my hole. And Croque said, after the second: 'Here, go back to your brats. I am only a bachelor. Who cares?' He tried to crawl into my hole. I had to push him back."

Eclogue gave an uneasy turn in his chair. A side of his wrinkled forehead folded into a frown.

"Tell me more of Croque," he said. "I went to work on the wharf of Boulogne after I finished my service. I never saw him again until we were mobilized. What drew him to Paris?"

"Ah, didn't you know?" asked Léon and continued.

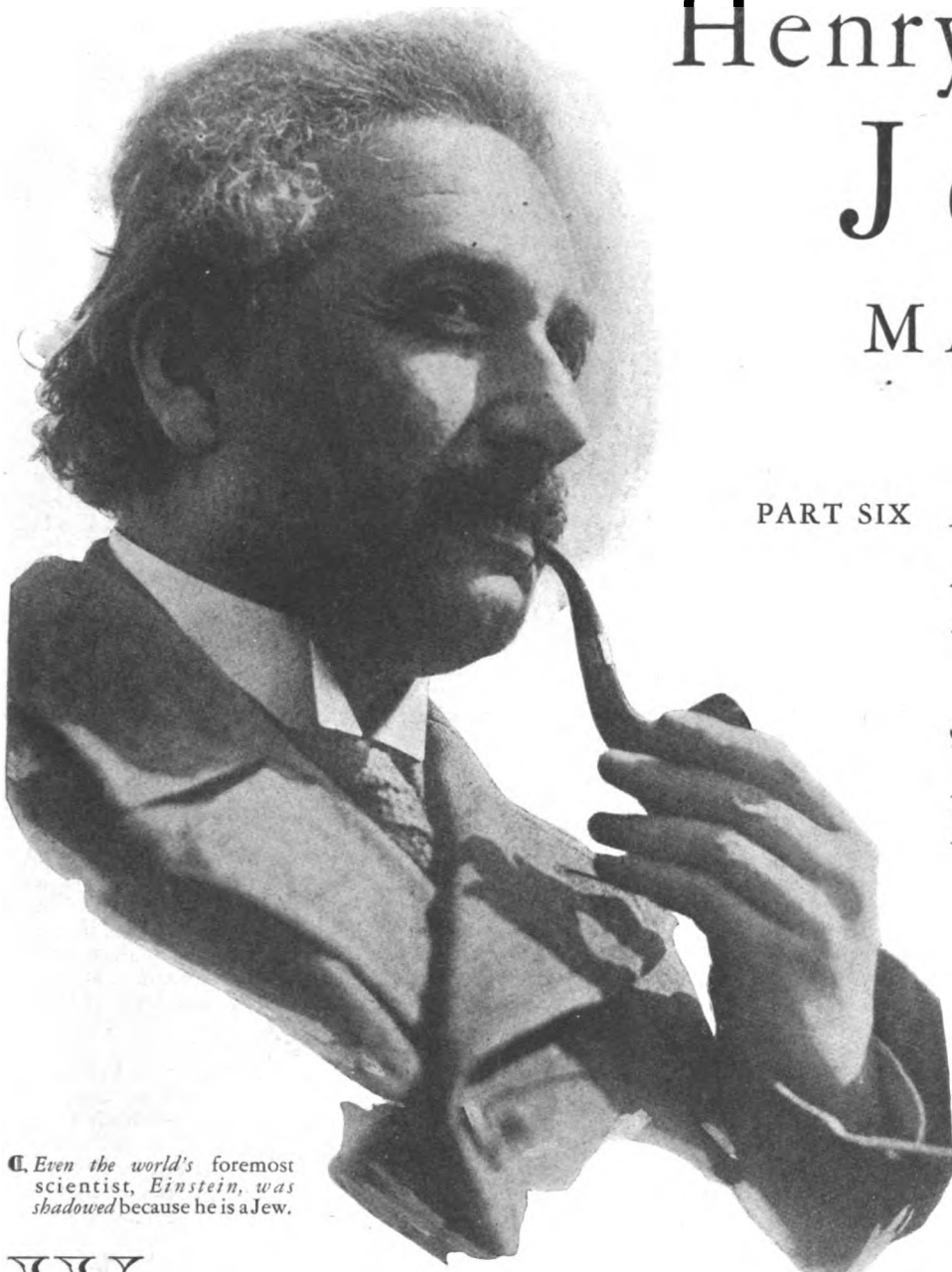
"But I forget—it was a secret. Myself, I knew only by chance. I can tell, I suppose, for they are all dead. Magniac who had the creamery at Coin-Ste-Marie—you remember Magniac. No? He came to Ily but seldom. He was (Continued on page 112)

# Henry Ford's Jew- MANIA

## PART SIX *Forcing Dealers to Spread the Poison*

By

Norman  
Hapgood



Even the world's foremost scientist, Einstein, was shadowed because he is a Jew.

WE NOW REACH the conclusion of our story of Mr. Ford's strange lapse from tolerance. That we supplement this tale with one about the manufacturer's creative side is seen on page 74. That we shall continue in varied ways to fight against treating the Jewish question with ignorant mania is announced in an editorial on page 7.

As this last instalment is being written, Albert Einstein, foremost of living scientists, is put on the danger list of the German anti-Republicans and Jew-baiters. Erzberger, Rathenau, Harden could be more easily understood, because they were not only Jews but active opponents of the elements of despotism trying to regain power. Einstein, on the other hand, is not in politics. A genius in pure science, his only crime is that he is a Jew. He is put on the list intended for slaughter because when reactionaries in any country start Jew-mania the disease knows no limits.

Had Germany been on our side in the war, the group of foreign reactionaries and Jew-baiters who are connected with the anti-Semitic war in this country might conceivably have been German supporters of a restored despotism. Because of our co-operation with Russia in the war, the opportunity of Jew-baiting in this country was offered to the supporters of a restored Russian despotism.

In the present Polish troubles likewise it is the reactionaries who are anti-Semitic. It is the story all over the world.

President Lowell of Harvard has a question to face that probably Henry Ford is incapable of thinking about; Henry Ford, or E. G. Liebold, if Liebold does his Jew thinking for him. Mr. Lowell has two main questions before him:

1. Is he right in his actual statistics about the increase of Jews at Harvard?

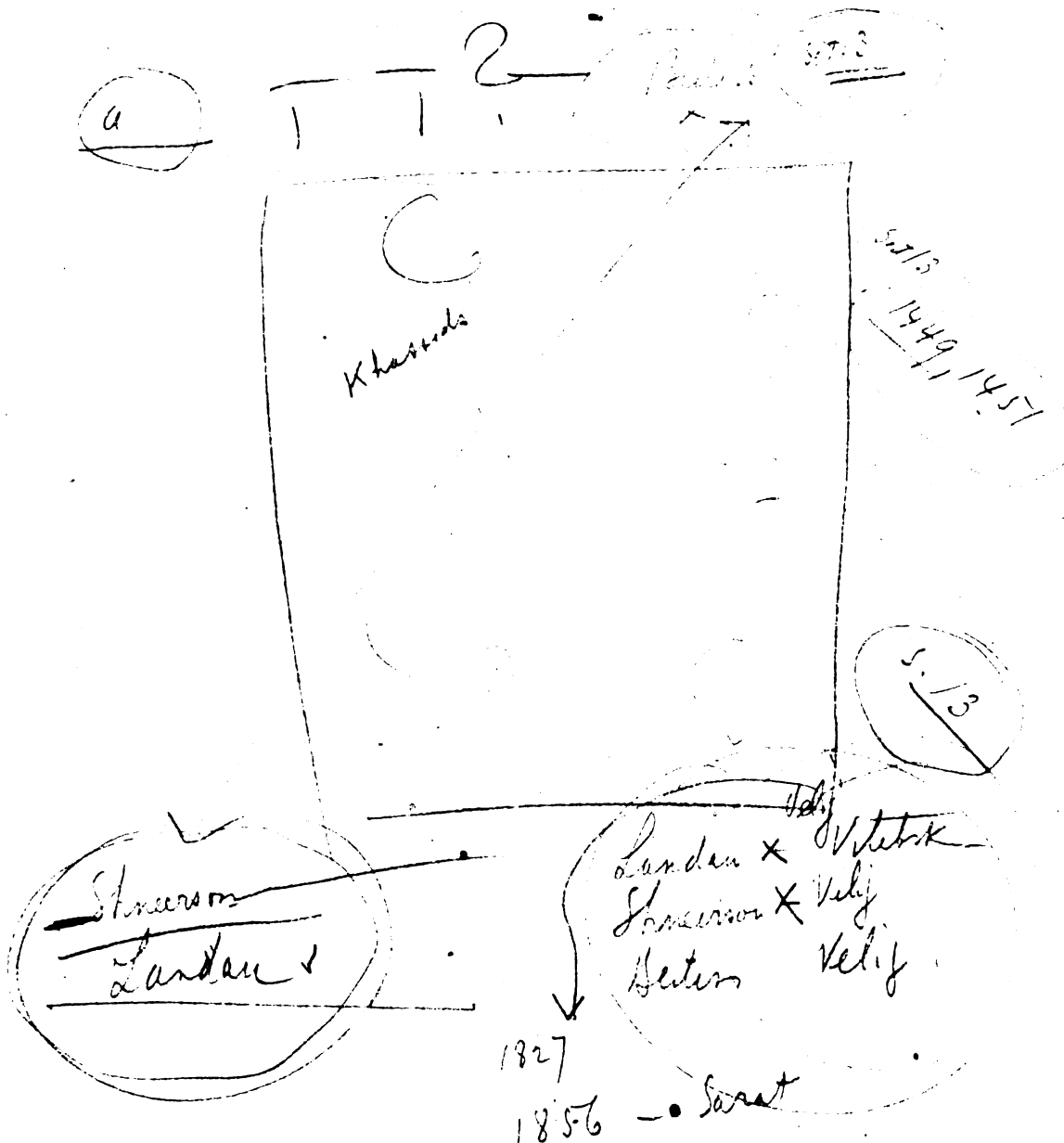
2. Is he right in his theory that the way to check Jew-mania is to yield to it? This second question will start some thinking. Perhaps the way to increase prejudice is to yield to it.

I wish Mr. Ford, who despises history, ancient or current, would (if Mr. Liebold will permit) give a moment to these facts:

DURING the last three years at least three hundred people have been assassinated in Germany for political reasons. All have been liberals or socialists. The assassins have been all reactionaries. A large number of the victims and intended victims have been Jews, in addition to the better known cases, like Rathenau, Erzberger, Harden, Max Warburg, and Theodore Wolff.

The most notorious of the reactionary murder-societies, called "the Organization Consul," declares that its object is to "spread the national spirit and to oppose every international movement, especially Bolshevism and Judaism." Affiliated with the Consul are various patriotic clubs and newspapers, pledged to "reduce the influence of the Jews." The talk from these newspapers is heard everywhere on the street, especially among officers. All the Dearborn Independent has done is to create similar talk here. Does Mr. Ford belong in that crowd? Does Boris Brasol belong in America?





For this last instalment we have kept an entertaining little exhibit prepared by Brasol in the presence of an associate of mine. In this rough little sketch, the head of the Russian restorationists and Jew-persecutors in this country shows how far is he, like most professional Jew-baiters, from being able to learn anything that goes contrary to his prevailing mania.

Brasol sat in his office at No. 5, Columbus Circle, New York, while a friend of mine asked him the truth about the part he had played in the Kiev ritual murder trial.

In the curious illustration which accompanies this article, on this page, the reader will find Boris Brasol's own diagram, done in his hand, at that interview. This diagram was made out to prove NOT ONLY THAT BEILISS SHOULD HAVE BEEN CONVICTED OF KILLING A RUSSIAN BOY BUT THAT TWO OTHER MEN WHOSE NAMES BORIS BRASOL ACCOMMODATINGLY WROTE ON THE DIAGRAM SHOULD LIKEWISE HAVE SUFFERED FOR THE CRIME.

"I shuddered," my friend tells me, "as



**C.** This is Beiliss, of the famous Russian case.

**C.** Above is an informal sketch made for us by Boris Brasol. Brasol was explaining how Beiliss should have been convicted.

I sat face to face with this Russian Black Hundred disciple and heard him, in this twentieth century, tell coldly of the medieval cruelty of the Tsar's henchmen."

"I was the second greatest preliminary investigator in Russia," said Brasol. "I had studied detections of crime all over Europe, under orders from the government. In Switzerland, Germany, France and England I had made myself expert in criminal detection.

"The chief preliminary investigator of Russia was sent by the Tsar's government to Kiev to take the Mendell Beiliss case out of the hands of the local government. The local police authorities in Kiev were trying to prove that the murder of the boy was committed by local thieves. Moscow had a different idea. So the preliminary investigator was sent from Moscow to take over the case."

"What are the duties of a preliminary investigator under the Tsar?" asked my friend.

"About the same as the duty of your

RUSSIAN EMBASSY  
WASHINGTON

19-11-1922

Доклад о деле Бейлиса

Копия для...

На основании...

Туда же...

Настоящий...

Директор...

С уважением...

Д.А. Бакметев

Соискатель...

Рек. Личн.

1922

**C.** A document showing the Embassy's use of funds for "deserving Russians," as they are usually called.

grand jury here. A preliminary investigator heard both sides of a case before it came to trial and then decided whether or not a crime had been committed and a trial ought to be held.

"Well, the Beiliss trial was held under the advice of the Moscow expert. The jury had two questions to answer as given to them by the judge. One was: Had a Jewish ritual murder been committed? The second was: Was Mendell Beiliss guilty of this murder?"

"The jury came in with the verdict that a ritual murder had taken place, but that Mendell Beiliss was not guilty.

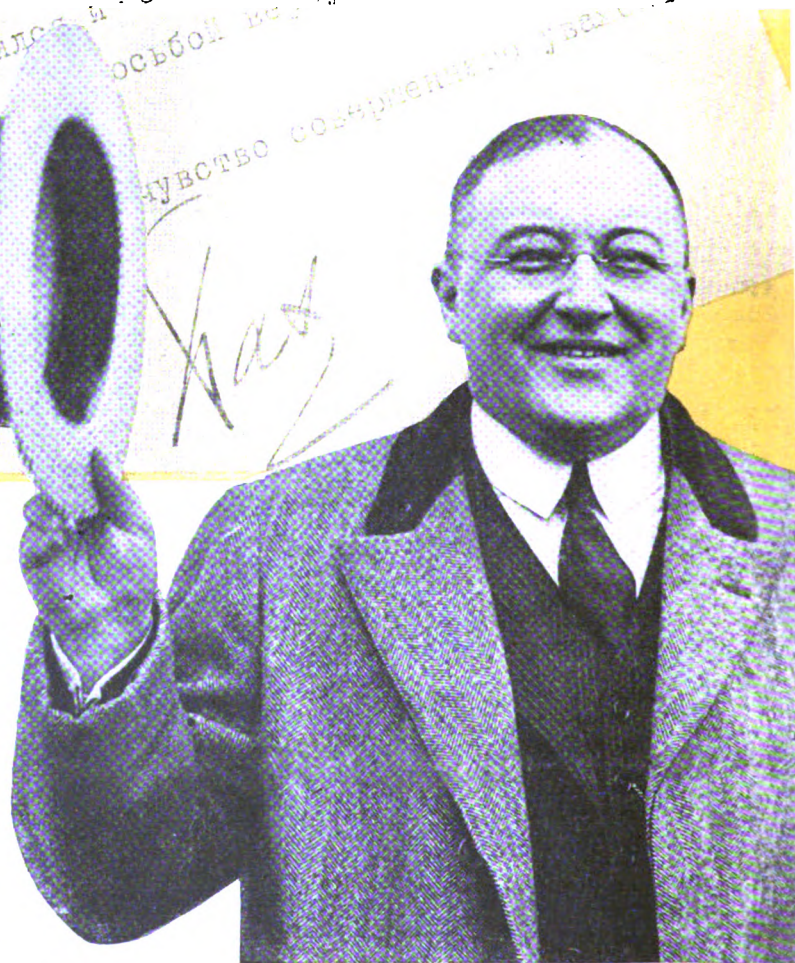
"So many newspapers in Russia raised a clamor over the case, after the verdict was announced, that thirty-nine of them were forced to suspend publication and I was sent to Kiev to investigate the situation and report to the Russian government were any errors committed in court procedure. I found astonishing things."

At this point Brasol took a piece of paper and began to draw his diagram. "In the first place," he said, "not all the possibly guilty men were in the prisoner's dock."

My friend looked out into Columbus Circle at the statue there, with the beautiful background of Central Park, and realized that he was listening in 1922 to black medievalism.

"There should have been three men in that dock, instead of one," Brasol continued, and then he drew the prisoners' dock. The marks T T are the men whose fates should have been linked with Beiliss. The question mark means Beiliss.

"Beiliss sat alone in that box. He was tried under Section 13 of the Russian law. But this section does not provide for the trial



**C.** Boris Bakhmetev, to whom the State Department clung as Ambassador for about four and one-half years after he represented nobody.

of one man; it deals with the offenses of a group of men." The reader will note where Brasol wrote the words, "Section 13."

Brasol drew an error line down to a corner of the page and within a circle he wrote the words "Shneerson" and "Landau."

"Those two men," he declared, "were used as witnesses by the prosecution. Instead they should have been prisoners in the courtroom. They were as guilty as Beiliss. I believe the prosecution first intended to prosecute them with Beiliss, because they were acting under Section 13."



ALL DEALERS:

March 15th 1922

General Letter No. 632

ALL DEALERS

May 4th 1922

General Letter No. 688

Gentlemen:

Gentlemen:

IN REPLYING REFER TO 3 IN REPLYING REFER TO 3  
 THE FOLLOWING AGREEMENTS CONTAINED IN THIS LETTER ARE CONTINGENT ON STRIKES, ACCIDENTS, FIRES OR ANY OTHER CAUSES BEYOND OUR CONTROL AND ALL  
 ARE SUBJECT TO APPROVAL BY THE SIGNATURE OF A DULY AUTHORIZED EXECUTIVE OFFICER OF THIS COMPANY. (CLERICAL EMPLOYEES SUBJECT TO CONFIRMATION)

We are just in receipt of a report from our Factory relative to the activities of our dealers in securing subscriptions for the Dearborn Independent.

It is with regret that we are obliged to report that Houston occupies the eighteenth position out of thirty five Branches. Apparently some of our dealers have lost sight of the fact that we have made but one suggestion to this magazine.

We are pleased to report that every employee in the Houston Branch is a subscriber to the Dearborn Independent, and we are going to ask each one of our dealers to see to it that they become subscribers and endeavor to interest each one of their employees in taking out a subscription, at the same time not overlooking any opportunities to sell subscriptions to anyone who is a likely prospect.

Yours very truly

FORD MOTOR COMPANY  
 Chief Clerk

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 INDI

Your attention is invited to Mr. Abbott's general letter of April 25th with reference to a campaign for subscriptions for the Dearborn Independent.

At the time the above letter was written, we had at the Houston Branch a representative of the Publishing Company who conducted a campaign in Houston. All branch employees lined up and as a result of their efforts 214 subscriptions were secured, as against a total of 202 sent in by all dealers in our territory since the campaign began. A number of dealers have not yet returned the contract to us. Please be advised that it is necessary that we have this contract properly signed and duplicate in order that same may be forwarded to the Dearborn Publishing Company.

We know that you take pride in the success of this great organization of which you are an important part, and that you will help in promoting any project in which Mr. Ford is interested. We ask that you get behind the Dearborn Independent and take personal charge of this work.

There is one more thing we want you to do. We want you to sell cars, trucks and tractors. For the next thirty days, demonstrate to us that you can sell the Dearborn Independent.

Yours very truly

FORD MOTOR COMPANY  
 Chief Clerk



FORDSON TRACTORS  
 POWER FARMING  
 IMPLEMENTS  
 AND ACCESSORIES

MAYER & TOOLAN  
 AUTHORIZED DEALERS  
 Ford  
 THE UNIVERSAL CAR  
 CARS. PARTS. SERVICE

ADDRESS YOUR REPLY TO  
 THIS COMMUNICATION TO  
 DONNA, TEXAS

July 12-1922.



SALES AND SERVICE  
 STATIONS AT  
 DONNA,  
 SAN BENITO, TEXAS

These documents show the Ford dealers urged to help spread the Jew-mania.

Mr. Norman Hapgood,  
 c/o Heart's Magazine,  
 New York, N.Y.

Dear Mr. Hapgood:-

Your night letter of the tenth. I wired as follows to Washington:- "Night letter tenth. Dealers continually getting circular letters urging subscriptions Dearborn Independent. Recently subscription blanks and application and bond for solicitors received with commission agreement. No letter received from Houston office. Any further information possible gladly furnished".

On the morning of the 11th, the Houston office reported Washington unable to for \$100.00 for one hundred subscriptions to the Independent, to forward the used by making it \$50.00, and charged it to profit and loss. Mr. Rogers, now of the Pharr, Texas, Motor Co., when engaged in the Ford business in Nebraska, as called in to to the Omaha branch, with other dealers in that territory and told to hand his check to the cashier for 40.00 for subscriptions to the Independent. We can prove these statements or we will not take them.

As a reference, beg to advise I am President of the Rotary Club of this City, and can refer you to any business man of this part of South Texas, or elsewhere. I trust I can be of service to you.



Yours very truly,  
 Toolan Motor Co.



Further down the drawing the reader will see the figures in circles, "Sect. 13." and "1449, 1451."  
 "They should have tried Beiliss, as a lone prisoner, under paragraphs 1449 and 1451. of Section 13."

properly tried and executed like witches because they had been accused of a folk-lore offense, the murder of a boy and the drinking of his blood.

As Mr. Brasol is a Russian, and pre- [Continued on page 106]



Mr. Warren Haggood,  
Editor, Hearst's International,  
115 West 40th Street,  
New York City

Dear Mr. Haggood:

As you know, I spent most of last winter in Detroit and Dearborn, and saw a great deal of Mr. Ford, enjoying his fullest cooperation and confidence. The result of this long continued intercourse is his biography, which undoubtedly is the first actual close and detailed account of his life that has been written.

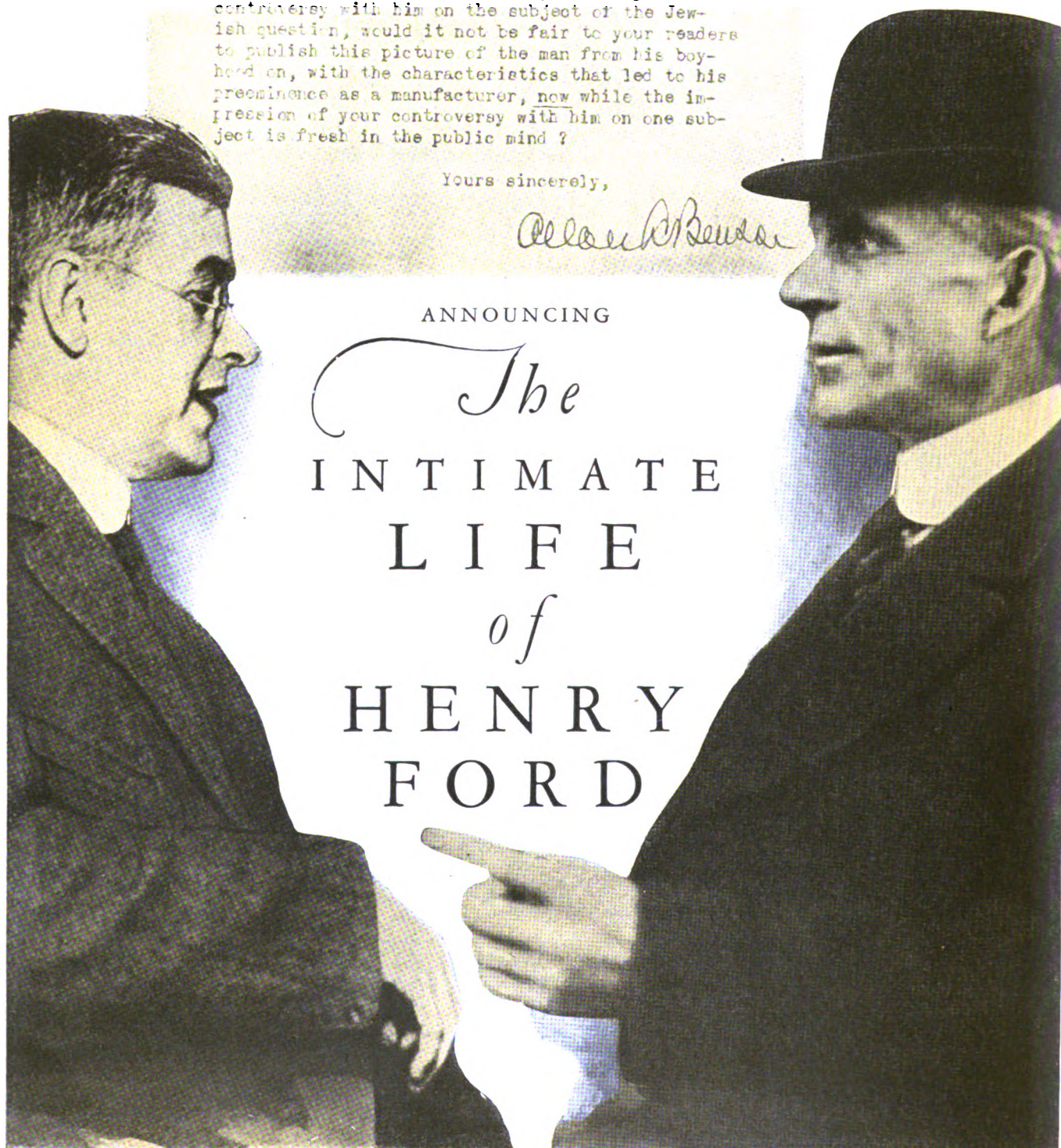
As you have been conducting an energetic controversy with him on the subject of the Jewish question, would it not be fair to your readers to publish this picture of the man from his boyhood on, with the characteristics that led to his preeminence as a manufacturer, now while the impression of your controversy with him on one subject is fresh in the public mind?

Yours sincerely,

*Allen B. Benson*

ANNOUNCING

*The*  
INTIMATE  
LIFE  
*of*  
HENRY  
FORD





**C** A boy of sixteen falls hardest for a girl of twenty-five and when Skippy first saw HER violets and daffodils began to sprout from the carpet of his room and birds sang in the window frames



# Green and Fresh

By Owen Johnson

Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg

**I**T HAPPENED on the day before school opened; at that moment when Skippy, returning from his first sentimental summer, had no other thought than to rest up from the fatigue of the vacation and devote his activities to the serious business of life. There were the freshmen (a discouraging lot) to be properly educated, taught to punctuate their sentences with a humble "sir," "if you please," and "thank you"; there was a certain score to be settled with Al at the Jigger Shop and the basis of a new credit to be argued; there was the prize room on the third floor overlooking the campus to be redecorated with the loot of the summer, and one crucial question to be decided: "Shall we start training now or gorge ourselves for just one more day?"

"The jiggers are peach-soft and creamy," said Snorky with a pensive look. "But we should set an example, you know, old top, and all that sort of thing."

"Keerect, we must."

"I can see the crowd up at Conover's putting away the pancakes," said Snorky insidiously.

"Be firm," said Skippy, returning to his trunk.

"It isn't only the jiggers," said Snorky, who sometimes

practiced virtue but without the slightest enthusiasm, "It's— it's those éclairs—never tasted anything like them—"

"Shut up!"—said Skippy indignantly. "Where's your spirit!"

"Can't a fellow be human?" said Snorky in an aggrieved tone.

"All right, all right—but put your mind on other things," said Skippy nervously.

He disengaged an armful from the bottom of his trunk and, spreading it on the window seat, contemplated the touch as of many feminine hands with an expression that was as cynically blasé as that of the traditional predatory bachelor. Whenever Skippy found a mood too elusive to be expressed in words, his lips instinctively resorted to boyhood's musical outlet. His eyes traveled appraisingly over sofa cushions, picture frames, knitted neckties, and flags that represent those select institutions where young ladies are finished off. He began to whistle:

I don't care to play in your yard  
I don't love you any more. . .

"My, you're a cold-hearted brute!" said Snorky, in whom perhaps the spirit of envy was strong.



"I am," said Skippy unctuously, "and I am going to be brutier. Take a tip from yours truly, *Moony*."

He disposed of half a dozen cushions, draped two flags, and carefully placed three photographs on his bureau.

"Do you think that's honorable?" said Snorky resentfully.

"Scalps, that's all!" said Skippy with a grandiloquent wave of his hand.

"I get you. Heart-whole and fancy-free, etcetera, etceteray?"

"Every time."

"Since when?" said Snorky wickedly.

**S**KIPPY allowed this to pass, but having pensively contemplated the effect produced by the addition of Miss Dolly Travis, Miss Jenny Tupper, and Miss Vivi Balou to the adoring galaxy of the past, he swung a leg over the table and assuming that newly acquired manner of a man of the world, which was specially galling to his chum, announced:

"Snorky, old horse, you play it wrong."

"I do, eh?"

"You do. There's nothing in that fussing game. Women, my boy, are our inferiors."

"Well, it took you some time to find it out."

"Keerect, but now I'm wise. Woman is like a harp in the desert, played upon by every passing wind."

"Where'd ye read that?"

"If you're going in for that sort of thing, get promiscuous. The only cure for one woman is another."

"You ought to know."

"Are you corresponding with Margherita?" said Skippy.

"And if I am?"

Skippy shook his head sadly.

"Woman——" he began sententiously and just then fate knocked at the door.

"Come in if you're good-looking," said Snorky, glad of the interruption.

The door opened and discovered a short bulbous freshman, just a whit embarrassed as freshmen should be in the presence of royalty.

"Oh, well, come in anyway!" said Skippy. "What's your name, freshman?"

"Potterman," said the rotund youngster, squeezing in.

"Sir!"

"Sir."

"What's the rest of it—the handle, the nickname?"

"Are we telling our real names?" said the new arrival, cocking his derby.

"Green, get out the bamboo cane," said Skippy solemnly.

"Oh, well, they call me Hippo—sir," said Potterman hastily.

"Ah, yes, Hippo Potterman! Of course. That's good, but we'll do better by you. Where did they find you?"

"Philamedelphia, sir."

"What's that you've got there?" said Snorky, just about to fall upon him bodily.

**P**LEASE, sir, it's a letter from Mrs. Bedelle, your aunt."

"Oh, I see!" said Skippy with a feeling of disappointment.

"You know my aunt? Well, freshman, you may give it to me. I permit you. Advance. That's it. Curtsy. A little lower. Better."

Dear Jack:

My dear friend Susan Potterman is sending her son Cornelius . . .

"Is your name really Cornelius?" Skippy demanded.

Hippo Potterman flushed like the rose and said with a gulp:

"Yes, sir, it is."

"Too bad, too bad."



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

Q. "Go over to the bed and kneel down," said Skippy in a voice of great sadness.

"Now, Hippo, I want you to reflect upon what a wicked thing profanity is."

... to Lawrenceville. Please do everything you can to make him at home and see that he meets the best boys. His mother and sister will go on with him and I want you particularly to be very nice to them.

Affectionately,  
Aunt Carrie.

Skippy, having read this twice, looked in the envelope to make sure that a five-dollar bill was not enclosed, as all aunts should remember to do, transferred his gaze to the fidgeting Hippo.

"H'm! First time at boarding school?"

"Yes, sir."

"Governesses before?"

HIppo, who had been recovering from his first feeling of awe, roared loudly at this.

Skippy looked indignant at this breach of etiquette and reached thoughtfully for a tennis racket.

"Please, sir," said Hippo hastily, "high school."

Skippy considered him thoughtfully and something told him that in the right-hand lower vest pocket there was undoubtedly a certain amount of round hard silver bodies and moreover that this condition was not simply episodic but chronic.

"That coot may be fresh but he is going to do a lot of heavy spending," he said to himself with conviction.

How he knew is immaterial. There is an instinct that guides—some have it, some haven't it. You can't explain it. Doc McNooder, for instance, could diagnose a pocketbook as keenly as a surgeon. It's a gift, that's all. Skippy, strangely enough possessed this gift.

"Mother just brought you in?"

Hippo acknowledged this with a look of the greatest distress.

"Sister, too?"

"Damn it, yes!"

Skippy looked at Snorky and shook his head.

"Don't you know that profanity is a wicked, wicked habit, Hippo?" he asked anxiously.

Hippo's mouth started to swallow his ears, then returned to at rest at signs of a hostile atmosphere. He swung from foot to foot, looked sheepish, looked terrified, and finally blurted out:

"I beg pardon, sir."

"It is a wicked habit, Hippo, but we are here to help you. It is very lucky for you that you have come to the right school, where you will meet boys of fine manly standards. Kneel down, Hippo."

"What, sir?"

"Go over to the bed and kneel down," said Skippy in a voice of great sadness. "Don't hesitate, Hippo. That's better. Now, Hippo, I want you to reflect upon what a wicked, wicked thing profanity is and I want you to ask God to forgive you."

Hippo who was green and fresh but not at all green and gullible, went through the prescribed program with the utmost gravity.

"Do you feel better now, Hippo?" said Snorky solemnly.

"Yes, sir, but I'd like a little more time, sir."

"Stand up!" said Snorky, frowning.

Hippo, unchastened, bounded to his feet and saluted.

"AND, Hippo, I'm afraid," said Skippy relentlessly, "that you don't appreciate what a mother's love means. Think how your mother has watched over you all these years; think how she has scrubbed behind your ears; think of the hundreds and hundreds of toothbrushes—"

But at this, as Snorky gulped and barely converted a laugh into a sneeze had hurriedly dive into the closet, Skippy abandoned his pedagogical air and said in a more natural tone:

"Well, Hippo, I shall want to talk with you very seriously on this some other time. Your manners are shocking and your morals worse, but I am here. Don't worry. Meanwhile—ahem—you can bring your family in to tea."

"Thank you, kind sir."

"Hippo, you are fresh."

"But you *are* kind, aren't you, sir?" said Hippo.

"Get your hat and wait downstairs," said Skippy.

"Yes, sir."

A quarter of an hour later Skippy and Snorky with Hippo in tow started across the campus to show their protégé the historic spots, beginning with Laloo's, where the merry hot dogs whistled to one another in steaming cans, by way of Bill Appleby's where ginger-pop and root-beer waited, to Al's Jigger Shop, where the jigger cooled, and Conover's, where the pancake sizzled.

Opposite the Jigger Shop the celebrated Doc McNooder, resplendent in a varsity sweater, was surveying the hungry jigger-fed crowd and debating whether to go right up and pay for his sustenance or wait a little longer and see what might turn up.

"Well, Skippy, been inventing anything new?" said McNooder pleasantly after the introductions.

"I say, Doc, I want to put it up to you," said Skippy hastily, for he feared any reference to bathtubs or mosquitoes might detract from the respect which was essential in Hippo. "I'm out for the scrub, you know, and what I wanted to ask you was, do you think training ought to start now or wait until school opens."

McNooder's mind scorned subtleties. It moved by the shortest cuts to the practical issue.

"Has he got the price?" he said, looking hungrily at Hippo.

"He has."

"Let's eat."

McNooder looked appraisingly at Hippo, whom Nature had destined to play at center rush, to be mauled and cuffed and suffocated under scores of scuffling, struggling bodies. A flicker of sympathy should have stirred, but it didn't.

"You'll need quite a lot of stuff?" he said pensively.

"NOTHING doing, Doc," said Skippy, winking hard at his protégé. "Hippo's fitted out."

"How about fountain-pens or crockery sets, or patent nail clippers?"

"I dote on fountain-pens," began Hippo.

"Hippo's under my protection," said Skippy militantly. "We're sort of related."

"Oh, well, let's eat then," said McNooder with a reluctant look.

"Don't take anything from that fellow even if he gives it to you," said Skippy in a whisper to Hippo. "Elucidations later."

Al had two attitudes of welcome, according to the record of the books, one in which the hand advanced impulsively and a smile broke from under the shaggy yellow bang and another where the hand remained in a stationary receptive cup, or sometimes caressed the limp ends of the mustache in a way most discouraging and disheartening to the delinquent debtor. When Doc McNooder arrived, however, he paid him the honor to carefully close the glass cases where éclair and fruit cake were waiting the call to service, and braced himself against the counter.

"Hello, Al!" said Skippy affably. "Here we are again. Set 'em up four times."

"I see you and I see that there Doc McNooder," said Al in an unconvinced sort of way.

"Set 'em up," said McNooder in an encouraging tone.

"Who's settin' 'em up?" said Al, resorting to his toothpick.

McNooder looked at Skippy, Skippy looked at Snorky then all three looked at Hippo.

"The pleasure is mine," said Hippo, and with a purse-proud gesture he flicked on the counter a twenty-dollar bill.

Al was not easily shocked but for once his perfect manner left him. He glanced at Hippo and then enviously at McNooder.

"I didn't know they picked them as early as that," he said enigmatically. "Doc, you'll be buying this place in a week."

"I could buy it now," said McNooder, frowning, "and, Al, step to the back and have a little business talk with me."

Al, having received payment and displayed the jiggers, left for that secluded nook in the back of the store which had heard a hundred explanations and supplications from the improvident and hungry. Skippy, who despite the new assurance of his public manner was willing to learn at the feet of a master, jigger in hand, moved into a position of eavesdropping.

"Nineteen dollars and seventy-two cents," said Al, coming to the point.

"Exactly what my little proposition comes to," said McNooder affably. "Tear it up, Al; you'll do it sooner or later, so why not now?"

"What's the flimflam?" said Al, who recognized in McNooder qualities of a superior intelligence.

"I don't like the word," said McNooder in a pained tone. "I've got an idea and you're going to buy it. Al, the jigger shop has had a cinch, a monopoly, a trust. You fixed prices and you've controlled the output. Now answer me, yes or no. Have you ever paid out one cent in commissions?"

"Get to the point."

"I will. I have an idea, I might say a brilliant idea, and when I say I like the idea better than any idea I can remember—"





**A** Nuisance submitted to the hazing with a cheerfulness that robbed it of its sting. He sat in wash-basins and gravely pulled imaginary miles against toothpicks furnished him as oars.

you know me—I'm modest, but Al, it's a wonder. You'll like it. No, change that line; you may not like it but you'll respect it. Al, I'm going to let you in, give you the first chance. Conover would double the commission. Appleby would go wild over it. But, Al, I'm giving you the first chance."

"Nineteen dollars and seventy-two cents," said Al, making a motion to close his ears.

"Not a cent less," said McNooder firmly who, according to his manner, having produced the proper hypnotic effect, now came to the point. "Sit down, Al; if you won't sit down—brace yourself. The idea's coming now and the idea's loaded with dynamite. Suppose it was in my power to boycott you and your jiggers?"

"God Almighty couldn't do that," said Al defiantly.



"Not as you see it—you're right there, Al, shrewd and clever! Al, there are ten freshmen in the Dickinson. Think hard now, the idea's growing. Ten freshmen. Suppose—I only say, suppose now that as a disciplinary measure we should decide that no freshman could enter the Jigger Shop say—well, let's be moderate—for the space of three months. We might let them go to Conover's or Laloo's and then again——"

"McNooder," said Al explosively, "when they lead you to the gallows I'll be sitting right up front if it costs every cent I have."

"Al, you grieve me."

"It's blackmail! It's extortion and, damn it, I believe you'd do it."

"No, Al, it's not blackmail, it's not extortion. If I came to you and said out and out, flat, tear up that account of mine or I'll boycott you—that, Al, that would be all you say."

"My Gawd! Doc, why do you waste your time in this little place, anyhow?"

"You see, Al, it's this way," said McNooder, smiling at the compliment. "I'm coming to you as McNooder your attorney—that's one person—to use his influence with McNooder the financier—that's another person. I'm a lobbyist, a paid lobbyist."

"Nineteen dollars and seventy-two cents," said Al in a fainter voice with tone of one already beaten.

"Al, I'm surprised and shocked. I thought your mind leaped at things. You don't see it yet. You're thinking in terms of ten freshmen——"

"Nineteen."

But suppose the Dickinson lays down the law; suppose the Kennedy follows suit. You saw what that fellow flashed—a twenty-dollar yellow-back; a word to Skippy and the Kennedy would follow. (Skippy, you understand, would have to be protected—you get that.) Well, what would happen? Every house in the school would follow suit. What does that mean? Figure it out. It means one hundred freshmen multiplied by ninety days, multiplied by at least two jiggers a fresh—per day—you know how freshmen eat——"

**B**UT HERE, Skippy, terrified, tiptoed away. McNooder aroused in him the lust for gold and he wished to retain a few simple ideals. He signaled Snorky and Hippo and escaped up the road to the home of the pancake.

"Doc McNooder is a wonder, but he's not—well he's not quite the sort of chap you want to associate with, Hippo. Understand?"

"I'm young but I'm not so green as all that," said Hippo, winking wisely and with an air of vast experience.

"In fact, Doc's a sponge and you made an awful break."

"I did—what's that, sir?"

"You shouldn't have shown him that twenty-dollar bill. He'll never let up so long as he remembers that."

"Skippy's right, Hippo," said Snorky.

"What'll I do?"

"Leave it to us. We'll think out some way of saving you."

After a good deal of thinking, they returned from a heavy performance at Conover's, laden with a large cream-cake, a half-dozen éclairs, a box of chocolates and two pounds of Turkish paste, which with the order for tinned meats, cheese, saltines and root beer effectually removed Hippo's financial superiority.

**I**SAY, this sort of removes the lurking danger, doesn't it?" said Hippo, searching in his pocket for the last half-dollar.

"We'll store the grub in our rooms," said Snorky solemnly, "and then there won't be any danger at all."

"Oh, thank you, kind sir!" said the irrepressible Hippo in a tone which only the soothing presence of the layer cake against his breast kept Snorky from a mood of wrath.

"If you've got to mother that little squirt," said Snorky wrathfully, once they had returned to their room, "you'll have your hands full; that's all I wish to remark. A fresher, nervier little nuisance I never——"

"Nuisance is going to get a lot of mothering," said Skippy with a far-off look in his eyes. "But remember, old dear, that's why we're here. That's why the faculty invites us to Lawrenceville."

"Well," said Snorky as he stowed away the purchases and arranged the éclairs on the tea table, "if we can keep him away from Doc McNooder, there's going to be a few compensations."

"Nuisance will neither be affectionate nor familiar by this time tomorrow," said Skippy, grinding his teeth.

"Cheese it. Hide the towels—here they come."

A knock and then the voice of Hippo in flippant familiarity:

"All right, Skippy, we're good-looking. Open up."

Skippy looked [Continued on page 126]



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

**C**, "Sic him, Skippy!" The next moment Nuisance was scuttling for his life, with Skippy roaring at his heels. And just back of the lonely stretches of the Dickinson, Skippy fell upon him.

# THE DREAM OF Ireland's Lincoln

By Carl W. Ackerman

Mr. Ackerman was the only correspondent to interview Michael Collins when he was a fugitive, and one of the few Americans who shared his confidence. That's why Mr. Ackerman is so well equipped to tell how the spirit of Ireland's martyred president goes marching on

MICHAEL COLLINS is dead but his dream of Ireland's future will live as long as the Emerald Isle remains the home of the Irish race. In fact, both he and his late associate Arthur Griffith, shared the same vision of Ireland as "the Switzerland of the Seas."

It was my good fortune to have announced the discovery of Collins as one of the strong men—the iron men of Ireland. Three years ago "Mick" Collins was known only to a small circle of Sinn Fein executives. His name had never been mentioned in the press outside of Ireland and in that country it had appeared only in an announcement of his position as Minister of Finance in the Dail Eireann. At that time there was an inner circle of members of the Irish Republican Brotherhood who directed the affairs of the "Republic" and the activities of the army. The British called this little group the "murder gang."

One day, while in Scotland Yard talking with Sir Basil Thomson, the director of Intelligence, he mentioned the name of Michael Collins as the real leader of Sinn Fein, as the man who dominated the whole movement against Great Britain. I told him then that the next time I was sent to Ireland I would endeavor to interview Collins.

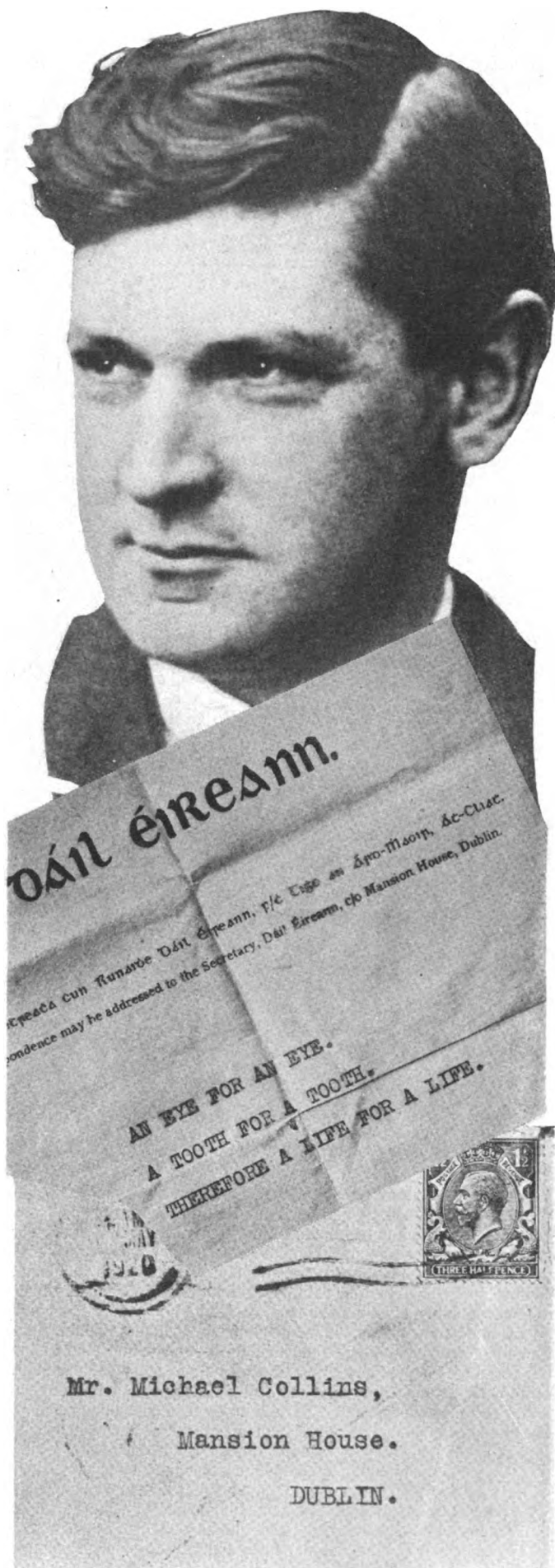
In Dublin I asked Desmond Fitzgerald, Minister of Propaganda of the "Republic," for an introduction to Collins. Visibly surprised that I knew such a man existed he minimized the "fictitious" accounts of Scotland Yard and replied that it was quite impossible for anyone to meet Collins. Three weeks later he called at my hotel and invited me to tea. We walked over to one of the finest old Georgian homes in Dublin, and as we sat down, in walked a young man, unarmed, unguarded, dressed in a sack suit and wearing a smile now known to all Irishmen.

"This," said Mr. Fitzgerald, "is Mr. Collins."

HE WAS at that time Chief of Staff of the Irish Republican Army and Chief of Intelligence as well as Minister of Finance. For more than two hours he talked about Ireland, smiling all the while like a happy boy thrilled by his plans for a free country. Calm and self-possessed he exhibited clippings from American newspapers of articles which I had written about him as the leader of the "murder gang" and asked me if I was afraid!

The interview which I wrote and which Collins personally corrected after this meeting was the first in which Collins' identity was revealed and the first public expression of his uncompromising challenge to Prime Minister Lloyd George.

From that day until the British Government and the leaders of Sinn Fein met to discuss a truce I had many conversations with him, and throughout the period of unofficial and confidential negotiations I acted as one of the two intermediaries between Collins and Griffith and the British cabinet, through Scotland



Mr. Michael Collins, assassinated Irish patriot, died because he would not let the impossible best stand in the way of the possible good.

# DÁIL ÉIREANN

ΔΙΡΕΔΑΚΤ ΔΙΡΣΙΟ.

Department of Finance

ΤΙΣ ΑΝ ΔΙΡΟ-ΜΑΟΙΡ,  
ΔΤ-ΕΙΔΑΤ

MANSION HOUSE,  
DUBLIN.

5th April, 1921.

Carl Ackerman Esq.,  
Public Ledger Foreign Service.

Dear Mr. Ackerman,

First let me say that I am sorry ~~that~~ I have delayed you so long with this story - things are not always easily worked, and in the present circumstances delays are inevitable.

Enclosed herewith is the story as I would like it to appear. You will observe that I have made some few slight alterations in the form, and have made a few slight corrections. I would draw your attention to :

Enclosed also are my answers to the questions you submitted. I would wish to be able to give a little more time to them but that alas is not practicable.

With good wishes,

Yours sincerely,

*Michael Collins*

**¶** In spite of a very busy life Mr. Collins found time to read and correct the interview he gave Carl Ackerman.

Yard and Sir Hamar Greenwood, Chief Secretary for Ireland in Whitehall and Dublin Castle. The other was Archbishop Clune.

In this way I came to know and understand the dual character of Collins, the warrior and the statesman.

While Collins' personality fired the imagination of the Irish, Griffith, with his pen, crystallized the ideas and ideals of the nation. Griffith was not the type of man who inspired personal devotion. Collins was. I recall one time I told General Sir Nevil Macready, who was then Chief-Officer in Command of the British forces in Ireland, that if Collins suddenly appeared in Dublin's crowded thoroughfares and called upon all the men to follow him in an unarmed attack upon the fortified gates of Dublin Castle every man and woman would follow and die in the attempt before they would desert their dauntless Chief, whereas if Griffith should attempt a similar feat, every Dubliner would run away.

Griffith's ability as a leader was diametrically different from that of his zealous colleague. He was as powerful in prison or in his study as Collins was at the head of an army. The time the British feared Arthur Griffith the most was when he was in solitary confinement in Mount Joy prison in the heart of Dublin where, despite the censorship and watchfulness of the warden and guards, he succeeded in sending messages to the people which kept them united and belligerent supporters of their unseen, struggling, embryo "Republic."

Collins and Griffith were no less Republicans than deValera, Barton, Boland, Childers or Father Dominic. The fundamental differences between these men lay in what constituted freedom and how it could be obtained and maintained. The former were convinced in 1921 that the Republic of their dream could be fashioned through peace and economic development, while their uncompromising opponents envisioned a free Ireland purchased by the sacrifice of the last ounce of blood and treasure.

Thus the seeds of Civil War were planted in Ireland.

What did Ireland's Lincoln mean by "the Switzerland of the Seas?"

Ireland is essentially a pastoral and agricultural country. Of her twenty million acres of land less than fifteen million are devoted to agriculture and husbandry. Recognizing the importance of agriculture as the basic industry of the nation the Sinn Fein leaders did everything within their power to develop the country intensively. Sinn Fein patriotic societies set out one hundred thousand young trees during 1919 and 1920. They helped finance Irish fisheries and encouraged this industry. They cooperated with Sir Horace Plunkett and the Irish Agricultural Organization Society, Ltd., in the development of creameries. They encouraged the development of the small farm and were of service to the farmers in the production of wheat, oats, barley, rye and potatoes so that by the year 1920 there were, according to official statistics (*Continued on page 142*)



**Q.** Without telling a single lie the first wife made people believe Bud had treated her outrageously.



*The*  
*final instalment*  
*of the most powerful*  
*novel yet written*  
*by the author of*  
*The Penalty*

# *The* Better Wife

By Gouverneur Morris

*Illustrated by Henry Raleigh*

**T**HOUGH he had lived most of his life in New York, Bud Highland found himself a stranger in that city. That was because New York is so big and latterly so cosmopolitan, that it can offer some sort of an exclusive asylum and way of life to the victim or hero of almost any conceivable set of circumstances. Bud had been familiar with the New York of the well-born, the well-placed and the well-to-do. Except for the Café Lafayette and one gunsmith, New York north of Wall Street and south of Fifteenth (on which street he had lived from his birth to the age of nine years) was unfamiliar to him. His late years had been lived mostly in a strip bounded by Forty-second Street at the

one end, Ninety-third Street at the other, Lexington Avenue on the east, and on the west and northwest by Broadway and Central Park. His eating places had been Sherry's and Delmonico's; his clubs had not been far away. His New York had been largely inhabited by Americans.

To see his boys, which he was allowed to do daily, by the first Mrs. Highland, he had to traverse some of his old familiar stamping ground. But he made his comings and goings by way of its least patronized thoroughfares. The kind of people he had known either moved about on their own feet or in their own automobiles. By riding in the street cars, he risked few awkward

meetings, and had none. Indeed, during the whole of his stay in the city he saw few people whom he had ever seen before.

His first wife, he was glad to find, had moved to a new apartment. He recognized, it is true, certain pictures and pieces of furniture, but the strangeness that surrounded them stripped them of any sentimental recollections which they might otherwise have evoked. It did not, therefore, seem especially cruel or unnatural to bid his boys good-by and go downtown to his separate lodging.

When Bud was in the apartment, his first wife usually managed to be out, but they saw each other occasionally and had a number of longish talks together, mostly about the boys.

BUD HAD supposed that he still loved her; but the moment he saw her he knew that he did not. He could not have explained why. She looked young and pretty. But somehow she had lost all the old appeal, and he who had once been murderously jealous of her could now, with no more perturbation of his equanimity than a feeling of disgust, have beheld her in the ardent embrace of another. He wondered who that other might be, if there was one; if Harry Fisher had come forward to make an honest man of himself, death-threat or no death-threat, or if he had something new in tow? Not something—someone.



Bud had for the moment forgotten that she was now in a position to be made love to by a regular man. Wonderful what the law can do! But he had no real curiosity in the matter; he was rather perfunctorily wondering how someone, whom he had once known rather well, was getting on.

The first wife, on the other hand, was dying to know all about the creature who had supplanted her in her dismissed husband's affections. No one of her acquaintances ever seemed to have set eyes on the creature. If it had been one of those chorus girls that all the men rave about, one might have understood the point of view of a piqued man marrying her in a moment of foolish exhilaration; but a dance-hall girl! No ordinary human being could understand that! It would need an alienist! It would be like him, though, to stick to his bargain. That was one of the qualities that had got so on her nerves. Anything in the nature of stubbornness or pig-headedness, she simply could not stand. Well, what did she think of him now that he had showed up again? Oh, rather nice! One would always be proud of him, and there was no doubt about his being presentable.

She had given him her hand in an impulsive, disarming way. The gesture had as much as said that she was willing to let by-gones be by-gones; that she forgave him everything.

When he had seen the boys that first time and said good night to them, she was still in the apartment. She came into the little hall, which was a dark place, and helped him to locate his hat and gloves.

"Sorry I can't have you to dinner," she said, "but Flora Jennings is coming, and you never did get on together."

Her expression took on a sudden gravity, and a still-being-on-terms-of-confidence quality.

"Everything all right, Bud?"

"Oh, yes. Quite so."

She hesitated, then plunged, and demanded:

"WHAT IS SHE like?" Bud repeated the question with some confusion, and then, very gravely and with feeling, as if to settle for all time, both for himself and others, a much mooted question, he said: "She is exquisitely pretty. She is very young and impressionable. She has a generous and beautiful nature. We are great friends."

He smiled a good night, and reached for the elevator bell.

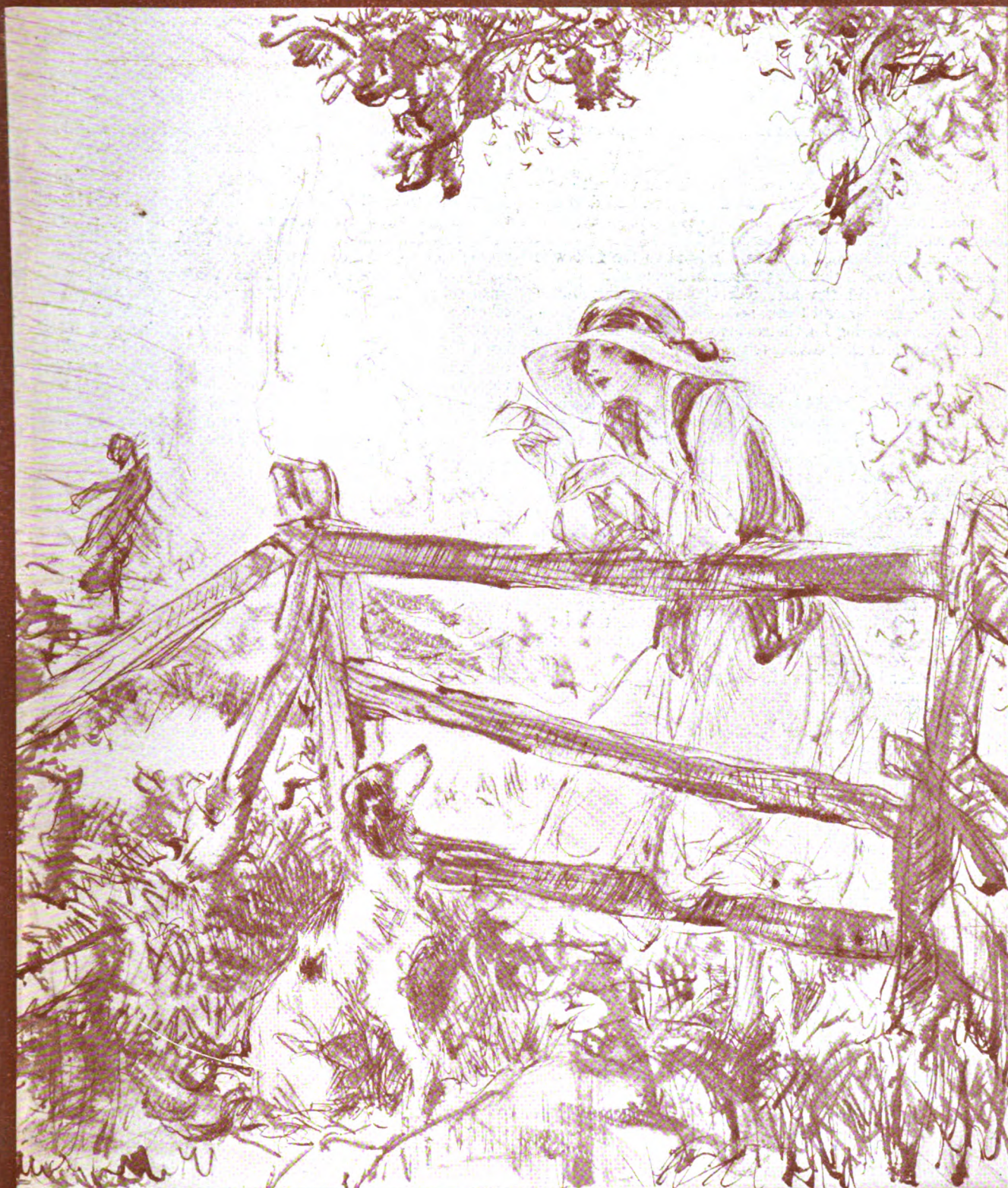
"Oh, Bud, I can't tell you how glad I am that it has turned out so well. I've been so worried."

What? He wasn't going to seize the generous opening she had made for him and give her his full confidence! Apparently not. He was simply going to repeat that it was unusually hot for that time of year, wasn't it?

Soon after he had gone, Flora Jennings came and the first wife told her all about everything.

*C. Bua junior had a miserable time of it. Mastoiditis is a thing best calculated to make a little boy feel low in his mind.*





**M**ary was exquisitely pretty and impressionable and generous, Bud told himself. He wrote to her every day because it gave him pleasure to write.

"It wasn't so much what he said, you know, but—well, after all I *do* know him rather well—I was able to put this and that together, and piece and patch—taking what he actually *did* say, with the way he said it, and the expression of his face at the time of saying it. And well, the poor fellow is certainly up against it!"

Here the first wife proceeded to piece and patch: "She has a certain amount of looks, and she wasn't as old as most of them are. That was what he fell for. Of course he had been drinking heavily." She sighed. "He's sober enough now, poor fellow."

Mrs. Jennings frankly admitted that she could see no reason for sympathizing with a man like that. The first wife then admitted that she herself could have felt no sympathy but for the fact that "after all he is the boys' father."

Bud's marriage had, of course, played into the first wife's hands. It had been easy for her, without a single lie spoken, to make people believe almost anything to his discredit; and she had acquired for herself the reputation of having put up with more outrageousness from him than any wife should be expected to endure. No wonder she had her innocent flirtation,



poor thing. . . . Never to know *where* her husband was ("sometimes, my dear, for days at a time!"), nor in what condition he was, nor in what company!

Bud had said of his second wife that she was very young and impressionable. By piecing and patching the first wife evolved that, "She isn't actually vicious. She has been more sinned against than sinning. You know the kind—everybody's friend—can't say 'no' to anyone, easily impressed, easily led!"

Bud had said, and he had meant it, "She had a generous and beautiful nature."

So the first wife said, "She is the kind of person you dismiss with 'easy-going, and good-natured,' when, if you weren't easy-going and good-natured yourself, you'd say, 'arrested development, mental and moral!'"

Bud had said, "We are great friends."

In so saying Bud seemed to have admitted to the first wife ("practically admitted") that the glamour had worn off.

"Honeymoons," said the first wife, "with nothing but a physical élan to recommend them, soon peter out . . . I guess that if one were sparring for the real truth, one would have to say that they are still on speaking terms, and let it go at that."

THESE confidences Mrs. Flora Jennings passed on to all whom she thought would be interested and amused to receive them. And she would add adorably: "And just between ourselves, by putting this and that together, piecing and patching (after all I *do* know her *rather* well) I am convinced that the poor darling still loves him. My dear, she *adores* him . . . and just think of the way he treated her . . . Harry Fisher? . . . No! You make me laugh! He was nice enough to go about with, but an awful flub *really*. . . . As a matter of fact she hasn't seen him, since—why, I don't believe she's seen him since she went West to get her divorce."

"Why'd she bother to go West if Bud was as rotten as everybody says he must have been? . . . Well, of course, there was only one ground in New York, and no woman wants to put such a stigma on her boys' father."

Bud had found a lodging down in that part of the city that had first been familiar to him, and since it was now dark, and there was little chance of his being seen and recognized, he elected to walk west to the Avenue and down it thereafter to the late 'teens.

All the way his mouth wore the hint of a smile. He was not conscious of this. He did not even know that he was pleased with himself. He was not even thinking of himself, but of his second wife.

Mary was exquisitely pretty, and young and impressionable, and generous. She did have a beautiful nature. They *were* great friends.

What did Bud mean by impressionable? Did he mean that Mary was weak and easily led? He meant simply that she had been quick to see and acquire much that was worth acquiring.

He meant that she had once been "impossible" and that now she was presentable. She dressed in good taste. She was neat as a pin; she had fought off her worst intonations. She had learned to carry herself beautifully.

Generous? Was there anything that she had that she would not give him, or give up so that he might have it? The trouble she took with his clothes and things! The sweetness with which she would yield to his wishes on any point except this one of personal service. Why, it made a man feel like a dog to see a woman putting blanco on his shoes, and smiling about it, just as if it wasn't a dreadful hardship. But what could a man do? She *would* do it! Always, it was "Yes, Bud," "Why of course!" "I'd love to" until he ran against that question of personal service. Then stubbornness, obstinacy, a flattening back of ears, rebellion against constituted authority! She might have let him have his way once in a while, you'd think. Not she!

"There is something wonderfully womanly about her," he thought. "It's a damn shame she never had the chance that other girls have. I never knew anyone so sweet tempered in my life!"

So contented with so little! Most women would have kept nagging him to get a job so that there would be more money to spend. He didn't believe she had a single, solitary nag in her whole body. She was the gratest person he had ever known. She didn't talk gratitude, though; she showed it. She *was* it.

She went with him all the way down the avenue. He had thought that it would be pleasant to get away by himself for a while. But it wasn't. Thinking about her was company for him. He had become so used to her.

Getting away like this was a good thing, though, in some ways. It would help their friendship; since, through realizing the things in her that he missed, he was learning to appreciate her.

It would be pleasant to find her waiting at the hotel for him, instead of just emptiness. She had a knack of giving a personal touch to the room. He hadn't. Once a hotel room, always a hotel room, if he happened to be living in it, all by himself.

She would have his evening clothes laid out, and his tub drawn. . . . A pretty good kid, take her for all in all.

FROM these small beginnings, the feeling grew in Bud Highland that he had not been altogether just to wife No. 2. He felt that he had been distant, almost stern, long after he had lost all reason to be fearful of some trying outbreak on her part. He had supposed, that sooner or later, the love which *they* are all supposed to have for the life they lead, would over-power her efforts at reform. He had not at first liked to leave her alone in their room for fear she would order up cocktails from the hotel bar. He had felt sure that sooner or later she would make a play for some strange man. He had been panicky long after there had been any legitimate excuse for panic. Paint, powder, cigarettes, drink, late hours, man-hunting—she had given these things up, not little by little, and with scandalous relapses, but all at once. She had given them up not as things she loved, but as things she hated.

She had not been a woman of pleasure, for the pleasure there was in it. That was obvious. Him she might have hunted and set her cap for if she had been that kind of a woman. She had accepted from the first the fact that no woman with a past like hers could ever be anything to a man with a past like his. If that had been a hard pill to swallow, and it couldn't very well taste sweet to *any* woman's self-esteem, she had swallowed it without complaint—and kept it down!

He wrote to her every day (he would have done so in *any* case, because he would have thought it the proper thing to do. It came under some head or other of that code of honor and honest dealing by which he tried to guide and order his actions), because he felt like doing so. It gave him pleasure.

He felt differently toward her, somehow, much more friendly and much more appreciative of her good qualities. He tried to make her feel these changes without telling her of them in so many words.

He looked forward to receiving her letters.

She also wrote every day. He had asked her to do that. He had asked her because he thought it would please her to know that he took so much interest in her.

"Don't forget," he had said, "that I shall count on getting your letters. I want to know how you are, and what you are doing, and way off and mostly alone as I will be, if you miss me at all, it wouldn't hurt me a bit to be told of it."

SHE wrote a neat, clear, undeveloped hand. . . . She said what she had to say with a brevity and directness which pleased him. She could say given things in fewer words than he could. She was afraid of big words and now and then misspelled a little one. She was not afraid to tackle a big word now and then. He had a tight memory and spelled to perfection. She knew that she couldn't spell very well; but there was no dictionary in the house and she did not like to be always asking Fred. She was afraid that her letters must mortify Bud sometimes. But they didn't. The occasional misspelled word struck him not as ignorant and uneducated but as human, and even touching.

Sometimes folded into a separate half sheet, he would find a few leaves of lemon verbena. This was his favorite fragrance. She didn't suppose there was much of it growing round the streets of New York and so she sent him some to put with his handkerchiefs or just to rub between his palms and bury his nose in, the way he was always doing in Farmer Jessup's Garden.

Yes, it would be good to get back to her. New York was a hell of a place! It might be the imperial city on the North River, and it might be Bagdad on the Subway. But to have been of it, of its best at its best, and now to be a stranger in it!—That made a weight of loneliness that was hard to stagger under. He longed so to see and touch hands and talk with the people he had been fond of, and whom he had to avoid, and dodge because he knew that no matter how polite they might be, they couldn't possibly want to see him. Some of them he knew were so fine and loyal that they would try to make him feel that *nothing* had happened. But something *had* happened.





**C.** *Bud had supposed that he still loved his first wife; but the moment he saw her, he knew that he did not.*

What he had done, on the face of it, was just about the rottenest, lowest sort of thing that a man could do! It was such an awful thing to have done to his boys! His boys' father to do a thing like that! Thank God, they weren't girls! There was no excuse possible, and no justification. He had never made, nor sought any. He had more sense. He wasn't the kind of man who goes plunging round in the woods looking for a fountain

of eternal youth. When there was no excuse possible, nor any justification, he admitted it. He might be a poor simp in lots of ways, but he was man enough to admit his faults, and face the consequences.

But that morning, when shattered by drink he had come to, and found Mary in his rooms, and learned that they had been married the night before! He hadn't (Continued on page 140)



Edwin H. Armstrong, at thirty-one, ranks with the great inventors of all time. His name, declares Allan L. Benson, will soon be a synonym for the radio-phone as that of Edison suggests the electric light or Bell the telephone

# Armstrong of the RADIO-PHONE

By Allan L. Benson

EDWIN H. ARMSTRONG found the radio-phone talking like a hair-lipped man and left it singing like a nightingale.

Such is the compact, unexaggerated story of one man's contribution to the youngest and most astounding of the arts. If there had been no Armstrong, there would have been no radio-broadcasting today, no radio speech that could have been understood without much guessing, no radio music to which anybody would have listened—and no radio craze.

Before Armstrong's day, speech carried over the radio was barely intelligible, what went into the transmitter as music came out of the receiver as mush, and as much power was required to send fifty miles as is now necessary to send five-hundred.

Three revolutionary inventions—all made by Armstrong—placed the radio-phone where it is. It is the third invention—the super-regenerative circuit, of which not even one radio fan in a thousand has ever heard—that makes the radio-phone sing like a nightingale. The invention is so recent that the manufacturers have not yet had time to place it on the market.

Who is Armstrong? "Who's Who" does not tell. As a celebrity, he is too recent to be in biographical dictionaries. His name may be heard almost nightly over the radio-phone; it is scattered all through radio magazines, and frequently appears in newspapers, but few of the millions who have heard or seen his name know much about him except that there is such a man who has done much for radio. The story of his life and work has never been told.

Armstrong is Major Armstrong. The title came to him during the Great War when he served in France with the American Signal Corps as an expert on radio. He is thirty-one years old. He lives in Yonkers, New York, on a high hill before which is spread out a wonderful panorama of the Palisades and forty miles of the Hudson River. He comes of a family in comfortable circumstances, took a course in electrical engineering at Columbia University, and is unmarried.

Armstrong began studying the radio when he was a boy of fifteen, brought out his first great invention when he was twenty-two years old, his second when he was twenty-seven and his third when he was thirty-one. Again we see that it is the young who do things like this. They dare to think outside the books and to try what older men might not consider worth trying. Bell was in his twenties when his genius burst forth, and Marconi was but twenty-two when he sent a wireless message for the Prince of Wales, from his yacht at sea, to Queen Victoria in her castle at Balmoral.

Armstrong was eleven years old when, in 1902, Marconi sent the letter "S" through the ether across the Atlantic, and was one of the millions of small boys who immediately became interested. By the time he was fifteen, his interest had become noticeable in the neighborhood. Mr. C. R. Underhill a friendly neighbor gave him a Fleming bulb and, a little later, he obtained a De Forest audion, which was then comparatively new. This was in 1910, and Armstrong had reached his twentieth year. He hooked up the audion and made it work, but that was not enough. He wanted to understand why it worked. He read De Forest's explanation, but could make nothing of it. De

Forest himself did not seem to know and publicly declared that, in some respects, he, himself, could not explain the audion.

Armstrong, at the time, was a student at Columbia where, according to one of his professors, he "did rather poorly in many of his courses." But the mysterious audion was a challenge to him. He resolved to get to the bottom of it. His home on the Hudson became a laboratory in which he worked all of the time that he was not at the university. He worked for three years, and at the end of that time, according to his old professor, "he understood the action of the audion better than anybody else in the world."

But that was not all. He had stumbled upon phenomena with which he was destined to revolutionize the radio. He had discovered a process by means of which incoming signals might be magnified a thousand times. Until then, there had been no such thing as amplification. The human voice came in weak and thick. Armstrong's discovery made the tones roll out until, by comparison, they seemed to come from a pipe-organ, and made them round and full. It immediately became possible to transmit music. And the mechanism was as suitable for transmitting as for receiving, requiring only to be enlarged.

This was the famous regenerative circuit, upon which every transmitting device used in the big broadcasting stations today is based. It is the circuit that, to this day, is used in the best receiving sets.

"THE regenerative circuit," said Major Armstrong, "was not an invention but a discovery. While I was trying to discover the principles that underlie De Forest's audion I happened to discover in the plate-circuit high-frequency oscillations of perhaps 500,000 cycles to the second where I had expected to hear only spark tones of 1,000 cycles. I was mystified. In the light of all that was then known, those high-frequency oscillations should not have been there. I determined to tune up the rest of the circuit so that it would be resonant with these waves and see what would happen.

"I did not have to wait to see what would happen. Instantly, the signals came through, clear and strong. A moment before, the signals had come through so faintly that they could barely be heard when the phones were on my head. I could now lay the phones on the table and hear the signals all over the upper part of the house in which I was at work."

This was in 1912. During the next few months, he conducted many experiments to confirm his discovery. Years before he had strung an aerial from the top of the Palisades to a boat anchored in the Hudson, 500 feet below, in an effort to get signals from Ireland, but now with an aerial strung out of a window he could hear code-signals from San Francisco, Honolulu and Ireland. He even plainly heard San Francisco and Honolulu exchanging messages when each was frequently compelled to ask the other to repeat. Those two stations, though only about 2,100 miles apart, could not, under the old system, hear each other plainly, while Armstrong, on the banks of the Hudson, more than 5,000 miles from Honolulu, could hear both stations plainly.



Major Armstrong is not of the type that I should expect to see much elated or excited over anything. His head is firmly poised between his shoulders. But his discovery at least caused him to go to Professor Pupin, with whom he had experimented for two years at Columbia, with the tale of his triumph. Pupin could hardly believe, yet he could not doubt. It seemed impossible to hear signals from Honolulu, but he knew Armstrong. A little later, Armstrong let Pupin listen to Honolulu.

Some time afterwards, the chief engineer of the American Telephone and Telegraph Company was calling upon Pupin, and the professor told him what Armstrong had done. The telephone engineer was only mildly interested. The thing seemed incredible. It was like being told that someone had received signals from the Milky Way. The best proof that the information did not sink in is afforded by the fact that it was not until the next year that the telephone engineer became sufficiently interested to go to Columbia to hear the Armstrong regenerative circuit in operation.

Armstrong was on hand with everything nailed down. A box that could not be lifted because of screws covered the mechanism. This is the way that inventors ordinarily proceed when they are demonstrating devices not yet patented. All that the chief engineer saw was a box with some knobs on it. But he heard Honolulu. He heard San Francisco. And he heard Ireland.

This is the story of the invention of the regenerative circuit. Armstrong had done little more than to couple the plate and grid circuits of a vacuum tube—but that was enough. He had made the radio-phone. It was no longer a laboratory toy. It had a voice and it had lungs.

Armstrong next entered the second phase of an inventor's life—litigation over patent claims. He had invented and patented a revolutionary device in an important art, but immediately after his hour of victory came his hour of danger. A corporation appeared to be infringing upon his rights. At least, he thought so. It, too, had patents. It claimed to be able to do, in a different way, what Armstrong's regenerative circuit does. Armstrong took the corporation into court and a struggle began that was to last five years.

Here, perhaps, is the place to tell the story of the difficulty that Armstrong had in obtaining a patent. The difficulty was

caused solely by lack of money. He showed his regenerative circuit to his father, let him hear the signals from Honolulu and other distant points, and asked for money to get a patent. The significance of the device had failed to impress its importance upon the elder Armstrong and he declined to advance the necessary funds on the ground that experimenting in radio might interfere with the young man's studies at Columbia.

Appeal was next made to an uncle. He, too, refused to advance money, but gave the young man some advice that afterwards proved useful. He told him to make a drawing of the regenerative circuit and have it witnessed and dated by a notary.

BY THE TIME the case came to trial, the notary was dead. Armstrong, in the meantime, had scraped up money with which to get a patent, but the notary's signature became of importance as bearing upon the time when the invention was made. Armstrong's drawing was perhaps the most important paper that the notary, in his whole life, had ever witnessed, but it happened that the signature was utterly unlike many other acknowledged signatures of the notary that the other side was able to bring into court. The difference was so great that the other side began to whisper about forgery.

Armstrong was in a dilemma. He knew the signature was genuine but was without present means to prove it. A furious inquiry was begun to find everybody who had ever seen the notary write. Finally, the mystery was solved. The notary had two signatures—one with many fancy flourishes that he used as a public official, and another—a plain one—that he used on ordinary occasions. Apparently, Armstrong had impressed the notary so little that in witnessing the drawing the notary had used his ordinary, business signature, shorn of flourishes.

This point was satisfactorily cleared. The question of priority was still in the balance, however, and the other side, with an impressive array of legal talent, was fighting every step of the way. Armstrong then brought into court fellow students at Columbia to whom he had told the story of his invention and exhibited his device when it was made. Armstrong's chum brought his diary into court and showed an entry in which under date of December 7, 1912, he had written: "Armstrong told



¶ With his super-regenerative circuit Armstrong has trained the Radio and made it sing like a nightingale.

me he had a connection for intensifying sound." The question of priority was eventually definitely settled in favor of Armstrong.

But the only question involved was not that of priority. Armstrong next set out to demonstrate that the other side was not, as it asserted, producing his effects in another way, but were using the exact methods that he himself employed in his regenerative circuit. To make this demonstration, it was necessary to take his paraphernalia into court and give radio exhibitions. Again and again he did this. Between exhibitions, he was toiling in his workshop, devising new methods by which he could demonstrate to the court, by actual radio operations, that the opposition device was based upon the principles that he had discovered and embodied in his own patents.

IT WAS A tremendous task for so young a man. It wore upon him physically, but weighed him down even worse financially. He had invented and patented a device so important to the wireless art that licenses to operate under it had been taken out by the Marconi Company, the Goldschmidt Company and the Atlantic Communication Company—yet he was threatened with financial disaster.

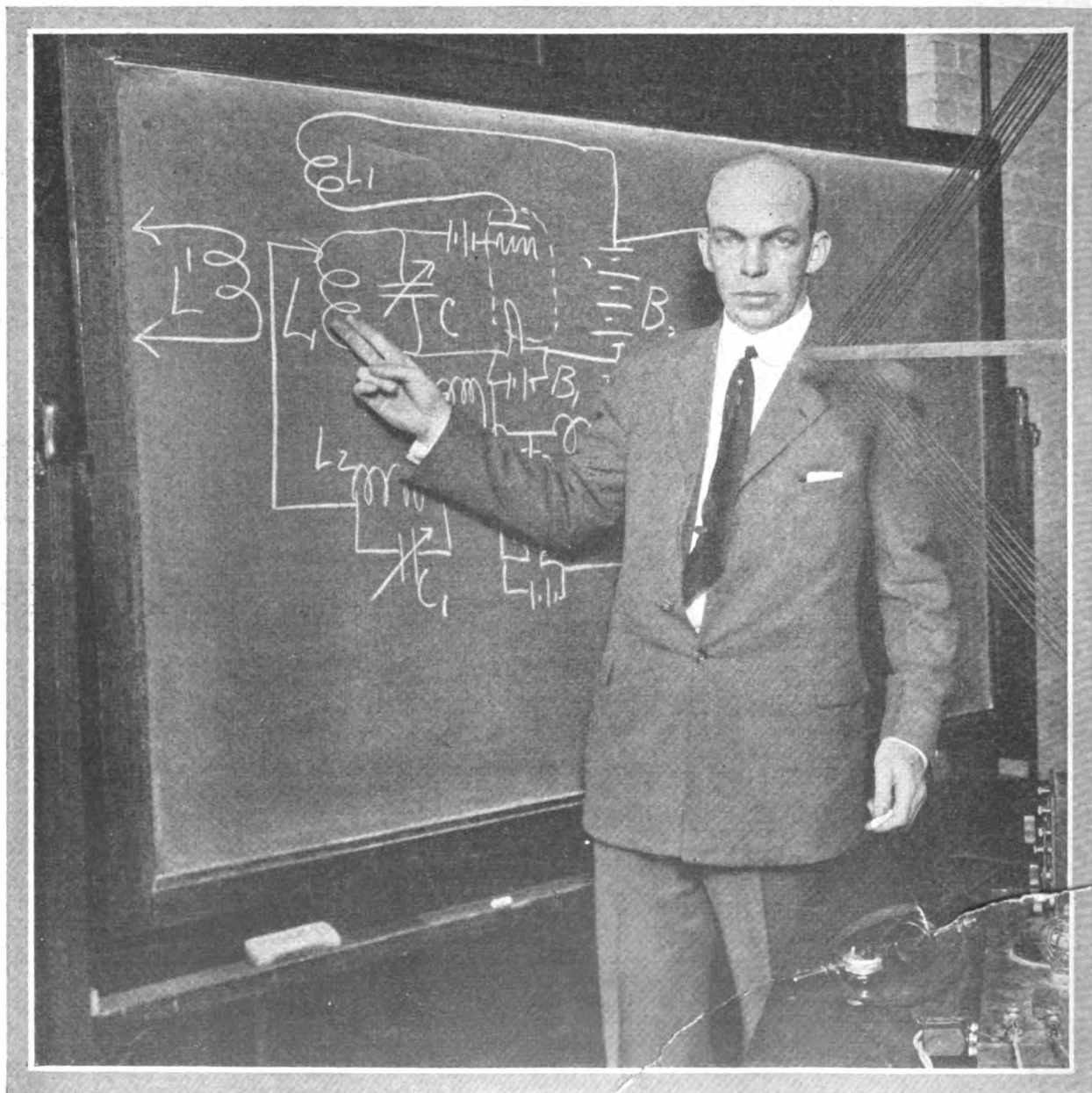
Then, in 1917, the United States went to war. Armstrong immediately saw that his duties lay overseas instead of in America. He reached what he considered was an understanding with the other litigant to let the case rest until after the war.

His duties abroad began in October, 1917. By January 1, 1918, he had recognized the nature of his problem in France and prepared to cope with it. His second great invention has its roots here, so it is well to go into the situation carefully.

What was happening was this: The Germans were sending short-wave code messages between stations a mile or two apart. These messages were of the utmost importance to us, but the waves were so weak that our stations, perhaps ten miles away, could not get all of them, and there was no known way of amplifying short waves. The Germans could hear because their stations were only a mile or two apart. Our stations missed many of the messages because the American stations were perhaps ten miles away from the sending stations.

The importance of the messages and the necessity of getting all of them is apparent when their nature is explained. When such messages as could be picked up were decoded, the character of the sending station could be determined by the nature of the message. The contents of one message might indicate that it was sent from headquarters, another from an artillery station, and so on. If the messages indicated the movement of headquarters, or the massing of any kind of equipment in a particular locality, the information was equivalent to a notification to us of what the Germans intended to do next and where they intended to do it.

Armstrong's problem was to learn how to amplify short waves. The Germans were sending on waves so short that the cycles



Ⓐ Judge Julius M. Mayer said of Armstrong: "It is necessary to recognize that he is a remarkably clear thinker. His achievement was the work of a thoughtful and imaginative mind."

ran up perhaps to 3,000,000 a second. There was no known method of amplifying oscillations of such high frequency. Armstrong solved the problem by what is known as the super-heterodyne process.

What Armstrong did was this: He found the exact oscillation of the German waves. Say they were 3,000,000. Beside these, Armstrong set up oscillations of 3,050,000. When waves of different frequency are set up together, each set of waves makes an audible note, and the two sets combine to make a third. The third note represented the 50,000 difference between the German waves and those produced by Armstrong. Armstrong amplified the third note produced by the other two, and by a trick of nature that is not easily explained, this amplification produced the effect of amplifying the German 3,000,000.

"THIS is the only invention," said Armstrong, "that I ever worked out in cold blood. My other two 'inventions' were discoveries."

Armstrong's old professors, and one of the United States judges who took part in his litigation do not, however, see the matter quite in that light. Judge Julius M. Mayer of the United States District court for Southern New York said in a written opinion: "It is necessary, at this point, to recognize that Armstrong is a remarkably clear thinker. His modest demeanor belies his extraordinary ability. His achievement" (the regenerative circuit) "was not the result of an accident, but the consummation of a thoughtful and imaginative mind." The professor who said that Armstrong was not especially brilliant as a student also said that "had it not been for experimenters like Armstrong we should know but little today of the action of the three-electrode tube."

At any rate, Major Armstrong succeeded in amplifying the German short waves and turning over their secrets to the Americans. Armstrong patented his device while still in France and later told one of Marconi's engineers about it. Marconi, like everybody else, had been unable to amplify short waves. When he was in America last summer he talked about little else. He is amplifying them now by Armstrong's method.

America was far away and patent-litigation was even farther away when in February, following the armistice, both were suddenly brought to Armstrong's attention. American headquarters had been moved to Spa, Belgium, and set up in the house formerly occupied by Hindenburg. No suitable equipment was at hand with which to set up a powerful radio station, but Armstrong pieced together a number of small sets and in the cellar set up a station.

"THERE was a blinding snow storm the day I completed the operation," he said. "Nobody was feeling any too cheerful and I was no better than the others. I had just finished the installation of the station when a call came in over it from Paris. I was told by our operator in Paris that he had a cable for me and I was asked if I would accept it over our radio. I



**C.** De Forest's audion was a challenge to the boy Armstrong, but in three years he understood it better than anybody else in the world.

said I would and he read the cable. It conveyed to me the information that the other litigant in my patent case had expressed the determination to take steps to resume court hearings at once. I was 3,000 miles from home and knew I could not get back right away. It did not make me feel very good."

IN DUE time Major Armstrong returned to America and the fight over the rights to the regenerative circuit was resumed in the courts. The litigation lasted until March, 1922, when Armstrong's rights were finally and completely vindicated. It had been judicially determined that the regenerative circuit was his and that nobody else had any rights whatsoever in connection with it.

This judicial decision was not, however, the only result of the litigation. Perhaps the most important result was Armstrong's third and greatest invention—the super-regenerative receiver. While making radio demonstrations to the court in the litigation over his first invention, Armstrong observed phenomena that led to the invention of the super-regenerative circuit.



The regenerative circuit, that Armstrong invented in 1912, magnified sounds 1,000 times. The super-regenerative circuit magnifies the regenerative circuit's product 100,000 times. In other words, these two Armstrong inventions magnify sound 100,000,000 times.

But that is only a part of what the super-regenerative circuit does. It eliminates from radio speech and music all distortion. If you have ever listened to a radio, you know what this means. The regenerative circuit, good as it is, does not do this. Music is often jammed and choked until it shrieks. Super-regenerative music is delivered as it was received by the transmitter. It is as good as the singer or the instrument provided for transmission, that is it loses none of its original quality.

The super-regenerative also gets rid of about fifty percent of the assorted noises that other types of receivers mix with the music and speech. The small boy with his *spark set* is no longer a terror to elderly gentlemen who wish to hear grand opera without interruption. Spark-signals are not picked up by the super-regenerative.

THE THREATENED war between the amateurs and the general public—or at least the listening public—is therefore off. So far as the owners of super-regenerative sets are concerned, amateurs may practice whenever they please, without at all interfering with the pleasure of others.

The super-regenerative needs no aerial—in fact, can endure no aerial. The set itself is so powerful an amplifier that if an aerial were attached the vacuum tubes would be instantly paralyzed by the vibration. A little inside loop, three or four feet square, is enough. This, in itself, is sufficient to work a revolution in radio. Perhaps two or three million aeriels have gone up since last March. They are likely to come down almost as rapidly as they went up now that Armstrong has perfected a device which does away with the necessity for an outside wire.

Perhaps the most important feature of the new instrument is that it makes possible the use of shorter wave-lengths. A wave-length through the air is something like a road on land. The long wave-lengths find a practical limitation in the power that is required to produce them. This limitation is not imposed upon short waves. The field of short waves is, to all intents and purposes, without limit. The difficulty, heretofore, has been to amplify the short waves. The super-regenerative circuit does it. It does more. It increases the amplification as the waves are shortened. Each time a wave-length is cut in two, the amplification is multiplied by four.

Another little fact comes in at this point to work wonders. As a wave is decreased in length, the number of oscillations is enormously increased. It is the old story of shortening a violin string by placing a finger upon it to make a higher note. Now, it is identity of oscillations that causes two sending stations to "jam." The super-regenerative set's ability to amplify short wave-lengths means that a variation of one meter, in the scale, makes a tremendous difference in the number of oscillations to the second. In a ten-meter wave, there are 30,000,000 oscillations to the second. At eleven meters, there are 27,272,270 oscillations. This difference of 2,727,720 oscillations to the second is sufficient to make it possible to tune out either station, though they were broadcasting side by side, without lessening the volume or the clearness of the music or speech from the other station.

THE super-regenerative is also likely to make it possible to reach out a little farther—to receive from a greater distance. Major Armstrong does not look for much in this direction, but some home-made super-regenerative sets are getting good results at 700 miles.

All of these additions to the art of wireless telephony have been made merely by juggling with forces and devices already known. Armstrong has taken the tools with which he and others had worked and made better use of them. His latest device is more complex than anything that preceded it.

"One has to know something about wireless," he said, "to put it together and operate it."

I had heard statements to the effect that the super-regenerative requires almost expert knowledge to tune in. I asked Major Armstrong if this was so.

"No; I wouldn't put it that way," he replied. "A set that is not properly made requires a magician and two college professors to operate, but a set that is made right can be operated by any amateur. I differentiate, in saying this, between amateurs

and novices. The sets that have been reported as difficult to tune in were probably not made right. I have seen only one published 'hook-up' that was correct. The manufacturers not yet having placed the super-regenerative on the market, the only machines in existence are home-made. Oh, there are a few bootleggers who are selling what purport to be super-regenerative sets, but such sets are improperly made. The public has not, therefore, yet had an opportunity to try out the super-regenerative."

MAJOR ARMSTRONG'S personality is interesting. He is of the blue-eyed type who, throughout all of our racial history, have excelled in doing big things. His eyes do not flash. I can quite understand why one of his old professors said that he was not, as a student, "especially brilliant, and in many of his courses did rather poorly." One who has studied him can also understand how he has been able three times to revolutionize the radio. As an inventor, he has been able to get results because he is both a close observer and a hard thinker. Anyone who can both see and think—which is a much rarer combination than you may realize—can get along in this world—and improve it a little as he goes along.

Major Armstrong is a fine example of the extent to which an idea can take hold of and dominate a human being. When a problem seizes him he gives to it everything he has. He did this with the radio, again and again, sometimes working years on a single thing. Yet I suspect that his normal attitude is rather one of repose. His mind really begins to glow only when it is energized by a problem that appeals to him. Some of his university studies apparently did not present a challenge that his type of mind cared to accept. But he has the rare gift of observation and the equally rare gift of gathering energy as he goes along and staying with the problem until it is solved. A more modest man of his ability I never met. Nor is there any deception about it. I once asked him a question concerning the social significance of the radio-phone. He replied that the question was beyond him—that a man must be much more than thirty years of age to have thought so far. I asked him another question to which he gave the answer: "I know very little about what happens between the time when a radio-signal leaves the transmitter and the time when it comes into the receiver—the long gap in the air is a blank to me."

Major Armstrong's modesty—amounting almost to diffidence—is so great that he will be among the last persons in the world to realize that he has won his way into the short list of the world's great inventors. His name is already stamped so deeply into the radio that it will soon be almost a synonym for it, just as the name of Edison suggests the electric light.

AT THAT, his work has just been begun, though he gives no sign of realizing it. When I talked with him, he seemed to be chiefly interested in getting to Europe for a vacation. He wished to renew some old acquaintances that he had made in London and Paris in war-time. The fever of work was not in his blood. "I have sold to the Westinghouse Electric & Manufacturing Company every patent I have," he said with a smile of relief, "and I'm now going to have a rest."

I tempted him with a question as to how far the radio had developed and how much time would be required to complete its development.

"Oh," he replied, "the development of the radio has just begun. It has hardly started. I believe it will be transformed within the next few years. I think its development will be much more rapid than has been the development of the automobile. I believe more brain-power has been put into the radio than was put into the automobile."

I asked him what tendency he expected radio development to take, but he replied that he did not know. "I haven't enough imagination to answer that," he said. "The biggest problem that I can see is the elimination of static. That is a terrific problem. It is the only one I ever encountered that, approached from any direction, always seems to be a stone-wall. I suppose, however, that static will be done away with, sometime."

If the radio is to be transformed, Armstrong will be one of the men who will transform it. The present generation is just beginning to hear of him, but the world will a long time ring with his name. No man can do what he has already done without taking his place among the world's notable men. Armstrong's ability to become interested will make him work, and his ability to work will spread his fame everywhere.



# PLAY of the Month

**C** Mr. Belasco  
contributes to the  
new theatrical season  
with *Shore Leave*.

*The Play of the Month*  
tells the whole country  
about this new sea-going comedy  
of American life

## Shore Leave

By  
Hubert Osborne

**C**ONNIE MARTIN has never had a sweetheart, though she thinks herself richly entitled to one. She has been much too busy as the village dressmaker in a small New England port for such frivolity. She was born at sea with the captain of a freighter for a father, a circus acrobat for a mother. Of course, when her parents died she came ashore to live in her father's cottage and be watched over by her uncle, Captain Martin and his wife, Aunt Hepsy. She has been making dresses for ten years and while she has occasionally thought of a beau she has never had one, much to the chagrin of the villagers who expected the circus temperament to break out. Connie is sea-goin' and proud of it; also she is the owner of a freighter now stuck safely in the mud of the Ganges. She could be salvaged, the boat, of course, but it would cost some money, about two thousand dollars Captain Martin thinks. The boat and a diamond necklace, that's all Connie has except her own two hands. The necklace was given to her mother as a wedding present by P. T. Barnum and is valued at five thousand dollars. Mrs. Schuyler-Payne, whose yacht is in the harbor, is growing stout and she visits Connie to gain relief. It occurs to Fred Gwynne, who accompanies her, that the Barnum necklace could be made to serve as a crusher for the social up-start, Mrs. Sully. But Connie refuses to sell and



**C**, "You'll be sure to come back?"  
Connie Martin  
(Frances Starr)  
cries after her  
heart's desire.

Courtesy of David Belasco. Producer.





**C.** "Sure, I remember it," declares Bilge Smith (James Rennie), "I'd a been a landlubber if I hadn't kissed you."

hustles the visitors out because she is expecting company for dinner. The "company" is Bilge Smith, a plain gob in the United States navy, with whom Connie had picked up an acquaintance the night before. Outside there is the sound of whistling and the voices of sailors calling to each other. There is a knock at the door and Connie opening it, reveals Smith standing there.

**S** MITH—Howdy, sister.

**CONNIE**—Oh, Mr. Smith—I thought you m-might hap-pen by. Wouldn't you care to call your friends back?

**SMITH**—Naw—they're just a couple of gobs—you and them wouldn't mix.

**CONNIE**—Won't you step in?

**SMITH**—Don't mind if I do . . . I ain't got anything else on tonight.

**CONNIE**—I'm awful glad you could get here.

**SMITH**—Thought you might be sore if I didn't, after I promised.

**CONNIE**—I-I'd have been disappointed.

**SMITH** (looking about the

room)—You ain't so awful bad fixed up here.

**CONNIE**—I'm glad you like it.

**SMITH**—I could feel at home here myself.

**CONNIE**—I hope you will.

**SMITH** (sees the model of the clipper over the door)—What's that?

**CONNIE**—Oh, that's a model of the "Rover," my father's ship.

**SMITH**—Your father was a sailor, too?

**CONNIE**—Yes—I made a cruise with him once.

**SMITH**—You're sea-goin'?

**CONNIE**—Sure, I'm sea-goin'!

**SMITH** (holding out his hand)—Put it there, sister. I knew there was something different about you—that's it—the sea—you've got it in you.

**CONNIE**—Yes, I love the sea—I'm—I'm salty.

**SMITH**—I'm strong for it, too. I guess



**C.** Bilge Smith ends up second best when he tackles "Bat" comfort Connie because Bilge has insisted he "ain't



that's why we fell for each other right away.

CONNIE—I guess so. Won't you set down?

SMITH—Don't mind if I do.

CONNIE—I hope you can stay for supper.

SMITH—Don't think there's time. Have to report back to the ship at eight.

CONNIE—Look! Everything set! The coffee's on the stove. It won't take a minute to get it. Do stay. Do try my hot biscuits.



Q. "Skipper, that money ain't goin' out of the family," Captain Martin (Reginald Barlow) says. "It ain't if I have my way," is Connie's retort.

SMITH—All right—shoot it along. It won't go bad to get some home cooking under my thirteen buttons for once.

CONNIE—Make yourself at home and I won't be a minute. I meant to tidy up more before you got here, but I've been so busy all day.

SMITH—That's all right, sister. I like to see women's *gilhickeys* around—makes it seem sort o' homelike. Getting ready to doll yourself up heavy?

CONNIE—Oh, no. . . .

SMITH—Then why all the glad rags? Going to be married?

CONNIE—Lord sake—no—I do dressmaking.

SMITH—Oh! Did you rig up that dress you're wearing?

CONNIE—Yes . . . Do you like it?

SMITH—Looks good to me.

CONNIE—I made it all since last night after you brought me home—so as to have it ready when you came tonight. I'm aw'ul glad you like it.

SMITH—You're sure some little dressmaker. What's that? [Continued on page 144]



Smith (Thomas E. Jackson) whom he finds trying to the sort of a guy that'd live off'n no woman."



Q. "Eleanor, Jean and Anna," by George W. Bellows, which was awarded high honors at Pittsburgh, is recognized as one of the finest achievements of American portraiture.

# The Medal of the First Class

By Willard Huntington Wright

IN THESE days of violent esthetic partisanship, academic awards are not infrequently the signal for controversies and disputes. There are critics, painters and connoisseurs who are ever ready to protest a jury's decision because of its discord with their own individual judgments. But the conferring of the Medal of the First Class on Mr. George W. Bellows's "Eleanor, Jean and Anna," by the jury of the Twenty-first International Exhibition at the Carnegie Institute, can scarcely fail to meet with general approval, whatever one's personal predilections. Here is a work of portraiture which not only is its creator's finest canvas, but which, in its particular field, stands as one of the sincerest and most competent examples of contemporary American art.

Nor is this award an immediate and unconsidered adjudgment. The picture was painted over a year ago; and before its recent submission for honors, it had attracted widespread attention of a highly favorable nature. When on exhibition in the spring of

1921 it was designated by a critic in *The International Studio* as "the achievement of the season."

In this picture Mr. Bellows has accomplished a difficult feat. He has lifted portraiture out of the status of a mere profession, and conferred upon it a genuinely esthetic distinction. In portraits—especially single figures—the art qualities are too often deputed to the demands of documentation and personal verisimilitude. This is why portraiture—even in the hands of the most capable practitioners—seldom attains to the higher realms of creative achievement. We have but to contemplate the works of such masters as El Greco, Rembrandt and Cézanne to realize that portraiture can be made an exalted and enduring art. But it requires a particular type of genius to adhere to a definitely limited and unalterable subject, and at the same time to conceive a picture wherein the form, tones, structure and organization will possess a profound [Continued on page 143]

BOOK of the Month

# The Country Beyond

By James Oliver Curwood

Plenty of our readers will be glad that this time for *The Book of the Month* we chose for our thirty-minute condensation a novel of the out-of-doors.

NOT FAR from the rugged and storm-whipped north shore of Lake Superior, and south of the Kaministiquia, yet not as far south as the Rainy River waterway, there lay a paradise lost in the heart of a wilderness world—and in that paradise “a little corner of hell.”

That was what the girl had called it once upon a time, when sobbing out the shame and the agony of it to herself. That was before Peter had come to leaven the drab of her life. But the hell was still there.

Just under Cragg's Ridge lay the paradise, a meadow-like sweep of plain that stretched down to the edge of Clearwater Lake, with clumps of poplars and white birch and darker tapestries of spruce and balsams dotting it like islets in a verdant green. The flowers were two weeks ahead of their time and the sweet perfumes of late June, instead of May, rose up out of the plain and already there was nesting in the velvety splashes of timber.

THUS MR. CURWOOD opens his latest story of the great Canadian outdoors. In the midst of this setting lives Nada, “seventeen, growing on eighteen,” whose beauty and charm have captivated Jolly Roger McKay, outlaw, hiding in a neighboring shack from the Mounted Police. McKay seems not a bad sort, in spite of his reputation, and he is desperately in love with Nada. The girl has rather a sorry time of it. Her god-father is a brute, unprincipled and cruel. Her only companion is a three-months old pup, and her only friend is Jolly Roger who has just recently come into her life. Her god-father, Jed Hawkins, is among other things a boot-legger. It was by accident that Nada and Peter, the pup, one afternoon stumbled upon him



James Oliver Curwood as seen by James Montgomery Flagg.

in one of his hiding places while he was busy filling flasks from a jug.

NADA tapped the end of her stick against the rock, and like a shot the man whirled about to face them. His face turned livid when he saw who it was, and he drew himself up until he stood on his feet, his two big fists clenched, his yellow teeth snarling at her.

“You damned—spy!” he cried chokingly. “If you was a man—I’d kill you!”

The girl did not shrink. Her face did not whiten. Two bright spots flamed in her cheeks, and Hawkins saw the triumph shining in her eyes. And there was a new thing in the odd twist of her red lips, as she said tauntingly:

“If I was a man, Jed Hawkins—you’d run!”

He took a step toward her. “You’d run,” she repeated, meeting him squarely, and taking a tighter grip of her stick. “I ain’t ever seen you hit anything but a woman, an’ a girl, or some poor animal that didn’t dare bite back. You’re a coward, Jed Hawkins, a low-down, sneakin’, whiskey-sellin’ coward—and you oughta die!”

Even Peter sensed the cataclysmic change that had come in this moment between the two big rocks. It held something in the air, like the impending crash of dynamite, or the falling down of the world.

The boot-legger, for a moment, was stunned. She was defying him, spying upon him—the brat he had fed and brought up for ten years! Her beauty, as she stood there, did not hold him back. It was punishment she needed, a beating, a hair-pulling, until there was no breath left in her impudent body. He sprang for-



This illustration by Walt Louderback for “*The Country Beyond*,” pictures Nada, the heroine, in a vivid moment of Mr. Curwood’s story, when after her escape from Jed Hawkins she almost loses her own life in a brave effort to save Peter, the dog who is a real hero in the book.

Courtesy of Cosmopolitan Book Corporation



ward and Peter let out a wild yip as he saw Nada raise her stick. But she was a moment too slow. The man's hand caught it, and his right hand shot forward and buried itself in the thick, soft mass of her hair.

It was then that something broke loose in Peter. For this day, this hour, this minute the gods of destiny had given him birth. All things in the world were blotted out for him except one—the six inches of naked shank between the boot-legger's trouser-leg and his shoe. He dove in. His white teeth, sharp as stiletto-points, sank into it. A wild and terrible yell came from Jed Hawkins as he loosed the girl's hair. Peter heard the yell and his teeth sank deeper into the flesh.

It was the girl, more than Peter, who realized the horror of what followed. The man bent down and his powerful fingers closed round Peter's scrawny neck, and Peter felt his wind suddenly shut off, and his mouth opened. Then Jed Hawkins drew back the arm that held him, as he would have drawn it back to fling a stone.

With a scream the girl tore at him as his arm straightened out, and Peter went hurtling through the air. Her stick struck him fiercely across the face, and in that same moment there was a sickening, crushing thud as Peter's loosely-jointed little body struck against the face of the great rock. When Nada turned Peter was groveling in the sand, his hips and back broken down, but his bright eyes were on her, and without a whimper or a whine he was struggling to drag himself toward her. Only Jolly Roger could tell the story of how Peter's mother had died for a woman, and in this moment it must have been that her spirit entered into Peter's soul, for the pain of his terrible hurt was forgotten in his desire to drag himself back to the feet of the girl, and die facing her enemy—the man. He did not know that he was dragging his broken body only an inch at a time through the sand. But the girl saw the terrible truth, and with a cry of agony which all of Hawkins, torture could not have wrung from her, she ran to him and fell upon her knees, and gathered him tenderly into her arms. Then in a flash she was on her feet, facing Jed Hawkins like a little demon.

"For that I'll kill you!" she panted. "I will. I'll kill you!"

The blow of her stick had half blinded the boot-legger, but he was coming toward her. Swift as a bird, Nada turned and ran, holding Peter in her arms.

CROONING to the broken, whimpering Peter, the girl ran on. She lulled the pup with her words of love and all the time she was thinking that to save the dog's life she must get him into the care of Jolly Roger. Perhaps there was also a thought of the protection she, too, would find at the side of this strong man. So she came to the fording place on Sucker Creek. But the stream was swollen and running by like a millrace.

SHE PUT her lips down to Peter's fuzzy little face, and held them there for a moment.

"We'll make it, Peter," she whispered. "We ain't afraid, are we, baby? We'll make it—sure—sure—we'll make it—"

She set out bravely, and the current swished about her ankles, to her knees, to her hips. And then, suddenly, unseen hands under the water seemed to rouse themselves, and she felt them pulling and tugging at her as the water deepened to her waist. In another moment she was fighting, fighting to hold her feet, struggling to keep the forces from driving her downstream. And then came the supreme moment, close to the shore for which she was striving. She felt herself giving away, and she cried out brokenly for Peter not to be afraid. And then something drove pitilessly against her body, and she flung out one arm, holding Peter close with the other—and caught hold of a bit of stub that protruded like a handle from the black and slippery log the flood-water had brought down upon her.

"We're all right, Peter," she cried, even in that moment when she knew she had lost. "We're all right—"

And then suddenly the bright glory of her head went down, and with her went Peter, still held to her breast under the sweeping rush of the flood.

Even then it was thought of Peter that filled her brain. Somehow she was not afraid. She was not terrified, as she had often been of the flood-rush of waters that smashed down the creeks in springtime. An inundating roar was over her, under her, and all about her; it beat in a hissing thunder against the drums of her ears, yet it did not frighten her as she had sometimes been frightened. Even in that black chaos which was swiftly suffocating the life from her, unspoken words of cheer for Peter

formed in her heart, and she struggled to hold him to her, while with the other hand she fought to raise herself by the stub of the log to which she clung.

Suddenly she felt a force pulling her from above. It was the big log turning again to that point of equilibrium which for a space her weight had destroyed. In the edge of a quieter pool, where the water swirled but did not rush, her brown head appeared, and then her white face. With a last mighty effort, she thrust up Peter so that his dripping body was on the log. Sobbingly she filled her lungs with air. Vainly she tried to drag herself up beside Peter, and in the struggle, she raised herself a little so that the low-hanging branch of a tree swept her from the log.

With a cry she reached out for Peter. But he was gone, the log was gone, and she felt a vicious pulling at her hair. For a few moments the current pounded against her body and the tree limb swayed back and forth as it held her there by her hair.

BUT Nada was not destined to die in the roaring water. After a time, as she saw Peter dragging himself from the water below her, she wrenched herself free, and so the two came to the shore, exhausted but safe. Then they made their way to the hiding place of Jolly Roger. He set Peter right and kept him as his own. The girl, too, would gladly have stayed, but Roger sent her back to Hawkins' home. He could not ask her to share the life of an outlaw. Peter, grown strong and intelligent, managed to warn Roger of a visitor at the cabin. Thus it was that Officer Cassidy, of the Royal Mounted Police whirled about from the window through which he was looking for Roger and found himself covered by a business-like automatic. In the midst of this, his second escape from Cassidy, Roger made a bargain that if he outwitted the officer a third time, Cassidy was to resign from the force. Roger and Peter, with two hours start, went out into the wilderness. They could not, however, desert Nada. They lingered as near as possible and the time came when Roger was willing to take Nada with him. Hawkins had arranged to sell her, for a thousand dollars, to a railroad man. The night of Nada's escape came, and Jolly Roger waited long for her. At last he and Peter set out in search of her and on the road —.

AHEAD of them, staggering toward them, sobbing as she came was Nada. Jolly Roger's blazing eyes saw everything in that vivid light of the moon. Her hair was tangled and twisted about her shoulders and over her breast. One arm was bare where the sleeve had been torn away, and her girlish breast gleamed white where her waist had been stripped half from her body. And then she saw Jolly Roger in the trail, with wide-open reaching arms, and with a cry such as Peter had never heard come from her lips before she ran into them, and held up her face to him in the yellow moonlight. In her eyes—great, tearless, burning pools—he saw the tragedy and yet it was only that, and not horror, not despair, *not* the other thing. His arms closed crushingly about her. Her slim body seemed to become a part of him. Her hot lips reached up and clung to his.

And then,

"Did—he get you—to—Mooney's shack——"

He felt her body stiffen against him.

"No," she panted. "I fought—every inch. He dragged me, and hit me, and tore my clothes—but I fought. And up there—in the trail—he turned his back for a moment, when he thought I was done, and I hit him with a club. And he's there, now, on his back——"

She did not finish. Jolly Roger thrust her out from him, arm's length. A cloud under the moon hid his face. But his voice was low, and terrible.

"Nada, go to the Missioner's as fast as you can," he said, fighting to speak coolly. "Take Peter—and go. You will make it before the storm breaks. I am going back to have a few words with Jed Hawkins—alone. Then I will join you and the Missioner will marry us——"

ROGER found Hawkins lying in the road where Nada had struck him down. Apparently the man was dead. To shield Nada, Roger created evidence to prove himself the murderer and returned to Nada. His plans were changed. He could not permit Nada to marry a man against whom the crime of murder could be proved. Leaving Nada and Peter with the Missioner, he set out alone into the wilderness. But Nada had no fear of the fate that awaited Roger and with Peter, she started in pursuit. Exhausted she sent Peter on as a message to Roger that she was near. The man misunderstood and went on North with Peter as companion. After long wandering he came to a settlement of Cree Indians—Indians



Another high spot in "The Country Beyond," is when Jolly Roger confesses to Nada: "I'd give my life to tell you what's in my heart, but it wouldn't be fair. I'm not what you think. I've been living a lie!"

whom he had saved from starving by robbing the post and delivering to them the stolen food. Here was Yellow Bird and her husband, Slim Buck, whom he had known for many years and for whom he had a warm affection. Here he was made welcome and after he had told his story to Yellow Bird, she communed with the spirits and foretold his fortune:

"SIT DOWN, Neekewa (Roger)," she whispered, drawing the ropes of her hair about her as if she were cold. Then she drew a slim hand over her eyes and shivered.

"It is well, Neekewa," she spoke softly. "I have gone through the clouds to where lives Oo-Mee, the Pigeon, (Nada). I found her crying on a trail. I whispered to her and happiness came, and that happiness is going to live—for Neekewa and the Pigeon. It cannot die. It cannot be killed. The Red Coated men of the Great White Father will never destroy it. You will live. She will live. You will meet again—in happiness. And happi-

ness will follow ever after. That much I learned, Neekewa In happiness—you will meet again."

"Where? When?" whispered Jolly Roger, his heart beating with sudden swiftness.

Again Yellow Bird passed her hand over her eyes, and as she held it there for a moment she bowed her head until Jolly Roger could see only her dew-wet hair, and she said:

"In the Country Beyond, Neekewa."

Her eyes were looking at him again, big, dark and filled with mystery.

"And where is this country, Yellow Bird?" he asked, a strange chill driving the warmth out of his heart. "You mean—up there?" And he pointed to the gray sky above them.

"No, it is happiness to come in life, not in death," said Yellow Bird slowly. "It is not beyond the stars. It is——"

He waited, leaning toward her.

"In the Country Beyond," she said (Continued on page 134)

Q. How long could you expect Lapidowitz to keep his fortune of twenty-five dollars after he was tempted to guess under which shell the little pea was hidden?



# Lapidowitz Meets Two Gonifs

By Bruno Lessing

Illustrated by M. Leone Bracker

IT IS CURIOUS the way things happen. The watched pot will not boil but the unwatched factory bursts into flames. The person you wait for does not appear while the one whom you do not want to see bumps right into you. There are various explanations of this phenomenon, the most satisfactory one being that, at times, a Djinn, Jinx or Universal Hoodoo controls our affairs. If this contrariness of life were due to the binomial theorem or the precession of the equinoxes it would be rather unsatisfactory to most people because most people do not understand such things. But a Hoodoo is as satisfactory as it is convincing. All this, however, is merely by the way—en passant, so to speak.

Karesh, of Karesh & Mandel (millinery trimmings), sat in his office gazing at a telegram that had just come from Chicago and murmuring, disconsolately "Oy! Oy! Oy!" over and over again. The telegram was from Rogitsky Bros., his biggest customer.

"Mr. O'Brien our new buyer," it ran, "left for New York to-day. Will stop at Ritz. Take good care of him. We expect take him into partnership. Give him good time and extend credit up to two thousand if he requires for cash purchases from other concerns to save time."

Affixed to the signature was a code word attesting to the genuineness of the message. Karesh remembered how profitable it had always been to extend courtesies to Abey Levy, the former buyer, and, in a vague way, he wondered why Rogitsky Bros. had let him go. It even occurred to him to send for Levy and,

perhaps, employ him. But these were merely dim, side thoughts. The center of his mental stage was occupied, at that moment, by the one big thought: his partner was away, two of his salesmen were sick and he, himself, was on jury duty in a long-winded case that stretched from ten o'clock in the morning until five in the afternoon every day.

"Tsuros! Tsuros!" he exclaimed. "A good customer and I got nobody to look after him. Oy! Oy!"

HE US now to another scene, viz: Milken's café. Here sat Lapidowitz, the schnorrer, waiting impatiently for Mr. Smith. He had met Mr. Smith the evening before and Mr. Smith had bought him a good dinner and had promised to meet him early the next morning. It was now early the next morning and Lapidowitz was hoping that Mr. Smith would soon arrive and buy him a breakfast. Lapidowitz was hungry and Milken had refused to extend any further credit.

One of the qualities of a schnorrer—who is a sort of sublimated loafer—is that he is never surprised when anyone does anything for him. Lapidowitz had merely wondered how Mr. Smith had ever happened to drop into Milken's café.

Lapidowitz, the previous evening had asked a waiter to bring him a glass of slivovitz and the waiter had told him that Milken had given orders that no more drinks were to be served to him until his bill was paid, when he heard a gentle voice behind him.

"I'll buy you a slivovitz, if you like."



Turning swiftly, he beheld a pleasant-looking, pale-faced young man with eyes that did not appear to match, seated at a table behind him. Within two minutes Lapidowitz was drinking to the stranger's health.

"Might I ask what your name is?" he inquired.

"It's Mr. Smith," the young man replied and, observing Lapidowitz's intent gaze and astonished look, added, "I got a glass eye."

For Lapidowitz had suddenly observed that one of Mr. Smith's eyes was moving in a queer orbit by itself.

"That's too bad," murmured the schnorrer, sympathetically, to his new friend.

"It is a pretty bad one," said Mr. Smith, in a matter-of-fact tone, "but I'm getting some new ones in. I'm just down here on a business deal and I'm looking for information. By the way, if you have nothing else to do, how'd you like to take dinner with me?" asked the engaging Smith.

Lapidowitz had never in his life had anything to do that could possibly interfere with accepting an invitation to dinner. During the evening meal he found the stranger curiously eager for information concerning the financial standing of the store-keepers of the neighborhood.

"I'M A CREDIT man," Mr. Smith explained. "Our company just wants to know how much cash people have on hand."

Lapidowitz gave him a list of the well-to-do men whom he knew and added many sidelights upon their personalities which seemed to appeal to his companion.

"I guess," said Mr. Smith, "you're just the man I'm looking for. I'll meet you right here to-morrow morning."

Karesh, of Karesh & Mandel (millinery trimmings), on his way to court stopped at Milken's café for a cup of coffee.

"Why do you look so gloomish?" asked Milken.

"Nothing but tsuros," replied Karesh, with a shrug of his shoulders. As he sipped his coffee he explained his predicament to the café proprietor.

"Say," exclaimed Milken. "I know what you could do. There's that fellow Lapidowitz sitting over there. He's a regular schnorrer but he's a nice fellow when he don't owe you any money. Why you don't get him to take your customer around and give him a good time? He ain't got nothing else to do."

Karesh turned swiftly and looked at Lapidowitz.

"IT AIN'T a bad idea at all," said he. "Bring him over."

And thus it happened that Lapidowitz received a commission to call for Mr. O'Brien at the Ritz and entertain him until Karesh returned from court.

"Here is twenty-five dollars," said Karesh. "That will pay for a lunch and maybe a matinée. If he wants a ride around in a carriage telephone to the Eureka Stables on Houston Street and tell them to charge it to me. Be nice to him and do whatever he wants. Only be sure to bring him to my office at half-past five. Then I give you something for yourself."

Hardly had Karesh departed when Mr. Smith arrived. Lapidowitz greeted him with great dignity.

"Yesterday you bought me a dinner," he said. "Now, Mr. Smith, I invite you to eat breakfast with me."

The newcomer stared curiously at Lapidowitz.

"Mr. Smith? Oh, yes," said he. "I remember I told you my name. But you were broke yesterday and now you seem to be flush. What happened?"

Lapidowitz explained the situation to him and Mr. Smith was greatly interested.

"I'll tell you what I'll do," he volunteered. "I'll go along with you and help you entertain him. I know all the places in town this man would want to see."



❶ "Couldn't you make him give me back my twenty-five dollars?" Lapidowitz begged. "Why, you big bonehead," exclaimed the detective. "He ain't got it. Your friend O'Brien took every cent."

The idea appealed to Lapidowitz and so it happened that, an hour later, they both arrived at the Ritz and inquired for Mr. O'Brien.

They had hardly uttered the name to the clerk when a short, red-faced, keen-eyed man standing at the news-counter close to the desk, turned quickly toward them.

"I'm Mr. O'Brien," he said. "I heard you mention my name."

"Mr. Karesh said I should give you a good time," said Lapidowitz, extending his hand. "My name is Lapidowitz. This is my friend Mr. Smith."

O'Brien gazed from one to the other and then, ignoring the schnorrer, concentrated his gaze upon Mr. Smith.

"Are you in our line, too? Millinery trimmings and silks?"

"No," said Mr. Smith. "I'm a gentleman. I'm just killing time today and if there's anything I can show you around this little burg, I'm at your disposal."

"Did Mr. Karesh say anything about two thousand dollars?" asked O'Brien.

"Not to me," said Lapidowitz. "He is by the court on jury

duty and he said I should bring you to his office after five o'clock."

O'Brien seemed disappointed at this piece of information. "That's too bad," said he. "I had some important things to get this morning and I need the cash. I told my firm to arrange it with Mr. Karesh."

"If it's just a couple of hundred dollars to help out for a little while," said Mr. Smith, amiably, "I might help you out. But a couple of thousand isn't in my line."

"Oh, don't bother about it," exclaimed O'Brien, airily. "I guess I can wait till half-past five. I've got four or five hundred with me."

"Four or five hundred dollars?" said Mr. Smith, eagerly. "I guess you won't starve. Suppose before we go anywhere we drop around to my room? I don't live far from here and we can all have a drink."

"Suits me," said O'Brien, seizing Smith's arm and leading him out of the hotel.

"Me too it suits," thought Lapidowitz, trailing behind them and mentally figuring on how much he could save out of the twenty-five dollars he was expected to spend on the buyer from Chicago. Mr. Smith led them to his present residence, a rather dilapidated hotel on Th'rd Avenue.

"I don't believe in wasting my money on hotels that have to support elevators," he explained, with a cheerful smile to his two companions.

The room into which he conducted them contained no furnishings save what the hotel had provided. A black bag on the floor and a few magazines on the table were the only signs that it had recently been occupied. From this bag Mr. Smith produced a bottle. There was only one drinking glass in the room and from this they imbibed in turn. Then Mr. Smith produced a pack of playing cards.

"Do you fellows like card tricks?" he asked. "I used to be a wizard at them but I'm a little out of practice."

"Let's see what you can do," said O'Brien, jovially. "I'm like a kid with tricks."

Mr. Smith went through several amateur sleight-of-hand performances which greatly delighted Lapidowitz and seemed to interest O'Brien immensely.

"**H**ERE'S one now," he said, "that's a puzzler. I take three cards in my hands. See them? One's an ace and the other two are picture cards. Now I just lay them down, slow-like, on the table and I bet you can't tell which one of the three is the ace."

It was the time-worn "3-card-monte" game which Lapidowitz had never seen before.

"I bet I know where is the ace," the schnorrer cried the moment Mr. Smith had laid down the cards.

"How much will you bet?" asked Mr. Smith.

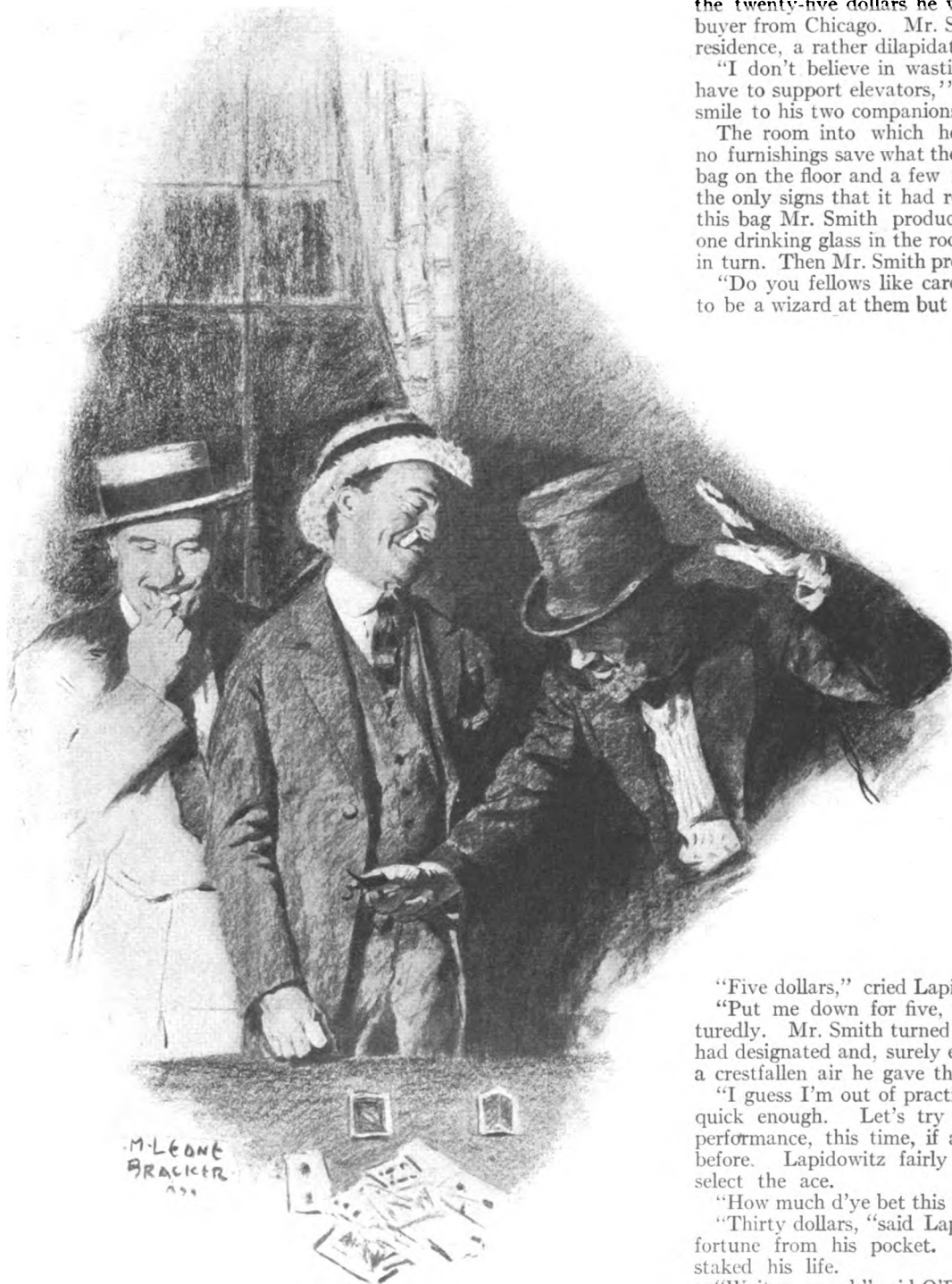
"Five dollars," cried Lapidowitz, eagerly and confident. "Put me down for five, too," said O'Brien, good-naturedly. Mr. Smith turned over the card which they both had designated and, surely enough, it was the ace. With a crestfallen air he gave them each five dollars.

"I guess I'm out of practice," he said. "I didn't do it quick enough. Let's try it again." He repeated the performance, this time, if anything, more chumsily than before. Lapidowitz fairly trembled with eagerness to select the ace.

"How much d'ye bet this time?" asked Mr. Smith. "Thirty dollars," said Lapidowitz, eagerly drawing his fortune from his pocket. He would cheerfully have staked his life.

"Wait a second," said O'Brien. "How big a bet will ye take on the card this time?"

"I'm a sport," said Mr. Smith. "Easy come, easy go, is



Q. "I bet thirty dollars I know where is the ace," Lapidowitz cried. But his heart sank the moment he turned the card. It was not the ace.

my motto. All or nothing. If I'm sucker enough to gamble I deserve to lose. You say you got five hundred dollars with you? I'll cover it—I'll put up three hundred dollars cash and a check for two hundred and I'll go to the bank with you to get it cashed."

"Four hundred and fifty's what I got in cash," said O'Brien, counting out a roll of bills. "And your check is just as good as cash with me."

"Turn the card, Lappy," said Mr. Smith, gathering up all the money on the table. This time it was a picture card.

"Not bad, eh? For an amateur?" said Mr. Smith, as he stuffed the bills into his pocket. "Well, I'll tell you, boys. I'll go out with you and I'll blow this money in to give you a good time. How's that?"

Lapidowitz's heart had sunk the moment he beheld the wrong card. The money that Karesh had given him was gone and the five dollars that he had won so easily had vanished. But O'Brien cheered cheerfully.

"Put her there!" he cried laughing and holding out his hand. "You're a guy after me own heart. Now I'll tell you what'll do. This guy here"—he pointed a contemptuous thumb in Lapidowitz's direction—"is going back to my hotel with me to get some papers. I got to send them down to Mr. Karesh. Then I'll come back and we'll go out for a good time. Mister Thingumabob here can meet us later. What d'ye say?"

"Anything goes with me," said Mr. Smith. "I'll be here when you get back."

O'Brien and Lapidowitz left the room. The latter was too heartbroken to take the slightest interest in any plans for the future. The only thought in his mind was to get in touch with Karesh and claim his compensation for having entertained O'Brien. As they reached the foot of the stairs that individual uttered an exclamation of annoyance.

"Confound it, I've left my eye-glass case upstairs. Just wait here till I run back and get it."

IT SEEMED to Lapidowitz that the buyer from Chicago was gone an unusually long time. When he returned he was red in the face as if he had been running.

"What do we do now?" asked Lapidowitz, peevishly. O'Brien's pulmonary condition did not interest him.

"Cheer up, old boy," said O'Brien, good-naturedly. "Y' ain't sore because you lost a few dollars, are ye? I got plenty left. You just stick to me and I'll see ye don't lose anything."

"Didn't he win everything you got?" asked Lapidowitz.

"That guy? D'ye think I'm a sucker? Why I got twice as much as I told him. Look here." He showed Lapidowitz a roll of bills that made the schnorrer's eyes bulge out of their sockets.

"Say, by the way," said O'Brien, "what's your name? I got a poor memory."

"Lapidowitz."

"Well, Slopowitz, we'll go downtown together and call on our friend Karesh. I've got to get two thousand dollars from him. And, after that, I'll give you the time of your life. Don't worry about that chicken-feed you lost. You stick to O'Brien."

Lapidowitz took his companion to Milken's cafe where they waited until it was time for Karesh to return to his office. And then O'Brien, with a hasty exclamation and a resounding slap on the table, looked at his watch.



**C.** A clerk brought Karesh a telegram. He tore it open, glanced through it and then with a wild cry, sprang to his feet. "Help!" he cried. "Gonifs! Get the police! Lock the door!"

"If I ain't a scatterbrain!" he exclaimed. "I made a date with one of the big merchants to meet him at five-thirty and I forgot all about it. Look here, Lopowitz, you run over to Mr. Karesh and tell him I've got to have two thousand dollars tonight. He'll give you the money. I'd rather have it in cash but I guess a check will do. I'll meet you—let's see—well, I'll come back here in an hour."

"Look," said Lapidowitz, "he gave me twenty-five dollars to entertain you and he was going to pay meextra, too. Soif Isay——"

A broad grin overspread O'Brien's countenance as he interrupted the schnorrer.

"You're a lad after me own heart. Just tell him you blew all the money on me. Lunch and flowers and anything else you like. Make him give you twenty-five more for your trouble."

Lapidowitz departed well pleased. O'Brien was, without exception, the most charming individual he had ever met. He hurried to Karesh's office oblivious of the fact that O'Brien, on the opposite side of the street, was following him.

"Well," said Karesh, "where's that buyer?" Lapidowitz explained that O'Brien had to keep an appointment and wanted two thousand dollars.

"Sure," said Karesh. "What's his first name so I can make out a check?"

"I don't know, replied Lapidowitz. "Anyway he said he'd rather have cash."

"CASH," exclaimed Karesh, petulantly. "Does he think I'm a bank? I'll go with you to meet him and we'll fix it up somehow. Did you give him a good time?"

"You bet I did," said Lapidowitz. "I bought him a lunch and flowers and theater tickets. I spent all the twenty-five dollars and more, too, of my own money. And if you could settle with me now it would be a great favor, Mr. Karesh."

"I wouldn't be surprised," said Karesh, drily. "But in business you got to be business-like. First I see Mr. O'Brien. Then you make out a statement. Then I see if it's correct."

A clerk brought Karesh a telegram. He tore it open, glanced through it and then with a wild cry, sprang to his feet.

"Help!" he cried. "Gonifs! Get the police! Lock the door!" He threw himself upon Lapidowitz. (Continued on page 131)





Illustration by F. Strothmann

All the dead-game sports bowed to the tyrant's hat, but old Bill Tell preferred shooting apples off his son's head.

There's  
no sense in  
being sure  
of anything  
for more than  
a few days at  
a time, warns  
Uncle Walt

# I Don't Stand Hitched

By Walt Mason

THE other evening I went to the Ku Klux hall to hear Hon. J. Pilate Abernethy discuss the living issues. Things have come to such a pass in this country that a lecture or political speech is about the only entertainment we can enjoy without buying a ticket. I'd rather see a movie representation of "The Two Orphans," with Jack Dempsey in the title rôle than hear any man lecture; but it costs twenty cents or more to see the show, and the lecture is free, and we simply must put our quarters in the Building and Loan Association if we hope to side-step the poor farm in our old age.

Mr. Abernethy beat his breast with great violence and said he cast his first vote for Abraham Lincoln, and had been a rock-ribbed Republican ever since. At the time this seemed a highly important announcement, and in my enthusiasm I climbed up on my chair and pulled down some gas fixtures, and everybody in the hall applauded with similar fervor. But after I left the hall, and walked homeward, stepping carefully so as not to wake

the sleeping policeman, my enthusiasm evaporated. As one who sees through a glass darkly I realized that Mr. Abernethy's triumphant announcement really was a confession of obstinacy and nothing more. The man who sticks to one theory for a lifetime may have some reasonable explanation when cornered, but he should not boast of it.

THE place of honor in my workroom is occupied by a priceless marble bust of the Vicar of Bray, at whom most moralists and historians point the finger of scorn. In the eyes of this great and good man the most important thing was to hold his job; as a vicar he was of genuine use in the world; without his job he was of no account, so he naturally desired to go on vicking as long as he lived. He lived in parlous times, when dynasties were being overturned, and a new administration loomed up every washday. In order to hold his portfolio as vicar he had to change his convic-

tions about three times a week, and he was equal to the occasion. Whatever party or ruler happened to be on top, the loyal support of the vicar could be counted on. As a consequence of his statesmanlike conduct he enjoys a deathless renown. People who stick to one idea all their lives refer to him as a piker; but the vicar will be remembered when his critics have joined the man who struck Billy Patterson.

In my humble way I try to follow in the footsteps of the Vicar of Bray, and all my opinions and convictions are subject to change without notice.

The more I read history, and contemplate the justly celebrated human race, the more am I convinced that progress is sadly handicapped by those men who accumulate a set of hand-made convictions and stick to them through life. In some of the benighted countries men plow the ground with crooked sticks, using their wives and aunts as horses, being convinced that it is the only way to plow.

WE ARE always being asked to admire illustrious people who risked their lives or made great sacrifices for their convictions. There was Gessler, for instance. And old Bill Tell. The legend says that Gessler was a tyrant who hung his kelly on a pole, and announced that anybody who didn't bow to it would be run out of town. When we were school children we read about this, and were trained to look upon Gessler with hatred and disdain. I used to lie awake at night thinking what I'd do to Gessler if I could get close to him with a few of last year's eggs. But now I am old all my sympathy is with Gessler. What is the use of being a tyrant if one can't take a fall out of the oppressed citizens? And it may be the tyrant's lid cost him so much he felt it was entitled to public homage. At this distance of time we can't trace his motives, but why assume that they were unworthy?

All the dead-game sports and live wires of the town bowed to the tyrant's hat and were none the worse for it. Probably they were the better for it; no doubt the tyrant kept cases on them all, and the ones who saluted the bonnet with grace would be remembered, and would be appointed to the police force, or given little grafts in the street commissioner's department. But old Bill Tell was one of your hidebound boys who took a foolish pride in standing up for his convictions.

The fact that Tell never lived has nothing to do with the case. He set a bad example, even if he wasn't on earth to do it. By standing in with the tyrant he might have been city clerk; instead of which he had to go around shooting apples off his son's head when he should have been doing something useful.

I'M ALWAYS enthusiastic over something that seems vital to me; but when experience has shown that it isn't vital, I call James and tell him to take it to the dump. For a time I was convinced that vegetarianism is the greatest thing in the world, and I used to go over to the home of Mr. Pettigrew, my nearest neighbor, and expound this great idea until he begged me to go home and leave him in peace.

"Consider the horse," I said to him one evening; "the horse is a strict vegetarian; you never see this noble animal feeding its face with Hamburger steak, and if you offered it a dish of link sausage it would resort to violence. You may go to the lunch counter a thousand times and you'll never see a horse eating fried liver. It has too much sense. It demands such wholesome feed as fragrant hay and oats freshly rolled. And now consider the strength and endurance of the horse, and reason from cause to effect, and let me have that cigar I see in your vest pocket."

It was this argument that converted Mr. Pettigrew to vege-

tarianism. So he boycotted the village meat market and bought his victuals in the hay market.

Two or three weeks later I invited him to dinner. When we sat down to the table a big roast of beef was disclosed.

"What does this mean?" inquired Mr. Pettigrew, who always speaks his mind. "I came expecting a dinner of boiled herbs, and here you have a side of beef floating in its gravy. You talked my whiskers off to make me a vegetarian, and now, just when I am getting used to bran mash and alfalfa as a regular diet, you spring this on me. How about the noble horse and his refreshing diet?"

"I was thoroughly in earnest in boosting vegetarianism," I explained carefully. "But after I had lived on bluegrass for a while it occurred to me that a tiger can knock a horse silly with one blow of its paw. And does a tiger eat hay? It does not. Does a tiger fill itself with stewed onions or canned asparagus? You know better. A man must consider both sides of every question before he adopts any policy as a permanent thing."

"I see you are a man of no principles," said Mr. Pettigrew, untying the napkin from his neck, and looking around for his hat. "You are about as stable as a weathervane, and I am going home and eat the rest of that load of clover I bought yesterday. When I adopt a plan that seems right, I try to stick to it."

And that's always the way. The man who changes

his mind frequently, as the result of profound thought, or enlightening experience, is denounced as unstable and lacking principles.

During the last year or two there has been a great upheaval over the propositions of Mr. Darwin. It is surprising how seriously people take this matter. Orators, professors, scribes and Pharisees are busy throwing dornicks at each other. George Bernard Shaw has written a play and many essays to demonstrate that Darwin was right or wrong, I forget which.

I SUPPOSE I should have some convictions on this subject, but I haven't. The whole fuss seems too ridiculous to mention. One learned gentleman who has an attractive line of convictions solemnly informs us that our remote ancestors were apes. I am willing to let it go at that. A respectable, law-abiding ape has his points. If an ape founded my family, it was so long ago that there's no use worrying over it, and nothing that I can do will remove the stigma. I can only try to live it down; and if a neighbor jeers at me, I have the consolation of knowing that if my forefather was an ape his was a gorilla. I refuse to be disturbed over any family matters of a few thousand or a few million years ago, even if people rebuke me for lacking convictions.

I am not sure that anything is an everlasting fact. I am easily swayed from one opinion to another. I hear the prosecuting attorney addressing the jury, and am convinced that the prisoner at the bar is a fiend in human form; then I hear the attorney for the defense, and it seems to me that the prisoner is a martyr. My convictions are adjustable, and the best talker wins, and the prisoner is hanged or acquitted, according to the elocution in the case.

I am tranquil and happy because my convictions are interchangeable, like Ford parts. For a while the allopathic doctors had me convinced that their school of medicine is the only one worth while; then the homeopaths cornered me in an alley and persuaded me that they had the real goods; and now the chiropractors have their innings, and I am assuring my friends that if a sick man wants to get well he must have his spine taken out and run through a cornsheller.

There's no sense in being sure of anything for more than a few days at a time.

## From Pillar to Post

TODAY I hold the earth is round, through shoreless ether tearing; you hear my earnest voice resound, my firm belief declaring. Tomorrow I may go to bat, my old beliefs dismantling, insisting that the earth is flat, held up by chunks of scantling. One day I boost a theme or creed, the next day its in tatters; not theories large, but goodly deed is all that really matters. If while on this old earth I stay I'm square with all my neighbors, and if my bills I promptly pay, and shine in useful labors, what boots it if the earth be square or flatter than a griddle? On with the dance—I'll do my share, and pay the gents who fiddle.

Walter Mason



Norman Hapgood Completes His Expose—Continued from page 73

## Henry Ford's Jew-Mania

sumably cultivated, he has doubtless read "The Outrage," which its author, Alexander Kuprin, calls a true story. A meeting is described of "a small committee of local barristers who had undertaken the conduct of the cases of those who had suffered in the last pogrom against the Jews." The tired committee is about to adjourn when a hearing is requested by seven individuals who presented themselves as "delegates" from the United Rostov-Kharkov and Odessa-Nikolayev Association of Thieves. The delegates call attention to the fact that in the local papers "there have often been indications that among the instigators of the pogrom who were paid and instigated by the police—the dregs of society, consisting of drunkards, tramps, and hooligans from the slums, thieves were also to be found."

THE spokesman makes a distinction between the thieves of his organization, all engaged in dangerous and skilled branches, and the "pack of jackals" in the lower ranks of crime. These lower reptiles, he admits, "would gladly accept an invitation to a pogrom," but his own associates are educated. He says:

"We understand, every one of us—perhaps only a little less than you barristers, gentlemen, the real sense of the pogroms. Every time that some dastardly event or some ignominious failure has occurred, after executing a martyr in a dark corner of a fortress, or after deceiving public confidence, some one who is hidden and unapproachable becomes afraid of the people's anger and diverts its vicious elements upon the heads of innocent Jews. Whose diabolical mind invented these pogroms—these titanic blood-lettings, these cannibal amusements for dark, bestial souls? . . . We thieves by profession know better than any one else how these pogroms are organized. . . . We can swear before God and man and posterity that we have known how the police organize the massacres, without shame and almost without concealment. . . . They invited many of us to take part; but there was none so vile among us as to give even the outward consent that fear might have extorted. . . .

"None of us will forget the horror of those bloody days and bloody nights lit up by the glare of fires, those sobbing women, those little children; bodies torn to pieces and left lying in the street. But for all that, not one of us thinks that the police and the mob are the real origin of the evil. These tiny, stupid loathsome vermin are only a senseless fist that is governed by a vile, calculating mind, moved by a diabolical will."

THE PROFOUND emotion of the story is prudently hidden in broad comedy. It might be libelous for us to draw too clearly its moral, in commending the tale of Lieutenant Brasol. We will recall, however, that we have already printed a letter by that agent of the Tsar and of the Black Hundred, in which he boasts that in one

year alone he had written two books that will do the Jews more injury than ten pogroms. We leave him to reflect on that boast, on his happy old days in Russia, on Erzberger and Rathenau, on Henry Ford, on how unimpeded, he, Brasol, is to carry on his work in this free country, and on how sad it was that the Jews escaped in the Beiliss case because, as Brasol reported to his government, and still contends, the lawyers for the Tsar were not as smart as Brasol shows they might have been.

Unfortunately, the American government has taken anything but a statesman-like view of the various Russian elements in the past revolution.

It kept a representative of the former Russian government here for years, while one of his principal functions was to carry on propaganda in this country against the present Russian government and to prevent the recognition of the new Baltic States.

The embassy has been constantly active to get funds for "deserving Russians."

As an example of the relation between the embassy and this group of expatriates, we offer a letter, of which part is reproduced in Russian on Page 72. It is written to General Spiridovitch, an authorized agent of Ford's newspaper, and head of a little anti-Jewish organization. It is signed by de Bach, who has been in charge of Russian embassy affairs since the departure of Bakhmetev. The principal parts of it are:

"Russian Embassy,  
Washington,  
January 19, 1922.

"Deeply respected and dear

Arthur Ivanovitch:

"I am able to answer your letter of January 16th because in it you do not speak with intolerable severity of V. V. Buismistrov, my old school fellow at the Lyceum, and of the other very decent people who are managing the Society for Aid to Russians, in New York. I did not answer your last letters because I felt that in view of your unfounded insults, it was impossible to keep up the correspondence.

"In substance this is what I want to say to you:—

"1. The Russian Red Cross Society does not grant any subsidies and the Central Committee of this Society has no funds of its own in America, and therefore no such accusation can be made against it.

"2. Coöperation and help to Russian refugees in America is given by the Society for Aid to Russians, on the Special Committee of which are: V. V. Buismistrov, President of the Society and Special Committee, Members C. F. Baldin, D. I. Vinogradov, V. A. Graves, G. A. Isvolski, D. P. Pertsov, P. A. Rutski. These organizations use funds allowed them by the Embassy, and they are subject to control and inspection by the Financial Department. In the activi-

ties of these organizations there is nothing arbitrary and illegal and no enormous salaries are granted. Some of the persons entrusted with the supervision of real estate, in which part of the capital of the Society is temporarily invested, for purposes of increasing its income, do not accept any remuneration for their work.

"As for your difficult situation, in spite of your letters, I have made every effort to induce the Ambassador to grant you the promised remittance of \$125. B. Bakhmetiev agreed to this and I am herewith enclosing a cheque for that amount with the request that you return the carbon receipt.

"I beg you to believe in my feeling of complete respect and devotion,  
Bach."

NOW ONE influence of the activities thus clearly stated by Mr. de Bach is that they connect up much too closely the Russian embassy and our government with a lot of people who ought not to be carrying on their campaigns in this country. Many of them, ostensibly campaigning against radicalism, have a leading part in the anti-Jewish propaganda also.

The importance of the anti-Jew crusade, that we have now finished exposing, lies not in the weight of anything brought forward by Mr. Ford. The stuff published in the Dearborn Independent, and also the other material turned up by the Ford detectives, has been, as our readers now know, unmitigated rubbish. What gave the Ford vagary its unfortunate significance was the following set of facts:

1. That the reactionary trick of getting after the Jews, in order to stir up a dust, exists not only in Russia and Germany, but seems to be spreading to this country.

2. That the richest man in the world, an idealist, was made a victim and led into this deplorable game of the international reactionaries.

3. That his folly coincided with a Russian anti-Jew campaign in this country, with the Ku Klux outrages, and with a new outbreak of anti-Semitism in the colleges.

The actual circulation attained by the Ford weekly, even though its attempt to ride on the Anti-Semitic movement, has been slight. Of what circulation there is, a large part is forced, as shown by documents herewith reproduced. These documents illustrate the fact that Ford dealers continually receive circulars urging them to obtain subscriptions to the Dearborn Independent. The pressure is so strong that subscription blanks and applications for bonds for solicitors have been received by the dealers along with their commission agreements.

Here is one sample of the letters sent to dealers:

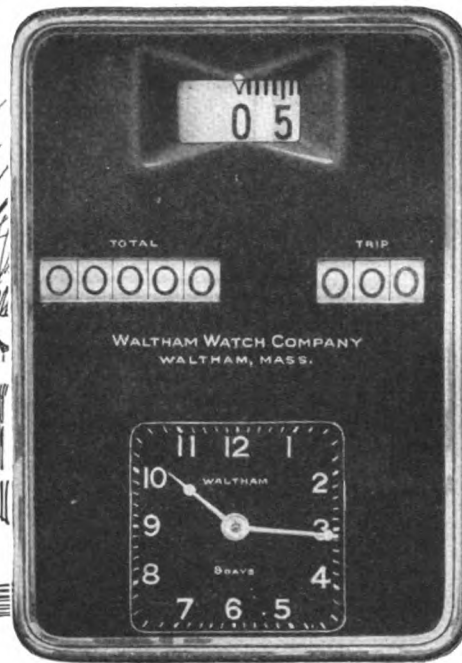
May 24, 1922.

"To All Ford Dealers:

From time to time we have requested the Ford dealers to get behind the sale of subscriptions for the Dearborn Independent.

[Continued on page 108]





Special Model

# Speedometers - Clocks - Watches

## and Extremes of Temperature

**H** EAT expands metal. Cold contracts it. This is what happens to a Waltham Automobile Clock and Speedometer in winter time.

When the car is running, the heat from the motor permeates the clock. And we've seen cars parked in zero weather taking the coldest bath of arctic air imaginable.

Do the works of that wonder-working Waltham Clock expand with the heat until the time slows down as if it had an emergency brake clamped on it?

Do the works of that little time-keeper contract with the icy cold until the hands race over the hours as if they played tag with each other?

Not a bit of it. Smoothly, unvaryingly, dependably, that Waltham Clock ticks on, smiling from its face the correct time as if there was only one temperature in all the world. Waltham has mastered what extremes of temperature do to metal.

And the Waltham Speedometer gives you the correct mileage and speed of your car over snow-rutted roads as it does upon the smoothest boulevards in summer time.

And the same mastery over extremes of temperature is built into every Waltham Watch. You may carry your Waltham from Maine to Florida, from zero to tropical weather, and it gives you that which you bought it for — *the time*.

The world's leading motor cars are equipped with Waltham Clocks and Speedometers. And people who invest in "all the year round" time, wear Waltham Watches.

*The Waltham Speedometer is the only air-friction Speedometer in the world.  
(Invented by Nikola Tesla.) Developed and perfected by Waltham.*

WALTHAM WATCH COMPANY  
WALTHAM, MASS.

*Service Stations in all leading cities*

# WALTHAM

Waltham Colonial "A" Riverside  
Catalogue No. 264 — 19 Jewels  
Adjusted to 5 Positions



Raised Gold Figured Dial  
Carved Case  
Price \$225.00

THE SCIENTIFIC BUILT WATCH



**IT TELLS** how you can make your money earn 7% with safety by placing it in **INVESTORS BONDS**, which are fractional parts of first mortgages on highest grade property.

It explains the partial payment plan—how to order bonds—how millions of dollars of **INVESTORS BONDS** have been underwritten with safety.

Whether you have \$10 or \$10,000 available, before investing write for Booklet No. L-126

## The INVESTORS COMPANY

29 So. La Salle St., Chicago

Ask Your Banker for **INVESTORS BONDS**.

## Has Your Income Been 10% The Last 6 Years?

Investors in Beneficial Loan Society have enjoyed this return since 1916—even during severe business depression.

If you are interested in about 10%,  
Net ask for Descriptive Circular K-17.

**CLARENCE HODSON & CO., Inc.**  
Est. 1893. 135 Broadway, N. Y.

## \$26,000 in 15 years

Have you \$250 in cash and can you save \$25.00 a month? If so, we can start you on a sound plan, of investing that will make your savings grow to \$26,000 in 15 years.

Ask for H-54

## R. J. McClelland & Co.

Investment Securities  
60 Broadway, New York

## IF INTERESTED IN BUSINESS AND FINANCE

keep informed by reading the Bache Review, a ten-minute weekly summary of the business and financial situation. It focuses and interprets currents of to-day and indicates their trend. Sent to business men for three months without charge.

Careful  
attention  
paid to  
statistical  
inquiries



Stocks  
Bonds  
Cotton  
Grain  
Foreign  
Exchange

**J. S. BACHE & CO.**

42 Broadway

New York City

[Continued from page 106]

During the month of March we obtained eleven hundred and sixty-two subscriptions which was a very good showing and we led the country that month. During the month of April we obtained five hundred and fifty-five which was less than half as many as we had in March and up until today we have only one hundred and five subscriptions for May, so you see we will make a very poor showing this month unless we get busy. The Dearborn Independent is a Ford product and is worthy of our support. We have eight days of May left, so for the balance of the month let everyone **THINK, TALK AND SELL** subscriptions for the Dearborn Independent.

We do not expect you to neglect your sales of cars and tractors, but there are ever so many people in your place every day that would be glad to subscribe to the Dearborn Independent if they knew the merits of our magazine. This is what we are asking you to do if any of your customers show interest in the samples which you have on display, kindly talk up and tell him how much good he can get out of the Dearborn Independent. You will be surprised to see just what good results we can have.

"Set the target at one subscription each day for the rest of May."

Yours for more subscriptions.  
**FORD MOTOR COMPANY,**  
Dearborn Independent Sales,  
E. F. Wiber,  
Circulation Department."

Just call up your own Ford dealer and ask him some innocent question about bonuses for subscriptions. We have just called up a Ford dealer, selected by chance from the telephone book. His answer was: "Mr. Handy, the chief sales agent in Washington, came around to see us the middle of last week and told us to get busy with subscriptions. He told us to pep up and it would be worth our while. We didn't even have subscription blanks but we took fifty orders between Wednesday and Saturday nights. We're in for all we're worth."

**T**HE RESPONSES received by us, as month by month we patiently gave the facts about the Ford anti-Jew campaign have been most satisfactory. These responses leave in our mind no doubt that our purpose is being accomplished; that the silliness of the charges has been driven in.

Not that the task is ended. It is indeed true that eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. Weeds will grow if the garden is not watched. Hatred, prejudice, little-nesses of many kinds, diseases of the social system, will take root unless there is a strong and alert public sentiment to stamp out the evil beginnings. This publication means to do its part. The best cure for any error is a full exposure of the facts. "Light" as Emerson says, "is the best policeman."

Coming next month: "The Intimate Life of Henry Ford," a biography of the real man by Allan L. Benson.

## Things You Want to Know About Investments

If you are interested in investments the financial department of Hearst's International offers you a careful selection of authoritative booklets published by leading financial institutions. They contain information of value to the investor—the man who believes in making his money work. Any of the booklets listed will be sent on request without cost. Here are a few of them.  
State which ones you want and address:

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# The Return of The Swordsman

A. S. M. Hutchinson's Story—Continued from page 22

but the door,' a' says; 'which I see a crack in roof as I lie here on my back,' a' says.

"Ay, marry, a' was a bold un, Corporal Harry. A' was presently searching round in dark on hands an' knees, an' a' found a billhook, an' in twodress minutes a' cut my bonds, an' I cut his'n; an' we cut free the Mouser that was groaning sore with crack on's head, but come to brave an' lively when we free un an' rouse un an' show un by pointing to broken rafters in roof what we would be after; an' presently soon Corporal Harry that was biggest stands straggle-leg beneath crack in roof, an' I climbs on's shoulders, an' the Mouser, that were a light an' nimble one, a' climbs on mine, an' a' takes billhook an' a' cuts away rafters that were rotten like cutting cheese, an' a' lays hold of beam, an' a' gives jump an' kick, an' a' sends Corporal Harry an' me sprawling, but a' clambers up, an' 'twas no very hard work for me off of Harry's shoulders to follow un.

"Ou-ai, there was Mouser an' me out on roof; an' we reach down my jacket an' Corporal Harry fastens on to un, an' a' kicks an' wriggles, an' we hold on amain like our arms ud come out their sockets, an' presently soon a' catches my wrists an' presently soon we pull un so a' gets a's arm through roof, an' a' swings a's self up, an' there we be, the dree on us, up on main top of roof.

"How us should ha settled un I surely do not know, but whiles we sat to think on un, that Mouser somehow slips, an' a' gives a screech an' away a' goes, an' there comes a rattle of tiles an' another screech, an' then a most mighty an' alarming thud, an' then language that was wicked oaths, sure enough, though in the French language, an' not to be understood.

"Us no could help laughing, Harry an' me; all terrible an' alarming as our situation was, an' then Harry says, 'If a' can swear a' can live,' a' says; 'an' where a Mouser can go I'm main sure I can follow,' a' says; 'so here goes, Zack,' a' says, an' a' pushes the ridge of roof with a's hands—a' was laying sprawled out on's belly, 'ee mind me—an' away a' goes, silthering; an' there comes to me presently a breaking and then a thud, an' then most sinful an' blasphemous oaths, which 'ee might fairly call the good English of the same words the Mouser had said.

"I tell 'ee, chaps, I tell 'ee, sir, I had main little stomach for the terrible danger of casting myself loose an' following un; but there surely was less stomach in me for stopping where I be'd, what with the noise they two had made by their falling and their oaths.

"Wherefore I prayed a most solemn prayer that I should not break my neck nor hang by un neither, an' I let myself go with my hands, and down I slipped, tearing my stomach most cruel and painful; and I goes quick an' quicker, and whizz! I goes over edge, an' down I comes crash an' splash into most evil an' terrible muckheap which my face buried in.

"With that comes shouts an' runnings an' bangings, an' all together such a

terrible an' alarming din as ears surely never did hear before. An' Harry an' me an' that Mouser we run one way, an' men came pouring up out of the ground, as you might believe, in front of us; an' I hears Harry shouting, 'This way, Zack, this way, Zack!' and I sets for un, an' another man jumps up at me an' I goes for to flick un an' a' lets out a jabber, so I knowed un for Mouser, an' I takes his hand an' we run."

OLD WIRK had been reciting these passages relative to the escape from the inn with an animation in keeping with the scurrying hurly-burly of its action; now, as he came to the throwing of themselves down in exhaustion, so by exhaustion his narrative seemed to cease. His flow stopped; his jaws and lips and tongue churned vigorously.

Chuckles at the blank surprise in Sabre's face rose from those seated about. One man took pity. "Well, but that ain't end, granfer," he called.

"Tell 'ee," said old Wirk sharply, "tell 'ee that's how us run for sojers, Corporal Harry an' me."

"But the ghost that haunts the Green, Mr. Wirk," Sabre had said in desperation of final appeal. "That was what you were telling me. The ghost of Willie."

"Tell 'ee I fot at Waterloo-oo-oo."

"Of course you did. Of course you did. I know you did. And you were in the square, and Corporal Harry shouted, 'Here they be coming, Zack,' and down on you they thundered."

The spring was touched. "Ou-ai," said Old Wirk. "Ou-ai, they Frenchies thundering on their great enormous horses of war an' waving their great swords—"

"But if he goes over it all again," thought Sabre, "we shall just come back to the same place," and he boldly interrupted. "Yes, well then, when Corporal Harry came back after Waterloo. How did he come back, Mr. Wirk?"

"He come back blind," Wirk said.

"Blind!" cried Sabre keenly. "He was blinded in the fighting, eh? And came back with you? You brought him back?"

Old Wirk shook his head. "Nay, nay. I was nigh a twelvemonth returned afore Corporal Harry came back. Nigh a twelvemonth, an' had set my mind to it that he had bin killed, when a' suddenly comes walking up the green here as sudden as if he had sprung out of it. Ay, marry, and in nobbut two-dree hours walking off again, blind as a' was, an' none that knew un never set eye on un again."

"But that was strange, Mr. Wirk, going off so soon like that. Why? What happened? Did something happen to make him go again at once?"

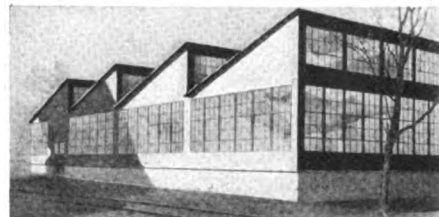
"Ou-ai," said Old Wirk. "Ou-ai, sommat surely did happen, an' the most terrible thing that ever mortal eye did behold. Lookee, sir, 'twas a fair day on the Green here, the day that Coporal Harry come back. There was tents an' booths an' giddy-go-round horses an' shooting galleries, an' all sorts of most wonderful an' most merry sights for to see. And there was maypole an' lads an' lassies dancing

## TRUSCON

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Of size and arrangement to fit exactly all needs. Used by hundreds of leading companies including: Packard Motor Car Co., Sinclair Oil Co., U. S. Coal and Coke Co.



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YOUNGSTOWN,  
OHIO

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Truscon Steel Co.,  
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telling them our building problems





## Listerine has been trusted for years

**Y**OU know the comfortable feeling you have when the kindly old family physician steps into the sickroom. Listerine enjoys something of that same confidence in the home—and has for nearly half a century.

Maybe this is because your doctor believes in Listerine himself and often recommends it as a gargle, mouth-wash and general cleansing antiseptic. You've noticed he does.

Naturally, the Lambert Pharmacal Company is proud of this respect its oldest product commands. Naturally, too, the makers are going to see to it that Listerine remains worthy of this respect—always efficient, always safe.

Their name on the bottle and on the brown carton is your assurance. Be sure it's there.

### Don't have sore throat again this winter

As you know, many illnesses start with sore throat. The mouth is an open door to disease germs.



*Sore throat is a danger signal; heed it promptly*

The use of Listerine as a mouth-wash and gargle affords a pleasant and dependable precaution against many forms of throat infection.

Use it systematically and be on the safe side. You may thus avoid many more serious ills.

Lambert Pharmacal Co.  
Saint Louis, U. S. A.

round un, an' all merry an' beautiful as ever a holiday could be. An' while I stood watching the dancers, one say to me. 'Look, Zack,' a' says, 'what strange man be yon that comes this way?' An' I looks, an' one an' another looks, an' presently all be looking, an' a' comes on straight into the middle of us, the strange figure that us see. A' was dressed in a sojer's coat, an' a' was smart an' trim an' pretty to look upon; an' a' whistled an' sung an' laughed as a' walked, an' a' carried in's hand a long sword that was like streak of lightning with the sun that dazed upon un.

**"A**N' AS a' comes, whistling an' singing, a' sometimes stops an' throws aloft the sword high, high till it was no but a shining star in the sky; an' a' holds up a's hand as though a' called to it, an' down like a lightning-flash it comes, an' the maids scream to see it rushing upon un, an' a' catches it in a's hand safe an' sure as a bird to it's nest, an' a' twirls it round like a ring of fire, an' a' laughs an' throws an' catches an' twirls un again. An' while we stand an' stare a' calls out 'Hey, my lassies,' a' calls out. 'Hey, my lassies; hey, my lads. Doth none know me?'"

"An' I knew un then, for all a' looked so strange. An' a' calls out 'Harry!' to un, an' goes to un, an' one an' another that remembered un; for all a' had not bin to village for long years an' had growned uncommon, one an' another calls out, 'Why, 'tis Harry!' an' flocks about un; an' a' laughs an' banter, an' a' tells us a's blind, an' a' says that though he no can see his pretty bride he's come for to fetch her; an' he asks, 'Where be she, then, my jolly playmates? Where be my sweet-heart, my true love, my Prudence?'"

"Ou-ai, a' asked 'em that; an' they look one upon another an' say no word; an' they look upon me as saying 'twas me should tell un; an' they draw off an' leave us and go back to their junketings; an' I says to un, 'Harry,' I says, 'thy maid Prudence be dead an' laid in churchyard.'"

"An' a' says to me, 'Zack,' a' says, 'was she maid or mother when she died?'"

"An' I tells un, 'Mother.'"

"An' a' says to me, 'Zack,' a' says, 'was she wife or widow?'"

"An' I tells un, 'Nay, Harry, nor wife nor widow were the lass.'"

"An' a' says to me, 'Zack,' a' says, 'died she in her bed as a lass dies?'"

"An' I tells un, 'Nary bed, Zack; in the stream by Puncher's farm they found her.'"

"An' a' says to me, 'Zack,' a' says, 'tis all gospel true, then, what the lass wrote in letter to me.'"

"An' I tells un, 'Mortal true, Harry.'"

"An' a' says to me, 'Zack,' a' says, 'twas Willie Pringle wronged the lass?'"

"An' I tells un, 'Harry, 'twas.'"

"An' a' says to me, 'Zack,' a' says, 'tell me, now, be Willie Pringle here on Green while Prudence lies in churchyard?'"

"I tells un, 'Harry, ay.'"

"An' a' says to me, 'Zack,' a' says, 'be Willie Pringle sporting an' laughing with the lassies an' lads while Prudence lies very cold in churchyard?'"

"An' I tells un, 'Harry, ay.'"

"A' turns to me, sir, an' a' says, 'Lead me right down to un, Zack. Lead me right down to un. I lief would sport an' play with Willie Pringle.'"

"Now lookee, sir, an' listen, for this is

how 'twas. Harry among the lads an' lassies calls to un an' says to un, 'My lads an' lassies, my fond and friendly playmates,' a' says, 'stand about me an' hark to me an' fine sport for the fair I'll give 'ee. Many fairs an' many inns I've made sport for in the Frenchies' land.'"

"All on us we ringed around un, sir, an' true it is never afore were such play seen with a sword. A' whirled his sword, an' a' twisted his sword, an' a' cut with his sword, an' thrust with his sword, till 'ee would ha' said the man stood within a maze of hoops of shining silver. Ou-ai, ou-ai, most marvelous it was to behold, to be sure. An' when a' was done with that a' called for bold uns to set apple on throat an' a' would sever un in halves, all blind as a' was, an' make never so much as a scratch on the throat that had the apple on us. We was main afeared at first for to let un try, but a' laughed so bold an' so mocking that first me an' then another an' then another come forward an' leaned us back on soles of our feet an' palms of our hands an' stretched back our necks an' had apple cut in twin on un.

"So it went on, sir. An' presently Harry says, 'Lo,' says he, 'all that I knew here an' that were playmates with me ha' come, but there be one that has not come, an' one I fain would come, for well I know un an' many's the honest fun we've had together. 'Tis Will Pringle I mean. Is he not here.'"

"An' the lads an' lassies laugh an' cry. 'He is here, Harry; he is here.'"

**"A**N' HE cries, 'Ha! Right glad I am he be here. Good welcome to 'ee, Willie Pringle. Come forward, come forward.'"

"Sir, they all turn to Willie Pringle for to pull un forward; an' Willie Pringle hung back an' said a' felt ill an' that the sun had bin too strong for un.

"Ou-ai, but sick an' ghastly Willie Pringle looked, an' the sweat streaming down his face, an' him so shaking that twice the apple rolled from's throat an' fell, an' us shouts to Harry 'twas fallen, an' with never a word but only a smile Harry feels for apple on the grass an' sets it back again.

"Then all be fixed at last, an' Harry puts his sword aloft, an' says he, as he had said for t'others, 'Who be this?' an' they cry to un, 'Willie Pringle.' An' a' says, 'A good stroke, then, for Willie Pringle an' a true stroke for un!'"

"An' a' takes his sword up higher yet. An' a most terrible silence an' a most terrible fear falls on all the company; an' I see man clutching man, an' maid clutching maid; an' all would cry an' run to stop un, but none could move, so terrible did he look; an' I thought to see Willie Pringle twist an' roll away, but a' was fixed there as though was bound with iron bands.

"An' Harry in a most terrible voice says, 'Untruly thou hast taken a life, Willie Pringle, but truly a life thou shalt give.'"

"An' a' cries in a very loud voice, 'Ha!' an' down his sword come like lightning from above, an' through apple an' through throat an' through neck it goes, an' the head falls an' rolls; an' in the mist before my een, an' in the horror an' the dismay an' the confusion, I see Harry wipe his blade on grass an' sheath his sword an' pass through the press an' walk away, none having wits nor courage to stop un."

Jean Longuet, French Socialist Leader—from page 5—Writes of

## Poincaré and the Jingoos

which offers included a proposal for the restoration of Alsace-Lorraine to France. They were dismissed because of Italian ambitions. When all these things were done by the French Government, alone or in complicity with Italian Imperialism, the influence of M. Poincaré was supreme.

During the negotiations of the Versailles Peace, and in the application of this most disastrous and mischievous diplomatic document, M. Poincaré also represented the spirit of French Imperialism. As well as M. Clemenceau and M. Tardieu, he had to give up, to a certain measure, his annexation plans, because of the strong opposition of England and America.

**M.** POINCARÉ's policy was continued by M. Millerand, and to a lesser degree by M. Briand. Briand's policy was one of compromise and of opportunism. Only because of his extraordinary cleverness could he maintain himself against the growing attacks of the Nationalists. Poincaré, instead of adopting the reserve that was traditional with our Presidents of the Republic, after their retirement from the Elysée, put himself at the head of the representatives of the "Shylock Policy," in many noisy articles in *Le Matin*, *Le Temps* and *Le Review des Deux Mondes*.

Briand made some very unfortunate mistakes in trying to outwit our nationalists by opposing disarmament at the Washington Conference and opposing the discussion of reparations at Genoa. Poincaré came back to power and the world knows what his policy has been since that time. The man is narrow, bitter, without heart or human feeling. In spite of his talents I must always remember the terrible judgment Emile Zola once passed on him and which Zola told me. It was at a time of the great tragedy of the Dreyfus affair.

Poincaré had told some friends that he believed Dreyfus was innocent.

Zola learned of this and called on him. He appealed to Poincaré's better feelings as a republican, and as a lawyer, and urged him to take part in the campaign for Dreyfus and for justice. It was in vain. Poincaré explained that he had to remember his political position and his position at the bar. Disgusted Zola rose and left the room, uttering as he went these words—"You are a very small man, M. Poincaré."

But we must not fall into the mistake made recently by the French Communists in the Chamber of Deputies, who by concentrating on one man all their attacks seemed to forget the fundamental responsibilities of the régime and the class to which that man belongs. Poincaré is but a typical expression of the psychology of the governing class at the present moment, and more specially of the political combination of prejudice, and narrowness of mind that is called the Bloc National.

The attitude of this bloc toward Germany finds its fullest and most cynical expression in journalists and politicians of the type of Maurice Barres and Charles Maurras. Their object is not so much to make Germany pay as to annoy, bully and destroy her. They are pursuing the old

policy of Richelieu, Louis XIV and Napoleon I, to prevent the Germans from being one nation. They are not deterred by the fact that Germany achieved fifty-one years ago its unity, that this unity was the natural outcome of two hundred years and more of effort by the German people.

Although Poincaré does not adopt this attitude in its extreme form, his whole policy is in that direction. His insistence on prolonged Rhineland occupation, his measures for the Turkifying of German finance, seek the disintegration of Germany; and the only practical result is to work into the hands of the German jingoos, monarchists and reactionaries.

The bloc should clearly have had, moreover, a sufficiently convincing demonstration of the foolishness of their whole policy in what happened in Bavaria. Mr. Maurras is fond of contrasting Catholic Bavaria and Protestant Prussia. So are many of our nationalists. Those men live in the past and because three hundred years ago French kings succeeded on dividing on religious lines the various parts of Germany they believed they could succeed in the same plot.

**T**HE AMERICAN reader must understand that all this mischievous and wicked policy of the Bloc National does not represent the real feeling of the French nation. Of course after a nation has suffered what my country has suffered, during the last eight years, and more especially from 1914 to 1918, it is always easy to arouse its fear.

The present Chamber of Deputies is the expression of the disgraceful election of the 16th of November, 1919, which, thanks to the most absurd electoral system in the world, has saddled France with an enormous majority of four hundred and twenty representatives of the Bloc National out of six hundred and twenty. This Bloc National, which was created at the call of Clemenceau in his Strasbourg speech two months before the election, and was taken up by Millerand in his speech at Ba-ta-Clan a few days before the ballot, is a strange combination of partisans of the fallen dynasties, of royalists, of Bonapartists, Clericals, Republicans of the type of the plutocratic "Democratic" Alliance and last of Radicals and renegade Socialists turned reactionaries under.

When it came into power, the Bloc National did not even represent the majority of the French electorate. Far less does it do so now.

In all bye-elections, all County Council and municipal elections the electorate has demonstrated its hate and distrust of the National Bloc, and its present man, Poincaré. To avoid receiving this bitter rebuff from the nation so constantly, this Chamber has passed a law according to which several seats must be vacant before a bye-election is held. As if that were not enough, they decided that in all departments where the number of members is reduced because of the terrible diminution of the population, caused by the war, there should be no bye-election unless the num-



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ber of members in Parliament was reduced. In the County Council election of last June the National Bloc candidates were nearly everywhere badly defeated.

HOWEVER evil the present Chamber and Government, its militarist and imperialist policy can be to a large degree checked by outside public opinion, and more especially by America, whose prestige is large with the French Nation, and whose economic power is tremendous. The financial situation of France is desperate. It is sometimes said abroad that there is not a sufficient taxation of the French people, and that new taxes of different kinds might be levied. I personally believe that under present conditions heavier rates of taxation are practically impossible, but as to collection there are certainly gross abuses under the present system.

As far as the problem of reparation is concerned there is no outlet but in the wise programme that has been suggested by the

organized working classes of France, Belgium, England and Germany. Its basis is German coöperation in work and in material. There is no question of bringing over hundreds of thousands of unskilled German laborers into the devastated areas. We do not need them. We have enough French labor and also Italian, Belgian and even Moroccan and Algerian. But in skilled labor we need at least twelve to fifteen thousand, which Germany can furnish us. She has declared herself entirely willing to coöperate in the work of reconstruction with all the means and strength at her disposal.

If we want the inhabitants of the devastated departments to live a decent life, get their homes, factories, roads, railways and such things rebuilt, not in twenty years but in a very few years (two or three at the outside) there is only one practical plan to this end, which lies in the immediate and fraternal collaboration of French and German Labor.

At the same time comes in the question

of the cancellation of the debts. This depends upon America, and I quite understand the strong objection of a large part of American opinion.

MR. FRANK VANDERLIP says: "If America's moral forces could be brought to bear on the situation and American financial strength be brought to contribute to a solution, America might be the salvation of Europe." This is perfectly true, but America can only play this rôle if she uses the war debts as a means of compelling British Imperialists to stop their adventurous policy in the East and French Nationalists to renounce their mad policy, their maintenance of an army of 800,000 men in times of peace—after a war that was supposed to suppress militarism.

America can help by its action on those forces of the French Democracy, her millions of peasants and workers, who have nothing to do with the present reactionary and jingo policy of government.

### *The Story of Three Men Who Knew the Apache Honored by All France—Continued from page 69*

## The Unknown

rich. Fifty hectares of land besides the business. He has but two children. His daughter will have a dowry to dream of. She shall marry well—more money, of course! He is about to make proposals to the parents of the wheat merchant at Arras. And he discovers that she leaves her room by night to meet this young Armand Vignaux—this Croque! He is just out of the army. His father has no more than a penknife and a copper pot and you may believe that Magniac thinks it is not marriage Armand wants, at that! Magniac shuts her up. She weeps. Armand—Croque—hears her from the road at night—he is watching the house. He rushes and pounds at the door. Magniac sends for the gendarmes. They put him for the day in the box. When he comes out, she is gone. Her mother has taken her to an aunt at Boulogne. Croque only knows she is gone. What can he do? The law—then—makes it impossible for him to marry her without consent of her parents. He stays in Ily for a time. Then he is gone to Paris. Perhaps he expected to make a fortune so that he might marry her—youth thinks that it is easy to make a fortune. Then in Boulogne she dies of typhoid. And I suppose he learned that—in Paris. Perhaps—” Here Léon’s mind went on another tack. “Ah! She was chic, that Rose-Émilie Magniac.”

“ROSE-ÉMILIE—Rose-Émilie!” Eclogue was repeating. His eyes stared far away. His jaw was dropped. His chary cynicism seemed to have fallen from him as a veil. He choked; and then his eyes went to Léon’s in supplication.

“Did you say her name was Rose-Émilie?” he asked.

“But, yes!” replied Léon, and waited. Suddenly Eclogue stood up and, “Comrades, I know how he died—”

He sat down again, buried his face in his hand. There was no sound except breathing in Madame’s back room for a full half-minute. Then Eclogue’s hand

came away from his face to emphasize and punctuate speech with slow gestures, as he began in a tone so controlled that it seemed monotonous.

“Before Douaumont. The night we pulled out. The night of my first wound. The squads are all broken. My corporal is dead. You are wounded—” this to Léon—“and I command the squad. And Croque is in my squad.”

“And at ten we are to go. The lieutenant has his orders. He has passed them on to the chiefs of squads. I have called my poilus about me and explained. There is only one way to get out and live. It is past the face of the old cement emplacement. We are to creep, one by one, lying close in the shellholes when the flares go up. We wait. It is raining steel but we have fair cover. Our lieutenant is watching everything, everything. And in the light of a flare he sees that there is a stake against the parapet which was not there when dark came. The flare goes out. He is sure he sees a reflection beyond. He perceives what it must be. The boches guess we are going out. They do not know which way, but they suspect this is one of them. One of their creepers has set up the stake between flares. It is phosphorescent on the other side. When a body passes it, they see the bottom of the stake go dark—and pfut! the machine-guns. At intervals they are volleying at the earth about it.

“The lieutenant explains. He turns his electric torch on us and calls for volunteers. That is death. I know that, and the lieutenant looks at me as he speaks. I know what he means. I am the eel of the company. It is always I who can crawl without being seen. It is my duty. He looks at me and I understand. I salute. He salutes. It is good-by. I never saw him again. I ask for five minutes. I write to Hélène a farewell. I give the letter and the picture of the kids to Pierre. And all the time Croque—Armand Vignaux—is watching—waiting. “A flare goes up and goes out,” he

continued. “I mark the position of the post. The guns are silent for the moment. I go over the parapet and begin to creep. And I hear a noise behind me. I can see a little in the darkness; and I look around. Another man has come over the parapet. He is singing to himself. And this is what he sings:

“‘Rose-Émilie, Rose-Émilie, Rose-Émilie!  
Heaven or hell tonight  
With Rose-Émilie—Émilie—Émilie!’”

“Then he is gone and the big guns have started again and I do not hear more.

“I pause. I think—I thought until just now—that somebody else—the other company—has seen it, too, and sent out a man. I reflect that my life is perhaps saved. He will tear down the post. He will die. Then I am a man again. I, too, raise myself and run. A flare bursts. I drop into a shellhole, and look. He has reached the post. He has it in his arms. It is planted, for he is shaking and pulling at it. And then—all the boche machine-guns begin coffee-milling together.

“ONLY six squads of ours assembled in Verdun citadel that night,” he said. “We were all that was left. And we lived because of Croque—Armand Vignaux—because he pitied my—” Here the sobs conquered. “And I said—and I thought he was not fit to lie under the Arch!” he concluded at length.

Eclogue looked at Virgile, and it seemed for an instant that his customary cynicism was coming back into his eyes. Then they softened again and he asked:

“My boy, was there not a crucifix on the bier of the Unknown—of Croque?”

“But yes!” said Virgile, and wondered.

“Eh bien! Croque, too, died for men,” said Eclogue. “Is not that enough?”

D. H. Lawrence, author of “Sons and Lovers,” has written a study of a woman’s love, “The Captain’s Doll.” Coming soon.





# Wonderful!

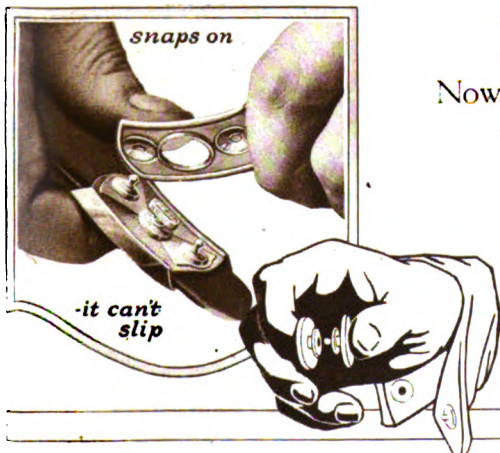
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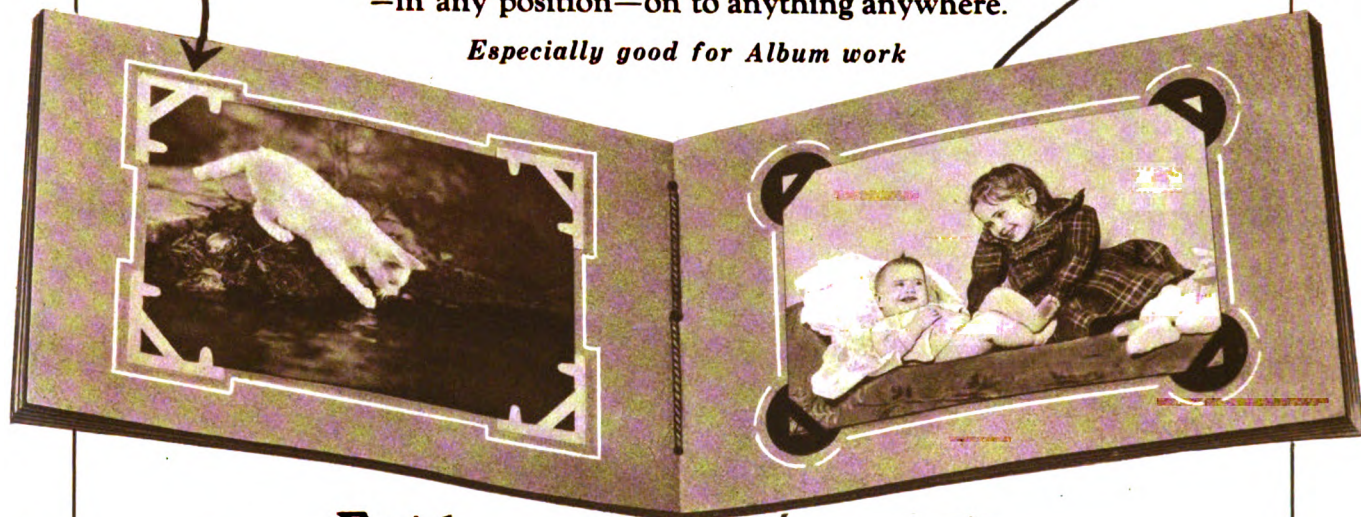
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¶ *Frederic Arnold Kummer's Story of Politics and Love—Continued from page 51*

## Surrender

ticket," he asked Colton and grinned. "Yes," Colton nodded. "He's out for your scalp—and mine. Going to show up the crookedness of both parties, he says. It's my opinion he better be stopped."

Colton stroked his pointed gray beard reflectively for a moment, then turned to Ben Tracy, who sat scribbling notes on a bit of paper.

"You'd better speak to the old man, Ben," he said.

Tracy nodded. Speech he regarded for the most part as a waste of energy; he preferred to let his money talk for him.

AT THE club Collins's friends maintained an outward show of enthusiasm, and were prodigal in their promises, but none of them did anything of an active nature in his support. Only Beverly Curtis exhibited his original interest, and spurred Collins on in his fight. In fact, he even went so far as to furnish the new candidate with much authentic information concerning former political deals between Colton and Farrell, and in Collins's hands they proved formidable weapons.

The first big speech that Collins made a few days after his nomination created a sensation. Briefly sketching some of the former deals between Colton and Farrell, as outlined to him by Curtis, he made savage attacks upon the control of the city government by the elder Tracy, and exposed the deal about to be put through by which the municipality stood to lose from one to two dollars a ton on all the coal used in the schoolhouses and other city buildings. His information on this point did not come from Curtis, but from a member of the city council, a Polish Jew whom Farrell had approached but had been unable to control. In his peroration Collins threatened to send some of the members of the city government to the penitentiary.

The following morning the president of the Red Star Works sent word to Collins that he would like to see him in his private office. His face was unusually grave.

"Mr. Collins," he said abruptly, "you've got to cut out your attacks on Mr. Tracy or leave our employ."

Collins recoiled as though he had been struck. The scar on his face flared a deep purple.

"Why?" he asked. "Isn't what I've said true?"

"Maybe—maybe not. I don't pretend to know. But you'll have to stop it, true or not."

"But why?" the young man insisted. "You don't stand for the sort of thing Tracy and his crowd are handing us, do you, Mr. Laird?"

The grizzled old Scotchman chewed viciously on his cigar.

"Mr. Collins," he said presently, "I'm president of this company because I happen to know the paint business. I am not the whole board of directors. Mr. Tracy is. He and his associates own a controlling interest in our stock. Do you see?"

Collins walked out of the office, a man

without a job. Colton's first blow had struck him.

A second was to fall that night. Bitter over his unjust discharge, he went to call on Betty Keating, hoping to find consolation. This time the Judge and his wife were not in the upstairs sitting-room. On the contrary, they sat in the library, plainly visible through the curtains which divided it from the parlor.

He had not been with Betty half an hour when Beverly Curtis came in. He brought some interesting information.

"They say you have become an anarchist, Martin," he remarked.

"Who says so?" demanded Collins.

"Why—the Star, for one. Didn't you see it? One of their sleuths has been following you, I guess; says you've been seen on several occasions entering a café down on the South Side, where the Reds have their headquarters. They tell me you're going to make a speech down there tomorrow night, at Mendel's Hall."

Collins swallowed hard and set his teeth.

"I have been down there," he said, "to see Michael Ginsberg. He's about the only honest man in the city council. And I am going to speak at Mendel's Hall tomorrow night."

"To all those foreigners?" Betty asked.

"Certainly. And they are not foreigners, most of them, but good American citizens, even if they did happen to be born on the other side. Why"—he became suddenly enthusiastic—"a lot of those men have been in uniform, fighting for the country!"

COLLINS, with a fiery eloquence inherited from his Celtic forbears, spoke to the sweating mass of humanity which crowded Mendel's Hall, in words which they understood, and told them what Colton was doing, what Farrell was doing, what others, higher up, were doing, with their hard-paid taxes, and promised them that if he were elected he would devote his entire energies to doing what he could to give them a square deal. He told them how he had lost his position, and why, and they cheered him until the roof trembled. He spoke to them as a soldier, a man who had offered his life for the sake of his country, and pointed out that the fight for freedom must be waged as earnestly on this side of the water, as it had been in the trenches in France. Some roughs, planted in the audience by Farrell and Colton, set up cries of "revolution," waved red flags. The calls for revolution, the red flags, he promptly denounced, and finished his speech grasping the folds of Old Glory. The crowd left the hall singing the national anthem with him, to a man.

Farrell and one of his henchmen, sitting in the back room of a fruit shop across the way, listened to the uproar with cynical smiles. A man was with them, a dark, undersized, man with the low forehead of a criminal.

"You get me, do you?" Farrell was saying, at the same time handing the man a roll of bills. "Mix in the crowd as they leave the hall. Do a lot of shouting. Get your gang with you, waving the red

flags. Then go to Mr. Tracy's house and throw the bomb. You're not to hurt anybody, mind. Do you get me?"

The man nodded.

That night, shortly after the meeting at Mendel's Hall, a terrific explosion roused the town to sudden wakefulness. The police patrol, the fire apparatus, went thundering through the streets in the direction of the Tracy mansion. There were a number of arrests, but the prisoners were all discharged for lack of evidence. In the morning, however, the local newspapers, as well as most of those throughout the district, came out with flaring headlines, in which the dastardly attempt to murder the Republican candidate for Congress was laid at Martin's door.

DURING the afternoon he called Betty Keating on the telephone, to ask her not to judge him until he had seen her, had a talk with her. Mrs. Keating answered him; on learning who was calling her voice became suddenly frigid.

Betty, she said, was not feeling well, and could not come to the telephone, nor could she, Mrs. Keating, deliver any message from Mr. Collins to her. Martin heard the rasping click of the receiver as it was placed abruptly on its hook. He went to the window of his little sitting-room and gazed out into the street for a long time, his face lined with care, but still defiant. The arrival of the afternoon mail aroused him. It contained a curt notice from the club, requesting his resignation. He tossed it into the waste basket. The cost of his venture began to become apparent. So far he had lost, in his attempt to serve his country, not alone his position in the business world, his social standing, but possibly even the love of the woman he had hoped to make his wife.

There was another meeting between Farrell and Colton that night, and it was a stormy one.

"We've got to get this guy," the latter announced, chewing viciously on his cigar. "He's making a big hit with the farmers, the factory hands, the bums. What's more, he's a soldier, with the mark of a German shell across his face. That's a hard combination to beat, Colton. I'm getting worried."

"Maybe he's out for the dough. He hasn't got a job, you know. Shouldn't be surprised to hear he's busted. Why don't you try to buy him off?"

"Say, Tom!" Colton replied, with a pitying smile. "Don't you know men any better than that? You can't buy Martin Collins. I know, for we've tried it. Tracy had the Red Star offer him the management of their New York office, at fifteen thousand a year."

"Well, he's got one weak point, anyway. That's his girl—Judge Keating's daughter. Curtis tells me he's nuts about her."

Martin Collins, coming down Main Street the next morning, saw a vision in brown ahead of him, which gradually resolved itself into the figure of Betty Keating. He quickened his steps.





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"Betty!" he exclaimed. "I'm so glad to see you."

The girl gave him a helpless look.

"Oh, Martin!" she stammered. "I'm not supposed to talk to you."

"Why not? Am I a leper, or anything?"

"No-o. But father says—"

"See here, Betty: Be a woman, not a child. I'm trying to do the right thing and you know it. Never mind what your father says. You know I'm right. Has Curtis been lying to you about me?"

"Mr. Curtis is a friend of yours, Martin," Betty replied. "He wants to see you win."

"Mr. Curtis wants to win, himself—to win *you*. That's his game. All right. I've told you all I have to say. When you come to your senses, let me know."

BETTY went home, feeling desperately blue. She loved Martin Collins; even the things her father and mother had dinned into her ears for the last few weeks had not convinced her that he was in any way unworthy of her love, although they had undoubtedly produced an impression. Now she began to question, to doubt them. When, later in the afternoon Curtis dropped in for tea, she made herself unusually agreeable to him; under the influence of her smile the young man became communicative.

"Of course Collins won't be elected," he confided to her. "Colton and Farrell will get him, some way. They framed up that bomb business, but it didn't work; offered him a job in New York, too, at fifteen thousand a year, to get him out of the way, but he refused it. But they'll get him, take it from me. He hasn't a chance."

Betty, outwardly smiling, was in reality boiling with rage. So this was Curtis's pretended friendship! Her heart smote her for her coldness to Martin earlier in the day. When, after dinner, her mother and father went to the theater, she insisted on remaining at home, pretending that she had a headache. No sooner had they left the house than she dashed off a hasty note to Collins, telling him she must see him at once, offering to meet him elsewhere, if he did not care, on account of her parents' attitude, to come to the house. She sent the note off by a messenger boy and sat down to wait. She would have waited less patiently, had she seen the man who had been watching the house all day intercept the messenger at the next corner, and in exchange for a five-dollar bill obtain possession of her note.

As the hours passed she became impatient, alarmed. Had Martin refused to forgive her? She tried to telephone him, but could get no answer. Fear grew in her heart, born of what Curtis had told her of Colton and Farrell—their plans. Even now they may be weaving the sinister web in which Martin would be caught to his undoing. At ten o'clock, unable to endure the strain any longer, she dashed out, and heedless of appearances, went to Martin Collins's apartment. She could warn him at least.

He had come in a little while before, found a boy waiting with the note from Betty, saying she must see him—meet him somewhere at once. He read it eagerly, and was about to write a reply when the boy spoke.

"The lady told me, when she give me the

note, that you was to meet her in Mrs. Barrett's room, at the Monongahela House."

"The note doesn't say anything about it," said Martin suspiciously. "And I don't know any Mrs. Barrett."

"That's what she said," the boy insisted, "and she told me to tell you to hurry up."

Martin called Betty up, only to learn she was out. He put on his hat and was just leaving when she appeared at the door, breathless from her climb up the stairs. He stared at her, bewildered. The boy fled.

"Betty!" Martin took her hands.

"What's wrong? Why have you come here?" He closed the door.

"I had to come—to warn you. Mr. Curtis told me this afternoon that Colton and Farrell are arranging some trick to 'get' you. Oh, Martin—please be on your guard!"

"Trick?" Collins gazed grimly at the note in his hand. "Well, they almost succeeded. The boy who brought the message said you were waiting for me in the room of a Mrs. Barrett at the Monongahela House. I was just going."

"But," Betty cried, bewildered, "I don't know any Mrs. Barrett. And I didn't give the letter to that boy—I gave it to a messenger."

EXACTLY. They bribed him—got the note, of course. I would have gone to this Barrett woman's room, expecting to find you. The lady would have received me in negligée, locked the door when I wasn't looking, and the police, fixed by Farrell, would have broken in to find me in her arms. Result, a night in jail, the police court in the morning on a nasty charge, and my political career ended. Quite a pretty little plot."

"Oh, Martin!" Betty gasped. "What a lucky thing I came." She went up to him and laid her arms about his neck. "Martin, I love you. I don't care what anybody says about you. I'll marry you, dear, whenever you say."

"Tonight?" Martin laughed, eager with joy.

"Yes."

He sprang to the telephone, spoke rapidly, happily, for a few moments, then came back to her.

"It's all right," he said, and folded her in his arms.

Standing thus oblivious, they did not hear the soft footfalls outside the door, or realize that it had been opened until they saw Tom Farrell on the threshold, with two men behind him.

"This is Captain Gallagher," he said easily, in reply to Martin's angry protest, "and detective Fallon. They have a little business with you."

"What business?" Martin glanced uneasily at Betty.

"You're under arrest," Gallagher announced.

"What for?" Martin Collins's face darkened, his fingers twitched.

"Charges of immorality," Farrell replied. "Having a young girl in your rooms—"

"We've got you!" he growled. "Nothing you can do will save you."

"You dirty scoundrel!" exclaimed Martin, springing at him. The policemen intervened, and Farrell retreated across the room.

"We've got you!" he growled again. "Nothing you can do will save you."



"Don't you know this is Judge Keating's daughter?" Martin shouted.

"I don't care whose daughter she is. You're going to the station house. Answer charges in the morning. Whether they're true or not, it'll cost you the election. You're ruined, and so is the girl. Of course," he went on, with an evil smile, "if you're willing to write a letter withdrawing from the campaign—get out—surrender—"

For a long moment Martin Collins looked at him, a queer expression in his eyes. Then he turned abruptly to his typewriter, and without glancing at Betty's horrified face, inserted some sheets.

"I'll write the letter," he said. A dull silence ensued, broken only by the clicking of the keys. The letter finished, he signed it, rose, handed Betty the pen.

"Witness this, please," he said, and when she had tremblingly done so, passed the letter over to Farrell.

The latter read it uneasily, fearing some trick, but the withdrawal was complete.

"All right," he said, and with a nod of dismissal to his men, turned to go. But Martin stopped him.

"Wait a minute," he called, his voice like silk. "Miss Keating has witnessed my signature to that withdrawal, and she will also witness the copies of it I shall send to the newspapers, with a full account of the circumstances under which it was made. It will make rather an interesting story, all told—the man who bribed the messenger boy, with her note—we'll locate him, of course, through the boy. And the other boy—the one who came here with that lie about Mrs. Barrett, at the hotel—we'll make him talk—find out who gave him his instructions." Farrell howled an order to his companions, but Martin only laughed. "Arrest us? I wish you would! I telephoned the Reverend Dr. Atkinson not ten minutes ago we'd be right over—he's waiting at the parsonage now to marry us. He'll be only too glad to serve as a witness on the side of decency, and against crime. Yes, you rotten grafter—crime!" His eyes blazed. "When my wife and I—she'll be my wife then—tell the story of how you tried to blackmail me into withdrawing from the campaign—how you accepted that letter—called your police dogs off—I guess the District Attorney will have something to say to you, even if you do claim to control him. Going to 'get' me, were you? Well, you've got me, Farrell, the way the fellow got the bull by the tail, and you can't let go! Surrender?" His face was gray with rage. "Why—you rotten crook, I've got you—in the hollow of my hand, where I can crush you—throw you on the dump-heap where you belong. If you had wanted to hand me that election on a silver plate you couldn't have gone about it better. Surrender?" He threw his arm about Betty who had ranged herself joyfully at his side—"I've only just begun to fight!"

Tom Farrell crushed the letter in his hand, allowed it to fall to the floor.

"Come on, boys," he said. "It's a fool who doesn't know when he's licked."

*How can a woman keep pace with a successful husband is the heart-breaking question raised by Jay Gelzer in "The Great Man's Wife." Hearst's International for December.*



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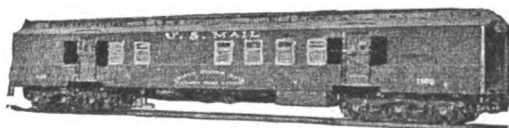
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Robert Herrick's Novel of a Woman's Fight for Freedom—Continued from page 48

## Her Own Life

state. Gordon was now running somewhat behind the ticket, but had a sufficient lead over his rival to insure his election.

They went down to the crowded restaurant on the ground floor and had supper at a noisy table with some party "workers," who were hilarious with victory and drink. Lilla liked the hubbub, and the excitement all about her, and the silly stories the men told. Gordon, who looked wilted, wanted to leave, but she kept him until long after midnight. Then they indulged in the unusual luxury of a taxicab to take them the seven miles to their home.

"IT WAS GREAT!" Lilla sighed. "I wish there were an election every month."

"Well, I can't say I do," Gordon protested wearily, thinking with misgivings of the money his political ambitions had cost him so far. "But we pulled it off, didn't we, Lilla?"

It was the first time Lilla had heard him use "we" in any undertaking of their marriage. Perhaps it was a sign of better times. She rested her head against his shoulder and closed her eyes, lulled by the rapid rumble of the cab. Gordon put his arms about her, and when they reached Wisconsin Avenue, Lilla was asleep, with a little smile on her lips.

The election opened a new period in their married life. For one thing, Gordon agreed to move, and at Lilla's suggestion they took a small house in one of the nearer suburbs along the lake to the north.

Gordon was very busy and developing rapidly. The new contacts, which his political position involved, were making him less and less the pedagogue. It was not long before he discovered just what his election meant in compromises with his "ideals." But having waded into the swamp, he became more assured, even truculent. He put on flesh, solidity as he called it, and smoked more openly. Sometimes he telephoned out that he could not get home for the night. Lilla shook down the furnace, locked the front door, and enjoyed the solitary evening and night, with David sleeping by her side. . . . After all, her life if uneventful and petty, was as satisfactory probably as that of her many neighbors in the rows of houses all about her, whose men took the eight-twenty or eight-thirty-five to the city and returned in time for a hot supper. It was just life, she concluded.

IN THE SPRING the James's bought a cheap automobile like so many of their neighbors. Gordon ordinarily prudent in expenditure had his heart set upon owning a car and talked motors all winter. Lee Smith, a young "fraternity brother" of Gordon's who had come to Chicago to sell text-books, instructed him in the management of the car and sometimes spent Sunday at the Wilmette house. In the afternoons, they would make expeditions in the new toy, exploring the clayey, rutty roads of the vast prairie, the two men talking motor endlessly, David and

Lilla bouncing in the rear seat as the car swayed and bumped over the uneven roads under Gordon's precarious direction.

One June evening after a long expedition, Lilla fainted as she got out of the car. The two men carried her to the porch, and Lee who was a sympathetic, boyish young man proposed going at once for a doctor in the car.

"No, don't, Lee," Lilla protested opening her eyes. "I'll be all right."

"You've worked too hard in the garden this hot weather," Gordon complained. "I told you you would feel it."

"You must get a doctor," Lee urged.

"I don't believe it is necessary," Gordon said. "Just a little fatigue."

Lilla smiled. She knew quite well what it meant. She had suspected it yesterday when she was working in the garden but had not felt sure. Now of course it must be so. She would have to tell Gordon, but divining the shock it would be to him, she wished to wait until Lee had left. Rousing herself with an effort, she said with an attempt at gaiety,

"You will have to get your own supper and put David to bed. . . . I am going to take an evening off like all the hired help. . . . Now leave me and let me go to bed, please!"

SHE WONDERED what Gordon would say when he knew. Of course he would dislike it just as he was starting in his new position, with all the money he had spent, and the new house and moving and the car. But it couldn't be helped, and since their new friendliness, she was less afraid to tell him. It couldn't be helped anyway. . . .

Later Gordon came up to their room, saying that Lee had decided to return to the city instead of spending the night as he usually did.

"Are you feeling any better? I wish you wouldn't overdo things, Lilla, digging and lifting as if you were a man." He stroked her forehead clumsily.

"It isn't that, Gordon!" she said sitting up, looking white and forlorn. Then she told him.

He said nothing for several moments, drawing away as if she had dealt him a blow in the face, his lips contracted in an ugly smile. She watched him fascinated by the drama written on his face. She seemed to see all the new friendliness, the kindness and toleration that had grown between them, fade out of him, and in its place a cold disgust and cruelty fight with cowardice and self-thought.

"Gordon!" she cried in a queer, weak, pitiful voice that sounded strange to herself. "Don't be angry. I didn't know. It can't be helped."

"Can't be helped," he said bitingly, harshly. "It's easy enough to say that!"

He walked to and fro across the little room, his face working, biting his lips to restrain the rage gathering inside him. She felt it coming, overwhelming all other considerations, breaking down his usual inhibitions, about to pour out over her.

"Gordon!" she cried desperately, trying to check his anger, to save herself, to save

him from the bitter flood. "It isn't a crime to have another child!"

That seemed to unleash his evil passion. He broke forth in a storm of reproach, mingled with an occasional whine.

"What's to become of us?"

"I'll go to mother's," she said.

"You will not!" he snapped. "How is a man to get ahead with this thing hitting him just as he starts?"

"David is almost ten," she protested.

"If you cared about me, about our home, about the future, you would see that this thing didn't happen."

GORDON had left the house the next morning before Lilla felt able to rise. The night before, she had dragged herself to David's room and had gone to sleep hugging him in her arms, wetting him with her useless tears.

Gordon did not return to the house for three days. It was a relief to Lilla. Yet sometimes she thought what would happen, if he never came back and she had to take David and go to her aunt's home or to her brother. The sense of helplessness of the woman in her condition, her dependence upon the man, ground in to Lilla's soul. She wanted to take David and fly somewhere with him, to escape forever the necessity of seeing Gordon again. But she felt too weak to rebel.

"If he would only think once of me, say one kind word now," she said to herself, "then he might do anything he chose ever after! I could stand it."

The hours dragged wearily by. She felt too miserable to leave the house and was too proud to telephone her mother.

"She'll say it's a woman's burden," Lilla thought, "and she'll sympathize really with Gordon. . . . I'll stick it out by myself."

GORDON returned the third evening before supper. He greeted Lilla with equable kindness, as he did when she had offended him and he had made up his mind to forgive her. Lilla divined that he had had a struggle with himself, and had decided to "go through with the situation" as part of his manful battle with fate. She roused herself to meet his new attitude and tried her best to be cheerful. Gordon did not refer to her condition, and she waited timidly for him to speak of it. Never before in her whole life, it seemed to her, had she so much craved a word of sympathy. She smiled forlornly at the thought of cherishing sympathy from Gordon. One loving word and she would have burst into grateful tears. But Gordon remained blind to her tremulous expectancy. He did not refer to what had happened. Apparently he had made up his mind to ignore the whole matter. He would endure what he must, but it was her affair, not his.

Lilla wondered as the days went by and life in the household dragged on in this dreary pretense if Gordon meant to ignore her condition to the end. At least it was more tolerable [Continued on page 122]

# Face Pores Give Up Their Poisons To New Magnetic Clay!

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[Continued from page 120]

that way than the bitter words which had passed between them when he first learned. She made feeble efforts for a fuller reconciliation, imagining wistfully what it would mean to her if they could go through these coming months close together, as they had gone through his political campaign.

But Gordon put her off firmly, as if to indicate that his present mood of tolerant aloofness was the utmost concession that should be expected of him. . . . Late on a Saturday evening a message came from his office that the superintendent had been called to Springfield on important business and might not return before the middle of the week.

"Business in Springfield on a Sunday!" Lilla thought. "At least he might have telephoned me himself, and not let me keep supper waiting!"

**T**HEN she recovered something of her old spirit. What, after all, had she done to merit this isolation and resentment? The house was becoming intolerable. When Lee Smith came up the walk on Sunday morning, she almost put her arms around him, she was so glad to see a friendly face.

"Gordon has gone to Springfield," she told him. "You will stay to dinner and drive us over to Lawndale in the afternoon, won't you?"

The young man not only stayed but insisted on helping get the dinner. He was a nice boy, Lilla thought, a very nice boy, and already the house was less gloomy, her destiny less tragic. Although he was hardly two years younger than Lilla, she always thought of him as immeasurably her junior and had a maternal manner with him varied by sudden outbursts of youthful joking and "rough-housing" as she might with her brother, had Ed been more congenial. Lee was a smooth-faced, cheerful young American, somewhat athletic in the college where he had studied.

He and David were great friends, with a kind of intimacy between them that David did not have with his father. Lee took the boy to baseball games, showed him the new plays in football, and occasionally spanked him when he needed it. Gordon had an indulgent older brother regard for the young book agent, mingled with slight contempt.

This Sunday, they sat down to dinner in good spirits. Lee carved clumsily.

"Guess I'm not much of a family man, Lilla," he laughed. "Never had a chance since I was David's age."

"Why doesn't Lee live here?" David asked after a period of reflection.

"Thank you, son," Lee said, bowing.

"Why don't you, Lee?" Lilla insisted impulsively.

"I'd sure like to," the young man accepted easily, "if you don't think I'd be in the way. . . . I'm not much in the city, except week-ends, you know—always on the go."

"You can have the room on the third floor," she continued rapidly. "There's just a little stove in it for heat, but you won't mind. It will be such fun, won't it, David?" and then recollection coming over her suddenly, she stopped embarrassed.

"I'll have to speak to Gordon, of course. We'll see."

"It would be pleasant for me," Lee said easily.

After dinner, he and David got out the car and tinkered with it until Lilla was ready to start. The day was soft and warm, with a steady westerly wind blowing through clear spaces of blue sky. The prairie fields were already thickly covered with the new grass. Lee drove slowly and carefully, and now and then they stopped to discuss the choice of route or to pick some flowers. In the end they missed their way and failed to reach Lawndale.

"I don't care," Lilla observed. "It's been a lovely day, and we'll have been far enough anyhow by the time we get home."

It was one of the happiest days Lilla remembered, and yet it was made up of the simple nothings of which most of her days were composed. The three of them laughed and talked, like so many thousands of others on this holiday, had made a little excursion into the country and felt the fresh impulse of the summer. What made it so different, Lilla wondered, from similar days when Gordon was at home? "I suppose that Lee, David, and I are more on a level of equality," she concluded. "We like the same simple things."

**A**FTER SUPPER Lilla lay on the veranda lounge while Lee played negro melodies on the piano. Once he stopped and came out on the veranda.

"Aren't you feeling well, Lilla?" he asked anxiously.

"Just tired, Lee; it rests me to hear you play; don't stop."

After a time she went to bed and lay for a long time listening to the piano whose notes floated up through the open windows. The summer night, the peaceful house, the desultory melodies soothed her distressed spirit. Life might be like that, she mused, always, instead of a jangle of cross purposes and misunderstandings. She tried to think out definitely what had been wrong in her life, in her, what had buried her as it were at the bottom of a well where she could see only glimpses of the open sky. She thought of the big spaces of the Wyoming ranch, the bold outline of the mountains etched against a purple sky, felt the sting of wind against her face, the sweep of water rushing over her body, and fell asleep.

When Gordon came home, glum and depressed, which was his habitual mood these days as if he were struggling alone under intolerable burdens, Lilla timidly made her suggestion about having Lee stay with them when he was in Chicago.

**H**E's such good fun," Lilla urged, "and David likes him. You don't mind, do you? It would make things more cheerful perhaps."

"You can do as you like," Gordon assented coldly. "It makes no difference to me."

"But you like him," she insisted. "Well enough. It'll make extra trouble for you."

"Oh, that's nothing," Lilla said easily. Gordon looked at her hostilely.

"I should think that just at present—under the circumstances," he stopped abruptly.

It was the first time he had made any reference to her condition since the day

she had told him. Lilla colored slowly and looked at him out of pained eyes.

"I shall go to a hospital anyway," she answered calmly.

"Oh!" The coldness of the tone stabbed to the heart. She felt peculiarly tremulous and alone. Suddenly she went over to him and put her arms about his knees, looking up into his face imploringly, in an appeal that she had rarely made to him.

"Gordon," she said, the tears starting in her eyes, "can't you feel differently—about this? Can't you—forgive me?" She brought the words out with an effort. "It shouldn't be so terrible, so unforgivable for a woman to have a second child!"

"It isn't the end," he said hostilely. "There'll be another and another—"

Lilla uttered a long sigh. "There will not be another, Gordon. I promise that!"

HE SHRUGGED his shoulders, and there was an involuntary push of revulsion to the woman at his knees. Lilla stared at him, the tears drying on her cheeks. The power that she had always felt over him, the power that had brought him to her for caresses, had vanished. She rose from her knees and laughed hysterically.

"No, I promise you there will never be another baby, never!"

The sneer rested on his face.

"I'll never bring another child into the world that isn't wanted. You didn't want David. You barely notice him even now. You don't want anything that interferes with your ambition or causes you any trouble."

"You talk like a fool," the man interrupted irritably, getting up and looking for his hat. "You can't seem to understand anything."

"I understand *you*," she returned bitterly.

"Well, that's a good thing," he sneered. "I hope you do—at last."

With that he left the house.

Lee's presence offered some relief to the depression and gloom that had descended upon the Wilmette home. The objectivity of his whistling, naïve ignorance of what existed between husband and wife helped Lilla to forget the present as a bad dream that must have an end.

"What's the old man's grouch?" Lee asked Lilla one evening when Gordon had sat through dinner without opening his lips.

"I suppose things aren't going well in the office," she suggested evasively.

"He needn't worry yet awhile," the young man commented easily. "They can't turn him out for another year anyhow, and by that time, maybe he'll be ready to go, from what he tells me."

"Gordon takes things hard—he worries."

"A lot of good that does!"

"It's the way you are made."

Then suddenly there came a change for the worse.

One sultry July afternoon Lilla and David had gone out on the lake in Lee's motor-boat. The young man was always tinkering with some decrepit piece of machinery, trying to make it work. He had bought a boat and an old engine and after spending his holidays in fitting one to the other much to David's excitement had finally got the thing to run. On this Saturday he had come from town early in order to have a grand trial, which had been talked about for the whole week.

At first the engine had chugged merrily along, and the little boat had slowly made its way up the coast past the suburbs.

At they turned in front of the military post at Highland Park, the engine began to cough and spit and presently balked altogether. After a long wait while Lee tested and tinkered the engine started only to die out, and so it kept up in the manner of motor-boat engines until it was eight o'clock before they landed.

Lilla felt limp and weak and dizzy from the hours in the sun on the water. The three were coming slowly up the street from the lake, David's hand in Lee's, when they met Gordon. Lilla could tell from the compressed lips, the increased precision of speech when he permitted himself to speak, that he was furious.

"Do you think that this is a proper thing for you to do?" he said to Lilla.

She thought he referred to her condition and said hastily,

"I'll be all right when I lie down."

"There was a cross circuit," Lee explained. "I couldn't seem to find it—I'll have to rewire the old thing."

Gordon ignored Lee, and seizing David by the hand, hurried him towards the house, leaving Lee and Lilla behind. Lilla, whose breath was coming in short gasps, put out her hand to steady herself and the young man took her arm, putting his other arm around her, to help her.

Gordon stood on the porch of the house watching them as they came slowly up the street, stopping now and then so that Lilla might catch her breath. They passed some neighbors who spoke to them, then turned to look at the couple inquiringly.

SHE FELT her husband's raging eyes watching her. He was standing in his most school-masterly poise, with folded arms, head slightly thrown back, control written all over his white face and tight lips.

Lee Smith mumbled something about looking after the boat and disappeared, leaving husband and wife confronting each other. Lilla, her gaze fixed upon her husband, wondered what had so much upset him and climbed the flight of steps.

"What's the matter, Gordon? I am sorry supper is so late."

Without reply he held the door open for her and the explosion followed almost at once within the house.

"Is that the way you act with men?"

It was all so amazing to Lilla that for a long time she stood silently letting Gordon's flood of insinuations and invective pour over her like a battery of stabbing needles. Unconsciously she tottered over to the lounge and sank down looking up into his face with amazement.

It took a good deal of provocation to arouse Lilla's slow nature, and at first she was so overwhelmed by the unexpected and fantastic nature of the attack, so inexperienced in the burrowings of male jealousy, that she merely looked at Gordon in consternation and passively listened. At last she defended herself.

"Don't lie like that, Gordon," she said dangerously. "I might kill you. . . . You've done enough already." She felt the tears of helplessness rise and choked them down. "You know it's absurd! You are making it up just to torture me."

Haggardly she recalled to him a few circumstances that disproved his accusa-

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tion. Gordon, who by this time had somewhat vented his ugly temper, snarled, "Well, what do you want him around for?" "I want something happy in the house. It's been too dreadful ever since—ever since—but I'll tell him to go."

Gordon suddenly whipped around at this. "You can't do that now—what would he think and people outside!"

"I don't care what they think."

His anger was evaporating into sullenness, but Lilla's sense of outrage was growing momentarily. "When he comes in I shall tell him just what you said."

At that a new and more terrible scene began. At its climax Gordon forgot him-

self so far as to blurt out, "If you had any consideration for me and for our life together, you wouldn't let this happen. It's a woman's business, as I understand it, not to have children when they aren't wanted."

She was very still, and in the tense silence waiting as if her whole fate hung on the next spoken word.

"Even now," he said, meaningly, "it's not so very late."

"Oh, oh," Lilla groaned. "You—you—coward! To say such a thing to me, to suggest it—even to think it!"

She rushed up the stairs and bolted herself in her room.

*Lilla is thus swung into the harrowing experience of a mismatched marriage. The real fight of her life is yet to be made and there are pitfalls and dark moments. See Hearst's International for December, ready November 20th.*

## The Girl He Left Behind Him

### Mr. McNutt's Legend of Curly Hotchkiss—From page 31

Make things as easy as you can for the old chap."

The team filed in, silent, stunned, and grouped about the stricken figure of the General lying on a stretcher placed on two benches. The injured man was covered to the chin with a heavy blanket. There was a broad bandage about his head. Only his face could be seen, leathery, intricately traced with fine whiskers. He was smiling, a faint, gently pathetic ghost of the arrogant smile for which the handsome boy of twenty-five years before had been famous. He spoke slowly, faintly and with an effort that wrung the hearts of the shocked boys watching him.

The medics tell me I've been in my last scrimmage, fellows," he said. "I can't kick. I've come through more than my share of them already. I've had the good luck to do my fighting almost always with the winning crowd, boys, and I reckon I've got the habit of being what the English call top dog. I want to be top dog just once more before they blow taps over me. I just want to hear once more the good news that my men have done again what my men always have done, all the way from Crocker College, twenty-five years ago, to the Argonne in France. I'll make a bargain with you, boys; if you'll go on out there and lick the stuffing out of these people, I'll give you my word I'll stay alive till I hear that you've won. I want one more victory before I'm through. Boys, will you give it to me?"

CARDIGAN, the captain, was the first to answer him.

"We will, General," he said huskily, tears streaming down his face. "So help me, we'll do it! Won't we, fellows?"

There was a deep murmur of assent that had the note of a sob in it.

The State players were at first amused by the insane fury of effort that animated the Crocker men, when the game began again. They had met just such desperate spurts made by small teams before, but the efforts never lasted more than a few minutes. Human endurance was not capable of sustaining speed and power of that degree for a long period.

So the players for the State team were first amused, then irritated, as the astounding effort continued undiminished; and finally dismayed when, in the middle of the period, Captain Cardigan tore loose, after a series of wild smashes and flashed across the State player's goal line for a touchdown.

For the rest of the quarter it was a battle that kept the crowd on its feet, a raving, wild-eyed mob.

"What's got into that bunch?" the coach of the State team inquired as his weary men dragged off the field for the short interval of rest. The State captain shook his head.

"You got me," he panted. "They must be shot full of hop."

"Just hold them!" the coach advised the players. "They're playing way beyond their speed! They can't keep it up!"

THEN THE Crocker Collegemen came back on the field and wrecked the State coach's reputation as a prophet.

In the first four minutes of play, Cardigan smashed through left tackle and carried the ball under the goal again, and afterwards booted it full and true over the bar and between the posts for the point that tied the score. Three minutes later Murdock, the Crocker left end, got free with a long forward pass from Cardigan and sprinted thirty yards for Crocker's third touchdown. Cardigan kicked the goal and the score stood: State 14—Crocker 21. That was still the score when the final whistle blew and the referee stepped between the lines, picked up the muddy pigskin and handed it to Cardigan, his by right of victory.

The Crocker players pressed through the crowd that poured onto the field and thronged about them, oblivious to the roars of congratulations.

They staggered through the door and into the dressing-room and stopped.

On the bench, his legs crossed, a thin crooked little cigarette between his fingers, a wise proud smile on his leathery face, sat General Hotchkiss. He was dressed as usual. As they piled into the room, the General rose on his own two legs without



assistance and nimbly mounted the bench.

"Well, boys, you licked the stuffing out of them, didn't you?" he crowed, triumphantly. "I told you you could do it if you just wanted to badly enough. Don't be mad at the old man for playing a little trick on you. Doc Graydon helped me out a little. He got the loan of the ambulance from a friend of his. I had to give you some kind of a shock, fellows."

A commotion in the passageway interrupted him. A woman, her hat awry, her eyes wild in her death-white face, rushed into the room. The transformation was so great that in the first second no one recognized her as the prim, gentle old maid, Miss Harriet Peabody.

THE SMILE was gone from the General's face. He stepped down from the bench, crossed the room, took her in his arms and held her facing him.

"They—they told me you were down here, hurt," she sobbed. "They said you were dead."

"My God!" the General said reverently. "Harriet, my dear, there's never been a time in all the twenty-five years that I didn't want to come back and get you."

He bent and tenderly kissed her trembling lips, then gently pressed her tear-wet face against his shoulder and looked slowly about him. The beginning of his wonted grin twisted the corners of his lips.

"This thing the highbrows call an inferiority complex bothers a lot of people," he drawled. "I've been wishing for twenty-five years I could come back here and have just this thing happen to me, but I've been thinking all the time that a fellow who was a wild young rascal like me, and grew up to be a rough kind of a soldier man, wouldn't have any right ever to try to make it happen. I reckon I've had an inferiority complex all that time and I needed a shock, just as much as you boys did. Boys, I reckon none of this would have come right for any of us if it hadn't been for this lady here, who's going to promise to marry me as soon as I can get her away some place where I can ask her. What do you say to a good, rousing old-timer to one of the best in the world: Miss Harriet Peabody!"

There, in the crowded steamy dressing-room, heavy with the odors of sweaty garments and liniment, the men of the team that made football history at Crocker College, shook the rafters with the old, old cheer for the little gray-haired lady.

When the next year's crop of freshmen came to Crocker, the residents pointed out to them the house in which Miss Peabody had lived, and said:

"That was Harriet Peabody's home when she was here. You know, the woman who married General Hotchkiss. Yes, Curly Hotchkiss, the fellow who used to be the great quarter-back at West Point. He's military attaché in Paris now. Seems funny to think of her being over there in France and mixed up with all those diplomatic people, don't it? That's where she used to live."

To fight and be friends, even after "the" woman appears—is that possible? William Slavens McNutt man-handles this problem in "Friends—As You Might Say." See *Hearst's International* for December.



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**HEARST'S INTERNATIONAL**

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NEW YORK

Owen Johnson Takes Skippy Bedelle Back to Lawrenceville—Continued from page 80

## Green and Fresh

at Snorky and swallowed hard while his right arm worked convulsively.

"Come in," he said with an effort.

The door opened and Miss Potterman triumphantly entered his life. Mrs. Potterman was there and Hippo with his impertinent smirk but neither Skippy nor Snorky saw anything else but that wonderful vision. Something unbelievable had suddenly stepped out of their favorite Gibson picture and was advancing in a halo. Violets and daffodils began to sprout from the carpet and birds sang in the window frames. It was instantaneous and it was terrific.

Just as there are professional conversationalists and professional sponges, Miss Potterman was a professional beauty. There was nothing accidental or temporary about her. She was complete, perfect and she knew her loveliness. After five years' triumphant progress in society she was accustomed to the petrifying effect of her sudden presence on a beauty-worshipping sex. She did not walk as other mortals walk but floated in fragrantly, and Skippy stood staring rock-still, as though Hippo had flashed the head of Medusa. None of which, by the way, was lost on the keenly observant Hippo.

"I BEG PARDON, I'm Skippy," he said shaking himself.

"Mr. Bedelle, isn't it?" said Miss Potterman in the tone that angels are supposed to employ.

Skippy saw no one else. In another moment he was seated on the window-seat entranced, dazed and blissfully content with his fate, docile as the rabbit in the presence of the boa constrictor.

"I'm so glad Corny is in your house," said Miss Potterman with a smile in the irresistible eyes. "You will watch over him, won't you, Mr. Bedelle?"

"Will I? You bet I will!"

"You see, he's my only brother and we didn't want him to go to boarding school—not just yet. That is, mother and I. Dad insisted on it. I don't think he's always—well, quite appreciated Cornelius."

"I understand," said Skippy, averting his look. Even in the intoxication of her presence he could appreciate Dad.

"You see, Corny's different from other boys, Mr. Bedelle. He's more like a grown-up person. He has a wonderful mind and such an unusual personality. I don't want him to lose it all and be just like every other boy. And some boys, I'm afraid, won't understand him just at first. You will look after him, protect him, won't you?"

"I'd promise you anything," said Skippy recklessly, which is the privilege of sixteen in the presence of twenty-five.

Miss Potterman smiled without surprise and laid her hand gently a moment on his arm in the deadliest of feminine gestures.

"Corny's told me how kind you have been already."

Skippy looked incredulous.

"Indeed, he has! Really he's quite fond of you already."

"I say, Sis!" said Nuisance at this moment, "Hasn't Skippy got a whang dinger of a room!"

And he approached with the layer cake and the éclairs.

"What a wonderful spread!" said Miss Potterman. "But really you have been too extravagant!"

Something in Skippy's sudden look decided Hippo to keep the secret but he revenged himself on the cake in a way that made his sister exclaim:

"Corny, where are your manners?"

"S all right. I'll buy another," said Hippo, then winked brazenly at Skippy.

"I'LL MURDER him, I will," said Skippy wrathfully to himself. "I'll strip the hide off him, if it—if it weren't for—" Then he raised his eyes and beheld the reason why, smiling at him with perfect faith.

"I'm afraid we've spoiled Corny just a little," she said hesitating.

"Oh, that's all right!"

"Is—is there much of that dreadful hazing?"

"Well, sometimes," said Skippy, who always placed the proper value on his services.

"Oh, dear! I've heard such dreadful things have happened," said Miss Potterman, thoroughly alarmed.

"That's only when accidents happen."

"Accidents!"

"Don't worry, Miss Potterman," said Skippy with the manner of a grand duke. "Fellows do get rough sometimes, but I'll look after him."

Miss Potterman again laid her hand on his arm.

"Thank you."

She stayed but half an hour. The door closed. The birds fled from the windows and the daffodils retired under the carpet.

"Whew!" said Snorky explosively.

Skippy fell back on a chair and fanned himself.

"What's the use?" he said disconsolately.

"Women are our inferiors," said Snorky wickedly.

"What eyes!"

"Woman is like a harp—"

"Woman!" said Skippy, rousing himself indignantly. "You don't call that a woman! That's Maude Adams and Lorna Doone and—and the Gibson Girl rolled into one!"

"Don't blame you," said Snorky heavily. "It ain't right to let anything as wonderful as that roam around loose. Skippy, it's all wrong."

"You're right there."

"Well," said Snorky reflectively, "she turned up in time. We'd have had Nuisance ready for the undertaker by the morning."

"My hands are tied now," said Skippy glumly. "I've promised."

"Me, too, but how are we going to stick it out?"

"We'll have to treat Nuisance with moral influences," said Skippy thoughtfully.

"It will be longer, longer and harder."

They dined with Miss Potterman at the Inn and that and a walk about the campus

under the stars completed the devastation. Before it was over Skippy actually heard himself called "Jack," had shaken hands on an eternal friendship, promised to write from time to time of Hippo's progress and needs, agreed to defend him from bodily injury and promised to accompany him home for the short Thanksgiving recess. The final touch came when Miss Potterman sought to press upon him a large bill in case Hippo should be perishing of thirst or hunger.

Skippy put it away. It hurt to do so; it choked him, but he did it.

"Not from you—I couldn't," he said huskily. "I—well, I just couldn't."

That night as he stood at his bureau and looked into the eyes of the past, at Mimi and Dolly and Jenny and Vivi the hunter of scalps, he spoke.

"Snorky?"

"What is it, old boy?"

"Ever go fishing?"

"You betcha."

"Do you know the feeling after you've been dabbling with six-inch and five-inch trout all day—and something about three feet long weighing ten or twelve pounds grabs your hook? Do you get me?"

"Sure, I get you," said Snorky, gazing out at the stars. "But oh, gee! Skippy, why does she have to be Nuisance's sister!"

SNORKY'S worst forebodings were realized. Nuisance earned his title a hundred-fold within the week. Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan had been fresh, was fresh and would freshen more, but Dennis was amusing and added to the gaiety of nations. Nuisance was what his name implied, simply intolerable. You stumbled over him and you bumped into him. When state secrets were being discussed in whispers Nuisance was always within earshot. He was the extra, the intruder, the tail to the kite. He did not actively offend against the traditions which govern freshmen in the incubator period. He was too clever for that. He had submitted to the mild hazing with a cheerfulness which robbed it of all its sting. He had climbed water towers and sung appropriate hymns. He had sat in wash basins and gravely pulled imaginary miles against the toothpicks furnished him as oars.

But if he kept skilfully within the letter of the law so far as the rest of the house was concerned he was irrepensible once in the company of Skippy. Nothing that Skippy could do could chill his affection or bring him to a proper realization of the deference which should mark the manner of a freshman toward one of the lords of the earth.

"Some day," said Skippy shaking his head, "my worse nature is going to rise up and get the better of me."

"I hope I see it!" said Snorky.

"Of course I'll have to hold in until after Thanksgiving," said Skippy disconsolately. Thanksgiving over, Snorky confidently waited the explosion.

"Skippy's going to the bad," he said to Dennis de Brian de Boru Finnegan.

"He's nervous, [Continued on page 131]"



## A Little More *than Dollars and Cents*

**H**ENRY T. HUSTLE had been running his A. D. S. drug store in the middle-class residential section of Duluth, Minn., for nearly twenty years. His store had grown with the population of the neighborhood. From the little shop with its single counter and cubby-hole for prescriptions, it had expanded to an establishment with shelved rows of constantly changing stock, three separate departments, and two clerks.

But in spite of its growth and modern aspect, Hustle's never lost its personal touch. Even newcomers to the neighborhood told their children to "Run around to Hustle's and get a bottle of . . ." Somehow no one ever referred to it merely as the drug store. Old residents referred to it as "Henry's" and when talking to the proprietor called him "Henry" as in the old days.

The Browns called him Henry. To each other they admitted that their courtship began at his soda fountain. They had called to show him the second Brown baby. During a lull in business, Hustle was listening sympathetically to the mother's recital of the youngster's teething troubles.

"Speaking of teeth," said Hustle, "I want to show you two something for grown-up teeth. Just cross over to this counter."

When both were seated, he took a tube of tooth paste from its carton and handed it to Mr. Brown. "Don't you remember my telling you about the A. D. S., this organization in which I'm a partner, being at work on a tooth paste of our own?"

"Yes, I remember," said Brown, "but that was over two years ago."



After those tests which some might call enough, and we consider only preliminary, we had some of the most famous screen actors and actresses give us their views on it."

"And what did they say?" asked Mrs. Brown eagerly.

"They gave us opinions which were so enthusiastic that we have used them in our advertising. Here are some of them," he said handing her a printed page.

"But," continued Hustle, "the hardest

"We worked on it longer than that," answered Hustle. Then to the lady he explained, "You see, Mrs. Brown, as I told your husband, this A. D. S. of ours is made up of 26,000 druggists all situated something like me. We make our own products and sell them direct to our own customers. Some years ago we decided to make a tooth paste of our own. One that we could recommend to our customers with a clear conscience. It took lots of study, experiments and time. But we won out. You have the results in that tube in your hand."

"How is it different from other tooth pastes, Henry," said Mrs. Brown.

"It is different in this way," answered the druggist. "It was made to reach an ideal. The chemists of the A. D. S. set out to make a tooth paste that would positively clean every available surface of a tooth. It had to help keep the gums healthy. It had to leave a pleasant taste in the mouth. It could not have grit of any kind. And it must flow freely from the tube to insure economy."

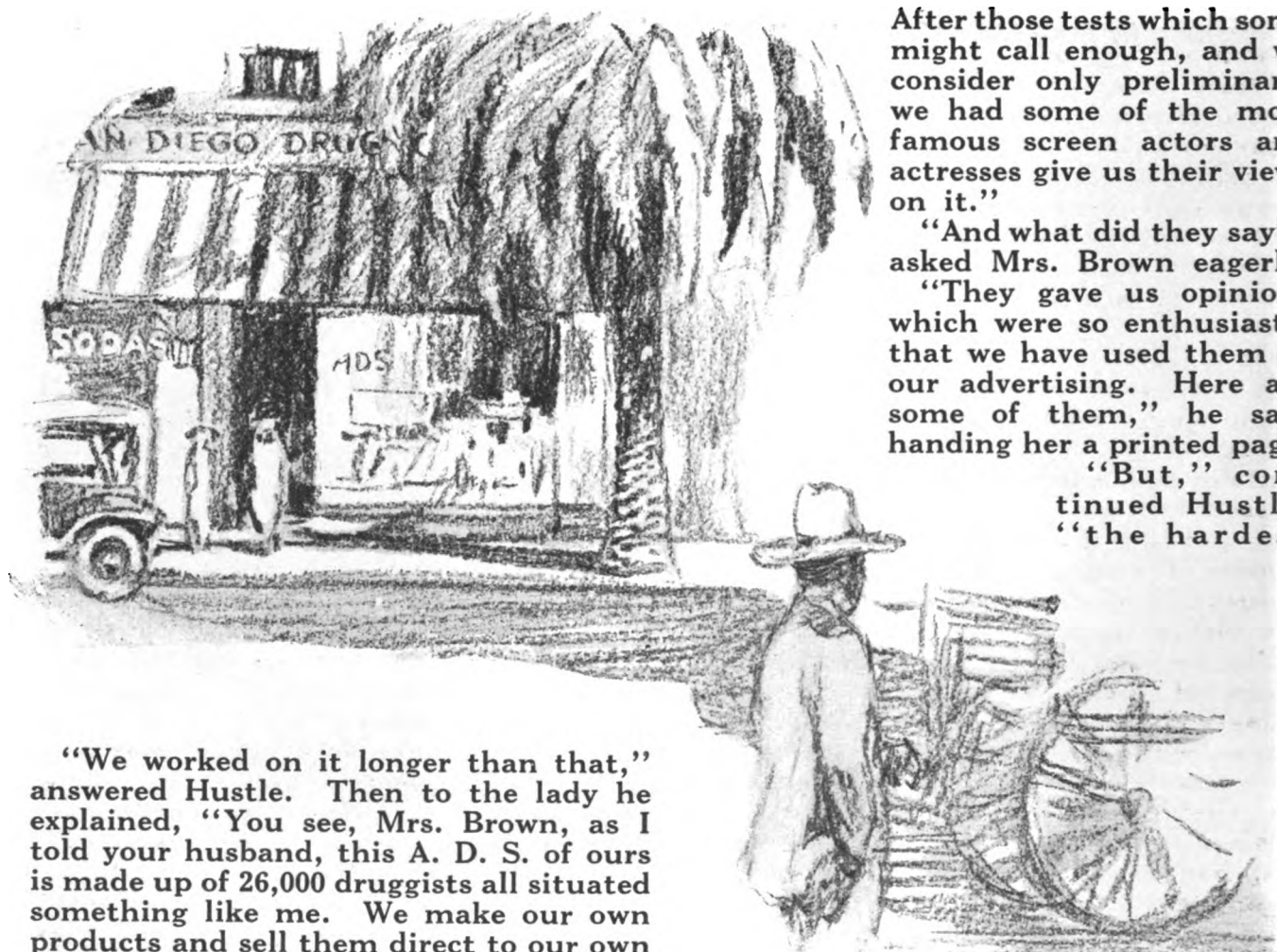
"How do you know you have reached that ideal," asked Mr. Brown, who was an engineer and demanded the practical.

"Because we proved it, both by science and practice. First of all, our own chemists had to be satisfied that the result of their many experiments had met all the requirements we demanded. Then, we tried it in the mouths of thousands of different people. Their white healthy teeth told us that Chlor-E-Dixo was right.

people to please were the A. D. S. druggists like myself. We knew what we wanted. We knew what you wanted. Before we could hand it to you across our counters it had to please us. You have been dealing with me for the greater part of your lives; chiefly because you believe that I wouldn't sell you anything I didn't believe was good. It is for that very reason that the 25,999 A. D. S. druggists and I were the hardest to please with this tooth paste. We endorse it to our customers."

Mr. Brown looked at the druggist in a new light. "That's right, Henry, your customers' faith in you means a lot. I never heard it analyzed before, but I can see now how other people in the neighborhood and ourselves have been buying here on faith all the time. Let me have a tube of that Chlor-E-Dixo. We'll give it a trial on your say-so. Mrs. Brown and I have been using different tooth pastes for years. This might give us a brand we can both use."

"All right. Take it," said Hustle, "but



be sure to let me know within a few days how it suits you."

While the above may not be an accurate record of conversation by living people, it represents the relationship between A. D. S. druggists and their customers, and shows that something more than dollars and cents which these dealers put into every transaction across the counter. They have sold this tooth paste in hundreds of thousands of tubes because their word was enough guarantee for the first sale to their customers. Though they did spend years in searching for their ideal, though they took infinite pains in its production and believed they had one of the finest tooth pastes on the market, had they not had the confidence of their customers it would have cost hundreds of thousands of dollars to bring it before the public by ordinary methods.

But because this organization is composed of men like Hustle, located in villages and big cities in every state in the Union, who have been in the same stores for years dealing with the same customers, their word is believed.

When word was sent out that Chlor-E-Dixo had passed all its tests it was quietly shipped in stated quantities to A. D. S. drug stores throughout the country.

There was no big advertising campaign to announce it. It was

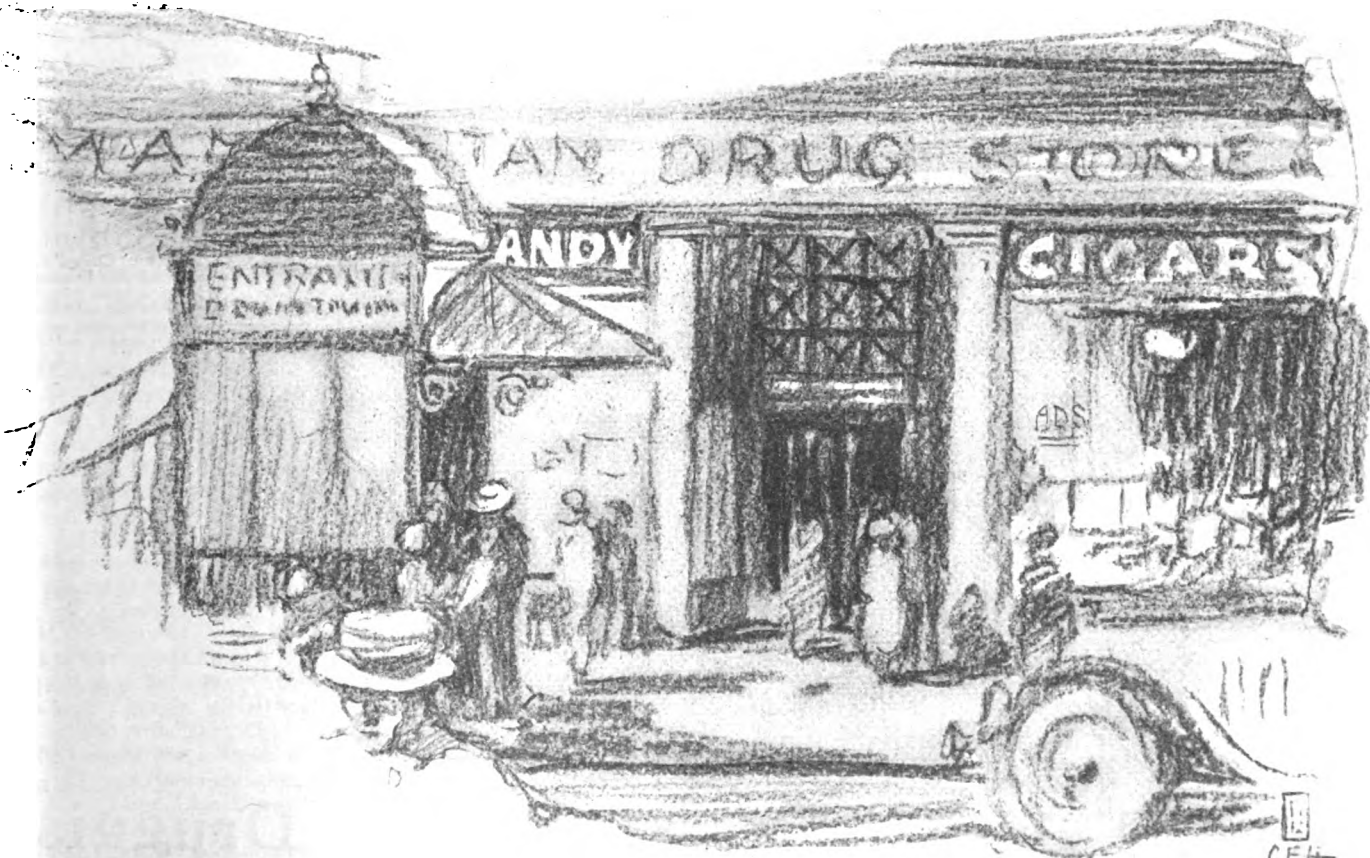
displayed on the shelves and counters and sold with recommendation of the dealer. The dealer gave his word that it was good.

It has taken time for this unique organization to win such confidence from the public. Back in the early days of 1905 there was no American Druggists' Syndicate. The small drug store men were dominated by the jobbers. What the jobber said went both in regard to prices and quantities. And in many cases in regard to quality.

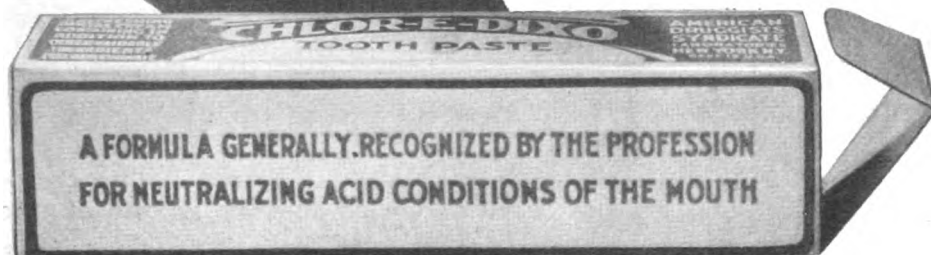
In the Spring of 1905, a small body of retail druggists banded together with little more than an idea. They believed they could serve the public and themselves better if they found a way to make their own products, to sell over their own counters. It would free them of outside domination. It would materially help their customers. Though the fight was all up hill in the early years and the opposition was tireless, they have succeeded beyond expectation.

They now have 26,000 druggist members. Each one is a partner and seller. They handle over 3,000 different products, have tangible assets of approximately seven million dollars and owe the banks not a dollar.

Their own summing up of the reason for this wonderful success is that they kept faith with the customer. The enormous sales of Chlor-E-Dixo is one of the rewards of the policy.



# 26,000 Druggists Say Chlor-E-Dixo will keep your teeth healthy and white



**T**HROUGH representation all the 26,000 druggist partners in the American Druggists Syndicate had a voice in the making of Chlor-E-Dixo. They learned from actual contact with their thousands and thousands of customers what the ideal dentifrice should be.

It must thoroughly cleanse all available surfaces of every tooth. It must help keep the gums healthy. It must leave a pleasing taste in the mouth. It must have no gritty content. It must flow from the tube, economically. Because Chlor-E-Dixo has demonstrated on the teeth of thousands of people, including screen stars, that it has every one of these qualifications, it has the endorsement of these 26,000 druggists and all others who have used it.



Hope Hampton

"Night and morning when an acid mouth will do much damage to the teeth, I brush my teeth with Chlor-E-Dixo Tooth Paste. It keeps them pearly white."



Oscar Shaw

"I consider the care of my teeth of utmost importance and I give it the most careful consideration, so I use Chlor-E-Dixo Tooth Paste."



Alice Terry

"I use Chlor-E-Dixo Tooth Paste because it leaves a most refreshing taste in the mouth and always keeps my gums in perfect condition."

## CHLOR-E-DIXO

is made from a combination of ingredients which is based upon the cleansing and germicidal action of oxygen, an agent that doctors have used for years as a mouth antiseptic. With these, are other special ingredients chosen for their gentle action and efficiency in removing film.

**Get a Tube to-day—Ask your Druggist**



[Continued from page 126]  
he's fidgety, he talks in his sleep. There's no living with him."

How could Snorky and Dennis, that unworldly fledgling, know what Skippy suffered? The forty-eight hours of the Thanksgiving vacation had been like a narcotic dream. He had been under the same roof with her; sat by her side in the darkened theater and thrilled at the low sobby music that sent his imagination helter-skelter into dangerous pastures. Christmas was yet to come, and for what Christmas might hold Skippy possessed his soul in patience.

Then the blow fell. A week later as Snorky Green was returning from the village he perceived Dennis de Brian de Boru in a state of surexcitation waving a newspaper at him from the porch.

Finnegan rushed forward, dived at his knees, and spilled him on the ground. "Damn you, you mad Irishman!" said Snorky, picking himself up and disentangling himself from the newspaper. "What's hit you, anyway?"

*Montague Glass has real feeling for the humor and sentiment of the Jews. That is why his stories are unique. "Without Benefit of Dowry," is one of his best. See Hearst's International for December, ready November 20th.*

## Lapidowitz Meets Two Gonifs

♣ Bruno Lessing's Story—Continued from page 103

"Swindler! Gonif!" he cried. "He tried to get two thousand dollars. Give me back my twenty-five!" Several clerks, attracted by his cries, threw themselves between him and the frightened schnorrer. And just then two burly individuals of whose vocation there could be no doubt, entered the room.

"Police headquarters," said one of them. "Is there a chap named O'Brien here?"

Karesh, red in the face and shaking with excitement, pointed to Lapidowitz.

"The gonif tried to get two thousand dollars from me," he cried. "Already he got twenty-five and I want him locked up."

The detective calmly surveyed both Lapidowitz and Karesh.

"That guy's name ain't O'Brien," he said. "I suppose you're Karesh, ain't you? We got a wire from Chicago—"

"Me, too," cried Karesh. "From Rogitsky Bros., my best customers, what says O'Brien is a crook—"

"Oh, shut up," drawled the other detective, quietly. "We got the story and there ain't any use for hysterics. Just tell us, first, where's O'Brien and, second, did he get any money out of you?"

Karesh pointed at Lapidowitz.

"First," he said, "that gonif knows where he is. He tried to get two thousand dollars from me in cash to take to him. And second—no, God be praised! Except the twenty-five dollars what I gave this gonif to entertain him."

It took but a few moments for the detectives to get the whole story.

"The swindler! The gonif! He told me he bought him a lunch and flowers."

"I guess there ain't much chance of that guy waiting," said the detective, "but we'd better check it up."

Lapidowitz accompanied them to Mil-

"Skippy's free!" loudly shouted Dennis. Snorky, further mystified, seized Finnegan and having sufficiently shaken him demanded an explanation.

"Eighth page, first column—ouch!" said Finnegan.

Snorky opened it and read:

MISS POTTERMAN TO MARRY  
HAROLD B. DRINKWATER

At this moment the door opened and Skippy came heavily out.

Dennis glanced at Snorky and solemnly handed over the fatal announcement.

At this most auspicious moment, Nuisance came around the house.

"Hi! Skippy, old sport, what ye doin'?"

Nuisance frolicked up for his victim and then stopped. He had caught Skippy's melancholy expression. He stopped and suddenly looked at the ground. He *knew!*

The next moment Nuisance, panic-stricken, was scuttling for his life, with Skippy roaring at his heels.

And just back of the lonely stretches of the Dickinson, Skippy fell upon him.

ken's café where, of course, there was no trace of O'Brien. Leaving a uniformed policeman stationed outside the café the detectives made Lapidowitz lead them to Mr. Smith's hotel. They rapped upon the door of the room and, receiving no answer, opened the door. Upon the bed lay Mr. Smith, a dazed expression upon his face, his arms and legs cleverly bound and tied to the bedstead and a handkerchief stuffed in his mouth.

"Gee! But that's a good job," exclaimed one of the detectives, admiringly. The other, however, was peering intently into the helpless man's face.

"Well, I declare," he ejaculated, with a chuckle. "Take a look, Bill. Ain't this our little old playmate, One-Eye Pete?"

His companion stared at the features of the prostrate man and then his own relaxed into a broad grin.

"Well, I'll be hanged," he exclaimed. "It's little Petey as sure as you live."

The moment the handkerchief was taken from his mouth he began to swear.

"He held me up with a gun, and then hit me with a blackjack."

"And then took your pile, hey?" said the detective. "Well, you needn't feel bad about it. We can't tell you the gentleman's real name just because we haven't landed him and we don't want to get him excited. But he's just as slick in his line as you are in yours."

Lapidowitz, who had watched all the proceedings in silence, leaned over the prostrate man and begged the detective:

"Couldn't you make him give me back my twenty-five dollars?"

"Why, you big bonehead," exclaimed the detective. "He ain't got it. Your friend O'Brien took every cent."

"Ts! Ts! Ts!" muttered Lapidowitz. "Ain't they the dirty gonifs!"



## Adjusto-Lite

A FARBERWARE PRODUCT

Adjusto-Lite is the handy, economical light for home, office, store, studio—everywhere good light is needed. HANGS—CLAMPS—STANDS. The name says it—it's quickly adjustable. A turn of the reflector sends the light exactly where you want it. No glare—No eyestrain. And—economy.

Solid brass: handsome, durable and compact. Clamp is felt-lined—can't scratch. 5-yr. guarantee. Complete with 8-ft. cord and screw socket with 2-piece standard plug.

Get an Adjusto-Lite today. If your dealer doesn't carry it order direct.

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"Prices in U. S. A. and Canada: Brass finish, \$5; bronze or nickel finish, \$5.50; West of Mississippi and Canadian Rockies and in Maritime Provinces, 25c per lamp additional."



## New Methods in Child Training



Now for the first time there is a scientific method in child training, founded on the principle that confidence is the basis of control. This new system shows you how in your own home to correct the cause of disobedience, wilfulness, untruthfulness and other dangerous habits which, if not properly remedied, lead to dire consequences. The trouble in most cases now is that children are punished or scolded for what they do. The new method removes the cause—not by punishment or scolding but by confidence and cooperation along lines which are amazingly easy for any parent to instantly apply.

**Highest Endorsements** This new system, which has been put prepared especially for the busy parent, is producing remarkable and immediate results for the thousands of parents in all parts of the world. It is also endorsed by leading educators. It covers all ages from cradle to eighteen years.

### Free Book

"New Methods in Child Training" is the title of a startling book which describes this new system and outlines the work of the Parents Association. Send letter or postal today and the book will be sent free—but do it now as this announcement may never appear here again.

**The Parents Association**

Dept. 3011 Pleasant Hill, Ohio



Clark's 3rd Cruise, January 23, 1923

### ROUND THE WORLD

Superb SS "EMPRESS OF FRANCE"  
18481 Gross Tons, Specially Chartered  
4 MONTHS CRUISE, \$1000 and up  
Including Hotels, Fees, Drives, Guides, etc.  
Clark Originated Round the World Cruises

Clark's 19th Cruise, February 3, 1923

### TO THE MEDITERRANEAN

Sumptuous SS "EMPRESS OF SCOTLAND"  
25000 Gross Tons, Specially Chartered  
65 DAYS CRUISE, \$600 and up  
Including Hotels, Fees, Drives, Guides, etc.  
19 days Egypt, Palestine, Spain, Italy, Greece, etc.  
Europe stop-overs allowed on both cruises.  
Frank C. Clark, Times Building, New York.

# The Cold Gray Dawn in Poland

¶ *Anna Louise Strong's Article—Continued from page 25*



## to the Mediterranean

The 1923 Cruise De Luxe

by Specially Chartered New White Star Liner

### "HOMERIC"

Sailing January 20 Returning March 28

Cruise Limited to 500 Guests

HERE is a pageant of life, everlasting in its fascination, ever-changing in its daily scene. Throbbing spectacles of the Mediterranean cities—man and nature imbued with glamour—unforgettable monuments to civilizations now dead.

Sixty-seven glorious days—fourteen thousand miles, including Madeira, Spain (Cadiz, Séville, Granada), Gibraltar, Algeciras, Algiers, Tunis, (Carthage), Naples, Athens, Constantinople; sixteen days in EGYPT—Cairo, Luxor, Assuan, Philae, or PALESTINE—Haifa, Damascus, Tiberias, Nazareth, Bethlehem, Jerusalem. Naples, with Amalfi, Sorrento, etc.; Monaco, with Monte Carlo and Nice. Optional visit to Paris and London on the homeward trip. Stopover privileges with return by other famous White Star Liners, MAJESTIC, OLYMPIC, etc.

The "Homeric" is the largest and most luxuriously appointed steamer that ever sailed for a cruise.

Other Current Programs include tours to CALIFORNIA and HAWAII. Fall tours to EUROPE, tours to JAPAN, CHINA, AROUND THE WORLD, SOUTH AMERICA; to the MEDITERRANEAN with EGYPT and THE NILE, HOLY LAND, etc.

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Moreover, these peasants are very, very poor. During the Great War, their homes were burned, their harvests taken by armies, and they themselves were driven before the Great Retreat of the Tsar's armies, a thousand miles away into Russia.

But when did imperialist groups ever bother about the problems of populations! The drive to the east made Poland one of the real military forces of Europe. She gained possession of the railway connections southward to Roumania, so that, together with this ally of hers, who is also under French influence, she controls the land routes clear across Europe, from the Baltic to the Black Sea, and threatens the railway communications from Moscow to salt water in both directions. That's the reason why war-clouds hover still over eastern Europe.

To the northwest Poland pushed into Vilna, and was finally allowed to keep that city. The majority of the people there voted for Poland, so she had this time a good democratic justification. But Vilna was the ancient capital of Lithuania and had been for a thousand years. So Poland gains an unfriendly nation on her north.

Against this ring of enemies, the countries from whom, in one way or another, she had taken land, Poland saw but one means of protection: a large army, maintained by alliance with France and officered by French officers; treaties with other nations, in all directions—with Roumania, with Hungary, with Czecho-Slovakia, with the Baltic States. The old, old game of treaties and counter-treaties, backed by armies and military agreements.

Poland awoke to find England looking at her askance and other nations calling her the spoiled child of Europe, and everybody betting on how long she could keep the land she had taken. Betting on the permanence of a nation's boundaries is not good for a nation's credit in the world! Poland found her "mark" sinking to utter worthlessness—7,000 of them to the dollar—and her industries slipping into the hands of foreign creditors, and her army into the hands of French officers! It was the awakening after another dream.

"THE THING which saved us, killed us," said a Polish woman to me. "The French general saved us from the Bolshevik, but since that time we have the French officers always to pay. Every young French lieutenant who comes to Poland to instruct our troops—he gets made a captain, and we have to pay his salary in French francs! One franc—how much is that already in Polish marks!"

"Do you know that France squeezes us like a dish-cloth? Every officer who comes—his diplomatic baggage is one pound of official papers, and many pounds of perfumes and French goods which he smuggles in, duty-free! He considers us a province to make money from!"

This is a new voice in Poland. Perhaps it is a trifle unfair to France; I shall not judge of the facts, for I have not examined the luggage of French officers. But it is a natural reaction; for Poland adored France

unduly, and France flattered Poland with dreams of glory. And Poland is awakening from that dream of glory, and considering what the cost may be.

The first signs of the awakening came in the Finance Ministry. Michalski, the new finance minister, has done a fine big job in six month's time. When he came into office, Polish marks were 7,000 to the dollar and sinking by fits and spurts which were more discouraging to industry than even the actual lowness of value. In three months' time he doubled the value of the mark, and then, observing that the rapid rise unsettled industry, he kept the coinage as stable as possible and drove steadily toward bringing Poland to a gold basis.

His sensible plan was explained to me in detail by Dr. Wyszatycki, the president of the presidium in the finance ministry, to whom Michalski turned me over. There was to be no attempt to raise the value of the mark, except a little, and very gradually. A big rise would be undesirable, as it upsets industry as much as a big drop, and raises the amount which every debtor has to pay before he can clear himself.

NO, THE MARK was to be kept at about its same value, going up perhaps a little, while the efforts of the Finance Ministry were to go now to raising the government's income and cutting down the government's expenses. When these balance, and the government is paying its way, then it will be possible to go on a gold basis, especially as Polish exports are rapidly rising. The new coinage was to be called "zlota" and the Diet would then decree that one zlota is worth so many hundred or thousand of the paper marks, according to whatever the value of those marks may really be in gold at that time. The paper marks will thus be fixed in value, though a very low value, and will gradually be withdrawn from circulation, the zlota taking their place.

It is a definite workable scheme. Poland can achieve it if she is willing to pay the price. But the price is a heavy one!

The first thing Michalski did was to get rid of several government departments and discharge 24,000 government employees in three months' time. That meant a hundred thousand heartaches in the families of unemployed workers. One doesn't stabilize a currency for nothing!

The next thing Michalski did was to put on an enormous tax, called the "danina," to be paid only once, but thirty times the usual yearly tax, which goes on just the same. Imagine your taxes multiplied suddenly by thirty, and you'll get an idea of what hit Poland.

Of course the old count on his ruined estate cursed the government and wished back the Tsar. And his peasants—well, I talked to some of those peasants, up and down through eastern Poland.

They have come back to ruined villages, and fields made ugly by barbed wire and trenches. They are short of plows and horses and seed; they are bitterly desti-

tute. And in the first year of their return behold, the tax-collector going up and down the land, charging each man according to the number of morgs of land which he possesses.

"We must pay taxes on barbed wire," wailed a peasant to me. "We must pay taxes on trenches."

"Our village is taxed 320,000 marks," complained another, "and all the money in the village is 61,000 marks, which has come by charity and gift from America."

ALL OVER eastern Europe there are a dozen new countries, in place of three old empires. They have to buy a dozen new armies in place of three old ones; a dozen new governments in place of three fat and smoothly running ones; and they have to pay the bills of all the old ones, too.

Worst of all, they have to pay the bill for all the suspicions, half old, half new, which are stirred up from outside. Poland cannot disarm because she fears the Red army. Russia cannot disarm, because she sees Wrangel collecting another army in Jugo-Slavia, and fears an attack through Roumania. Treaties and counter-treaties, agreements open and agreements secret—all these pile up the bill. It is the big powers of Europe that pull the strings, as they did before the war that was to end war—but the little nations pay a large part of the bill.

A great duel is going on in eastern Europe, a duel between France and Russia for the souls of the young nations. And Poland is the keystone of the arch of little nations for which they struggle.

France for a time obtained a great following. Poland and Roumania, linking together the land routes from the Baltic to the Black Sea, were her satellites. They were bound in alliance and had armies which together were about equal to the whole army of Russia. Roumania was tied up again in the little Entente, with Jugo-Slavia and Czecho-Slovakia. Poland had an agreement with Hungary. To the north of Poland were the Baltic States, Finland and Latvia and Esthonia, and France reached out for them also.

Just as she had succeeded, and the ring around Russia was complete, from the Arctic Ocean to the warm waters of the south, Poland stepped out of the ring. It was a most dramatic moment. A Baltic conference was being held in Warsaw, at which were assembled the secretaries of state and the war chiefs of all the Baltic States.

RUSSIA seemed really worried. She sent several protests, and then suddenly she struck a new note and said: "If it is true that your conference is not intended for offense against me, then let me join. I also am a Baltic State, and we have interests in common."

The wonder wasn't that Russia made the offer. The wonder was that Poland at once accepted. The small Baltic States followed. The conference was held in Riga, and agreements were reached, on trade, railway connections, and facilitation of business.

Russia had real gifts to give, gifts more substantial than the unstable "glory" which France offered. They were gifts that brought money and security instead

of taking these things away. Russia said: "The coinage of all our countries is bad. But let us band together against any foreign financial consortium that will take away our sovereignty as the price of aid. Let us not become like China, but let us keep our independence and build ourselves up by mutual help toward industry and trade." And Poland was with her.

Russia said: "The boundaries of all our countries are unsettled. But yours are unsettled chiefly because you own lands taken from me. Let us work together for the recognition by all Europe of our various governments and territories. For just in so far as you get recognition for my government, you also get recognition for the treaties you have made with my government, and by which you hold your eastern borders. I want political recognition, you want border recognition; the same act gives us both." And Poland was with her!

Russia said: "We can none of us pay our bills because of our big armies. I can't disarm till you do, and you can't disarm till I do. And none of us can disarm as long as France keeps the biggest army in Europe and influences so many governments. Let us agree together to support a mutual disarmament policy wherever any nations in Europe will start it." And Poland was with her!

POLAND, YOU SEE, was waking up from her dream. She is not yet entirely awake. France and Russia still battle for the souls of the young nations, and especially for the soul of Poland, the central nation of the ring.

France offers military prestige and unstable empire, upheld by armies and alliances. It is a thing which has a great appeal to the soul of a young nation, shaking itself free from old oppressors and feeling within itself the power to give back blow for blow. Russia offers trade, the blotting out of all old scores, and peace. It is a more humdrum offering, but it is much less expensive.

If one thing is sure in eastern and central Europe, it is that Russia and Germany are going to help each other to their feet. The raw materials of untrained Russia, the trained organizing skill of Germany—it was always probable that these two would find their need of each other. The allies, in smashing Germany and taking away the materials on which her workmen lived, made the alliance inevitable.

Will Poland know it? Will she become a state of free and open transit between these two inevitable allies? Then the alliance will be peaceful, commercial, and Poland will get her share of the raw materials, the manufactured products, the commerce. She may become the great land route joining Russia and Asia with the rest of Europe. She is the great plain across which life naturally flows.

Or will she make of herself a barrier to be smashed, as all barriers are smashed which stand in the way of the inevitable movements of life? Will the East and the West meet across her in battle only, as they met in the days of the Turks and Tartars, and the later times of the three great empires which divided Poland?

That is the undecided question on which hangs more than the destiny of Poland. It is what gives to Poland her most urgent importance in the life of the world.



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James Oliver Curwood's Latest Novel of the Frozen Northland—Continued from page 99

## The Country Beyond

with a tired little droop of her head. "And where that is I do not know, Neekewa. I could not pass beyond the great white cloud that shut me out."

She stood up, and swayed in the gray light, like one worn out by hard travel. Then she passed into the tepee, and Jolly Roger heard her fall on her blanket-bed.

FOR many days Roger stayed with his Indian friends. Then one night Yellow Bird came to him with a warning: "Enemies were near. You must go at once." As they stood talking, Roger skeptical, there sounded the splash of a paddle in the lake and out of the darkness came the voice of Cassidy. Roger and Peter fled, making their escape in Cassidy's canoe. For days they paddled slowly north. One afternoon they landed on a sandy beach and as Roger stretched himself there came the sharp command: "Throw up your hands, McKay!"

TWENTY paces away stood McKay. His dunnage was on his back, his paddle in his hand. And Cassidy, smiling grimly, a dangerous humor in his eyes, was leveling an automatic at his breast. It was, in that instant, a tableau which no man could ever forget. Cassidy was bareheaded, and the sun burned hotly in his red hair. And his face was red, and in the pale blue of his Irish eyes was a fierce joy of achievement. At last, after months and years, the thrilling game of One against One was at an end. Cassidy had made the last move, and he was winner.

For half a minute after the command to throw up his hands McKay did not move. And Cassidy did not repeat the command, for he sensed the shock that had fallen upon his adversary, and was charitable enough to give him time. And then, with something like a deep sigh from between his lips, Jolly Roger's body sagged. The dunnage dropped from his shoulder to the sand. The paddle slipped from his hand. Slowly he raised his arms above his head, and Cassidy laughed softly.

A few days ago McKay would have grinned back, coolly, good humoredly, appreciative of the other's craftsmanship even in the hour of his defeat. But today there was another soul within him.

His eyes no longer saw the old Cassidy, brave and loyal to his duty, a chivalrous enemy, the man he had yearned to love as brother loves brother, even in the hours of sharpest pursuit. In Cassidy he saw now the hangman himself. The whole world had turned against him, and in this hour of his greatest despair and hopelessness a bitter fate had turned up Cassidy to deal him the finishing blow.

A swift rage burned in him, even as he raised his hands. It swept through his brain in a blind inundation. He did not think of the law, or of death, or of freedom. It was the unfairness of the thing that filled his soul with the blackness of one last terrible desire for vengeance. Cassidy's gun, leveled at his breast, meant nothing. A thousand guns leveled at his breast would have meant nothing. A

choking sound came from his lips, and like a shot his right hand went to his holster.

In that last second or two Cassidy had foreseen the impending thing, and with the movement of the other's hand he cried out: "Stop! For God's sake stop—or I shall fire!"

Even into the soul of Peter there came in that moment the electrical thrill of something terrific about to happen, of impending death, of tragedy close at hand. Once, a long time ago, Peter had felt another moment such as this—when he had buried his fangs in Jed Hawkins's leg to save Nada.

In that fraction of a second which carried Peter through space, Corporal Cassidy's finger was pressing the trigger of his automatic, for McKay's gun was half out of its holster. He was aiming at the other's shoulder, somewhere not to kill.

The shock of Peter's assault came simultaneously with the explosion of Cassidy's gun. McKay heard the hissing spit of the bullet past his ear. His arm darted out. As Peter buried his teeth deeper into Cassidy's leg, he heard a second shot, and knew that it came from his master. There was no third. Cassidy drooped, and something like a laugh came from him—only it was not a laugh. His body sagged, and then crumpled down so that the weight of it fell upon Peter.

For many seconds after that Jolly Roger stood with his gun in his hand, not a muscle of his body moving, and with something like stupor in his staring eyes. Peter struggled out from under Cassidy and looked inquisitively from his master to the man who lay sprawled out like a great spider upon the sand. It was then that life seemed to come back into Jolly Roger's body. His gun fell and with a choking cry he ran to Cassidy and dropped upon his knees beside him.

"Cassidy, Cassidy," he cried. "Good God, I didn't mean to do it! Cassidy, old pal—"

With sobbing breath he cried out his grief and then looking down, he saw the miracle in Cassidy's face. The Irishman's eyes were wide open, and there was pain and also a grin, about his mouth.

"I'm glad you're sorry," he said. "I'd hate to have a bad opinion of you, McKay. But—you're a rotten shot!"

His body sagged heavily, and the grin slowly left his lips, and a moan came from between them. He struggled and spoke.

"It may be—you'll want help, McKay. If you do—there's a cabin half a mile up the creek. Saw the smoke—heard axe—I don't blame you. You're a good sport—pretty quick—but—rotten shot! Oh, Lord—such—rotten—shot—"

And he tried vainly to grin up into Jolly Roger's face as he became a lifeless weight in the other's arms.

Jolly Roger was sobbing. He was sobbing, in a strange, hard, man-fashion, as he tore open Cassidy's shirt and saw the red wound that went clean through Cassidy's right breast just under the shoulder. And Peter still heard that strange sound coming from his lips, a moaning as if for breath, as

his master ran and brought up water, and worked over the fallen man. And then he got under Cassidy, and rose up with him on his shoulders, and staggered off with him toward the creek. There he found a path, a narrow foot trail, and not once did he stop with his burden until he came into a little clearing, out of which Cassidy had seen the smoke rising. In this clearing was a cabin, and from the cabin came an old man to meet him—an old man and a girl.

That night Jolly Roger made his camp close to the mouth of the Limping Moose. And for three days thereafter his trail led only between this camp and the cabin of old Robert Baron and his granddaughter, Giselle. All this time Cassidy was telling things in a fever. He talked a great deal about Jolly Roger. And the girl, nursing him night and day, with scarcely a wink of sleep between, came to believe they had been great comrades, and had been inseparable for a long time. Even then she would not let McKay take her place at Cassidy's side. The third day she started him off for a post sixty miles away to get a fresh supply of bandages and medicines.

AFTER ALL this episode had a happy ending. When Roger returned to the cabin one evening after a few days absence, he was surprised with the news that Cassidy and the girl, Giselle, were married, and that his old enemy had resigned from the Force. Once more Roger took up his far wanderings. A thousand miles north of Cragg's Ridge he spent the most of the winter, trapping and keeping out of the way of mounted police. One night of terrible storm he and Peter rescued a party of three men and a woman and the men were members of the mounted police. One of them, Breault, recognized McKay and in spite of the aid he had received, he was anxious to take the fugitive in, a prisoner. Warned by the girl, Roger and Peter escaped and then it was that the decision to return to Cragg's Ridge was reached. Back man and dog went, keeping always a sharp lookout for ferret-eyed Breault, who once on a trail would never abandon it. At Cragg's Ridge they found the desolation Yellow Bird had foretold. The whole country had been swept by fire. Inquiries won no information of Nada, but he was set on the track of the Missioner, Father John. While on this search he missed Breault by a hair, but the officer never knew of this. Then one afternoon, he came to a stream in the Burntwood country and late in the afternoon he heard the sound of an axe.

TOWARD this he and Peter made their way, until in a little clearing they saw a cabin. But the chopping was nearer them, in the heart of a thick cover of evergreen and birch. Into this Jolly Roger and Peter made their way and came within a dozen steps of the man who was wielding the axe. It was then that Jolly Roger went forward with a cry on his lips, for the man was Father John, the Missioner.

In spite of the fire-tragedy through which he had passed, the little gray man seemed younger [Continued on page 136]

# Loses 74 Pounds

## Feels and Looks Like a New Woman

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"I have reduced my bust 7½ inches, my waist 9 inches and my hips 11 inches. I even wear smaller shoes now. They were 'sixes,' now they are 'fives.'" *Mrs. Mary Denneny, 82 West 9th Street, Bayonne, N. J.*

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[Continued from page 134]

than in that month long ago when Jolly Roger had fled to the North. He dropped his axe now and stood as if only half believing, a look of joy shining in his face. "McKay!" he cried, reaching out his hands. "McKay, my boy!"

A look of pity mellowed the gladness in his eyes as he noted the change in Jolly Roger's face, and the despair that had set its mark upon it.

They stood for a moment with clasped hands, questioning and answering with the silence of their eyes. And then the Missioner said:

"You have heard? Someone told you?"

"No," said Jolly Roger his head dropping a little. "No one has told me," and he was thinking of Nada and of her death.

Father John's fingers tightened.

"It is strange how the ways of God bring themselves about," he spoke in a low voice.

"Roger, you did not kill Jed Hawkins!"

Dumbly, his lips dried of words, Jolly Roger stared past him.

Someone was coming to them from the direction of the cabin—someone, a girl, and she was singing.

McKay's face went whiter than the gray ash of fire.

"My God," he whispered huskily. "I thought—she had died!"

In the edge of the clearing, close to the thicket of timber, Nada had stopped. For across the open space a strange looking creature had raced at the sound of her voice; a dog with bristling Airedale whiskers, and a hound's legs, and wild-wolf's body hardened and roughened by months of fighting in the wilderness.

IN THE MISSIONER'S cabin, Nada and Roger were married. But their honeymoon was rudely interrupted. Father John hurried in one evening to tell them that Breault was coming. There was no escape from the keen nose of the man-hunter. Nada refused to leave Roger; so the two, leaving Peter with Father John, went out into the night and taking a canoe, slipped down the river away from Breault, intending to make their way to the United States, as the Country Beyond. Peter escaping, pursued them and in the end it was the dog who loved them that led them into the hands of the officer. There came an afternoon when Breault, who was following the two after they had abandoned their canoe and were plodding across the country, had lost the trail. But Peter, with whom he had made friends on the

long trip down the river, took up the scent and led him on. So it happened that one morning McKay awoke to find himself looking into Breault's gun. The officer grinned as he produced handcuffs and snapped one around a wrist of each of his prisoners. Then he stood back considering them a bit before he spoke:

"Now, while you're helpless, I want to tell you a few things," Breault said. "And while I'm talking I'll start the fire, so we can have breakfast. Peter and I are hungry. A good dog, McKay. He saved us up on the Barren. Have you told Mrs. Jolly Roger about that?"

He expected no answer, and whistled as he lighted a pile of birchbark which he had already placed under dry cedar wood.

"That's where my trouble began—up there on the Barren, Mrs. Jolly Roger," he continued, ignoring McKay. "You see the three of us, Superintendent Tavish, and Porter—who is now his son-in-law—and I had a splendid chance to die like martyrs, and go down forever in the history of the Service, if it hadn't been for this fool of a husband of yours, and Peter. I can't blame Peter, because he's only a dog. But McKay is responsible. He robbed us of a beautiful opportunity of dying in an unusual way by hunting us up and dragging us into his shelter. A shabby trick.

"And so—they assigned me the very unpleasant duty of running you down with a pardon, McKay—a pardon forgiving you for all of your sins, forever and ever. Amen. And here it is."

He had drawn an official-looking envelope from inside his coat and held it out now—not to McKay—but to Nada.

Just then something new happened in the weirdly adventurous life of François Breault. Without warning he was suddenly smothered in a pair of arms, his head was jerked back, and against his hard and pitiless mouth a pair of soft red lips pressed for a single thrilling instant.

"Well, I'll be damned," he gasped.

And he picked up his pack and walked off into the thick young spruce at the edge of the timber, without saying another word or once looking behind him.

So went Breault, for the first time in his life a messenger of mercy; and at the top of the silver birch the little warbler knew that something glad had happened, and offered up his gratitude in a burst of song.

H. G. Wells's New Novel of Utopia—Continued from page 15

## Men Like Gods

conditions. Chemistry—and nakedness. I feel bound to confess that whether we are to regard these two people who have apparently just blown themselves up here, as Greek gods or as naked savages, seems to me to be altogether a question of individual taste. I admit a bias for the Greek god—and goddess."

"Except that it is a little difficult to think of two dead immortals," squeaked the gentleman of the eyeglass, in the tone of one who scores a point.

Mr. Burleigh was about to reply, and to judge from his ruffled expression his reply would have been of a disciplinary

nature. But instead he exclaimed sharply and turned round to face two newcomers. The whole party had become aware of them at the same moment. Two stark Apollos stood over the ruin and were regarding our earthlings with an astonishment at least as great as that they created.

One spoke and Mr. Barnstaple was astonished beyond measure to find understandable words reverberating in his mind.

"Red Gods!" cried the Utopian. "What things are you? And how did you get into the world?"

(English! It would have been far less astounding if they had spoken Greek.)



Mr. Cecil Burleigh was the least disconcerted of the party. "Now," he said, "we may hope to learn something definite—face to face with these rational and articulate creatures."

He cleared his throat, grasped the lapels of his long dust coat with two long nervous hands and assumed the duties of spokesman. "We are quite unable, gentlemen, to account for our presence here," he said. "We are as puzzled as you are. We have discovered ourselves suddenly in your world instead of our own."

"You come from another world?"

"Exactly. A quite different world. In which we have all our natural and proper places. We were traveling in that world of ours in—Ah!—certain vehicles, when suddenly we discovered ourselves here. Intruders, I admit, but, I can assure you, innocent and unpremeditated intruders."

"You do not know how it is that Arden and Greenlake have failed in their experiment and how it is that they are dead?"

"If Arden and Greenlake are the names of these two beautiful young people here, we know nothing about them except that we found them lying as you see them when we came from the road hither to find out or, in fact, to inquire—"

The Utopian, if we may for convenience call him that, who had first spoken, looked now at his companion and seemed to question him mutely. Then he turned to the Earthlings again. He spoke and again those clear tones rang, not—so it seemed to Mr. Barnstaple—in his ears but within his head.

"It will be well if you and your friends do not trample this wreckage. It will be well if you all return to the road. Come with me. My brother here will put an end to this burning and do what needs to be done to our brother and our sister."

"We must throw ourselves entirely upon your hospitality," said Mr. Burleigh. "This encounter, let me repeat, was not of our seeking."

"Though we should certainly have sought it if we had known of its possibility," said Mr. Catskill, addressing the world at large and glancing at Mr. Barnstaple as if for confirmation. "We find this world of yours—most attractive."

AS THEY returned through the thick growing flowers to the road, in the wake of the Utopian and Mr. Burleigh, Mr. Barnstaple found Lady Stella rustling up beside him. Her words, in this setting of pure wonder, filled him with amazement at their serene and invincible ordinariness. "Haven't we met before somewhere—at lunch or something—Mr.—Mr.—?"

Was all this no more than a show? He stared at her blankly for a moment before supplying her with:

"Barnstaple."

"Mr. Barnstaple?"

His mind came into line with hers.

"I've never had that pleasure, Lady Stella. Though, of course, I know you—I know you very well from your photographs in the weekly illustrated papers."

"Did you hear what it was that Mr. Cecil was saying just now? About this being Utopia?"

"He said we might call it Utopia."

"So like Mr. Cecil. But is it Utopia—really Utopia?"

"I've always longed so to be in Utopia," the lady went on without waiting for Mr. Barnstaple's reply to her question. "What splendid young men these two Utopians appear to be! They must, I am sure, belong to its aristocracy—in spite of their informal—costume. Or because of it."

Mr. Barnstaple had a happy thought. "I have also recognized Mr. Burleigh and Mr. Rupert Catskill, Lady Stella, but I should be so glad, Lady Stella, if you would tell me who the young gentleman with the eyeglass is, and the clerical gentleman. They are close behind us."

LADY STELLA imparted her information in a charmingly confidential undertone. "The eyeglass," she said, "is—I am going to spell it—F-R-E-D-D-Y M-U-S-H. Taste, good taste. He is awfully clever at finding out young poets and all that sort of literary thing. And he's Rupert's secretary. If there is a literary academy, they say, he's certain to be in it. He's dreadfully critical and sarcastic. We were going to Taplow for a perfectly intellectual week-end, quite like the old times. So soon as the Windsor people had gone again, that is. . . . Mr. Gosse was coming and Max Beerbohm—and everyone like that. But nowadays something always happens. Always. . . . The unexpected—almost excessively. . . . The clerical collar—" she glanced back to judge whether she was within earshot of the gentleman under discussion—"is Father Amerton who is always so outspoken about the sins of society and all that sort of thing. It's odd but, out of the pulpit, he's inclined to be shy and quiet and a little awkward with the forks and spoons."

"Of course!" cried Mr. Barnstaple. "I remember him now. I knew his face but I couldn't place it."

But now more of these people were coming upon the scene. They had airplanes in this world, for two small ones, noiseless and swift in their flight as swallows, had landed in the fields near-by. A man had come up along the road on a machine like a small two-wheeled coupé with its wheels in series, bicycle fashion; lighter and neater it was than any earthly automobile and mysteriously able to stand up on its two wheels while standing still. A burst of laughter from down the road called Mr. Barnstaple's attention to a group of these Utopians who had apparently found something exquisitely ridiculous in the engine of the limousine. Most of these people were as scantily clothed and as beautifully built as the two dead experimentalists, but one or two were wearing big hats of straw and one who seemed to be an older woman of thirty or more wore a robe of white bordered by an intense red line. She was speaking now to Mr. Burleigh.

"We do not even know as yet what connection your coming into our world may have with the explosion that has just happened here or whether indeed it has any connection. We want to inquire into both these things. It will be reasonable we think to take you and all the possessions you have brought with you to a convenient place for a conference not very far from here. We are arranging for machines to take you thither. There perhaps you will eat. I do not know when you are accustomed to eat."

"Refreshment?" said Mr. Burleigh,



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rather catching at the idea. "Some refreshment would certainly be acceptable before very long. In fact, had we not fallen so sharply out of our own world into yours, by this time we should have been lunching in the best of company."

"Wonder and lunch," thought Mr. Barnstaple. Man is a creature who must eat by necessity whether he wonder or not. Mr. Barnstaple perceived indeed that he was hungry and that the air he was breathing was decidedly a keen and appetizing air.

THE UTOPIAN seemed struck by a novel idea. "Do you eat several times a day? What sort of things do you eat?"

"Oh! Surely! They're not vegetarians!" cried Mr. Mush, sharply, in a protesting parenthesis, dropping his eyeglass from its socket.

They were all hungry. It showed upon their faces.

"We are all accustomed to eat several times a day," said Mr. Burleigh. "Perhaps it would be well if I were to give you a brief résumé of our dietary. There may be differences. We begin as a rule with a simple cup of tea and the thinnest slice of bread and butter brought to the bedside. Then comes breakfast. . . ." He proceeded to a masterly summary of his gastronomic day, giving clearly and attractively the particulars of an English breakfast, eggs to be boiled four and a half minutes, neither more nor less; lunch, with any light wine; tea, rather a social rally than a serious meal; dinner, in some detail; the occasional resort to supper. It was one of those clear statements which would have rejoiced the House of Commons, light, even gay, and yet with a trace of earnestness. The Utopian woman regarded him with deepening interest. "Do you all eat in this fashion?" she asked.

MR. BURLEIGH ran his eye over his party. "I cannot answer for Mr.—Mr.—?" "Barnstaple. . . . Yes, I eat in much the same fashion."

For some reason the Utopian woman smiled at him. She had very pretty brown eyes and though he liked her to smile he wished that she had not smiled in the way she did.

"And you sleep?" she asked.

"From six to ten hours according to circumstances," said Mr. Burleigh.

"And you make love?"

The question perplexed and to a certain extent shocked our Earthlings. What exactly did she mean? For some moments no one framed a reply. Mr. Barnstaple's mind was filled with a hurrying rush of strange possibilities.

Then Mr. Burleigh with his fine intelligence and the quick evasiveness of a modern leader of men, stepped into the breach. "Not habitually, I can assure you," he said. "Not habitually."

The woman with the red-bordered robe seemed to think this over for a swift moment. Then she smiled faintly.

"We must take you somewhere where we can talk of all these things," she said. "Manifestly you come from some strange other world. Our men of knowledge must get together with you and exchange ideas."

At half-past ten that morning Mr. Barnstaple had been motoring along the

main road through Slough, and now at half-past one he was soaring through wonderland with his own world half forgotten. "Marvelous," he repeated. "Marvelous, I knew that I should have a good holiday. But this, this —!"

He was extraordinarily happy with the bright unclouded happiness of a perfect dream. Never before had he enjoyed the delights of an explorer in new lands.

The Earthling party had been distributed among four small airplanes and as Mr. Barnstaple and his companion, Father Amerton, rose in the air, he looked back to see the automobiles and luggage being lifted with astonishing ease into two lightly-built lorries.

By contemporary earthly standards of safety Mr. Barnstaple's aviator flew very low. For the earlier part of the journey it was garden pasture with grazing creamy cattle and patches of brilliantly colored vegetation.

THERE were few houses and no towns or villages at all. The houses varied very greatly in size, from little isolated buildings which Mr. Barnstaple thought might be elegant summer-houses or little temples, to clusters of roofs and turrets which reminded him of country chateaux. Here and there people were working in the fields or going to and fro on foot or on machines.

It became evident that they were going to cross the range of snowy mountains that had so suddenly blotted the distant view of Windsor Castle from the landscape.

As they approached these mountains, broad stretches of golden corn-land replaced the green of the pastures and then the cultivation became more diversified.

A graded road with bold, light and beautiful viaducts mounted toward the pass. There were more people, he thought, in the highland country than in the levels below, though still far fewer than he would have seen upon any comparable country-side on earth.

Ten minutes of snowy upland with the snow-fields of a great glacier on one side intervened before he descended into the upland valley on the Conference Place where presently he alighted. This was a sort of lap in the mountain, terraced by masonry so boldly designed that it seemed a part of the geological substance of the mountain itself. It faced toward a wide artificial lake retained by a stupendous dam from the lower reaches of the valley.

THEY made an easy landing on a turfy expanse close to a graceful chalet that ran out from the shores of the lake over the water, and afforded mooring to a flotilla of gaily-colored boats. . . .

It was Father Amerton who had drawn Mr. Barnstaple's attention to the absence of villages. He now remarked that there was no church in sight and that nowhere had they seen any spires or belfries. But Mr. Barnstaple thought that some of the smaller buildings might be temples or shrines. "Religion may take different forms here," he said.

"And how few babies or little children are visible!" Father Amerton remarked.

"On the other side of the mountains there was a place like the playing field of a big school. There were children there, and a few older people dressed in white."

"I saw that. But I was thinking of babes. Compare this with what one would see in Italy."

"The most beautiful and desirable young women," added the reverend gentleman; "most desirable—and not a sign of maternity to be seen!"

Their aviator, a sun-tanned blond with very blue eyes, helped them out of his machine and they stood watching the descent of the other members of their party. Mr. Barnstaple was astonished to note how rapidly he was becoming familiarized with the color and harmony of this new world; the strangest things in the whole spectacle now were the figures and clothing of his associates. Mr. Rupert Catskill in his celebrated gray top hat, Mr. Mush with his preposterous eyeglass, the peculiar long slenderness of Mr. Burleigh, and the square leather-clad lines of Mr. Burleigh's chauffeur, struck him as being far more incredible than the graceful Utopian forms.

The aviator's interest and amusement enhanced Mr. Barnstaple's perception of his companions' oddity.

"I suppose this is *really* real," he said to Father Amerton.

"Really real!—what else can it be?"

"I suppose we are not dreaming all this."

"Are your dreams and my dreams likely to coincide?"

"No, but these are quite impossible things—absolutely impossible things!"

"As for instance?"

"Well, how is it that these people are speaking to us in English?"

"I never thought of that. It is rather incredible. They don't talk in English to one another."

Mr. Barnstaple stared in round-eyed amazement at Father Amerton, struck for the first time by a still more incredible fact. "They don't talk in *anything* to one another," he said. "And we haven't noticed it until this moment!"

UNDER the direction of the brown-eyed woman in the scarlet-edged robe, the Earthlings were established in their quarters near the Conference Place in the most hospitable and comfortable fashion conceivable. Five or six youths and girls made it their business to initiate the strangers in the little details of Utopian domesticity. The separate buildings in which they were lodged had each an agreeable little dressing-room, and the bed, which had sheets of the finest linen and a very light puffy coverlet, stood in an open loggia—too open Lady Stella thought, but then, as she said, "One feels so safe here."

The light meal that followed was by terrestrial standards an entirely satisfactory one. The anxiety of Mr. Freddy Mush was completely allayed: there were cold chicken and ham and a very pleasant meat paté. There were also rather coarse-grained but most palatable bread, pure butter, and exquisite salad, fruit, cheese of the Gruyère type and a light white wine which won from Mr. Burleigh the tribute that "Moselle never did anything better."

No servants waited at the clothless stone table; the woman in the white and scarlet

robe and the two aviators shared the same and the guests attended to each other's requirements. Other Utopians with friendly but keenly observant eyes upon the Earthlings came into the great pillared veranda in which the meal had been set and smiled and stood about or sat down. There were no introductions and few social formalities.

"All this is most reassuring," said Mr. Burleigh. "Most reassuring. I'm bound to say these beat the Chatsworth peaches. Is that cream, my dear Rupert, in the little brown jar in front of you? . . . I guessed as much. If you are sure you can spare it, Rupert. . . . Thank you."

SEVERAL of the Utopians made themselves known by name to the Earthlings. The brown-eyed woman's name was Lychnis. A man with a beard who might perhaps, Mr. Barnstaple thought, have been as old as forty, was either Urthred or Adam or Edom, the name had been very difficult to catch. He conveyed that he was an ethnologist and historian and that he desired to learn all that he possibly could about the ways of our world. He impressed Mr. Barnstaple as having the easy carriage of some earthly financier or great newspaper proprietor rather than the diffidence natural in our own everyday world to a merely learned man. Another of their hosts, Serpentine, was also, Mr. Barnstaple learnt with surprise, for his bearing too was almost masterful, a scientific man. He called himself something that Mr. Barnstaple could not catch. First it sounded like "atomic mechanic" and then oddly enough it sounded like "molecular chemist." And then Mr. Barnstaple heard Mr. Burleigh say to Mr. Mush, "Didn't he say, 'physio-chemist?'"

"I thought he just called himself a materialist," said Mr. Mush.

"Their intonation is peculiar," said Mr. Burleigh. "Sometimes they are almost too loud for comfort and then there is a kind of gap in the sounds."

When the meal was at an end the whole party removed to another little building that was evidently planned for classes and discussions. Lychnis, Urthred, Serpentine and the Earthlings seated themselves on a semi-circular bench below the lecturer's platform. There was accommodation for about eighty or a hundred people upon the seats before them. All these were occupied and beyond stood a number of graceful groups against a background of rhododendron-like bushes.

They were going to talk over this extraordinary irruption into their world. Could anything be more reasonable than to talk it over? Could anything be more fantastically impossible?

"Odd that there are no swallows," said Mr. Mush suddenly in Mr. Barnstaple's ear. "I wonder why."

Mr. Barnstaple's attention went to the empty sky. "No gnats nor flies perhaps," he suggested. It was odd that he had not missed the swallows before.

"Sssh!" said Lady Stella. "He's beginning to speak."

*Our Earthlings, after the first shock of finding that they have blundered into another world, prepare to face the Utopian Court of Inquiry. What will be their fate? Will they be sent back to Earth or made prisoners in Utopia? See December Hearst's International.*

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**Final Instalment of Gouverneur Morris's Novel—From page 87****The Better Wife**

been quite ready to face the consequences that time, had he? He remembered that he had planned, while she was in her bath, to leave out all the money he had in his pockets for her, and a check for all he had in the bank, and to bolt. It had been in his mind, to ship before the mast, and under an assumed name, on the first ship that was sailing for anywhere that was far enough off.

It made him cold all over and ashamed to think what would have become of Mary, of his wife, if he had abandoned her.

For, like it or not, the moment you marry a girl, she is your wife. She has ceased to be whatever she was before, and she has become your wife.

It doesn't help the man to say, "I was drunk and didn't know what I was doing," any more than it helps the girl to say, "I was so young. I didn't know."

Drunk or sober, young or old, wise or foolish, you made certain promises, and while you were making them you meant to keep them, and—he was profoundly thankful that he had stood by the woman he had married and tried to give her a square deal. If it had been honest and decent to stick, then decency and honesty had been rewarded. She had turned out well. She had stuck to her promises splendidly. Each had managed to make out of the other something well worth making—a friend.

THINGS were going to be better than ever between them when he got back to her. She might not have noticed but all these months he had been sick, half comatose from the blow he had given himself. He had not been able to feel that the old ways, the old friendships, the old habits and all things dear had really gone out of his life forever. He realized it now. The break was complete. Wherefore, he would not return to his wife as one who repents, mourns and looks backward, but as one who sees definitely that there is an altogether new life to be lived, and who proposes bravely and constructively to live it.

In that life she owned a half interest. Between them they must make it an honorable and cherished asset.

His past was dead! Door nails had nothing on it!

Well, if marriage could do so much for him, how about Mary?

When that question asked itself he jumped out of the chair in which he had been dawdling and ruminating, and began to pace the room.

It would, of course, do the same for her. Her past was dead too. That was only fair.

He realized then that this was no sudden discovery but only a formulation of something that had for a long time now been an established fact in his own personal regard for her. Her past was dead.

Bud Junior had had a miserable time of it. Mastoiditis, followed by the operation that cures the condition, the drainage, the dressings, is the thing best calculated to make a little boy feel low in his mind. But the worst was all over now. The doctor felt sure of it. One side was well,

and the other, though it had grumbled and threatened, was distinctly on the mend.

But he had to be kept in bed, and he had to be kept quiet. He had been so long out of school that he was afraid he would have to be dropped a class, and this worried him. He was dead sure that mother was going to be fussy about him all the rest of his life.

He saw a picture in which mufflers, galoshes and ear tabs would figure even in the mildest weather.

Bud Senior had longed for his boys, and had dreaded seeing them. Montie, the elder, being precocious, as his mother before him must have been, would be sure to have imbibed something of the scandal that concerned his father. Both the boys must, surely and with only hints to guide them, be convinced that their mother had been greatly wronged by him. He wondered if, in their childish judgment, they had wrongly sided with her. Children are sometimes violently prejudiced. Bud Junior had seemed only glad to see him, and from that moment the inflammation that threatened the boy with further torturings had begun to subside. Montie had seemed glad to see him too; but with a difference. The precocious young wool-gatherer, and accurate observer of other people's manners and customs, showed at once in his affectionate but reticent greeting that there was a new head of the family—himself.

He did the honors. He asked his father if he would have a drink. There was a hint in his manner of the tolerance which comes with much experience. All men, he seemed to say, have in them the seeds of all the temptations; but let no man judge another until he was intimately acquainted with the facts.

ON ACCOUNT of Montie, the first wife had been obliged to dismiss her maid. "Oh, nothing serious, just symptoms. He was rather grown-up for his age, and Grizelle was always flattering him, and telling him what a wonder he was going to be when he grew up, with those beautiful brown eyes of his, and his long black lashes . . . Bud Junior would have hit her if she'd said anything like that to him; but Montie liked it. . . . Oh, she was just putting silly ideas into his head, and I thought she'd better go." And she had added with a sigh, "But I'm afraid he's going to be a case. The only magazines he likes are about actors and motion picture people. He takes the most tremendous pains with his personal appearance . . . I'm sure I don't know where he got all his foolishness."

"The world," Bud Highland thought, "will say that he gets it from me . . . and, of course, he gets it from his mother . . . if she had been a boy instead of a girl, she'd have been a case!"

He had a talk with Montie and tried to win his confidence. No use. He was obviously a boy who was determined to go through life profiting by no other experience than his own. It was obvious, though this point was never actually reached, that he knew just about as much

as his father might have thought best to tell him.

He was a charming boy, handsome, well made, and sure to have gone wrong even if his lot had been cast among the Spartans under Lykurgos.

Bud Junior had neither the charm nor the beauty. But he had honesty, and loyalty, and when he grew up he would look like a man. He was very like his father. He had the same short nose, the same steady, slow-moving eyes, the same cleft in his square lower jaw. His head was narrower between the ears than Montie's; it hadn't the same delicacy; it looked to be made of thicker bone. When they had been hurting him worst, his brows had a way of knitting themselves into a kind of puzzled look.

Bud spent all his afternoon with Bud Junior. Montie, full of engagements, came and went. He never missed a dancing class, and sometimes, all dolled up, went with other boys of his own age, to call upon such of their girl friends as had afternoons at home.

It made Bud feel very old and sad to see his boy going that glittering and artificial way. He preferred boys who were just boys. Montie might have been very good at games; he was already an exquisite dancer; he might have stood high in his class; he might have excelled at almost anything. What was he going to get out of life? He was going to deserve a bad reputation—and be clever enough to avoid having one. He was going to be cold-bloodedly passionate; warm-heartedly selfish; calculatantly reckless. He would make the worst husband in his set and the best marriage.

Bud Junior was the solace. Later on he would see through his mother, and make her the better son for it. He would make some woman very happy if only she had the sense and the patience to let him. He wasn't going to need his father. He would have grown clean and straight in any slum.

The past was, indeed, dead. Once Bud was on his feet again, he guessed he'd be going. It would not be easy, though. He would miss that boy so. He wished he could have him. He even made the suggestion, falteringly, to the first wife and received a withering answer—"Let my boy live in the same house with *that woman*! You must think I'm crazy."

She wasn't. The theory was correct. Bud would have been the first to acknowledge this. For, of course, she didn't know Mary.

"Poor little Mary," Bud thought. "She'd make the boy a good mother, and with me to look after them both, and a good, wholesome atmosphere to grow up in, why he'd be getting more of what he likes and is going to like than he'll ever get here. Of course it wouldn't do to take him away from his mother, if she really wanted him, and I was a fool to suggest it; but how

about the new father he's going to have one of these days?"

He felt sure that the first wife was going to take a second husband before long; he knew the signs. Other things being equal, he hoped the second husband would be rich.

A man tells himself that he cannot do without this or that, without this thing or that person. A man tells himself that he cannot live without the woman he loves or the children who are all the rest of the world to him. Nevertheless in many cases the woman takes herself away from him, and she takes those children with her, and the man who couldn't possibly live in the face of such deprivation—*doesn't* die. Or if he does die, it is long afterward and of something else. In most people the will to live is stronger than any passion, it is even stronger, as a rule, than one's pet theory.

The first wife had brought about a certain situation, which her husband had been powerless to change. She had assumed certain responsibilities, which, whether she did well or ill by them, she could by no means be made to give up.

WHEN, therefore, Bud started back West he felt that he had been forcibly relieved of all present and future responsibilities toward his sons. It was as if he had ceased to be their father and had become their grandfather. Since he was to have no say in their education or the ordering of their lives, it would not be his fault if they grew up ignorant and if their lives went wrong.

He was through with New York. He doubted if he would ever see his sons again. He concluded, indeed, that it would be for the best in the long run if he deliberately kept away from them.

He spent a day in Chicago, avoiding old friends, and killing time as best he could.

Toward late afternoon the feeling of boredom and dullness passed. The thought that in less than four days he would see Mary again began to excite him.

He wasn't such an outcast after all! He wasn't headed for nowhere; but for somewhere in particular. He was no unattached soap bubble bobbing hither and yon; but a man with definite attachments and responsibilities. Curious that all of a sudden, at thought of Mary, his heart should beat more quickly. He would be more than glad to see her!

He stepped into a Western Union office and sent her a night letter. It was the most affectionate message that he had ever sent her. He wanted her to be glad to know that he was glad that they would soon be together again.

In the smoking car a Traveling-Man asked Bud for a light, and thereafter began a conversation.

"Going all the way through?"

"Yes. To Los Angeles."

"Ever been in California before?"

"Oh, yes," said Bud easily. "My wife's there, and I'm on my way home . . ."

THE END.



## How to speak and write Masterly English

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**Ackerman Writes of the Hopes of Martyred Collins—From page 82**

## The Dream of Ireland's Lincoln

hitherto unpublished in the United States or Great Britain, 50,252 acres planted in wheat; 5,332,050 acres in oats; 206,888 acres in barley; 5,580 acres in rye and 584,316 acres in potatoes.

But as a result of the warfare against the British Forces in Ireland, agricultural production began to fall off to such an alarming degree that men like Collins were as much interested in Ireland's economic and financial independence as they were in her political freedom.

IN IRELAND I obtained from the official reports of the Irish Government and the British administration statistics showing the effect of the war upon agricultural production. I cite a number of examples in order to show one reason why men like Griffith and Collins accepted the status of an Irish Free State. For example, the yield of potatoes decreased from 144,231,000 bushels in 1918 and 102,539,000 bushels in 1919 to 74,140,000 bushels in 1920. The yield of oats decreased from 101,399,000 bushels in 1918 and 85,540,000 bushels in 1919 to 65,388,000 bushels in 1920.

In the production of wheat there was an even greater decline. So that it was necessary for Ireland to import from the United States in 1920, 16,078,832 bushels.

As butter and bacon are two of the most important agricultural products of Ireland it is significant to observe that there was a corresponding decrease in the butter tonnage between 1913, or the year before the war, and 1920. In 1913 Ireland produced 32,368 tons of butter and 49,760 tons of bacon. These products dropped respectively to 26,258 tons of butter and 37,209 tons of bacon seven years later.

The amount of milk produced decreased from 102,232,085 gallons in 1916 to 78,463,281 gallons in 1919.

Therefore the issue which confronted the Dail Eireann when the truce was signed and the peace negotiations started was this: If Ireland is so near to the realization of a republic shall the Dail Eireann accept the status of a Free State and through the development of self-government struggle for economic and financial independence, or should the Dail hold out for unconditional recognition and unconditional economical freedom.

Those who finally sided with Griffith and Collins and pledged Ireland to the terms of the peace treaty based their position not alone upon the ground that the Free State guaranteed Ireland a full and fair measure of self-government and freedom but upon the sound economic position that Ireland had more to gain in the future by striving through peace to prepare for the day when she could be, if any nation could be, free from England financially and economically.

In 1919 Irish imports amounted to \$632,863,766. Of this sum Ireland imported from England \$526,496,876, compared to only \$36,959,484 from the United States. In 1920, however, these imports increased from the United States to \$54,263,540.

The lesson which Collins, as Minister of

Finance, learned from these figures was the same one he learned from the Irish people through his daily contact with them during their struggle against Great Britain. It was that the war with England was rapidly destroying the productive power of the country and the nerve vitality of the nation. Although from 1916 to 1921 he devoted every ounce of his energy and every quality of his character to the fight for the recognition of the de facto government he had the statesman's vision of an honorable compromise, believing that if the people of Ireland, with the sympathy of the whole world and the moral and practical cooperation of the children of Ireland in foreign lands, could unite behind the Free State Government, they would be in a position to obtain complete independence through the development of Ireland.

Another aspect of Ireland's struggle which impressed itself deeply upon his mind was the effect of the guerilla warfare upon the women. He knew from the reports which came to him from every section of the south, from Dublin to Cork and from Wexford to Limerick, that the women of Ireland could not stand the strain much longer without the Irish race suffering immeasurable harm. Was it not Collins who, after his return from the London peace conference, appealed to the women of Ireland to support the Treaty on the grounds that the Irish race could not endure another protracted period of strife, which was costing Ireland not only the lives of her best young men but the lives of the children and the sanity of the women as well? Collins showed by his reports that there had been an alarming increase in the number of children born dead and in the number of women in asylums.

JUST as Lincoln knew the United States could not exist half slave and half free so Collins and Griffith believed Ireland could not survive politically free and economically enslaved.

Their vision of Ireland as "the Switzerland of the Seas," was that of a little nation with greater assets and resources than any other of the small nations of the world. They realized that Ireland's greatest asset was not only the number but the prominence, the influence and the wealth of her sons and daughters in the United States, Canada, Australia, New Zealand and South Africa. They dreamed of the time when their government could expand industrially and develop agriculturally as Switzerland has developed.

For seven centuries Ireland struggled against crushing odds to win the status of a Free State. For more than a year now, this little nation had been tortured by civil war. Millions of dollars' worth of roads, railways, private property and government buildings have been destroyed.

Arthur Griffith and Michael Collins, more than any other two Irishmen, laid the foundation for Ireland.

Ireland tomorrow will be a united, prosperous, homogeneous country, and in her history Collins, for all time, will stand out as the Lincoln of Ireland.



☞ *The Art of George W. Bellows—Continued from page 96*

## The Medal of the First Class

artistic value over and beyond, and irrespective of, the theme.

In "Eleanor, Jean and Anna" Mr. Bellows has not been neglectful of the deeper concerns of art. Not only does this work contain portraits of specific personalities, but the esthetic values have been consciously conceived and built up through the placing of the figures, the folds and lines in the dresses, the poses of the hands, and the arrangement of numerous accessories such as vases, books, sashes and flowers. Moreover, the canvas, as a whole, has been executed boldly and vigorously, and with a realism ardent and distinctive.

Mr. Bellows ranks high among the living artists of this country. His marked individuality precludes his enrollment in any specific school of painting, although his robust naturalism and free technique place him at once in the category of such men as Redfield, Glackens and Gardner Symons; and in spirit and attitude he has very definite affinities with Sargent, from whom he has learned many valuable lessons.

However, there is no imitation of these

artists visible in his painting. Mr. Bellows is essentially an individualist, and his originality is by no means one of the minor attributes of his art. He is a revolutionary and a heretic in that he refuses to be bound by traditions and formulas.

A good example of Mr. Bellows's ability as an illustrator can be seen in the drawings he has made for "Men Like Gods," the new novel by H. G. Wells, which begins in this issue of Hearst's International.

Mr. Bellows was born in Cleveland, Ohio, just forty years ago; and the impulse of the pictorial artist manifested itself in him at the age of five. He studied principally under Robert Henri—one of the most artistic men, and unquestionably the foremost instructor of painting in America. He has exhibited in the principal cities of Europe and the United States; and his works are now hung in the chief galleries of the country. In 1908 one of his pictures received the Hallgarten Prize; and since then he has won practically every medal, award, prize and honorable mention which it is possible for a painter to acquire.

☞ *Royal Brown Tells How Love Will Find a Way—from page 58*

## Her Sixth and Only Husband

From the threshold came Price's voice. "Steak in the ice chest and potatoes all pared!" he announced boyishly.

Charity ignored him; refusing even to look at him. He moved away again. She heard him lift the stove covers and presently there came from the kitchen the teasing odor of broiling steak.

"Dinner is served, madam," he announced, in a sepulchral tone.

"Burnt I should say, by the smell," she retorted. "Let's eat here, by the fire."

This they did, settling themselves by the hearth, he in a chair opposite her.

"How times have changed!" he commented. "Having—in the delicate mid-Victorian phrase—compromised you I am in honor bound to marry—"

"I wouldn't marry you if you were the only man in the world!" she flashed.

"Why, I thought that any girl that married any man considered him the only man in the world. I do remember, too, that Sam once thought Mrs. Sam was the only girl in the world. Now—"

"It's her own fault," blazed Charity. "I've sent Sam back to her but—oh what's the use. If I couldn't hold a man except by his marriage vows—"

"I think," said he, "that you—*could!*"

The glance she gave him was unpremeditated and for an instant their eyes held. Then, as if he were as unconscious of her widened gaze and parted lips as she was herself, he glanced at his wrist watch.

"Almost twelve," he announced. "The old formula for a situation like this was for the lady to sit up all night, bolt upright, in a chair. But perhaps—may I suggest that you can be more comfortable upstairs?"

"But the people who belong here," suggested Charity. "I think they have just been married and are coming home from their honeymoon—"

"They'll not come tonight, not in this storm," he assured her.

From the mantelpiece he took a candle and offered it. But when she, rising automatically rather than of conscious volition, would have taken it, he did not release it.

"Are you sure," he murmured, "that you wouldn't rather—stay?"

"No, no," she said swiftly, stepping back. "I—I mean it. I'm not the marrying kind. My career means—"

This she had said before, to other men. But never with such breathless impetuosity, such a sense of struggling desperately against the sweep of something greater than she had ever dreamed of.

"Marriage? Have I mentioned anything like that," Price asked, blithely.

The color drained from her cheeks.

"You—oh, how dare you!" she gasped.

"You sound like something from the movies!" he retorted. "I only asked if you wouldn't like to sit up."

"You're evading!" she accused passionately. "You know that it's you that's been jumping to conclusions all the evening. You have no right to think that I'm not—decent!"

"You yourself told me that Sam was your fifth and best husband so far. What was I to gather from that?"

"They wouldn't have dared—not one of them—to talk to me the way you have."

"I wonder," he remarked, "just what your philosophy of life is anyway. You express a desire, if I offer a natural objection—as I did when I said I had no car—"

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you manage to make me feel cheap. You deliberately play with sex as a child plays with fire and the minute you are scorched you cry baby!"

From his pocket, he produced a pencil and a note book. Without waiting for an answer from her, he crossed to the table and wrote briefly on a perforated leaf, then detached it and placed it beside the lamp.

"An acknowledgment and an I. O. U. for our evening's entertainment—such as it was," he explained. "If you will change to your own things I'll take you back home now."

For the first time in several minutes, Charity's eyes met his.

"But the gasoline. You said——"

"That was merely a device of mine to discover just how unconventional you really are," he replied. "I might have known. Hunting husbands is like shooting tame pigeons. Half famished ones at that. They run toward you, they don't try to escape—as a bachelor might. And you bag them and call it exciting! Poor sport—and inevitably a poor sportswoman!"

As he finished he picked up his coat and slipped into it. An instant later the front door closed behind him. After an appreciable instant, during which she stared with unseeing eyes at the dying fire, Charity recovered herself and changed back to her own stockings, now dry.

"Damn him!" she murmured. "Oh damn him, damn him, *damn him!* If I could only make him pay for that!"

Five minutes, ten minutes—fifteen slipped by. Then the whirr of an engine. She slipped hurriedly into her wrap and a minute later he reappeared.

"Engine cold—had a devil of a time starting it—and I had to shovel the snow

out of the seat," he explained. "Ready? Then let's go."

Snow still fell steadily, but seemingly with less intensity. Charity could not be sure, she was too sleepy. Silence encompassed them, save for the whirr of the motor. Price had not spoken since they left the house. Drugged by her drowsiness, she let her head go back. She had no intention of sleeping.

"Oh!" she exclaimed suddenly, wide awake now. "I—did I fall asleep?"

Price smiled. "I should say you did. We've just passed Grant's tomb——"

He was driving with one hand. Suddenly she realized that.

"Why move?" he suggested. "Aren't you more comfortable so?"

In his eyes there was that which belied the whimsicality of his tone, as abruptly, he brought the car to a standstill.

"Charity!" said he, huskily, "do you really hate me?"

The man had delivered himself into her hands! She had wanted to make him pay and here was the way. Now she could answer him, answer him in a way that would hurt him horribly. The very words, the very tone came to her, in a flicker of an eyelash:

"Oh, nothing so serious as that! Indeed, you rather amuse me," she could say. Only—she couldn't! Instead she said: "No—no more than you do me."

She felt his arm tighten about her but she did not draw away. She felt paralyzed, curiously unable to speak, to move, to think, to do anything save just wait breathlessly.

"I hate you so much," he said, his voice vibrating, "that I bought this car just for the sake of this ride. That and a crazy idea——"

"That you could make me realize just what you thought of me," suggested

Charity, her voice so low that she herself wasn't sure she had spoken aloud.

"Exactly!" he flashed. "Anything to get under your skin. I'd rather have you hate me than laugh at me. I *am* conventional and—well, so are you. I proved that anyway. I knew all the time, I just wanted to make you admit it. And I was crazy enough to think——"

He stopped short and, after a second during which her eyes evaded his, impetuously pushed the starting button.

"Think what?" asked Charity, quickly—the engine had begun to throb.

"That a husband of your own might be more desirable than somebody else's," he said, as if it were forced from him, against his will. "Laugh—go ahead——"

Charity didn't. "You—you didn't say that!" she murmured.

THE engine stalled as he turned back. "You said," she added hurriedly, "that you wouldn't marry me——"

"I didn't. You said that your career, Charity, you——"

Ever so briefly her eyes met his. Then, some time later, the wind that precedes the dawn came up chill and searching. But they did not feel it.

"You realize, Charity, what—what this means. You meant it?" Price was saying.

The tense expectancy in his eyes, the wistful intensity of his voice stirred her to swift and sweet reassurance.

Then with an upward glance and with a flash of her old manner she added, "You're to be my—my sixth and only husband, aren't you? And if any lady tries to steal you——"

"You darling!" he murmured. "They won't have a chance."

"You," said Charity, emphatically, "can just bet they won't!"

*The Play of the Month—Continued from page 95—Hubert Osborne's Sea-goin' Comedy*

## Shore Leave

CONNIE (putting her hand to her throat)—Oh, this—is a necklace.

SMITH—Hell! You don't wear it, do you? It looks like some ten cent store junk!

CONNIE (deeply hurt by his lack of appreciation)—No—I never wear it. I only put it on because—but if you don't—(takes the necklace off) draw up your chair—and pitch right in. I hope you'll like my biscuit. Have some jelly. I put it up myself. One nice thing about my jelly—it always jells. Yes, I do dress-making—but sometimes I like cooking better—it all depends on who you're doing it for, doesn't it? Have another biscuit—help yourself to the butter—take plenty of butter. And here—I rolled out a pie for you—sorry I couldn't have two kinds—then you'd have a choice.

SMITH—This sure is some chow.

CONNIE—I hope you'll like my cooking. If I'd had more time, I——

SMITH—You're all right, sister

CONNIE—Milk and sugar?

SMITH—Sure, all the trimmings. Live here all alone?

CONNIE—Yes, since father died—it's most ten years.

SMITH—Ain't you got any folks or nothing?

CONNIE—No—my mother's dead.

SMITH—My mother's dead, too.

CONNIE—Oh, I'm sorry. You must miss her.

SMITH—I do. It don't make so much difference to a guy like me—but it sure must be hell for a lady like you.

CONNIE—Oh, I manage to get on all right—though, I'd like to do something more important than sewing. My mother was awful ambitious for me—she wanted me to be an opera singer—or own a milliner shop in a big town or something like that.

SMITH—My mother wanted me to be a priest and started me off on that tack. But I wanted to see the world! One day I beats it and jumps a freight—and heads west—I gets as far as New Mexico—worked on a ranch there and saved some money—but soon I gets restless—so I takes my roll and starts back east—no brake beams for me this time—Pullman and all—I was sure traveling heavy. Once again on the Java.

CONNIE—The what?

SMITH—The Java—I thought you was sea-goin'. The coffee.

CONNIE—Oh, yes. Of course—the Java. I didn't hear you.

SMITH—When I gets to Philadelphia—that's where my mother lived—the old lady was sure glad to see me. I'd never wrote her except a post card the year before—she knew I was coming home though. . . .

CONNIE—I know—she felt it inside—all kind of trembly in the stomach. That's how I felt today—what with trying to get this dress done—and getting supper and watching the clock—and kind of wondering if you *would* come. . . .

SMITH—Her lamp chimbley broke three nights running and she said it was a sign—you see, she comes from Ireland and believes in signs and things. . . . but then, she wasn't educated like me.

CONNIE—No, I suppose not. I kind o' believe in signs myself. Your mother must've worried a lot about you when you didn't write.

SMITH—Sure—I guess she did. Women's like that—they're always wanting you to write to them. After my mother died, I started in drinking to forget. When I come to, I was looking at one of those ads of a gob all rigged out in one of those white suits. Well, I'd always wanted

# VISION

BY RICHARD H. WALDO,  
*Publisher of Hearst's International Magazine*

THE 3% Immigration Law seems destined to have an effect on advertising that was not generally foreseen.

BECAUSE of that law, labor is in many lines more scanty than it has been since the boom days of the war and post-war period. Help Wanted advertisements in the principal cities once again outmeasure the Situations Wanted columns. Each month a greater number of manufacturers associate this condition with the fact that only 87,000 more people came into this country during the past year than went out of it in the same twelve months.

WHAT is of still greater importance is that those who went out were largely skilled and semi-skilled men and women. Those who came in were mainly green hands. We have throttled our intake, but we do nothing to check the flood that is draining our skilled labor market.

PERHAPS the situation is a good one. Perhaps the inevitable bidding up of labor prices by one concern against another is helpful. Perhaps the resulting increased cost of all products into which labor enters is what this nation needs.

ON the other hand, it may be that we should have a healthier situation were it not again necessary to use the

incompetent and the lazy at prices which only competence and industry can justify. Perhaps we should have a better condition if men and women knew that only by putting their backs into their work could their jobs be held and progress made. There is much evidence to the effect that the by-product of working under reasonably competitive conditions is a soundness of morale and a steadiness of citizenship that is not obtained otherwise.

WITH rising labor costs eating up margins of profit, sales plans must always be hampered. Without powerful sales work, education of the millions in the purchase of better goods and in the development of better standards of living cannot proceed. Without such procedure markets do not develop and employment cannot increase. *The war period proved that it is not enough to give a man \$10.00 a day. He must also have wants developed that will call for the use of that money, or he will simply quit his productive efforts at the point where his present wants are satisfied.*

THOSE of us who have to do with advertising and who understand its effect on standards of living, have food for thought in this situation. Our efforts to cut the cost of distribution can come to little when the conditions touched on above are in force.

HAVE we a sufficient vision to do anything about it?

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to see the world—and the Barbary Coast out in 'Frisco.

CONNIE—The Barbary Coast—Oh, that's such a pretty name. I think I'd like to live there. I can see it—a long silvery shore with white breakers rolling in—beautiful flowers growing along it—and palm trees—with birds singing in them. Is the Barbary Coast like that?

SMITH—Hell, no—

CONNIE—Oh, you mustn't swear! Of course, you can if it makes you feel more at home, but, somehow, coming from you, it don't sound natural. Go on—tell me about the Barbary Coast.

SMITH—Well, it's—Oh—it's the place they've lost the lid to. You won't understand—you ain't the sort that would. Well, I think this is my chance to get to 'Frisco, and having nothing better to do, I goes in. They ask me a lot of fool questions, then I signs some papers, and then they sends me out to see the world. The world—he—all I've seen of the world is the lights of Coney Island one night through the starboard port, as I was looking over the top of my hammick, while we was beating it down the coast at a fourteen knot clip. Have you ever slept in a hammick?

CONNIE—No. I bought a second-handed one once for the back yard—but I never slept in it.

SMITH—Hammicks make you feel like the makings of a cigarette before you lick the paper. Oh, well,—I won't be sleeping in a hammick all my life. I'm working hard and studying and soon I'll be a Chief Petty Officer and have a bunk to sleep in. When my time's up, I'm going to write for my master's papers, then I'll try to get a job as Captain of a freighter.

CONNIE—Captain of a—a freighter! You?

SMITH—Sure. And I could hold the job too—if I ever get a crack at it.

CONNIE—Are they hard to get?

SMITH—I'll say they are—unless you stand in with some owner. But, you watch me—I'm going to be Captain of a freighter—in spite of he'—Excuse me—I nearly said it.

CONNIE—My father used to be a Captain, and I remember him standing up on the bridge in his so'wester—

SMITH—That's it, sister! You ought to be aboard a ship sailing all over the world—down to the Tropics and out to China and India, and all those spiggety places.

CONNIE—Spiggety places! Oh, those are the dream places I want to see. You've said it—spiggety places.

SMITH—That's why I'd like a ship—to take a wife along with me—setting across from her when she eats—and watching the sea with her at night. How does it listen, sister?

CONNIE—How does it listen? Oh, you'd take your wife along with you? Then—you're—you're—not—married?

SMITH—No. But I could be married. Lots o' girls have said they'd marry me, but I didn't want them. (Rises.) It's time I was pulling out.

CONNIE—So soon? Why, you only just come. I hope you'll come back real soon.

SMITH—No chance. We shove off to-morrow.

CONNIE—But you'll be sailing up here

again next summer with the fleet, likely?

SMITH—Can't tell—I may get transferred to the Pacific Fleet.

CONNIE—Would that keep you away for long?

SMITH—Can't tell—a couple of years perhaps. There's them gobs coming back for me! Where's my cap?

CONNIE—I'm sorry I—I couldn't entertain you longer—so we could've got better acquainted—and sort o' got to know each other a little.

SMITH—Sure—setting here all snug-like—with a girl alongside—well, it ain't so bad.

CONNIE—I'll always remember about—about tonight—and last night—and Java—the chow—and hammicks—and every-thing.

SMITH—Good luck, sister—so long—

CONNIE—Must you be going so soon—must you?

SMITH—Do you want me to stay—You do? Really? All right, sister. (He turns back, takes her in his arms and kisses her.) Never had a fellow before?

CONNIE—No.

SMITH—Gwan . . . that's what they all say.

CONNIE—I've never said it before.

SMITH—Why'd you let me kiss you?

CONNIE—I don't know—perhaps it's because you—you—you smell of the sea—Oh, I like the smell of the sea. I love the smell of the sea.

SMITH—Well, let it go at that.

CONNIE—Will you come back?

SMITH—Sure—I like to have a place in every port where I can drop in.

CONNIE—Then—good by, Mr. Smith.

SMITH—Good-by, sister.

CONNIE—You're sure you'll come back?

SMITH—Sure—some day. (He goes out, whistling "Hello, 'Frisco.")

CONNIE (looking after him)—Good luck, Mr. Smith.

SO MR. SMITH came and went lightly, but Connie's head was full of schemes. Suddenly the freighter, stuck in the Ganges mud, loomed large in her eyes. It was the work of only a few minutes to sell the necklace, despised of Sailor Smith, to Mrs. Payne for five thousand dollars, and later to start Captain Martin off to salvage the ship, the Zonoma. The saving of the freighter brought Connie money, the cargo alone netted a neat little fortune and the village dressmaker became a woman of fortune. But wealth did not bring happiness, for her heart still turned to the sailor who had come from the sea for a day's dalliance and had then vanished, little more than a ghost of a man to all but Connie. Efforts at discovering the strange Smith had all failed. So when, two years later, the Atlantic fleet came into the harbor, Connie, in a last desperate effort, gave a party aboard her freighter for all the Smiths in the fleet. This brought many Smiths, including the Admiral, but not the right one. At last, from the petty officer in charge of the "gobs" she hears of her man. He was last seen in Paris, drunk and hunting for a dressmaker. Inspired with the belief that she is soon to find her Smith, Connie hurries away to get advice from the Admiral. When she returns to the deck, a new-comer has just crawled over the rail and is standing with his back to her, watching the dancers.

Connie—Oh—I beg pardon. Have you just come? Ever been in this port before?

SMITH (after a pause)—Hello, girlie. Say, give me a dance, will you. Come on what do you say? (Connie stares at him.) What's the matter? What's eating you?

CONNIE—Don't you—know me?

SMITH—Naw. . . . Your face is familiar, sister—but . . . Well—do you dance—

CONNIE—Have you been drinkin'? Say you've been drinkin'!

SMITH—Booze? No such luck! I ain't even had a decent cup of Java for two years.

CONNIE—Java. . . . And you don't know a girl in this port that would give you a cup of Java—Java and . . . jelly and . . . homemade biscuits . . .

SMITH—Java and biscuits . . . in this port? Nop! Hold on there—sure I do! I was making a lot of ports then and—say—Why—er—ain't you—why of course—You're the little sea-goin' dress-maker or milliner—or something—the girl that set and talked to me on a bench and then asked me up for chow . . . Let's jump this dance and you can take me to your house again—what do you say?

CONNIE—You never . . . thought o' going there . . . to find out if I was living or dead . . . You just forgot—

SMITH—Say, I risked the brig for you tonight—and if I get court-martialed for it, it's worth it, little lady! It's worth it! (he opens his arms) Come in. . . .

CONNIE—Just a minute . . . jest a minute. . . . Oh, I will—I will—but—I got to get sort o' used to you again.

SMITH—All right. I won't rush you. Notice anything? (He points to the rating on his sleeve) See this here? Three stripes and a wheel.

CONNIE—Quartermaster—first class!

SMITH—You're wise. I'm coming on.

CONNIE—Remember that night when you told me you'd always wanted a freighter and—

SMITH—I do—and a feller'd need a lot o' pull to get a Captain's berth these days—

CONNIE—That's just it—you need a pull—and you got it. How'd you like to sail a freighter that I could get for you?

SMITH—You! What ship would that be?

CONNIE—Look about you, sailor, look about you. You're settin' on her. How do you like her?

SMITH—Say, cherie, don't talk about no ship now. Let's just talk about ourselves. . . . Like me?

CONNIE—Oh, Bilge—yes! But let me tell you about the freighter first—

SMITH—Say, cherie—couldn't we get a license and pull it off tonight? Are you game to try? We shove off tomorrow.

CONNIE—Tomorrow! Oh, no! Oh, I can't lose you again so soon!

SMITH—It's the way of the sea.

CONNIE—Then—then we'll get spliced tonight—right off. Come along, come on.

SMITH—Say, cherie, what's yer name?

CONNIE—Connie Martin.

SMITH—Oh—ho! . . . So you're the girl that's rotten with money! Hell!

CONNIE—What's the matter?

SMITH—Say—I ain't the sort of guy that'd live off'n no woman.

CONNIE—But after we're married, you won't have to live off me.

SMITH—Take it easy, sister. When I sail a ship I'm going to be the boss—and what I say goes. That's me.

In a great huff, Bilge goes out to dance. "Bat" Smith, one of Connie's guests, is busy comforting his hostess when Bilge returns to the deck. The sight is too much for him and a knock-out fight is staged between the two men. Bilge gets the short end of it and Connie berates "Bat" for his cruelty. The entrance of the Admiral stops the scene and Bilge is ordered away with the other Smiths. Once again Bilge Smith goes out of Connie's life—but not out of her heart and her mind. The money was in the way—so she got rid of it and the boat—put them in trust for someone so she could never touch them—and went back to dress-making. So two more years pass and then one evening the door opens and Smith comes in. He is no longer in uniform; his clothes are old and greasy, his face is blackened with the dirt of the stoke-hole. He has worked his way from South America, coming to Connie as soon as he heard she had lost her money. The girl receives him with an air of indifference, but she gives him a chance to wash and sets out food for him. As he wipes his face on the fancy towel she gave him he asks:

BILGE—How did you lose your money?

CONNIE—Oh—well, my money's gone.

BILGE—Well, then so far as I can see now, they's nothing that would stand between you and a poor gob, is there?

CONNIE—Not a thing that I know of.

SMITH—That Java smells good to me. . . . Say, you kind-a need a feller to look after you now, don't you?

CONNIE—Oh, I don't know. . . . I'd want to be pretty sure a feller liked me.

SMITH—Well, you ain't got nothing, so you could be sure of it now.

CONNIE—How long you going to be in port this time?

SMITH—What's that got to do with it? Cherie, give us a kiss.

CONNIE—No siree! Mr. Smith, and that goes! I—I'd most forgotten you.

SMITH—All right, sister. . . . Well, I've got the promise of a ship.

CONNIE—You have? Got your Captain's papers?

SMITH—No, I ain't—not yet.

THEIR talk is interrupted by Captain Martin who comes in to get more definite information about the disposal of the freighter. Of course his talk starts Bilge to wondering if the story about the loss of money and boat is not a "frame-up." The captain leaves and Bilge bursts out:

BILGE—All this sewin' here's a fake.

CONNIE—It ain't. I'm workin' just as hard as ever I did. I must.

SMITH—The hell you must!

CONNIE—Oh, Bilge, I ain't a got a cent now—I gave it all away—I'm as poor as poor can be and I can prove it. You said my money stood between us. So I had to get rid of the money. It's held in trust.

SMITH—Who's it in trust for?

CONNIE—I—er—I—well—it's—it's held in trust for—in trust for—Oh, dear me. For me—my first baby—if his—or—her—or it's—father's name is—is Smith!

SMITH—(He throws off his cap, grabs her in his arms and kisses her)—Hell!

[Curtain]

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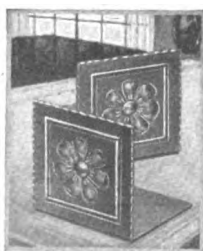
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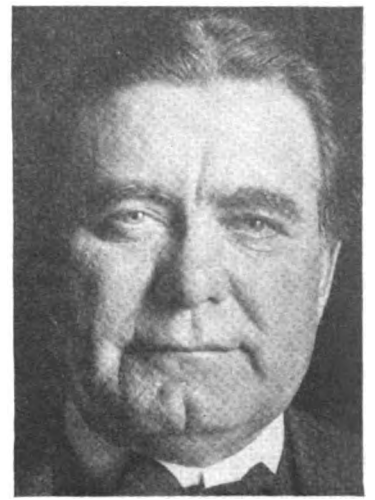
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# INTOLERANCE

A *"Independence of thought was formerly threatened by monarchists who feared the disaffection of their subjects. May it not again be threatened by other forms of intolerance, possibly even in a popular government?"*

BRYCE, IN "MODERN DEMOCRACIES"

A INTOLERANCE is a vice which seems to summon to its support almost every other vice of heart or mind. There is scarcely a low practice or mean-spirited passion known to the head or heart which intolerance does not in some way enlist and enslave to its purposes. But, after all, and in the last analysis, the fundamental, underlying basis of intolerance is intellectual cowardice. Unwilling to meet the antagonists in the open arena where truth and right contend with error and injustice for supremacy, intolerance would, through foul and brutal methods, destroy the antagonists before the arena is reached. If I deny my opponent the privilege of expressing his views or of advancing his arguments, it is because I have in fact no faith in my own contention or distrust the strength of my own arguments.

A If I would close the press or the mails to other men's views or opinions or beliefs, it is because I fear they may win support and approval from others where my opinions or beliefs would fail. But if I am strong in my own faith, convinced of the justice of my position, I fear no man and rather covet the opportunity to meet in the open all who contend otherwise, never doubting that in the end my antagonist, though free to use all the powers of the intellect at his command, must fail.

A It must be admitted, I presume, by all who have observed the trend of things in this country, that the spirit of intolerance is obtaining a strong hold among our people. Doubtless much of this is due to the war—for war breeds intolerance as the stagnant waters of the swamps breed disease. But the great problem is: can we rid ourselves as a people of this demoralizing and destructive, this wicked and consuming curse now that the war is over? In this respect we move with alarming tardiness. All other nations engaged in the Great War have outdistanced us in forgiving those who expressed their opinions and views in derogation of the war. Their political prisoners were released long ago. We still hold in prison those who are guilty of no crime save that which the exigencies of the war seemed to justify as crime, to wit, the expression of opinion, the criticism of

government. We saw fit to pass a drastic and, in my opinion, an unjustly drastic law practically forbidding the discussion of any matters relative to the prosecution of the war. Although it was a war measure and could only have been passed as a war measure, yet long after the war is over, we deprive many of their liberty for that which in peace times would pass utterly disregarded. All this illustrates, not only our indifference to the great guarantees and privileges of the people under our Constitution, but it discloses a spirit of intolerance such as we have never before exhibited.

A Frederick the Great once saw a crowd staring at something on the wall. He made inquiry and found it was a scurrilous placard against him. He directed that the placard might be placed more conveniently that all might read. But under our form of government, dedicated to the principles of free speech and of a free press, men rust and rot in prison because of criticisms or adverse views touching the vices or policies of the highly wrought and sensitive souls who, perchance, were custodians of people's liberty for a brief season. It has been said, and well and truly said, that you may chain down every other human right, but if you leave the right of speech free, it will unchain all the rest. While all lips were silenced during the war and all minds subdued or terrorized, such a riot of extravagance, of shameless waste, of graft, took place as no country has ever before witnessed. If anything demonstrates the imperishable worth of complete tolerance in speech and of political opinions, it is the story of this War.

A The people are loaded with not only millions but, in my judgment, billions of dollars, because no one dared to denounce those who cloaked themselves as patriots and filled their pockets while the country was in peril. Let us, therefore, in this country demand that intolerance of political views shall never obtain and that the precedents of the war shall be pushed into oblivion and disregarded at once and remorselessly. Nothing is ever gained by denying the utmost freedom of discussion upon all political questions. After its submission and before its adoption a copy of the Constitution of the United States was burned publicly at Albany and in Rhode Island. A thousand armed men, headed by the Judge of the State Supreme Court, denied the public the right to discuss the Constitution favorably to its adoption. We find in almost every great crisis of world history those pathetic figures who would stay the trend of human thought by silencing human lips. [Continued on page 112]



# HAPGOOD on *Ford's Life*,

*First of All* SENATOR BORAH speaks with gravity in the opening article of this issue, but he does not exaggerate. The world's psychology justifies his utterance. His are the bold and lucid principles that proclaim the statesman. As far as we are concerned, no article could be published by us that would better express the faith in which we intend to march.

Senator Borah mentions no country abroad, but he proclaims that intolerance, which caused the war, is also the malign force that impedes recovery from the war. In our own country he sees the same shadow growing larger. He confines himself to the truth expressed in high and noble general principles: the truth and the principles that have been the soil in which freedom has grown, and must continue to grow if the mighty virtues of liberty and truth are to guide our steps.

*Toleration* MANY nations, and still more the ruling classes in many nations, are now defining justice as vengeance, and safety as intolerance. The world needs nothing as much as it needs tolerance. Senator Borah has recently taken first place in Washington, for moral and intellectual prestige, because in addition to his other gifts he has refused to hunt with any pack barking along one or another warped and narrow creed.

Intolerance of other nations, other races, other religions, other conceptions of business, economics, and government—that is a blindness that the war, instead of lightening, as we hoped, has brought down on us more darkly. The general public can be appealed to either through its ideals or through its fear and prejudice. Of Senator Borah the highest praise is that his appeals are ever to the best in men.

*A Month from Now* A LITTLE more than a month after this magazine appears again, another Christmas will have come and gone, a new set of resolutions will have welcomed another year.

Festivals serve to remind us of the flight of time, of the importance of life; but in truth new beginnings are made on the quietest day; every hour is the anniversary of signal deeds.

As we in this office try to put into our magazine selected records that beckon forward, the number just ahead always has for us the freshness and importance of the human dream.

Perhaps of all our own dreams purer liberty and better understanding have the brightest tints. A few illustrations, a month from now, illuminate that continuing purpose. In our January number we print an article of a good deal of boldness on the political departure of the Ku Klux Klan. We think we are, in that series, deep in the realities of freedom. As usual, we shall not argue much, but let documents carry the lesson.

In the same issue there will be a piece called "Hebrews," by James Oppenheim, that gives the

powers and the errors of his race as only a Jew can state them.

When Dr. De Kruif calls his article on the gland furor of the moment by the title "Ponce de Leon and the Ring-Tailed Monkey," he mixes lightness with the solid history of science in the way we like.

Again, an article by Luther Burbank, full of vision and young enthusiasm, strikes the note characteristic of what today is best: for if the world is growing better it must be largely through the triumphs and the teachings of science, that creative study through which man is conquering the world.

*Biography* BIOGRAPHY, according to Carlyle, is "the most universally pleasant, the most universally profitable, of all reading."

Much as has been written about the world's foremost business man, there has been nothing approaching the detailed, personal, and adequate story of his life that characterizes the one, written after months of talk with him by Mr. Benson, which we now begin.

Plutarch's Lives have been for eighteen centuries the food of great minds. It was the same Carlyle who said, "Biography is the only true history."

If it is a pleasure to publish a first-rate life of a giant in business, the pleasure is increased by the fact that we have just had to undo Ford's dangerous error in lending himself and his money to the Jew-baiters. Any man, however great, or any organization that agitates against minorities in this country, will arouse our opposition. But we wish to be just, and Ford's genius in production is a mighty asset to the race.

*Farmers* WHENEVER two great classes in our democracy begin to coöperate, a step ahead is taken. Big money, as represented by the head of the War Finance Board, and the Farmers, as represented by the Bloc, beginning with a good deal of friction, ended by taking together measures leading to a new psychology. William Hard tells the story justly and well. The business mind of Mr. Meyer was right in fighting against the Government's actual buying and selling. The Bloc was right in its belief that the great agricultural interests were not considered enough in our credit system. Each side won where the facts were in its favor. As the farmer in the end is the most important citizen in the land, and as he has not yet had full aid and justice, the facts will still be launching their high explosives in his behalf. "What is genius," asks Emerson, "against facts, which are the genius of God?"

Look abroad. A peasant is premier of Bulgaria. Roumania, Jugo-Slavia, Latvia, and Esthonia have cut up the great estates at the demand of the peasants. Peasants are now clearly seen as the real rulers of Russia. Just to the north of us, a farmer has been made premier of Manitoba, following similar results in Ontario, Alberta, and British Columbia. In the Federal House of Commons of Canada the farmers have 66 members to 169 of all other parties.

Naturally this mighty change will not be all progress.

# Ku Klux Klan and Drink

Much of it may be retrogression. Assuredly it will be a mixture of loss and gain. Good or bad, it is inevitable. The city cannot continue to rule the country unless it begins to make itself the country's friend.

## Both Sides

**A**BROAD, the agrarian movement, sweeping like a prairie fire across Central and Eastern Europe, may well be the foundation of a better future—simpler, juster, and less complicated. On the other hand, however, the untrained peasants have taken immediate steps that have undoubtedly dislocated business and diminished production. On this continent we are more fortunate. The farmer here is not a peasant. He is educated. He has never been a slave. When he rebels it is not in the extreme ways we have seen where the peasant has been ground in the dust for centuries. The farmer whose sons and daughters go to college; who reads his newspaper and periodical; who telephones, rides in his car, and uses modern machinery—that farmer is not of a lower order rising to the top. His demand is not revolutionary. It is as balanced and rational at least as the measures demanded by manufacturers, distributors, or labor. The farmer's new power in Europe is progress, at a cost. Here it is progress, without the cost.

## Degrees in Drink

**F**RAZIER HUNT'S article on the drink question in Northern and Central Europe comes at the right time. Probably the majority of readers in this country think Sweden took the lid off. In fact all she did was to vote not to nail it down tighter, and that she voted only at a ratio of 92 to 88. A slight influence may have been exercised by those who have noticed how Spain and France have been bullying Norway and Iceland because their liquor control interfered with the business of the larger countries—a sweet idea of freedom. Sweden rations liquor, somewhat as in war-time various countries rationed sugar and bread. In 1919 these restrictions were strengthened. Any party that should propose to take off the restrictions, and behave like the United States in the saloon days, would be snowed under so deep the election would resemble a census.

Even with her moderate system the country districts of Sweden went for complete prohibition. Next month Mr. Hunt paints the situation in Great Britain. The answer to our own liquor system is not in passion, nor in impatience with the great experiment, but in honest experience and in a genuine welcoming spirit toward the light.

## Sense in Norway

**I**N NORWAY, the last we heard, there were in the penitentiary, in the entire country, seventy men over twenty-five years of age. Under twenty-five there were none, Norway not caring to send men of that age to that institution. In the woman's penitentiary there were, again for the whole country, forty-five, and this included all under detention for sex irregularities.

Norway treats legitimate and illegitimate children alike. She makes any father, or potential father,

responsible for his children of either sort, or for those who might be his. Comparing the number of criminals in jail with the mildness of the laws, it does not look as if Norway were wrong in deciding that Moses, however great in his day, is out of date.

In social penalties it is as in legal: the Scandinavian countries disapprove of social irregularity but they do not find the cure in punishment and brutal ostracism. In making the continuance of a marriage optional, they go much further than the Rev. Percy Stickney Grant goes in his contest to liberalize his Church. They do not ask two people to commit a crime to free themselves from forced intimacy.

Several Norwegian cities have solved their motion picture problems by owning their own film theaters and using the profits for the general welfare.

How startling is common sense in action!

## China's Clock

**W**ESTERNERS seldom get Chinese news in its right perspective. Things happen as reported, but their meaning is not what it would be in Europe or the United States. For thousands of years the Chinese have been doing things in the same way. Ninety percent, more likely ninety-nine percent, of the affairs of life are unaffected by governments or armies. The reality is custom.

Whatever happens in politics or war the change in custom will be slow. "It will not be long," you may hear a man say in China. "Perhaps three hundred years."

If a foreigner discusses the new political and social changes that are going on at present he is always given this ample perspective. He is told that things are moving but that they will move slowly. And so no doubt they will, although modern transit and communication will speed up even China.

Li Hung Chang was talking to a friend of ours. "Time," he said, "is a circle. A nation at one period will be going down one side of the circle, and again it will be rising on the other side. Today China is near the bottom of the curve. But she is beginning to rise, and she will be great again."

And then Li repeated that statement about time, which they all make. We think of 1776 as a long time ago. To the Chinaman it was but yesterday. And two centuries ahead is but tomorrow.

## Time and the Soul

**P**ERSEVERANCE, audacity, the courage of the soul—such are the virtues that make life a progress even to its end. Experience kills some natures, renews and increases others. To some the past is a fetter, to others a spring-board.

Since what we choose is what we are,  
And what we love we yet shall be.

Of all kinds of courage the sort that does us most good is this same courage of the soul—courage in the face of life's universal happenings. If we have this kind of courage, age (as Goethe said) does not make us childish, but keeps us still true children.

A New  
MYSTERY  
Novel

By

Leroy Scott

who  
wrote  
*Children  
of the  
Whirlwind*

Illustrated by  
Charles D. Mitchell



# CORDELIA, *The*

CORDELIA MARLOWE was tempted to destroy all of the letters unread. But the fascination of her horror drew her on, and one after another of them she read some two dozen. They varied in expression as much as the men might have differed in their physical appearances; some were delicate, some direct, some leering. But every writer had read his own interpretation into the advertisement she had run in the Times. At length she came upon the following, typed upon heavy expensive paper, the firm's name embossed at the top of the page:

My dear Miss R 113:

If you will reply in person, show this letter, and ask to see Mr.

Franklin, it is possible that some work may be arranged for you with our firm.

Very truly,  
Kedmore and Franklin  
per M. G.

This letter brought her up with a start. Its impersonal formality, its brevity, its typewritten signature, were coldly refreshing after the odious familiarity of the letters that had preceded it. "Kedmore and Franklin"—the name sounded familiar. Who were they? The austere letterhead conveyed no hint of their business. Oh, yes; she remembered now. They were a firm of lawyers. Big lawyers, too, for dimly remembered newspaper accounts connected the firm with many important





*C. Mitchell, the butler, puzzled Cordelia, but Gladys veered from the subject, thus convincing Cordelia that the butler was more than just a butler.*

# MAGNIFICENT

cases. And, oh, yes—they were the chief counsel in helping Mrs. Henry Arnold win her sensational counter-suit for divorce.

She hesitated. What help could she possibly be to such a firm? Then suddenly she made her decision: They had asked her to come, and there would be nothing lost in seeing them. So she locked in her desk the torn heap of repulsive letters, to be more fully destroyed later, and started for the firm's address on lower Broadway.

Just a week before, had you been at the Grantham, you would have seen Cordelia Marlowe, the most discussed and the most beautiful leader of the younger set, having luncheon with three of her college chums. She knew them as Jackie, Ailine and Gladys. You would have recognized them as Mrs. Jacqueline

Thorndike, Mrs. Ailine Harkness and Miss Gladys Norworth. Altogether, they were the four most talked of young women in New York society.

As you observed the calm self-possessed smile on Cordelia's handsome face, you would never have guessed that only a few hours before she had been made aware of the great calamity that had occurred. Because of this tragic event, Cordelia had wanted to avoid the girls, but the need to see Jackie, her roommate at school and closest friend during the years since then, and tell her the unbelievable thing that had befallen her, had driven her to the meeting.

All through the luncheon the four girls had chattered about this and that, interrupting each other with the license of old

friends. But after the fingerbowls were placed before them, they had really settled to the business that had brought them to the reunion luncheon.

"Of course the biggest thing we've got to do is to pick the Chairman for the reunion," said Jackie Thorndike. "We know the person we want, and the person the whole class will want—Cordie Marlowe. And she's practically promised. We're all agreed on that, yes?"

"Cordie, of course," agreed Gladys Norworth.

"Then that's all settled," declared the brisk Jackie.

"I'm afraid it's *not* settled," said Cordelia. "I suppose I should have told you before, but I didn't know the thing myself much before this. The fact is, I'm not going to be there."

"Not be there!" the three chorused in dismay. Then Jackie demanded: "What's the matter, Cordie? Why not?"

CORDELIA'S good-humored, easy smile did not change—except that there was now a provoking hint of mystery in it.

"I've suddenly changed all my plans," she answered.

"But I say, Cordie," Gladys Norworth had burst out in sudden concern, "you promised to come out to my place right after the class reunion and stay for the summer! Your new plan isn't going to interfere with that?"

"I'm sorry, Gladys. But I'll have to call that visit off."

"But, Cordie, when I'd planned—What is it, anyhow that you're up to?"

Cordelia was still smiling. "It's just as I said, Gladys. I can't say any more just now—and you'll know in a few days."

There was a moment of surprised silence on the part of Jackie and Ailine. Gladys having asked Cordelia out to Rolling Meadows, and Cordelia having accepted! Here was something else to wonder about!

There had been no further questioning of the smiling enigmatical Cordelia about her altered plans. Gladys and Ailine had soon departed on a shopping expedition, and at last Cordelia and Jackie had been left alone.

"You've certainly sprung a lot of surprises on us, Cordie, old dear," began Jackie. "You needn't tell me a thing you don't want to—particularly about your changed plans. But Gladys asking you to come out to that big place of hers—that was certainly a jolt! Why, since she came back from France two years ago with that queer step-sister of hers and that French war orphan the two of them adopted, Gladys hasn't had a soul out to see her!"

"That's exactly why she asked me," returned Cordelia. "I don't know all Gladys's reasons, of course. She said her keeping to herself so much since she came back from France was because of the effect the three years of war work in the hospital of that Countess de Crecy had on her."

"So that's it! The way she's herded to herself and behaved generally has had me guessing—had all of us guessing."

"Gladys said she now believed her keeping out of things had been bad for her, and from now on she is going to entertain a lot. She put it up to me as a favor, and said she wanted me out at Rolling Meadows to help put life into things."

"SHE CERTAINLY could not have asked anyone who could do the thing better!" declared Jackie. "But her picking you, Cordie! She's always been jealous of you, and especially just now with the two of you—I guess I don't have to say that."

"I suppose you're referring to Jerry Plimpton?"

"Jerry Plimpton, yes."

"I spoke straight out to Gladys about that when we were all out at your place last week. We'd had a bit of a row, and she'd flared up about Jerry. Just as nice as I could I told her that if Jerry liked either of us, that was pretty much his own affair and I guessed he'd make up his mind to suit himself."

"How did Gladys take it?"

"You know how Gladys is. When she has a good impulse, it's as swift as her temper. She broke down. Said she'd always resented me, because people liked me; that's why she's been so nasty. Said she had lots of acquaintances—but no girl friends—not a real girl friend—and how she did need a girl friend she could depend on! It all sounded mighty sincere. That was when she asked me to come and stay with her."

"Perhaps Gladys was sincere—for that moment!" said Jackie skeptically. "But even so, she was unconsciously thinking of little Gladys. And if she wants a real girl friend, one that she can depend on, how about that step-sister of hers? The little I've seen of Esther Stevens, she's always seemed to me a mighty

decent sort and I'm sure she's all Gladys needs to depend on."

"I said much the same to Gladys. She said that there was too much difference in their ages for them to be real friends."

"I don't believe her! There's some other reason and I'll bet it all has something to do with Jerry Plimpton!"

Cordelia still wore her smile: "Whatever Gladys's real reasons may have been for asking me, I guess they don't make much difference at present since I'm not going out to visit her."

SUDDENLY Jackie's hand had slipped across the table-cloth and gripped Cordelia's wrist. "Speaking of Jerry Plimpton!" she had breathed. "There—coming out of the grill-room!"

Cordelia slightly turned her head. Jerry Plimpton's course lay by their table, but as yet he had not seen them. He was twenty-nine or thirty, tall, well-built, with high-bred, handsome features, an easy confidence in his every movement; altogether an outstanding figure in any company.

Jerry had sighted them, and bore down upon their table with an eager smile. The greeting was that of old friends.

"If I didn't have an engagement with my lawyer," he grumbled, "I'd invite myself to sit with you for a while."

"If you did, I'd have to tell you you couldn't stay," returned Cordelia, "for I'm having, right now, a business engagement with Jackie."

His gaze fixed on Cordelia. "That sounds to me like an order to hurry along. All right, Cordelia. But I'll be seeing you tonight out at the Grastons?"

"I'm sorry, Jerry, but I won't be able to make it. I've just changed all my plans."

"Changed your plans!" he exclaimed. "In what way?"

She regarded him with her same, easy, unperturbed smile. "I can't tell you just yet, Jerry. But you'll know all in a few days."

Puzzled, Jerry went on his way.

Jackie had said, "I wish those few days you mentioned were over, so I could know what all this business is about!"

"You won't have to wait, Jackie. That was my chief reason for coming here today: to get the chance to tell you at once what it's all about. We're wiped out, Jackie—utterly finished!"

"Finished?" echoed Jackie. "In what way?"

"In every way."

"You mean especially—especially money?"

"If we haven't any money at all—well, I guess money includes everything, doesn't it?"

"Cordie. . . . How did it happen?"

"No use bothering you with many details. It's a common story, anyhow. I'll bet that never before did so many families go on the rocks as in this awful year of Our Lord, 1921. I didn't know anything about our mess till last night; then mother and I had a long session, and she told me some things she'd been keeping from me. With the high prices since the war she found it harder and harder to live on our income. Result, she kept drawing on her capital by selling off bonds. Result of this was that the income from her remaining bonds was so inadequate as to make her feel they were hardly worth keeping. She saw only one chance. Desperate, she decided to sell the bonds and speculate. Mother picked out oil, and—everything's gone."

"Cordie—Cordie—what will it mean?" Jackie had cried.

"Isn't that pretty plain? As my mother put it last night, it means that the Marlowes, one of the best families for generations, must necessarily sink out of their world into poverty and dingy obscurity."

"Cordie!" breathed the dazed Jackie. "Cordie! . . ."

CORDELIA had still tried to smile into Jackie's staring face. But nonetheless she was feeling something of the poignant dismay that had pierced her and dazed her when her mother had broken the news of the family disaster. She knew no other world except this into which she had been born; she loved it; and now she had lost it!

"I guess you realize now what it means, Jackie," Cordelia said mechanically. Then she added: "The only reason for keeping the thing secret is my mother's wish. She feels the disgrace, and wants to avoid it. Mother said that since the rent for our apartment is paid in advance until the first of July, it will be cheaper for us to live on there than any place else. She hopes there may be some kind of a chance that something may still turn up, and if something does then the world needn't ever know what's happened. She wants to keep the thing quiet, on that chance."

Jackie nodded. "But you—what are you going to do?"





C. "What I said about Jerry still goes," Cordelia told Gladys. "You and I are not going to have any difficulty about a man."

CHARLES D. TATUM CO.



"I've thought it all out, and the only thing is to go to work."  
 "WORK!" Jackie was scarcely less horrified and sympathetic than at Cordelia's original announcement. "Cordelia Marlowe—go to work!"

In the end Cordelia had convinced Jackie that she was in earnest and that had led to a discussion of ways and means. At last came the suggestion that Cordelia "advertise" and this had borne fruit in an "ad" in the Times which read:

AMERICAN GIRL, 22, strong, good-looking. Best social standing. Expert at swimming, riding, tennis, dancing, and can drive a racing car. Has other accomplishments, but no useful training. Desires position with adequate remuneration. What have you to offer her?

When Cordelia had gone to the advertising office of the Times three days later, and presented her receipt, the clerk had handed her a packet of what seemed a hundred letters or more.

Her fascinated horror had come when, locked in her room at home, she had torn open the top letter of the parcel, and read:

Dear Little R 113:

Your advertisement listens mighty good to me. Let's get acquainted. You sound like just the girl I've been looking for. Call up the telephone number below, ask for me, and we'll arrange to have a nice little dinner together and size each other up.

Well, if we make a hit with each other I think you'll be satisfied on the point you made about adequate remuneration. I have enough money and you'll find me no tightwad.

Eagerly awaiting your ring.

After that, her breast heaving, she had regarded the pile with horror. Then she had forced herself to read many another letter before she came to one written on embossed stationery, and in answer to which she was at this moment entering a tall office building on lower Broadway.

AN EXPRESS elevator shot her up to the thirtieth floor. Here was an impressive line of doors labeled "Kedmore and Franklin," one of which was marked "Entrance." As she stepped through this door into an outer office of quiet but rich appointments, a young woman of her own age arose from a typewriter and courteously asked how she could serve her.

"I wish to see Mr. Franklin. Please give him this letter."

The young woman passed through a side door, and almost at once returned. "You are to come right in, please."

With her heart in almost painful wonderment as to what she was about to experience, Cordelia followed her guide through another office, which instantly gave an impression of quiet distinction, to a third door which the young woman opened. "You'll find Mr. Franklin waiting," she said.

Cordelia stepped through, and the door closed quietly behind her. Her quick eyes took in a large room of yet more simple distinction than the others, with windows that looked downward upon the whole northern and eastern stretch of the city. A man at the flit-top desk in the center of the room stood up; she saw he held the letter she had sent in to him.

"Will you please have a chair," he invited in a low courteous voice, motioning to a chair beside his desk.

She obeyed, giving him a swift glance. Mr. Franklin was perhaps thirty-five, clean-shaven, quietly but smartly dressed, of athletic build, of easy bearing; he gave her an instant sense that here was a man of power, a man who would achieve great things if he had not already achieved them.

He resumed his chair after she was seated. "And now Miss—Miss—" He gave a start as he now saw her features more clearly. "Pardon me, but I believe I already know you."

"I do not recall ever having seen you before," Cordelia said with some stiffness and in surprise.

"You are correct; we have never met. But I occasionally glance at the photogravure sections of the Sunday papers, and no one more frequently appears there. You are Miss Cordelia Marlowe."

"Yes," Cordelia had to admit.

"You wrote the advertisement to which this letter refers?"

"Yes."

"Indeed!" He regarded her thoughtfully for a moment. "Excuse me just one second, please," he said. "A little item I had overlooked."

He pressed a button beneath his desk, though there was a double row of pearl-topped buttons in view beside his telephone, and scribbled upon a pad. He folded this, and apparently

waited for someone to appear, meditatively tapping his pencil upon the rich mahogany. But no one entered.

"I guess this matter will have to wait after all," he remarked, turning his keen, steady, gray eyes again to Cordelia. "Would you mind telling me, Miss Marlowe, just why you wrote that advertisement?"

"The advertisement answers that question. I want work."

"But why should Miss Cordelia Marlowe want work?"

"Is my reason important to you? It seems to me that the important consideration is whether I am suitable for any work you may have in mind."

"That is partly correct, Miss Marlowe. But I think you will admit that it is somewhat unusual to have one of the best known young women of New York's smartest set advertising for work—and any sort of work at that. We are a responsible firm, Miss Marlowe, and therefore must necessarily exercise care regarding our personnel. I think you will agree that we are not exceeding our legitimate requirements in wanting to know what prompted so unusual a procedure on your part."

CORDELIA had to admit to herself that he was right, and she gave a brief account of the family reverses.

"Strange that I hadn't heard of this," mused Mr. Franklin.

"No one has heard as yet."

"No one?"

"No one except my mother, myself, and my best friend, Mrs. Murray Thorndike."

"Do you object to telling me why this misfortune has been kept a secret?"

"It was my mother's idea. It occurred to her that there was a desperate last chance of something turning up."

"Thank you for your information," he said quietly. And then added, "Just what did you think you might do for us?"

"I had not thought. My advertisement was plain enough in stating that I could do nothing useful. If you have work for me, it will be for you to decide what I can best do."

"What sum had you in mind when you mentioned 'adequate remuneration'?"

"I was hoping you would pay me thirty dollars a week."

Mr. Franklin slowly shook his head. "At thirty dollars a week I fear we could not use you."

Cordelia stood up dully. "Then I might as well be going. I suppose I should thank you for your kindness in seeing me."

"One moment, please. I am not quite through. Won't you be seated again?"

That even voice had a compelling quality. Cordelia sank back into her chair.

"Since you have already permitted me to be inquisitive relative to your personal affairs, I hope you will answer just one more question. How much a year has it cost you to live? I mean for the family, in the manner in which you have been living."

"I don't know exactly, but around thirty thousand."

"I should say at least thirty thousand, to live the way you were living. And at that you must have found it hard. I have listened to your proposition, Miss Marlowe, and I now ask you to listen to me. My offer to you is thirty thousand a year."

"Thirty thousand!" gasped Cordelia.

"It being expressly understood as part of the agreement, if we do agree," the quiet voice went on, "that you and your family are to continue to live in the exact manner in which you have been living. There will of course be other conditions."

"Thirty thousand!" repeated the dazed Cordelia. "Thirty thousand—when you wouldn't pay me thirty a week! I don't understand."

IT IS VERY simple. Thirty dollars a week presupposes that you have dropped from your present position, and are just Miss Smith. As Miss Smith you are not worth thirty dollars a week; and besides, you would not particularly interest me for I can get ten thousand Miss Smiths to do the Miss Smith kind of work. But as Miss Cordelia Marlowe, holding your present position, you are not one of ten thousand, you are one of a very small number, and as such you are easily worth thirty thousand a year to my firm."

"Doing what?" she inquired.

He shifted slightly, and seemed to be keenly watching the effect of his carefully chosen words upon her. "You must understand that much of our work is of a highly confidential character and is performed for wealthy clients. Many of our clients belong to your own set, or come in contact with it. Frequently



**C.** *Around the corner came the noiseless Mitchell, dressed in the formal clothes he had worn at dinner. Startled, Cordelia shrank back against the door.*



CAROL F. S. MITCHELL



a delicate situation arises, and we must protect our client's property and honor. We can best do this if we are in a position to secure information other than through our regular channels concerning the conditions which threaten them. A person belonging to your set, and moving on terms of intimacy in it, can easily secure bits of information which, added to what we already know, would prove of great value to us."

"Am I to understand that you are proposing that I am to act as a spy upon my friends, and that I then pass on this key-hole information to you?"

"That is what I was intimating—yes."

"Then you may get someone else." She started to rise.

"PLEASE KEEP your chair, Miss Marlowe. I made that intimation solely for the purpose of testing you. Had you said 'yes,' we could not have used you. We require a person of utmost honor—and if you were a person to sell out your friends, you might also sell out us."

"Well?" she demanded.

"The general nature of the work is much as I have outlined it, but you would not be requested to do anything that would be displeasing to your honor and good taste. Further you will have the privilege of refusing to participate in any case that does not appeal to you. I believe that most affairs would so engage your sympathy that you will be happy to be of service."

"I don't know," Cordelia said doubtfully.

"The arrangement will obviate all the unpleasant features that would attend your sinking to the level of Miss Smith," he suggested. "I judge that you are not exactly eager to give up your present position and your present friends?"

"No."

He pressed this point gently but firmly: "Also it would obviate the fate your mother dreads for herself and would solve the problem of your sister."

"Those are good arguments," she said. "But before I can answer I'd like to know what are the other considerations of which you spoke?"

"Certainly. We must require that you never let a single soul know the true character of your relations with our firm. Your explanation for seeing us, if ever an explanation is necessary, is that we are your personal attorneys."

"I understand. What else?"

"This includes of course that you shall not let anyone know the real source of your income. For the public to learn this would mean that the public had also learned of your family reverses, and that might in some way impair your position."

"I see. What are the other conditions?"

"We have covered them all. I am now waiting for your 'yes' or 'no'."

"I can only say yes to such an offer, especially when it leaves me free to decline any work you may propose."

"I am glad you are to be with us," he said. Even now his voice did not alter in its courteous, business-like quality. "And you will soon find that the proposition is real enough."

"When do you want me to begin? And on what?"

"I wish you to begin at once, if possible. I have one case in hand in which I am certain you can render the greatest service, but the circumstances are not yet quite ripe for you. May I ask what were your own plans prior to the time your mother gave you her bad news?"

"I had accepted an invitation to visit a school friend, Miss Gladys Norworth. Of course I have canceled it."

"GLADYS NORWORTH!" exclaimed Mr. Franklin. "The great heiress—the Miss Norworth?"

"Yes."

Mr. Franklin's gray eyes held a surprised brightness for a moment, then were as calm as before. "Since I am not quite ready with the case I referred to, I suggest that in the meantime you make your visit with Miss Norworth as originally arranged."

Mr. Franklin hesitated an instant, then continued: "I think it might be well for me to say a little more. Very shortly I would have asked you to go to Miss Norworth anyhow."

"Gladys Norworth one of your cases!" exclaimed Cordelia.

"I said her affairs," corrected Mr. Franklin. "Miss Norworth knows nothing of our firm being interested in her, and I wish you to take care not to let her suspect it. If she did, our efforts might be useless. We are confidential counsel to the trustees of her estate. Her trustees believe something is seriously wrong with her affairs, but they themselves have been baffled as to what

it is. That is why they have secretly entrusted us with the matter. We have gained some facts, and some suspicions, but we have not yet penetrated the mystery. That is what I wish you to do. Help us get to the heart of this baffling matter. You will please notice everything, and report every detail to me no matter how unimportant it may seem to you."

"That is what I said I could not do—spy upon my friends."

"I thought we had covered that," Mr. Franklin said patiently.

"You are not acting as a spy—at least not in the repugnant sense of the word. You are in reality her protector, though she does not know it, and must not know it. You are really trying to help save your friend. That is something very different, is it not, from being a spy?"

"Yes," Cordelia admitted.

"Then you will go, as soon as arrangements are made?"

"Yes. But would you mind telling me something about the situation?"

"I cannot without a breach of good faith toward the trustees. Besides, there is no need for you to know much; what you need you will learn for yourself. Further, I will very frankly admit that I do not understand the thing myself, except that something strange is going on behind the surface. And now, Miss Marlowe, I believe that is everything, except the discussion of financial plans involving your getting into my hands your mother's oil stock as soon as possible."

THIRTY minutes later that discussion was over and Mr. Franklin opened the door for her with a courteous bow. As she shot down the elevator, and walked as in a dream up Broadway, within her was a chaos of wonderment and thrilling exultation: a whirling chaos that had three chief elements.

What was the strange thing that was going on in Gladys Norworth's affairs? Now that a point had been made of it, it did seem that Gladys for a long time had been behaving oddly. What was she, Cordelia, going to find out? What was going to happen to her?

But more thrilling than these thoughts was the change that had come in her fortunes. An hour before she had been a pauper seeking work at a miserable wage. Now she was her old self again. Her mother was saved—Lily was saved—she was saved! The family position was unchanged; she was to remain up in her own world—the world that loved her, the world she loved! The world where she and Jerry Plimpton would be meeting as before and where anything might happen.

CORDELIA would have wondered even more had it been possible for her to have remained invisible in Mr. Franklin's office, and thus been able to see and overhear. The moment Mr. Franklin was back in his chair, after seeing Cordelia out, he remarked in a slightly raised voice:

"Come in, Kedmore."

A door at the side of the office opened, and from a little private corridor that led to the adjoining office there stepped forth a stockily built man of perhaps fifty-five with a pinkishly bald head. His clothes had doubtless cost as much as Mr. Franklin's, but their wrinkled and baggy appearance suggested that they also served him as pajamas.

"You got my signal?" Mr. Franklin queried when his partner was in the chair which had so recently held Cordelia.

"Sure." It was a relaxation to Mr. Kedmore to be inelegant.

"Then you saw her and heard her. What do you think?"

"That she's a peach! Lord, man, I almost passed out when I learned who she was."

"Then you think she'll do?"

"She'll be a wonder—if you can manage her."

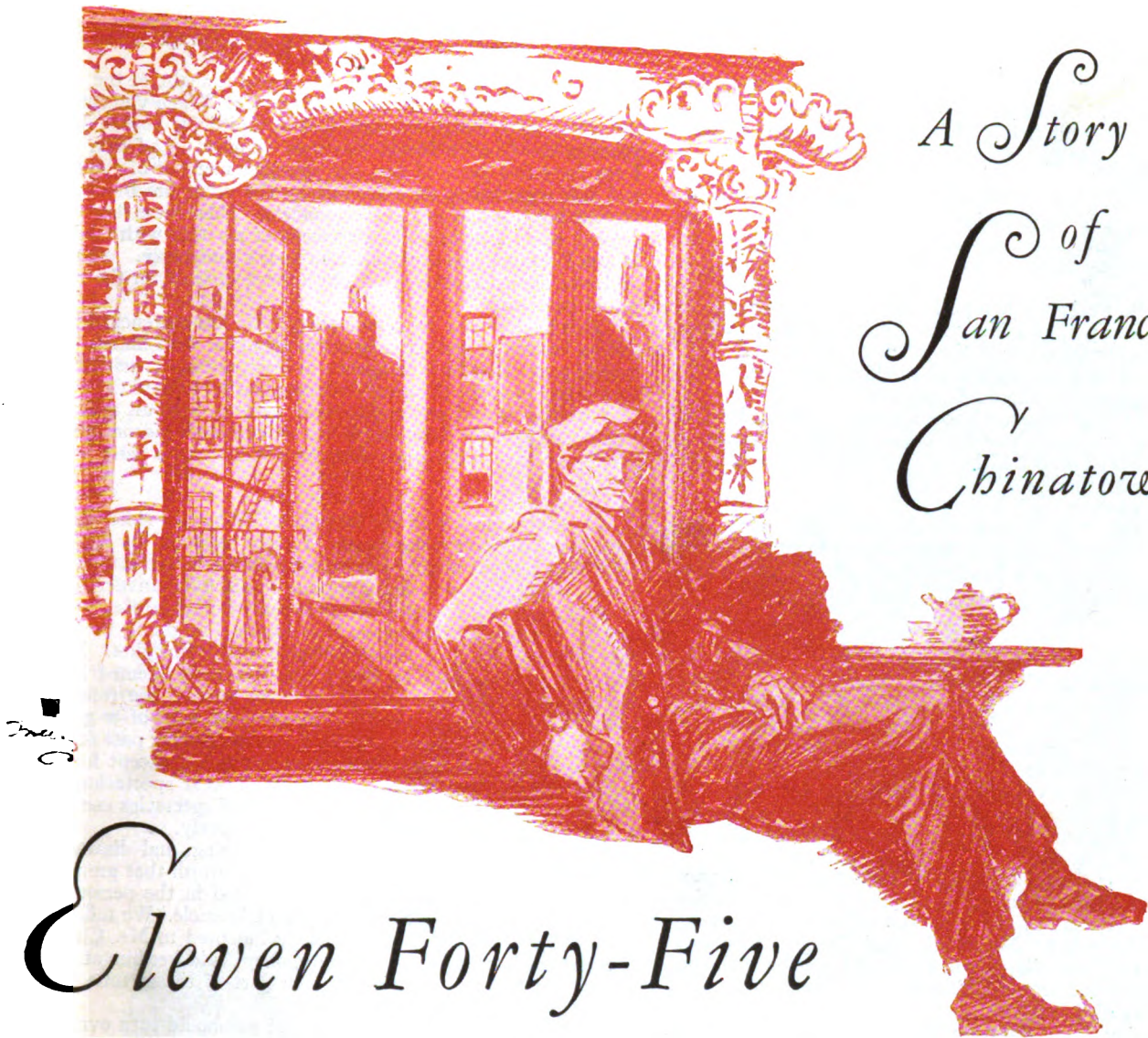
"You saw this afternoon's performance."

"Yes, that was clever work, Franklin. Damned clever. But where did you get that idea, of sending her out to—what's her name—Gladys Norworth?"

"If you listened carefully, you will recall that Miss Marlowe was the first to mention Gladys Norworth. I'd not even thought of Miss Norworth until Miss Marlowe spoke of her invitation to visit Miss Norworth. So I decided to send Miss Marlowe where she already had an invitation. Almost every rich family has a closet with a skeleton or two in it, and I thought Miss Marlowe might as well start on these Norworth people, where she has an opening, as with anybody else. It's all the same to us. You understand I don't care a damn about this Norworth outfit: that is, not unless something big is turned up there. What I care about is landing a young woman like [Continued on page 140]



*A Story  
of  
San Francisco's  
Chinatown*



*Eleven Forty-Five*

*By Will Levington Comfort*

*Illustrated by C. B. Falls*

PAUL ENRIGHT had last been seen in a street called Jodyn that curves out of the Mexican district into Chinatown. The Oriental quarter had gobbled him up—the son of one of the wealthiest families in Southern California, but not yet in control of his fortune. I was one of the younger members of the firm of Brill, Brock and Co., attorneys, closing up affairs connected with the Enright estate for Paul and his sister, Louise, the only heirs. Ten days after Paul Enright vanished we received a tip from Clinton Dean, night editor of the Chronicle, saying that it might be well for one of us to see Clabby of the Chronicle staff, the man who “covered” Chinatown. I was sent and saw Clinton Dean first.

“If Enright is held in the quarter, Jimmy Clabby is the only white man who can get a line on him,” he said. “On the outside Clabby is an American, but under the skin, he’s a Chinaman himself. Get it—a hard-headed, clever and sophisticated criminal reporter on the outside, but underneath a dreaming Oriental. See Clabby.”

It was two in the afternoon. Dean said I would likely find Clabby at the present moment in the reporters’ room at police headquarters, which I did. A little chap with blunt, brown-stained fingers pattering upon a rickety old type mill, a municipal property.

Two-thirds of a sheet of copy-paper was filled before he looked up and I met two brown eyes neither Celt, nor Latin, nor Anglo-Saxon. The smoky face was broader than one would have taken it to be from the profile. I can’t tell if I should have seen the “dreaming Oriental” under the drab, tired features, if it hadn’t been for what Clinton Dean said, but certainly I saw it now. I told him why I had come to him, but he chatted on discursively for at least ten minutes. Then the real subject was opened from a queer angle.

“I was up to see young Enright’s sister this morning,” Clabby said, plucking a cigarette paper out of his shirt pocket. The tobacco was loose in the side-pocket of his coat. The rolling was done as quickly as you seal a letter, the match waiting between his teeth meanwhile. “But I’m not printing the interview,” he added. “That young woman is so straight that she gets past your guard.”

“Did you know Paul Enright?” I asked.

“No.”

“I understand you’ve specialized among the Asiatics,” I said.

CLABBY’S eye was cool as it held my face. “Asiatics,” he repeated carefully, “are worth giving a forenoon to occasionally. I’m not speaking of those who run to religion and give talks to women in working hours—but regular Asiatics. I came here three years ago and my first assignment was in Chinatown. I never got out of it. I can never get out now.”

His eyes looked dead, a gray hopeless craving in them; then a sudden gleam of hope, as if he saw the way to life.

“Why, an American cat that drifts into Chinatown is different in two or three months,” he said. “Everything that touches them changes, but Chinos don’t change. Mrs. Emmet, the woman I lodge with—room and board, now and then—got a Chino washee-washee nineteen years ago, to do her laundry for two dollars a week. He’s doing it yet—same man—for two-fifty. She’s had six children, meantime, and there’s been a world war. Old Hop Lai—queer old pelican.”

“You meet Hop Lai in Chinatown, then?” I asked.

“Yes. He’s one of the big men there. I don’t know how big. He’s part of a Chino bank, yet he still collects his own laundry.”

"Why aren't you using the interview with Miss Enright?" I asked curiously. "General interest dying down?"

"Oh, no, they'd eat it alive," Clabby said, meaning the public. "But I won't play her end, unless it's necessary——"

"But why?"

"She's too blamed decent," he muttered. "Some people like publicity at any price, but she isn't that kind. By the way, she is ready to pay a hundred thousand to get her brother back, but I don't suppose you attorneys would let her. You fellows have to be conservative."

"I think Miss Enright is in a position to pay what she pleases if conditions are right," I said. "But I hadn't heard that there was an actual offer from the parties holding her brother."

"There hasn't been, but big money would set him free."

"Did she suggest that she would pay this amount?"

"No. Miss Enright doesn't know any more about a hundred thousand than she does about the police blotter out yonder at the desk. It was I who told her that I thought it would cost that to get her brother free."

"What basis have you?"

Clabby smiled. "I'm over in the quarter a good deal. Perhaps I heard it from old Hop Lai. It's a ticklish thing to mention, but I think I could take a hundred thousand over into Chinatown and come back before dark with Paul Enright."

COULD THIS be an overture? My suspicion accumulated that the Chinese were using Clabby as their agent and that Clinton Dean was in for a piece of change, because he steered us to Clabby. My glance hadn't been turned from the reporter for three seconds, but his eyes were waiting for mine.

"I say, it's ticklish to mention the matter," he chuckled. "But Chinatown knows that I am to be trusted. So does the Chronicle. So do the police. I'm curious to know if your firm want Paul Enright back a hundred thousand dollars' worth——"

He cleared his throat.

"No, I'm not curious," he added. "I know you fellows won't do it. You're all caked up on what money is—psychologized is the word. You can't hand over even other's people money. You'll trust the police. Meanwhile Paul Enright, with more thousands than I have dimes, will wait until somebody puts an explosive under your firm or Chinatown gets impatient."

Clabby was called away.

I am not going to put down my personal reaction to this talk. I went back to the firm with it. Brill, Brock and Co. was seventy

years old—grimly established. When you thought of the word Repute, you thought of Brill, Brock and Co. When you entered the silent suite which the firm had occupied for twenty-seven years in the Granite Block, you were clutched in an iron awe. I am forty-five years of age, the youngest member of the firm, and still regarded as an office boy by the venerable Brock, the present head, son of one of the founders. There were four of us present when I turned in a statement of my talk with Clabby. It was Fontaine who spoke after an hour's conference. What he said was almost exactly what two others, at least, in the room would have said:

"This Clabby is a dangerous party. He has entrenched himself, as he thinks, and dares to act as agent for the Chinese. We cannot prove that he is an agent—at least, not now; neither can we put one hundred thousand dollars entrusted to us in the hands of a whimsical and uncertain young person—with an acknowledged penchant for Asiatics. When we turn over ransom money it must be in such a manner that the law can take a hand."

I WAS STRUCK first with the fact that Clabby had sized up the Brill-Brock attitude rather neatly. I might have told my *confrères* that Paul Enright might be suffering from his incarceration, and that it was his money, but Fontaine would have answered, for three at least, that Enright was not in control of his estate just yet.

That evening I called upon Miss Louise Enright in the cool, dim mansion, for fifty years the home of the Enrights. I had met her several times in late years, but there seemed something more to her tonight, as she came toward me from the shadows of the great room—a pale-browed sort of a girl of twenty-five, with her hair done in a way suggesting past school-rooms. Most men wouldn't look at her twice, except for her familiar wealth and position. She didn't wear spectacles, but they went with her kind of face. A pair of spectacles can hide a face like hers from the world very effectively.

And now I began to see a wonderful thing, and disastrous. It stole out from her in a kind of heart's warmth that grew and grew—that she was mysteriously enthralled in the personality of the little Chinatown reporter on the Chronicle. We talked of brother Paul. She was tremendously indebted to Mr. Clabby, she said, for bringing the word that money could free him at once. She would be glad to have her own part of the fortune used. Paul would fix all that later.

"But don't you see?" I began. "If we should turn over one hundred thousand dollars for Mr. Paul's release, without apprehending his abductors——"

She laughed at me gently: "Mr. Clabby said you would say that, and that you would say, no one would be safe if you did, and that you would have no guarantee that Paul might not be abducted again, or even me."



C. Louise Enright, the heiress, was not an impressionable girl, but Clabby had touched her in a deep and lasting way. She was eager to find her brother but she was enthralled by the Chinatown reporter.



"Did Mr. Clabby advise you to offer the money?" I asked. "Oh; no. He merely said that he thought he could get Paul free, if he let it be known in Chinatown that we had that amount to pay to the right parties."

Throughout the next half hour, I realized that Clabby had struck it rich even if he did not negotiate the ransom. The Enright girl was not impressionable, but he had touched her in a deep and lasting way. And strangely enough now, Louise Enright's quality was growing upon me—something established about her, that could never slip and throw a man; something that belonged always, if it belonged at all. I wondered if the Enright wealth had anything to do with the way I was getting this. There is a bit of a flunkey in most of us. A great house, a very rich girl.

"He seemed so tired," she said, speaking of Clabby.

ON THE TENTH day after our first interview, I learned that Clabby had disappeared. At the Chronicle office they said he had not reported for two days. He occasionally missed



¶ Hop Lai's beady eyes told as much as a rock-bound coast. "Mis' Hemmet's Clabby boy?" he repeated. "No home? No work? Where is now—no can tell."

one day, the desk man observed, but usually brought in a story as a result of the slip. At three o'clock and at five that afternoon, I telephoned the Chronicle. He had not turned up and had sent in no message. The third time I called was after dark in the evening, from my apartment uptown, and the same negative answer was returned from the editorial rooms. A few minutes later my 'phone rang. The call was from Miss Enright, who said she was driving near, and that her car would be at my door in ten minutes.

"Can it be—you haven't seen him either?" she said, before I had spoken.

I shook my head.

"He has been trying to find my brother. He was to come to me yesterday, but did not—nor send any word. He has not been at his work."

I heard her words, of course, but another part of me was stilled in contemplation of the miracle that had come upon her. Even her hands seemed different, and the light and largeness of her eyes. When a miracle came to a girl like this, it came to stay.

"We are his friends," she repeated. "He may be in desperate trouble. We must stay together until we find him!"

An initiative was aroused in her that her brother's disappearance had not quickened.

"I was thinking I might go down into the fringe of the quarter tonight," I said.

"May I not go with you? My car is here—everything."

WE FOLLOWED an impulse to drive first of all to Hop Lai's laundry. The old man was not there, but nearby, at On Loy's pharmacy, in the side-room playing checkers. He greeted us like friends from China, but thought at first, past doubt, that he was to be arrested for crimes which only his own fears could hint. Hop Lai was elderly and fat. His beady eyes told as much as a rock-bound coast.

"Mis' Hemmet's Clabby boy," he repeated. "Yes, do wash——"

"Where is he now?" I asked.

Miss Enright explained that he had not been at home for two days, nor at work.

"No home? No work?" Hop repeated darkly. "Where is now—no can tell."

"But you know he comes to Chinatown," she said.



"Long 'go Clabby boy come here, long 'go. No come since—" his voice trailed off.

"Oh, yes, he comes almost every day—" the girl explained. I had been watching. The old man darted a look into my face as the girl spoke. What he saw I don't know, but he said quickly:

"Look-see! Hop Lai look-see—"

"We go with you," I said.

"Al-li."

Now we went to weavers and carvers and potters and hair-dressers and smoke shops and drug shops and chow shops—old Hop Lai sitting in front with the chauffeur and telling about his own automobile and how he learned to drive; the difference between it and his first laundry wagon; how all he knew about the city was to go around and collect laundry; how the city had changed in thirty years and how he didn't care to go back to China. Very wise and beady-eyed, he was, and always when we stopped at a place, he explained to the proprietor that he was looking for "Mis' Hemmet's boy—lil' Clabby—gone two day," and always at the places where we called, the proprietors seemed to know Clabby—"Clabby of the Colonial—four-day see—three-day see—no see today—" as Yat Quong Low of the Up-River Restaurant said. Upon the shoulders of Hop Lai a grave responsibility appeared to rest, as upon a member of Mrs. Emmet's household. This milling around had long been wearing upon me. An Oriental, I have observed, can carry out an aimless undertaking with a whole lot better grace than a white man. Though it is difficult to get the feel of a Chinaman, I would have sworn that Hop Lai had no real idea of helping us, even if he knew where Clabby was.

"No more look-see tonight," he said, with seeming regret, as he plumped out of the car on the deserted walk and rocked back and forth in his felt slippers. It had struck eleven, and we let him go.

"Tomorrow night—more look-see," he called.

WE HALTED to talk a moment, then the car moved slowly on. We were in the neck of the outlet now—the Narrows, the street was designated at police headquarters. Old frame and brick stores leaned forward toward each other, holding out decayed wooden balconies over the rutty, cobble-paved road. It was the one street in town that somehow stayed wet through the dry months. The big car heaved and settled bashfully. We had left Hop Lai little more than a minute when we heard running feet. The car was stopped. We both knew, before the figure came up to our eyes out of the dark.

"It's old Hop again," I said, but did not rise to his excitement.

"You come," he said to me, pawing at my hands. "Big car no can turn—make stay here. You come. We find Clabby boy—veree quiet lady wait in car!"

The girl's hands urged me to follow; yet I resented the Chinaman's haste—something obscene about it to me. For several minutes I followed; then we entered a passage. I remember many corridors, many odors, vaguely numbered doors, dim iron lanterns far apart, a blind beggar singing in a low whine—all this under one roof, farther and farther indoors. The passage seemed to stretch back fully a block, when Hop Lai halted and knocked rapidly with the tips of his fingers low on the door. A Chinese in pajamas very wide and wrinkled and flappy at the ankles, came to the door holding high a thin glass lamp. Hop Lai craved pardon for knocking. The other railed at him in Chinese, many words like the stamp of angry feet, after which the door was shut in our faces, and the old laundryman wailed:

"No tonight—no can find Clabby boy tonight!"

"Where did you see him first?" I asked.

"He stand by blind man in passage. I run. I call 'Clabby boy.' He turn and run away. I go back to bring you. We knock Leung Nam's door, but no can find. Leung Nam great man. Own all little house in one great house. Leung Nam say Clabby no come in. Hop Lai go to bed now!"

It didn't sound straight. I located the door of Leung Nam in my mind—turning twice, as we went out. I placed in mind, as I could, the other doors. It was evidently a public passage to many houses—enough traffic of feet to support a beggar there. Hop Lai left me and I

hurried back to the Narrows. Its heaviness was in my nostrils, but before I dipped down into the actual muck of it, I saw a black cavity in the road where Miss Enright's limousine had been. It was half a minute before I fully realized the possibility that she had been taken over by the Chinese.

Affairs like this were far removed from my accustomed sphere. Little doubt that I was slow and ungraceful in the midst of them. But this I knew: that the young woman would not have left the Narrows of her own accord. I found a cab and drove to the Enright house. At the door a servant informed me that Miss Enright had not come in. I had to think it out, and directed the driver to my apartment. My feverish idea was to find a quiet place to think. In my letter box was a message from the one man I wanted to see most. The note was written in pencil on newspaper copy-paper:

My last night in town. If you get this before two in the morning, come to Leung Nam's Passage—the passage of the Blind Man, they sometimes call it—number 25, and bring this paper. Cl—

It was now midnight. In the cab again, I reflected coldly that I might be falling into a trap. Had I not better stop and telephone Fontaine of the firm? Was it the Chinese that had taken Miss Enright because we had delayed the ransom for the brother, or was it Clabby, for personal reasons? What had become of Miss Enright's chauffeur and the car itself? In spite of this rush of questions, I did not halt the progress of the car.

In the Narrows again, I alighted from a cab and asked the driver to wait in the exact spot where the limousine had stood. I remember that little stretch of walk to Leung Nam's passage—a black walk—the shops mostly shut. It might have been a bit of a London human drain, save for an occasional narrow-ankled and skull-capped figure in the doorway. The world seemed very old and numb—my steps reverberating on the dried skin of it.

IN THE LEUNG Nam Passage which I found readily because of the earlier episode with Hop Lai, the blind beggar still whined his song. His intonation changed abruptly as I dropped a coin in his gourd. I wondered if it were a signal. Number 25 was not the door upon which Hop Lai had knocked, but on the opposite side and not so far in.

"Mr. Clabby," I said to the bent, attenuated one in a bath-robe who opened for me.

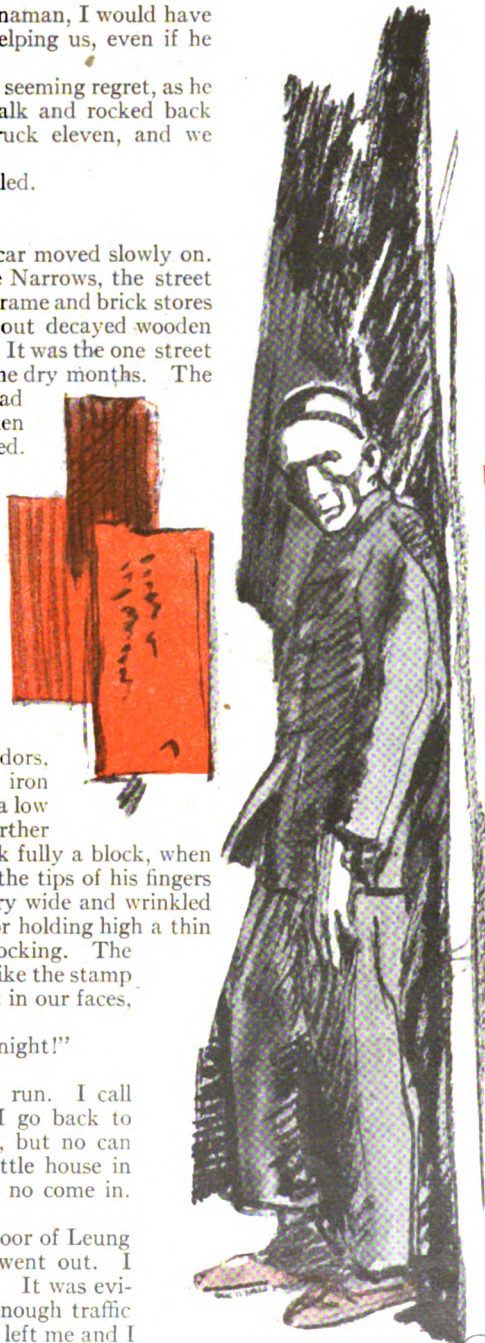
"No come here," he answered.

His head was bowed and in shadow, but the hiss of intaken breath could have come from nowhere else than his lips. I gave him the message Clabby had sent. The door swung a trifle wider for me to brush through. I reached to get the paper back, but the hand had drawn away.

"Wait-see Clabby—one moment," he answered, and turned from me.

I smelled the fumes of the long pipe, and recalled the expression I had seen in Clabby's face the first day in police headquarters, when he had spoken of never being able to come up out of Chinatown.

The old man reappeared in the dimness ahead and raised his palm toward me, shutting his fingers upon it—the Asiatic way of beckoning. He led me into a small bunk-room where one pale China boy with a





loose queue and an unshaven brow, was in attendance—the sickest human plant I had ever seen.

There were no smokers in the nearer bunks. The place was cold gray like wintry dawn. Now from the shadows at the end of the room I heard a chuckle and saw a human figure—arms outstretched, one held higher than the other. The jolt in the center of my body was indescribable that instant—a surge of ancient horror that most of us feel about crucifixion. It was Clabby, not hung on a cross at all, but just out of his bunk and apparently stretching after long stupor. His naked wrists and ankles looked pathetically small and whitish in that chaotic light. It seemed I had not seen his brow before, as if he had never taken off that brown cap in my presence. I meant to study him for a minute.

"Hello," he said. "Sit down."

"How long have you been here?" I asked, hopeless of learning any truth from him.

"I don't know. I thought I'd make it a real one this time. Had to see you before I went away."

"Thought you'd make it a real one?" I repeated.

"... Night and day it nags me," he explained about the opium. "It wears and wears you down. You can keep it off for a while, but it is patient. It presses in, no hurry, but it always presses. It's like China."

"Why are you going away?"

"It is getting too easy here. It is easier to sleep here than at home."

Of course, I didn't accept this without reserve. Yet at that moment I saw the pale brow of him again, and the hard-headed criminal reporter whom Clinton Dean had talked about seemed a myth. I had never been so utterly incapable of decision.

"Gawd, the gardens I have been in," he muttered abruptly. "I don't say it's worth dying for, but it has its side."

"What do you mean?"

"I mean there is a heaven inside of a man, and we're all half mad to get at it. We try tobacco and wine, but they only rattle the doors. This dream stuff lets you—"

"Not me," I said.

"It doesn't work with everybody, but Gawd, it lets me in, that's all I mean."

I reached forward and touched his bare knee.

"Clabby," I said with swiftiness, but very softly, "is it safe to talk here?"

"Not business."

"Get your clothes on and come out with me."

"No, I'll be going in another direction," he said queerly.

"Then I'll have to tell you here: The sister has vanished, too."

A low groan came from him. It was like the hideous pain of being brought back to life when one is on the border or partly over. He did not ask me to say it again. There was a half-minute of silence. Then he rose and began feeling about on the bunk above his head for his clothes. I waited and watched. Clabby spoke to the boy on the way out, not in Chinese, but it was no English that I could follow. Also he spoke to the bent one in the bath robe in the outer hall.

"This man has the note that you sent me," I told him at the door.

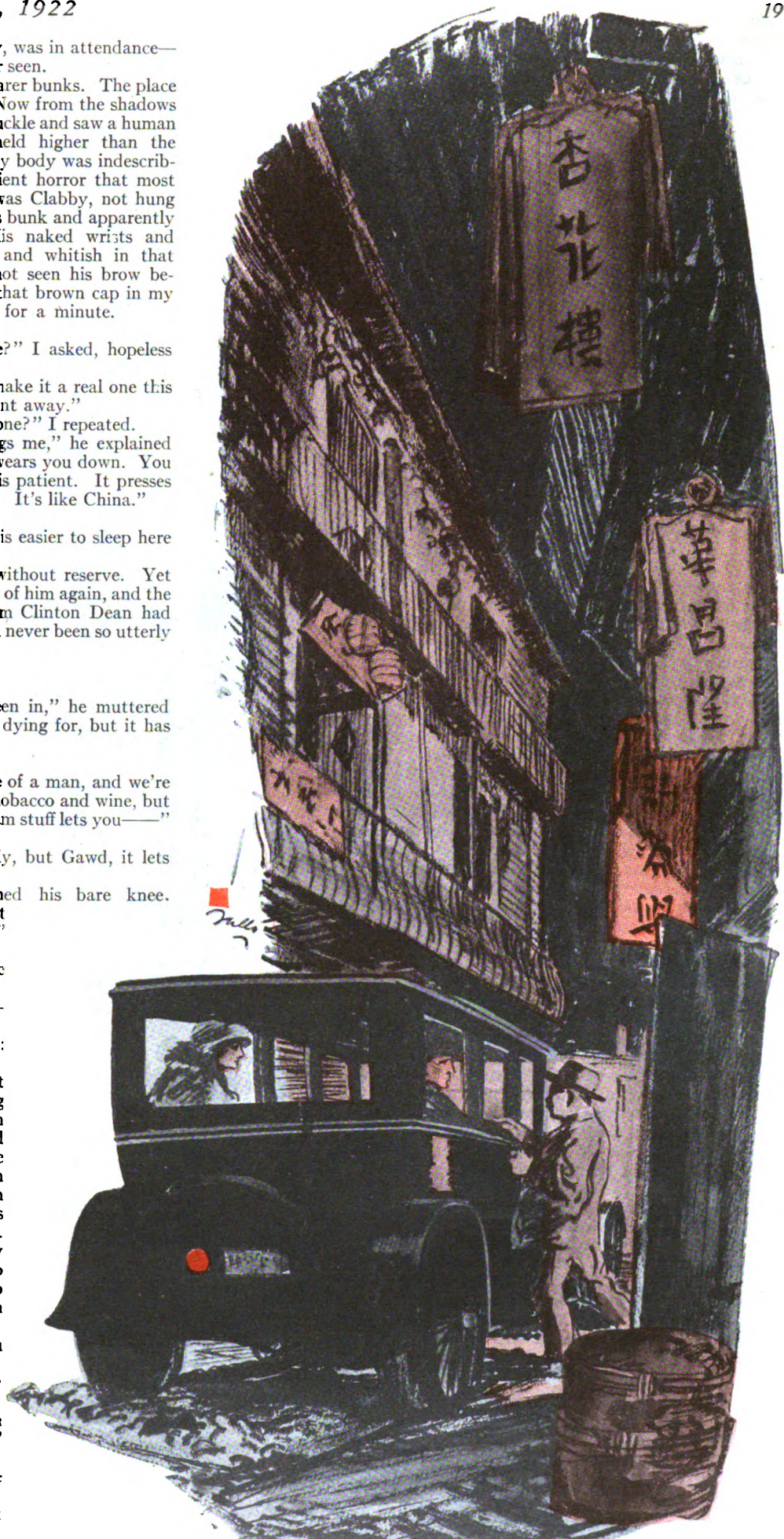
"It doesn't matter," Clabby answered.

In the hall he shoved his arm through mine. "A bit rickety yet," he said.

We passed the blind man and were in the street before he whispered:

"Did they go to her house to get her and carry her off?"

"No, it was here in Chinatown. We had come to look for you,"



C. "You come," Hop Lai said. "You come. We find Clabby boy—veree quiet lady wait in car."



I answered, and told him the story of the girl's abduction. Often he brushed his hand over his head. We had halted now out of range of the taxi-driver's ears.

"You know, I didn't count on using my head again right off," he said with apology. "What are you going to do now?"

"It's your Chinatown," I said.

"It's my Chronicle, too," he replied with a touch of bitterness. "I don't get it."

"I've got friends in Chinatown. It's only three years—but they're beginning to believe in me. I guess they've pulled off the only thing that would make Clabby hurt Chinatown——"

That instant his eyes came up to find mine, and I saw living death in them. I was unlucky enough to be present once when a judge was pronouncing sentence on a prisoner—"to hang by the neck until you are dead, dead, dead." The look I saw in the prisoner's face was like Clabby's now. There wasn't fear in either face; only a cornered and done-for look and a smile to steady it.

"Clabby, why did you call me to you tonight?"

"I WAS about to vamoose," he said. "I wanted to get her brother for her, but you fellows won't come across within a month of parley. I'm sick of that. You won't get Paul Enright without the money and you won't get the Chinese who've got him—no more than you could catch a ghost. You're all right yourself, but even you belong to Brill, Brock and Co. As I say, I couldn't get Paul Enright for her, and I couldn't let her——"

"Go on," I said.

"I called you here because you knew her and you knew me. I'm leaving town. I wanted you to talk to her, to make it easier for her, somehow, because I'm not the sort to make her happy. Why, I'm digging my grave every night."

"Now, that she is gone—what are you going to do?" I demanded.

"I'll have to stay by and get her out," he muttered, as though driven against his will.

"What can you do?"

He laughed mockingly. "The first article in the code is to be square to one's friends. I suppose the first thing I must do is to break that. I've got the stuff to overthrow Chinatown with a few Chronicle columns, but it would be any man's last assignment in this funny old world."

"You think the same party that's got Paul has taken the sister tonight?"

"Yes——"

"For ransom?"

"Yes. But it will cost you three times what it would for the brother alone. It may pay Brill, Brock and Co. to wait a few years and let the world forget, while you are holding the fortune for heirs as good as dead—heirs who leave no heirs."

I shook his arm. "Clabby," I said, "Brill, Brock and Co. may be slow and conservative and reverence money and property, but they're honest!"

"I'll let that pass," he said softly. "But I'm not forgetting that it is Paul Enright's money they're holding and it is Paul Enright who is being imprisoned——"

"They want to do it right——"

"There's no use talking."

Now I was on queer ground for me. "Clabby," I said, "why couldn't you make Louise Enright happy and yourself too?"

"Because I'm a drifter, a dope-fiend——"

"But couldn't you forget that for her?" I questioned.

"Not now. I'm afraid I'm just Clabby. Oh, you Brill, Brock people would never understand! You'd have to get loose once to understand—loose from the body. But I'll meet her later on. I mean there's more to a love story than living together in a house—even in the Enright house——"

"You mean after death?"

"You'd have to hit the pipe to understand——"

"But she——"

"Gawd," he said, "she knows—without the dream smoke."

I put this down for what it is worth, but do not understand.

I saw him several times the next day. We managed to keep from the press that day the sensational fact that Miss Enright had been taken over, like her brother. I began adequately to realize that day that Clabby's three years in the quarter had won for him certain knowledge that was power; exact knowledge, apparently, that Chinatown feared more than all the indefinite ignorance of the police. I kept forgetting that Clabby was under suspicion himself, at least, when I was with him. There was a strange power about the little man.

"I'M PUTTING it up to them tonight," he said. "The worst of it is, one never knows who's on top. I'm dealing with Leung Nam, Hop Lai and two or three others, but they may be only agents. The leaders go up and up in Chinatown—till they're never seen—spoken of with reverence, as if they were disembodied. I've written the story that will do the damage. They can see it in copy. They can stop it by giving up Miss Enright safe and sound. You fellows will have to free her brother."

"Are you sure she will be safe and sound?" I asked.

"Oh, she's held gently enough. It's a big deal in finance—not a white slave case. Only the taking over of Miss Enright could make me use pressure. It's like betraying one's home——"

But there he interrupted himself.

"Are you telling the Chinese what Miss Enright means to you—what you mean to her?" I said with more feeling than sense.

His eye came up to me like blue ice. "I'm not making much of that," he said quietly.

Then a moment later I saw the tired, tortured boy in his eyes, the loneliness of a winter desert, and the steady smile again.

"Excuse me for not being sociable," he said.

"I can't seem to work it. . . . Of course, you understand I'm not planning to saddle my sort of a grave-digger onto a girl like her. Why, I can't even keep a landlady happy. . . . So-long, I'll be at the Chronicle later."

IT WAS NOT until eleven that night that I saw him again. I had been waiting for hours in and out of the Chronicle building. I searched his face as he crossed the editorial rooms. It told me nothing. I bent over him, as he rolled a cigarette before his typewriter.

"I have to report that so far I have failed," he said quietly. "Without qualification—failed! My copy goes into the desk at eleven forty-five, if they don't send someone to head it off," he added. "One of them must come to this desk, before eleven forty-five."

"But if you run the story, what will that get you—or her?"

Clabby laughed. "That's what my friends the Chinese said. Why, I'm only telling an instalment in tomorrow's paper. This——" he took out a bundle of copy done on the municipal machine at headquarters, "is only the lead of the story. They'll give her up tomorrow to forestall the second chapter——"

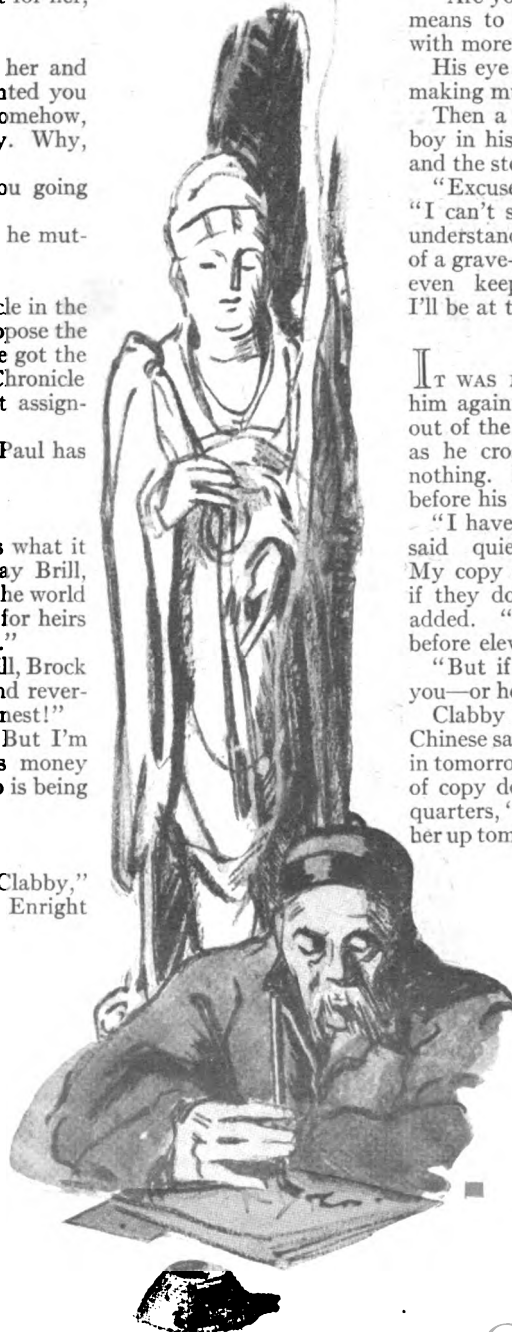
"But why haven't they come across already?"

"They don't think I'll do it. They don't think I dare. They trusted me and know I know what it means for Chinese to give their trust. You'll never understand that without going in for them. No one else could understand it."

He stopped short and the steady smile looked up at me. I felt a deep cold within.

"I told them I'd get off the Paul Enright case. I even told them that I would use my influence with his sister to make you attorneys pay for her brother's freedom in full. But their price has gone up now that the two Enright heirs are held."

"It's all up to you, then," I said.





"To this, and the rest of the story," he answered, tapping the copy against his desk and glancing around toward the face of Clinton Dean, the night editor, masked in an amber eyeshade. "Unless you make Brill, Brock and Co. pay."

The little man under the brown cap before me, was handling himself in bigger issues than I was familiar with. He was handling *himself*—which is a man's whole job. He was handling himself against his ambition, which was to get deep and high in Chinatown and be the one white newspaperman to hold face and faith, man to man, with the big yellow men there. That meant supremacy in his line as a newspaperman, but I think Clabby

wanted the Chinese faith more than a reporter's reputation. In any case, he was throwing it all away—that genius-work of three years. He was handling himself in the woman-thing and a fortune with it. I shall never forget his sentence on that: "Of course, you understand, I'm not planning to saddle my sort of a grave-digger onto a girl like her." And then he was handling himself against his heaven, because in raising his hand against the Chinese, he was cutting himself off from every sanctuary of the long pipe.

There are moments when I don't like life—not anything about it. A few of such moments were right there in the Chronicle editorial rooms, before eleven forty-five. It was dramatic as the rise and fall of empire to me. The front page of the morning paper was held open to the last minute. About five minutes before it was due to be closed, I heard Clinton Dean, the night editor, call for copy. The whine of the elevator doors seemed to groove along the quick of my spine.

"Clabby—'phone," called the assistant night editor.

The little man arose and went to an empty desk nearby, picking up a receiver there. And this I heard in his quiet voice: "Yes. . . . No, not yet—three minutes more. . . . Positively. . . . You should have come before. . . . Unless you give me your personal word that what I ask shall be granted. . . . But I cannot wait, unless your word is given. . . . Of course, I know the consequences. . . . All right, good night. I'm sorry—sorry."

WE STOOD together the last minute or two. I took out a cigarette-case and put it back, though the case wasn't empty. Instead, I drew a paper that was sticking out from Clabby's shirt pocket and a pinch of loose tobacco from his coat and rolled one of his kind. Then he left me, opening his copy in his hand as he crossed the big room. Then he placed it in the light under the face of Clinton Dean, masked in the amber eyeshade. Two minutes later I heard again from the assistant:

"Clabby—'phone. . . ." And Clabby's quiet voice, after he had listened: "No, I turned it in. Sorry."

Now Clinton Dean spoke to the assistant and calmly:

"Tell 'em down-stairs to get ready for a three-column head. Clabby's got the white whale himself."

A three-column head for the Chronicle—that was war stuff. A little later still, Dean finished reading, wrote a head for the story, crossed to the desk where Clabby sat and said in a low, exultant way:

"So you got 'way into them, you runt—'way in past the telephones. I looked for something like this, when I didn't hear from you for two days. Yes, something like this, but there's more of it—"

"I'll know tomorrow if there's more," Clabby said.

"I'll know why not—if there isn't more. Hear me?" the chief demanded.

For a second I thought they might be acting, but I couldn't hold it.

Clabby smiled. Clinton Dean was called to his telephone.

"It's a little world out here," Clabby said strangely.

"Out here," I repeated. "You mean after your heaven—"

"How'd you guess?" he said softly.

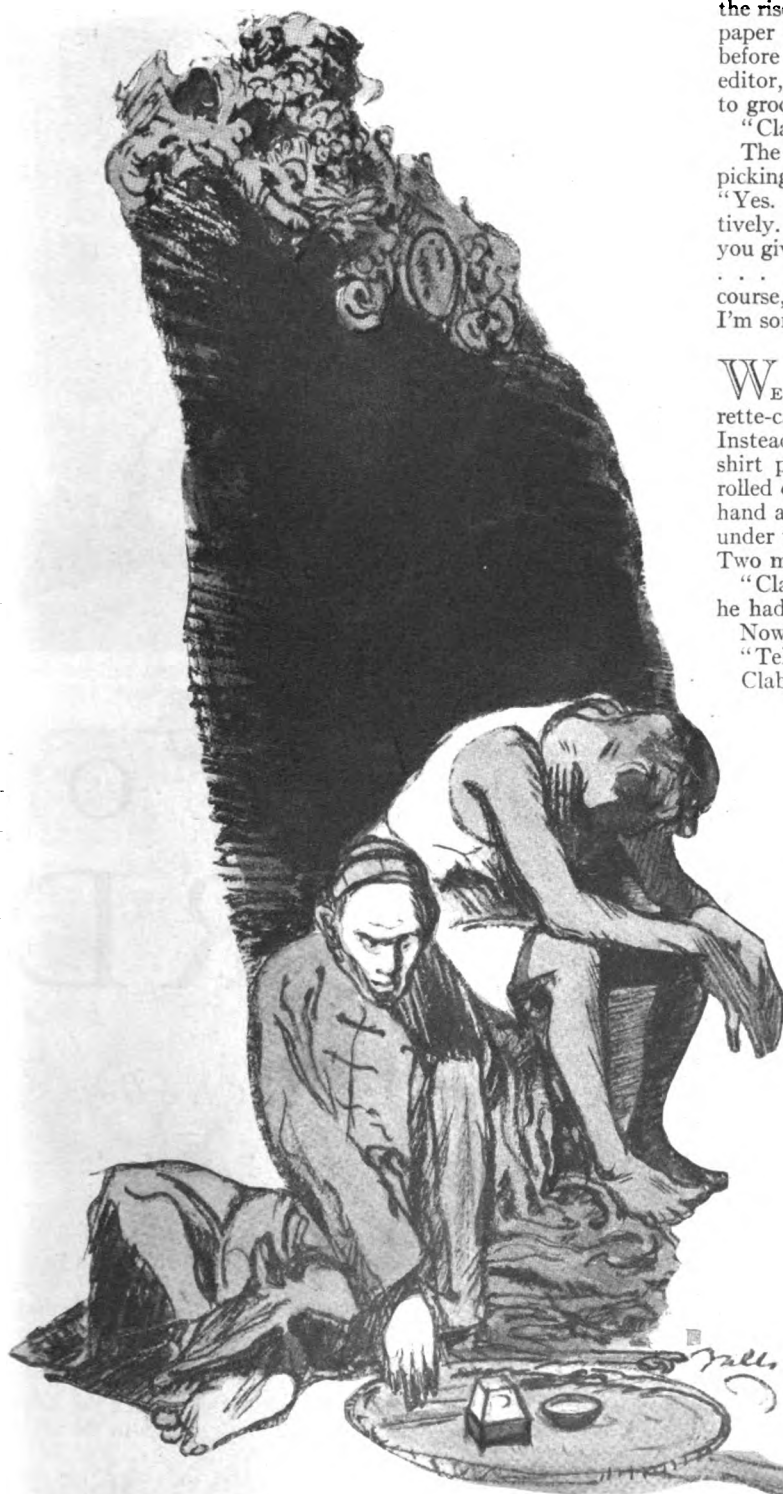
Now we heard the night editor's voice. Dean's hand was over the mouthpiece of the telephone and he was turned to his assistant:

"Hold up Clabby's stuff for the present. There's a man here who says he gave Clabby the story and now he denies it. He talks like a white man. . . . Hey, Clabby, what do you know about this?"

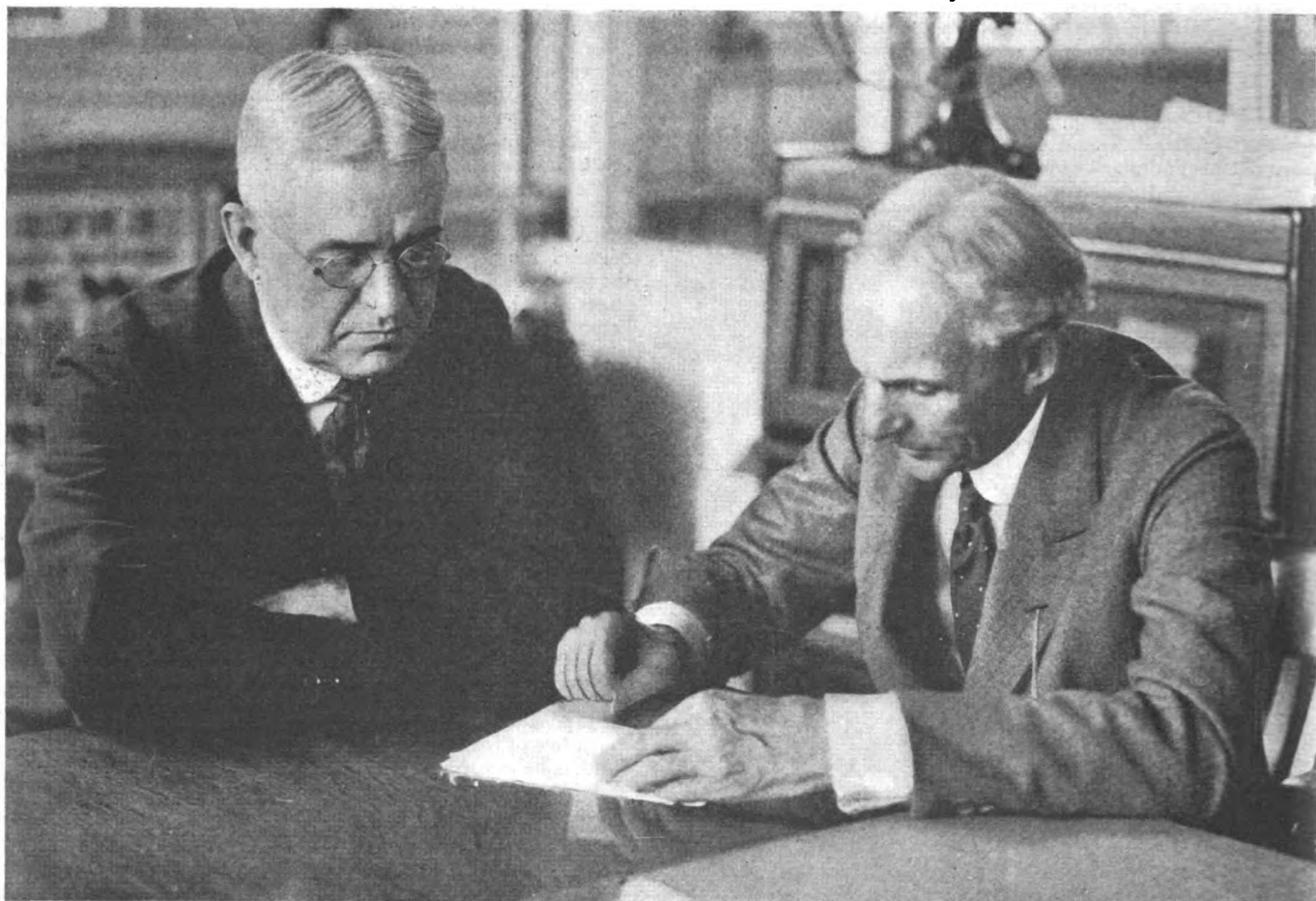
"Let me talk to him," Clabby said.

"He says for you to call a 'certain number' and you'll find the facts are different," Dean added sharply.

Then Clabby talked for a [Continued on page 122]



One pale china boy—the sickest human plant I had ever seen—was in attendance. Clabby was just out of his bunk, his naked wrists and ankles looking pathetically small in the chaotic light.



Ⓒ *Allan L. Benson worked for many weeks in the private office of Henry Ford securing the data from which his biography of the "richest man in the world" was written.*

# THE INTIMATE LIFE OF HENRY FORD

Ⓒ. 1 Henry Ford's *By Allan L. Benson*

## M BOYHOOD

*Illustrated by Walter J. Enright*

MARY LITOGOT, of Dutch descent, was the daughter of a prosperous farmer and his wife who lived near Dearborn, Michigan, nine miles west of Detroit. She was born in 1841. When she was six years old, she first saw William Ford, an English boy, born near Bandon, Ireland. William Ford had come to America with his father, mother, brothers and sisters and settled near Dearborn. The Fords had been farmers in Ireland and resumed farming in America. At times, William Ford worked for the father of Mary Litogot. He was both industrious and frugal. In a few years, he bought forty of Mr. Litogot's two hundred and forty acres. Fifteen years after William Ford's arrival in America, he and Mary Litogot were married. The next year, on July 30, 1863, their first child was born and named Henry, after an uncle. The mother was then twenty-two years old and the father thirty-six.

The mother died at the age of thirty-five. Henry was thirteen years old. Five other children had been born—two sons and three daughters.

Mary Ford died when she was so young that Henry Ford is

the only one of her children who remembers much about her. Even Mr. Ford is of the opinion that his recollections of his mother are incomplete. They are incomplete. But they are incomplete only because his memory has let go of recollections that signified nothing. The important characteristics of his mother—the characteristics that explain her and explain him—are crystal-clear in his mind.

Henry Ford's mother was great in the things that the world calls little, which are, nevertheless, the only things in the world that are great.

She had great love, first for her husband and, later, for their children.

Henry Ford, in speaking to me of his mother, said:

"She was of that rarest type of mothers—one who so loved her children that she did not care whether they loved her. What I mean by this is that she would do whatever she considered necessary for our welfare even if she thereby temporarily lost our good will."

Mrs. Ford once temporarily lost Henry's affection by inter-



fering with the gratification of his appetite for cake. It was the only time in his life that he was ever ill. His mother discovered what had upset him. Inquiry developed the fact that he had been trading the good bread and butter with which his mother filled his dinner pail for another boy's cake. The mother told him to keep his bread and butter and let the other boy's cake alone. Henry wanted to keep on trading.

"But I had to mind," said Mr. Ford. "When mother made up her mind to anything, she never stopped until she had accomplished her purpose. It is a good thing she did make me mind, too. That other boy and his whole family have been dead for years." Whether due to the cake, he didn't say.

**H**ENRY FORD's mother had a great sense of order. Order, to a housewife, means, among other things, cleanliness. Her house was clean and the things in it were in place. Henry Ford's factories are clean and the things in them are in place. He says that a dirty factory attracts poor workmen, tends to demoralize those who would otherwise be good, and invites bankruptcy.

Mr. Ford says that his wife and his son's wife are the same type of women as his mother.

"My mother had a mind of her own," he said, "but she would have had no respect for a man who permitted his wife to rule him. I often consult with my wife with regard to business affairs because I know her judgment is good, and many times take her advice. But I am always the one to decide what I shall do."

William Ford, father of Henry, lived to be seventy-nine years old. He had inherited the remaining two hundred acres of his father-in-law's farm and was, therefore, throughout life, in comfortable circumstances. He was a good, honest, up-standing farmer, with all the virtues of good citizenship, but with none of the daring that has led his eldest son so far. William Ford was content to be a warden in the village church, to till his farm and to live in peace. To him, a bird in hand always seemed to be worth a good many in the bush.

"Father thought I was an awful fool," said Henry Ford, "to quit a job at which I was getting \$135 a month to build automobiles. And after I quit the job, he used to tell me that I should hurry and build my automobiles or everyone who wanted one would be supplied before I got started. We were building one hundred cars a day in 1907 when father died."



**C.** Ford as a boy loved to take watches apart. His genius appeared in the fact that he could put them together again.

The old Ford home stands today just as it did when Henry Ford's little Dutch mother lived in it with her children. In out of the way places, here and there, Mr. Ford has picked up duplicates of the various articles that were in the house in the long ago. Furniture, carpets, dishes, lamps and pictures have been restored. And in the carpenter shop, down by the barn, is an old two-cranks boring machine and other carpenter's tools like the ones that Henry Ford's father used. If Mr. Ford's parents could come back, they might not be able to realize at first that they had been away from the old place.

**H**ENRY FORD, at the age of five and one-half years, began school on January 11, 1871. On that day he put the date in his childish memory, where it remains after a lapse of more than fifty years:

No other fact need be told to enable one to realize that Henry Ford was an unusual boy. One might travel around the world without finding half a dozen persons more than fifty years of age who could tell the exact date upon which they began school.

The name of his first teacher was John Brainard Chapman. Mr. Chapman is dead, but his picture is in Mr. Ford's office.

The school, which is near Dearborn, was known as the Dutch Settlement School. The building, a little old-fashioned, one-story affair, is still standing.

Henry Ford went to the Dutch Settlement School three years, walking two and one-half miles each morning and night, carrying his dinner in a pail. After that, he walked about the same distance to another school which he attended until he was sixteen.

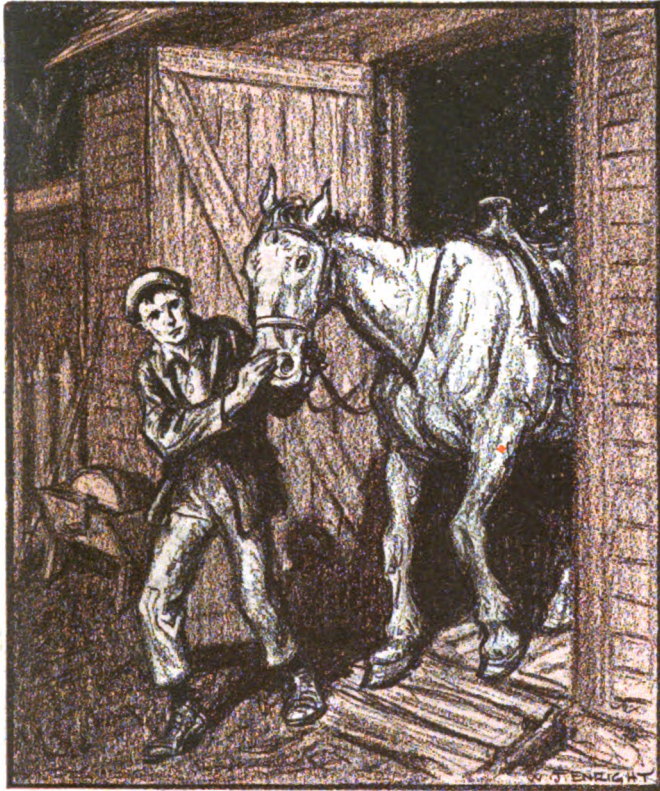
**D**URING this period, the lad discovered what was then his favorite book. It was *Herbert Mattison, A Bound Boy*. The hero had been "bound out" by his father to work for a neighbor until he was twenty-one years of age. This was a common thing in America fifty years ago, the boy who was "bound out" usually receiving for his labor only his board and clothing and a small amount of money.

Henry Ford had been going to the little country school but a few years when began in his mind the rumble of mechanics that has never ceased. At the age of thirteen, he caught his first vision of the



**C.** The workbench was from the first a center of interest to young Ford. Anything with wheels in it captivated him.





C. At night, the boy Henry Ford would steal forth to ride to a neighbor's home and repair a dilapidated timepiece.

automobile. It was but a fleeting vision, yet it was clear.

"I remember well," said Mr. Ford, "saying to John Flower, a little boy who owned a tricycle upon which he used to let me ride, that if we could only attach an engine to the tricycle it could drive itself. I was then thirteen years old." Obviously he started young.

ABOUT the same time, the lad for the first time saw and read a scientific journal. It was called *The World of Science*, and was published in London.

Mr. Ford's interest in the improvement of water-power began when he was thirteen. The same interest that flamed out almost half a century later at Muscle Shoals.

"I built a dam across a little stream near our house," he said, "and backed the creek up until there was enough fall to run a water wheel. I attached a rake handle to the wheel as a shaft, and at the other end of the shaft had a coffee grinder in which I ground dirt."

Mr. Ford stopped to laugh.

"John Miller, a neighbor, came over to our house pretty soon," he continued, "to complain that my dam had flooded his cellar which was full of potatoes."

From water-power, the boy's mind turned to clocks and watches. He was seized with a fierce desire to know everything about timepieces.

"Only a little while ago," said Mr. Ford, "I was in the old barn in which I first took a watch apart."

Asked if he had any difficulty in putting the watch together, he replied:

"No, I knew what each wheel was for as soon as I saw it. It was as easy to put the watch together as it was to take it apart."

THE NEXT thing that William Ford knew, his son Henry was repairing watches and clocks for a few near-by neighbors, charging nothing for his work. That was all right. A watch-maker, of course, had to have tools, but one of his mother's knitting needles was made into a screwdriver, while a piece of an old watch-spring served admirably as tweezers. Mr. Ford, by the way, still has the screwdriver that he made from his mother's knitting needle.

But there came a time when William Ford was not so well pleased that his eldest son had become clock and watch repairer for the whole neighborhood. The elder Ford's dissatisfaction arose from the fact that the boy still continued to charge nothing for his work, though the excellence of his craftsmanship had caused his business to extend for many miles around. People said that when Henry Ford fixed a watch or a clock the job was done right, and William Ford thought that if the boy was so good a mechanic, he was good enough to be paid for his work. William Ford was the kind of a man who always gave and demanded exact justice, hence his insistence that the laborer, in this case, was worthy of his hire.

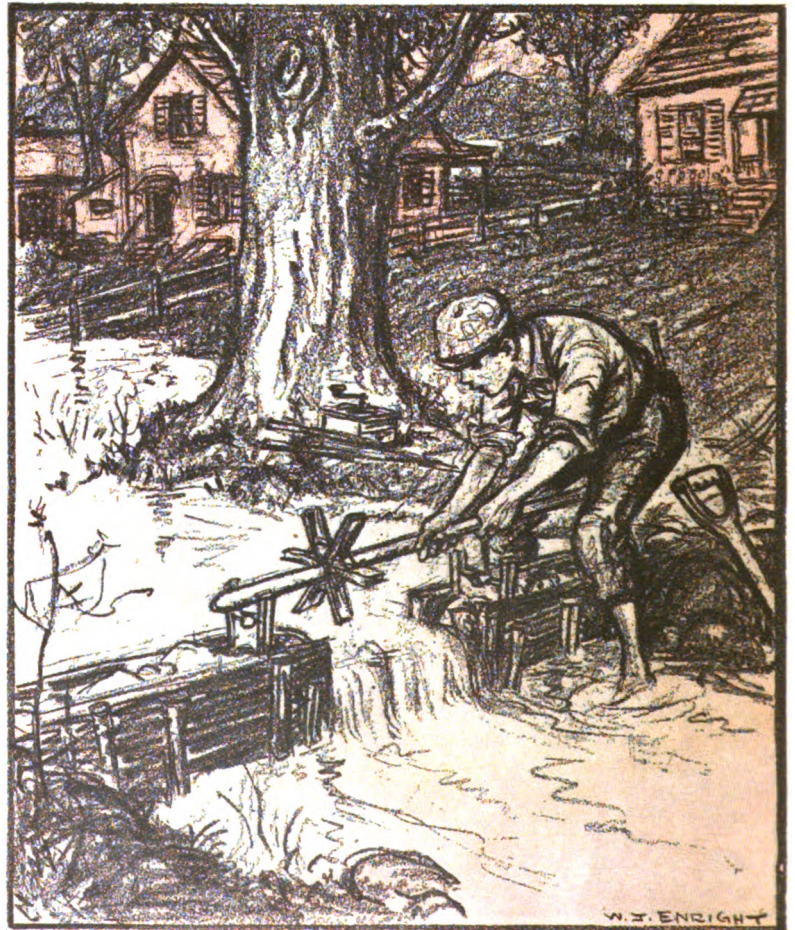
Of course the neighbors were willing to let the matter run along as it was going, and as it happened, Henry also was willing. What he most wanted was not money but the fun of repairing clocks and watches—the work was fun to him. Many a time, after walking two and one-half miles to and from school, he would walk nine miles to and from Detroit to buy springs and other little things with which to give some dependability to his neighbors' timepieces.

FINALLY, Henry Ford's father could stand it no longer and forbade the boy to go out nights to do free work. Henry was working hard all day on the farm in summer, and the father felt that he needed his rest.

"I couldn't quit," said Mr. Ford, "so I used to go to my room at nine o'clock at night and wait until I thought my father had gone to sleep. Then I used to creep out of the house, go to the barn, saddle a horse and ride away—sometimes many miles—to a place where I knew there was a watch or a clock to repair. Many a time I did not get home until three o'clock in the morning. Yes, I always worked on the farm the next day, just the same. The loss of sleep did not seem to hurt me any."

Mr. Ford did not tell me the incident that follows, but it was told to me in Dearborn.

The story is that Henry went out one night on his father's best horse to repair a clock several miles away, the father, as usual, being unaware of his absence. The job lasted until long after midnight. It was in the spring of the year and all the



C. An early passion with Ford was water-power and now in his desire to harness the rivers of the country he has returned to his first love.



streams were running high. To make matters worse, it rained during the night while the lad was at work. The result was that a small bridge, over which boy and horse, outward bound, had passed in safety, was washed away during the evening. When the return journey was made, the bridge being gone, the boy and horse tumbled into the stream. William Ford's best horse and his eldest son were in imminent danger of broken legs, if not death by drowning; but Fate brought them through, wet but unhurt.

**W**ATCHES have always possessed a strong fascination for Mr. Ford. One day while he was giving me material for this book the twelve o'clock whistle blew. Mr. Ford looked at his watch. "It is just right," he said. I mentioned that my watch had just been cleaned but gained seven minutes a day, notwithstanding the fact that the regulator was at the extreme "slow" side. "Let me see it," he said. He took the watch, opened it quickly, peered into the works with a magnifying glass and told me what was the matter with it. "I have always been interested in watches," said Mr. Ford. "I have half a bushel of watches that I have bought from time to time, just to go through them, see how they are made and observe how the workmanship differs. When I was a young man, working in a machine shop, I once had an idea of making a standardized watch on a big scale. I figured that by making two thousand watches a day I could make them for thirty-seven cents each and sell them at fifty cents each. That was before the day of cheap watches."

Henry Ford's boyhood on his father's farm passed like the shadow of a flying cloud over a field. It was a busy boyhood—a period in which he was a student in school, a farm-worker and a dreaming mechanic who worked to make his dreams come true. William Ford wished his son to be a farmer, and though Henry did not like farm-work, he worked hard at it. But his heart was always in his mechanical pursuits, which his father detested, because he realized that they were leading the lad away from the country.

The boy, while going to school winters and working on the farm summers, contrived to make himself a little workshop in which he toiled nights. He had a forge, a bowstring-driven lathe, a vise and enough small tools to enable him to do almost any kind of repairing that came to hand. But he worked with his tools always against the wishes of his father.

Thus for a time the struggle went on between the father's will and the son's determination. One day, when the boy was sixteen, the struggle ended. The mother had died three years before, the old home did not seem the same, and the call of the city silenced everything else in the boy's heart. Without saying a word to anyone, he walked nine miles to Detroit, rented a room in which to sleep, and sought employment in a machine shop.

**H**ENRY FORD's first feat in financiering was performed the day after he walked to Detroit from his father's farm. He quickly found employment as an apprentice in Flower Brothers' Machine Shop at a weekly wage of two dollars and a half, but his board and room were to cost him three dollars and a half a week. The lad solved the problem by finding an opportunity to work four hours each evening for a jeweler named McGill, who had a little place at Baker and Twentieth Streets. After working ten hours a day in a machine shop, the boy worked from seven to eleven each evening repairing clocks and watches, for which he received two dollars a week.



“Stick your toes in,” was the advice given Ford as he toiled with a heavy load. This advice stuck with him as he worked at his first automobile.

The average boy would consider this a dog's life. To Henry Ford it was the realization of his fondest dreams. At last he was in machinery, up to his ears, night and day. The rumble that was to dominate his life was becoming real—the rumble that he had first heard in little more than fancy on his father's farm; the rumble that in 1922 has grown to a great clashing of metals moved by sixty thousand horse-power engines at Highland Park, with a sound like distant thunder that forecasts a million horse-power at Muscle Shoals, or on the Mississippi!

**T**HE BOY literally reveled in his opportunities to learn about machinery. In both shops he received wages for his work, but in neither shop did he work for wages. If he could have lived for nothing, he would have been glad to work for nothing. What he wanted was information and experience. The machine shop and the watch shop gave him both. They gave him also an opportunity to talk with men from whom he could learn. The boy was always eager to talk with any machinist whose joy in his work revealed him to the lad as one from whom he might learn something. The days passed like minutes and the evenings flew like seconds. The lad was never tired and the time to go to work never came too early in the morning.

Henry Ford, as a boy, was always playing because his work to him was play. In whatever he did he was really playing the game of acquiring knowledge with regard to machinery and mechanical principles. We see this in a move that he made after he had worked nine months in Flower Brothers' Machine Shop. Although his wages had been increased to three dollars a week, he quit the job and went to work for the Dry Dock Engine Company at fifty cents less a week because he felt that he had learned all he could where he was and [Continued on page 143]



*The story of two strong men who fought until they became "Pardners," who vowed they would always be pardners. And then along came the girl they both wanted to marry. What did that do to the partnership?*

# FRIENDS

*As You Might Say*

*By William Slavens McNutt*

*Illustrated by David Robinson*

THEY MET FIRST in a little southeastern Alaska boom town; a village of board streets and sidewalks raised on stilts over the muck of the slope just above tidewater, that came into being within a month after news of high-grade quartz came out of the high hills near-by. For a brief season, that little camp on the steep cedar-grown shore of Kanak canal was a place where a man with the price could get anything he wanted.

Jeff Ashley was short, stocky, dark, with a broad definitely featured face that would have been the countenance of an orator and a statesman, if it had not been half that of a thug; and would have been altogether that of a thug if it had not been half that of a great orator and statesman. He had a deep-barreled, iron-hard body, built to stand hard usage and to react to mental command rapidly enough for purposes of self-preservation in places where self-preservation was not only the first law of nature but the routine part of daily work.

He was just ashore from a halibut schooner, having left suddenly over the side after decorating the captain with twin black eyes and a splintered nose.

Bob Corrigan was in from a construction job at the Hoonya mines on the coast to the westward. Bob was long and lanky and fair. His nose was large, bony, and slightly Roman; his eyes were small and light, the color of a worn dime and half its size. His chin was one of his most negligible features. Occasionally some amateur character reader based his treatment of Bob on the theory that a man with a receding chin was sure to be easy meat in a ruction. The amateurs who made this mistake might have been consoled—after becoming healed up—by being told that Corrigan was not the only exception to the rule, his chin being practically a twin of that worn successfully through so many fistic engagements by the late Mr. Robert Fitzsimmons.

They met in the rear of Peg Bender's cigar store. Peg Bender's cigar store was mostly rear. The laws in Alaska today are strict and a man who wants to sell booze and carry on a little unlimited gambling of sorts, even in a remote boom town, must pay some attention to them. Not much to be sure, but some Peg Bender paid attention to them by labeling his place a cigar store, wasting at least six square feet and a perfectly good unpainted counter to bolster up the pretense.

Bob Corrigan had money and Ashley had none. But that was not the reason Jeff felt an electric thrill of anger along his spine at sight of him. Other men in Peg Bender's place had money, and Jeff felt no urge to pick a quarrel with them. He noticed Corrigan at first, because Corrigan was of his own quality of character. He was big and dominant. The others in the room formed a background for him, against which he loomed, arresting, prominent.

He was playing poker at a round table with six other men and the dealer. Ashley seated himself in a chair across from Corrigan, somewhat removed from the table, and scowled at the long, lanky, blond man who had attracted his attention and compelled his dislike. Shortly Corrigan looked up and met Ashley's gaze. For a full half-minute he stared into Jeff's dark eyes without blinking, without effort or show of emotion. Several men in the room noted the duel of eyes. A number of them rose and, with a markedly casual manner, strolled out of the place. All those who did so were old-timers, men of long experience in incidents common to the back room of Peg Bender's joint.

Peg himself meandered across the room, the wooden stump that did duty for the lower half of his left leg banging loudly on the bare floor. He stopped near the table at which Corrigan sat. To the unpracticed eye he appeared to be idly watching the play; but one old-timer in the room, a whiskered old chap, playing solitaire at the small table in the corner, who had not been witness to that first significant clash of glances between Corrigan and Ashley, noticed Bender standing there, studied him for a few seconds, rose, yawned, nodded good night to an acquaintance and left the place at a gait noticeably a trifle swifter than his habitual pace. He knew his little book, the old-timer did! After a little Ashley rose, walked around behind Corrigan and stood for several minutes, silently watching his play. As Corrigan raked in a sizable pot Ashley spoke.



"IF A MAN with brains just had a fool's luck to go along with the sense in his head, what a poker player he'd be!" he said.

Few in the room understood the significance of his words, but the vicious quality of the tone was unmistakable. The buzz of conversation died out.





Ashley went on, his words clearly heard in the silence. "I reckon every man has some'n to help him get by. Some has sense enough to play poker like poker ought to be played, an' others has the luck to draw two cards to a monkey flush and fill. Yes, sir, I reckon the first feller that said, 'A fool for luck,' he must 'a' been watchin' one of 'em play poker."

Peg Bender shifted his position slightly and dropped his right hand into the pocket of his coat.

Corrigan looked at the dealer and the corners of his lips twisted upward in a slight quizzical smile. His small pale eyes were narrowed and shot full of brilliant shifting points of light, but of course Ashley couldn't see this.

"I'M OUT," he said softly, counting his chips and shoving them across the table. "Three hundred and eighty-five is my count."

"Right," said the dealer, counting the money out of the check drawer and passing it across to him. "There's more where this

came from. Don't forget us when you're feelin' playful again sometime. We aim to please."

"That's what I like to hear a man say," Corrigan said genially, as he pushed back his chair and rose, half turning to face Ashley. "I sure do like to see a man that enjoys helpin' folks out. I'm that way a lot, even if I do say it myself. Whenever a man comes to me and wants somethin' an' I got it, you'd be surprised how much fun I get out o' givin' it to him. Now this gentleman here"—he indicated Ashley with a nod—"this gentleman here, he's lookin' for trouble. He don't just exactly ask for it, not



in so many words, but I ain't one to wait to be asked right out plain when I know a man's got an appetite for somethin' I can easy spare. So I'm just goin' to—"

"Just a minute there, boys," Peg Bender interrupted, half stepping between them. "You gentlemen take notice I got my hand in my pocket; an' I ain't got it there to keep it warm, neither. You can go right on outside an' use the street for a shootin' gallery, an' I won't even pester you so much as to come out to the front door an' see which one o' you needs buryin'; but this is my place, an' if there's any killin' done here, I'm goin' to do it."

"Speakin' for myself, I wasn't figurin' on doin' any shootin'," Corrigan replied politely. "I never went in for gun totin', an' I haven't got one on me now. Unless I've made a mistake, this gentleman here"—indicating Ashley with a bow—"wasn't lookin' for a gun fight. My idea was that his knuckles was itchin', an' I was just figurin' on givin' him-somethin' to scratch 'em on."

"I ain't got any gun," Ashley said shortly. "I've been 'round some an' I ain't met anybody yet that made me start thinkin' about savin' up to buy one, neither."

Corrigan smiled. "You see, Mr. Bender, you went an' mistook our ideas," he said, with a hint of reproach in his tone. "I kind o' felt it in my bones that this gentleman didn't have any shootin' ideas in his mind. O' course, he's a young man yet, an' he ain't met everybody. That's why I'm goin' to interduce myself to him. He says himself he's been around a lot, an' he must be tired seein' so much o' the same scenery all the time. I got an idea I can show him somethin' new."

"NOT IN HERE, yuh can't!" Peg declared. "Don't make no diff'rence whether it's a shootin' battle or a hittin' battle; it ain't goin' to be here!"

Little Hank Withers pushed forward and planted himself by Bender's side. Hank was less than five feet tall and weighed in the neighborhood of ninety-five pounds with his clothes on. He was ninety-two years old and he had been in every gold rush from the Mexican border to Nome, since the days of '49. His



David Robinson

"You boys been fightin'?" demanded the marshal. "No," Corrigan gasped, "we were just teachin' each other to read an' write!"



size made it possible for him to skate into dangers enthusiastically on the thinnest of thin ice and never break through.

"You boys want to do some fightin'—why'n't ye go down to the dock an' do it there?" he piped up in his shrill falsetto. "Best place in town to do any fightin'. It's level an' good footin' an' plenty big enough to wrastle 'round on—an' besides there's lots o' good places to watch it from down there. If you boys'll just go on down to the dock an' do your fightin' down there, I'll go see the marshal an' tell him what you're at an' what you're doin', so's he won't bump into you accidental while he's

nosin' 'round an' have to run you in before you get satisfied."

Corrigan smiled and raised his eyebrows in an expression of interrogation. "Suits me," he said. "Is this gentleman satisfied?"

Ashley nodded. "Let's go!" he said shortly. "I want to get my dinner pretty soon, an' I'm figurin' on you to wrastle me 'round long enough to give me an appetite, anyhow."

"Don't walk too fast on the way down there," little Hank Withers piped up as he scuttled out in front. "I got to look up the marshal an' tell him what's goin' on, so's he won't butt in: an' I don't want to miss none of it."

"I won't knock him out from underneath himself till you get there!" Corrigan called after the little man.

Ashley looked at Corrigan and laughed.

"You talk like a reg'lar guy," he said approvingly. "I hope you don't fizzle out on me 'fore I get well warmed up."

"I'll do my best to stay right side up till you bust out into a sweat," Corrigan promised affably. "I've always had mighty good luck at keepin' myself movin' round an' doin' this an' that whenever me an' somebody else was seein' which was which."

Slowly, side by side, they strolled down the steep wooden street to the wharf, chatting of casual matters, the climate, chances for work in the neighborhood and the wages offered, while the crowd from Peg's place steadily grew and those who had been in at the beginning explained the matter of the coming entertainment to the newcomers joining in.

Arrived on the dock, the two men shucked their coats and

shirts, squared off, and began to fight. They fought for three bloody hours; fought on into the late Northern twilight; fought while a thin fog rolled up the inlet and enveloped them; fought sometimes furiously, at others scarcely able to do more than hang to each other and gasp for breath, and then being temporarily recuperated, they fought with all the ferocity will and muscle could express. They fought while little Hank Withers hopped about in a semicircle of onlookers, excitedly declaring he hadn't seen anything like it for years, and bewailing the fact that he must absent himself for a minute or two at ten-minute intervals to carry the news of the fight to the marshal, who was hiding behind a shack a couple of hundred yards up the hill. The marshal had-bound Hank to do him this favor on the threat of stopping the fray.

They fought on while the marshal's desire to be an eyewitness of the struggle grew big and overcame his fear of breaking the conventions; fought after the marshal himself had joined the delighted audience and become so engrossed in betting his money on Corrigan to win that he forgot to be worried because he was not doing his duty. They fought until Ashley went down



**A** Eva, a blonde and kittenish person with a cunningly cultivated baby stare, waited on the Pardners while they waxed indignant over the fact that a girl like that should be compelled to earn her living as a waitress



**C.** "Course I don't 'pose she'd look at me twice. But women's funny. You can't tell about 'em," said Jeff. "That's just the way I feel about it for myself," Bob answered.

from a right to the jaw and spent the last ounce of his strength in regaining his feet. As he struggled, gasping, to an upright position, Corrigan spent the last flicker of effort that was in him aiming another right at his opponent's jaw. The blow missed by two feet and the force of it swung Corrigan off his balance. He crashed to the board flooring of the dock and lay there, only dimly conscious, fighting for breath, unable to rise. Ashley stumbled over the recumbent form of his foe, fell and lay beside him, equally spent and helpless.

**T**HE MARSHAL, seeing they were unable to rise, assumed the position of referee. He counted ten over the two prone bodies, announced in loud tones that the battle was a draw and that all bets were off.

Thereupon he brushed his star with his sleeve, translated himself back into his official position by assuming a stern scowl, and ordered the crowd to disperse.

"What's been goin' on here?" he demanded sternly. "You boys been fightin'?"

"No!" Corrigan gasped. "We were just teachin' each other to read an' write!"

"I'm glad to hear it," the marshal said, in a relieved tone. "Education ain't a bad thing. Far as I know, there's no law against it. For a while I was afraid the way you two was actin' that you might be breakin' the peace."

"Nothin' like that," Ashley panted, managing to raise himself on one elbow. "It's just as my pardner there says. We was teachin' each other a few things."

"Oh!" said the marshal. "You boys pardners, huh?"

"Sure," said Corrigan.

"Why, certainly!" said Ashley.

The marshal leaned over and helped up first Corrigan and then Ashley.

"There's a doctor up the street, just this side of the Lyric Theater," he said. "You two boys bring what's left of yourselves along up there with me and let him see what he can do with the pieces. I'll pay the bill. Oh, yes, I will!" he went on decisively as Corrigan started to protest. "I got more fun out o' watchin' you two boys teach school than I could buy anywheres else for what the doc will charge to patch you up. I'm goin' to pay for the repairs, or pinch you both—one o' the two."

An hour later, Corrigan and Ashley

issued from the doctor's office, liberally sewed, plastered and bandaged, and limped side by side down the street.

"Let's eat!" said Corrigan, stopping in front of a restaurant.

"No!" said Ashley.

Corrigan eyed him.

"Busted?" he queried.

"Clean as a sea-gull," Ashley confessed.

"I got near five hundred dollars," said Corrigan. "Come on in an' eat."

"I didn't ask to borrow none of it off you, did I?" Ashley retorted.

"Borrow!" Corrigan exclaimed hotly. "Borrow it! It was you first said we was pardners, not me. What about it? Are we pardners, or ain't we?"

"All right," said Ashley. "If you feel that way, let's eat!"

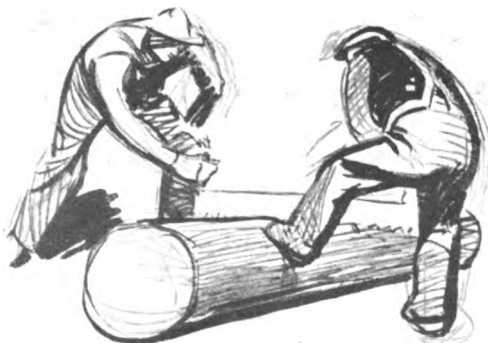
**I**N THE next three years they did not eat a dozen meals apart. Together they roamed the continent, across and up and down, from Nome to Key West, and from San Francisco to Newfoundland. Wherever hard jobs offered a thrill and a wage, they went and worked; and when the thrill was gone, they traveled on.

They did a little fishing on their own hook in Alaskan waters and once signed on for a trip out of Gloucester on the Grand Banks. They worked in the mines of southeastern Alaska, and in lumber camps in Washington and Canada; on the tall skeletons

of skyscrapers, high above the roar and rush of New York and Chicago; in the stoke-holes of ships on the Atlantic and Pacific.

Tiring of a job in New York, they would draw their pay and spend it, whereupon one would suggest: "Let's go out to San Francisco and see what's doing."

A walk through the city; a time of waiting in the dark of the railroad yards; a run and a spring as an out-bound train, gathering speed, came abreast; and then from two to three hungry weeks of sport that would shame a big-game hunter, weeks of







dodging detectives and trainmen; weeks of clinging precariously in night and storm to the outside of trains; weeks of dodging in and out of the big cities on their westward way; of sticking to the train on desert or mountain with all the crew on the hunt for them. Then they would breeze into San Francisco, lean, hard, and happy, their appetite for movement, danger, and hardship satisfied, ready for the comparative tedium of a dangerous job high on the slim girders of a steel building or in the roar and rush of some huge construction project.

The day after war was declared, they enlisted together in the same outfit. Together they went overseas and together they went into battle. Ashley was hit in the course of a disastrous trench raid and Corrigan was wounded while trying to get his partner back. Together they were carried to the first-aid station and together they rode back to the same hospital; together they convalesced, rejoined their outfit, fought through to the Armistice, and then, still together, the fighting being over, they went joyously A. W. O. L. to Paris.

THEY HAD three wonderful days and nights there. Then an M. P. accosted them on the Boulevard near the Café de la Paix and demanded their passes. Corrigan disposed of him with one punch, but M. P.'s on the Boulevard in the neighborhood of the Café de la Paix immediately after the Armistice were plentiful and pestiferous. Be it said to the fighting credit of Corrigan and Ashley that they stayed on their feet for at least fifteen minutes, making a running battle of it as far as the Rue Royal in front of the Madeleine. There they were overpowered and lugged away to jail.

They were sentenced to six months each in labor battalions and then the split came. Ashley was shipped off to a battalion in Brest, while Corrigan was sent down into the Argonne country to aid in cleaning up the mess left by the recent victoriously militant A. E. F. during its final slap at the retreating German army.

For two years after they got out of the army they hunted each other industriously all over the United States; then they met purely by chance on a street in El Paso, Texas. Ashley was just up over the border after a monotonous and unprofitable experience as a machine-gunner with a small revolutionary faction that did not have a machine-gun and never got nearer active revolutionary service than sneaking along dark alleys and talking in whispers. Corrigan was passing through town on his way east from the coast to a big construction job on the Mississippi River in Louisiana.

The two men alternately hugged and beat each other violently. They stood apart and fervently called each other names, for the utterance of which men are often shot dead.

For this was their only way of expressing the deep affection that they felt.

When the first fury of their greeting had somewhat abated, Corrigan clapped Ashley on the shoulder and said:

"Why damn your old hog-hide, you blinkety-blink, you! I'm so blinkety-blink glad to see you again that I most wish you was a

woman. I do for a fact! Damn me, if I wouldn't like to kiss you!"

"Well, you wall-eyed, lop-eared, flea-ridden, mangy old hound, you," Ashley retorted. "If I was a woman, I'd leave you kiss me 'thout yellin' for help. What do you know about that? I reckon you've seen yourself in the glass often enough to know that that would be goin' a long, long way for a friend."

They walked to the little park in the center of town and sat on a bench there.

"I'm thirty-three years old," Corrigan said suddenly. "How old are you, Ash?"

"Thirty-four next month."

"Ain't that hell!" Corrigan exclaimed. "First thing we know, we're goin' to be plumb grown up! You know, Ash, it's time we done somethin' for ourselves 'sides just keepin' the bottoms of our feet scratched. Why, first thing you know, we're goin' to be gettin' old!"

"That's right," Ashley agreed.

"S'pose we go on up to southeastern Alaska an' rustle 'round up there 'till we get ourselves a stake together an' buy a good big roomy gas boat," Corrigan suggested.

"Suits me!" said Ashley.

"Beats a farm for men like you, an' me," Corrigan went on enthusiastically. "Just as much of a home an' more so. An' besides that, we could move 'round in it enough maybe not to get wishful to bust loose an' go traveling."

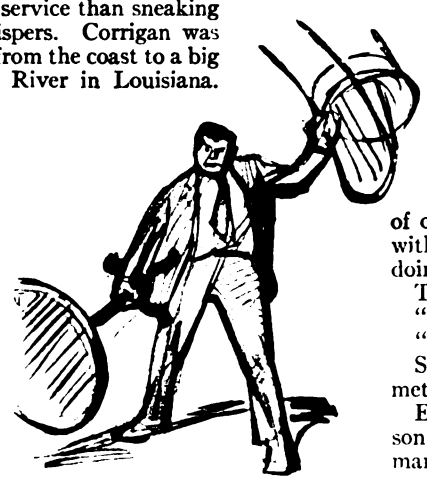
"Now you're talkin' sense," Ashley said. "Couple o' guys like you an' me with a gas boat up there—a good big one—they got a good home an' a livin' for life. There's a lot better than a thousand miles to ramble in here an' there up an' down the passage an' out to the westward. A man'll be able to shoot his meat up there for years, more'n either one of us'll ever live. We could pick up a nice piece o' money fishin' an' packin' cargo for the canneries an' some o' the small camps. We could slide south in the winter time—down 'round Vancouver awhile—an' then go north in the summer an' 'way out to the westward. Even up into the Bering if we felt like it. Boy! I guess that wouldn't be soft!"

"Just you an' me," said Corrigan gently.

"Sure!" said Ashley. "No more hittin' the grit. No more dicks or shacks to dodge."

"No more workin' for somebody else," Corrigan chimed in.

"You said it!" said Ashley. "A home of our own for the rest



*Q. Eva gave her friends a good imitation of the rejected Jeff's proposal to her: "Oh, it was too funny, he had his hands together like a preacher, and he said, 'I know I'm not fit to breathe the same air with a girl like you, but the way I feel for you now—'"*

of our lives and a damn' good one! One we can take with us when we want to move an' make a good livin' doin' it! You're on, old kid!"

They shook hands solemnly.

"Let's eat," said Ashley.

"Attaboy," said Corrigan.

So they went to the nearest restaurant and there met Eva Haskell.

Eva was a small, blonde, persistently kittenish person with a cunning cultivated baby stare and the manner of an eager child who finds everything and everybody perfectly wonderful and adorable. She

was a waitress in the White Front lunch room.

"Ain't it a shame to see a girl like that working in this kind of a place?" Corrigan exclaimed, when she had taken their orders, after a merry interchange of comment on the weather and the way times were now. From his tone it was apparent that Corrigan was sincerely indignant about the matter.

"Sure is!" Ashley agreed emphatically. "A girl like that! It's a shame!" Ashley's tone was just as indignant as Corrigan's had been.

Corrigan's eyes narrowed. He looked at his friend intently for a moment.

"Pretty kid, ain't she?" he tentatively asked his pardner.

"A beaut!" Ashley agreed enthusiastically. "A pippin! I'll say she's pretty! Boy!"

"H'm!" said Corrigan enigmatically, and fell to making marks on the tablecloth with the tines of his fork.

They were the only two in the restaurant at the time. When Eva returned with their orders, they talked with her. She was timid, but friendly. She flushed, begged their pardon for any lack of proper attention of which she might be guilty, explaining that the duties of the job were new to her. She went on to say that she thought a girl ought not to be ashamed of doing anything to make an honest living. A film of moisture clouded her blue eyes as she spoke briefly, haltingly of her father's death the year before. It seemed that her poor father had been a lovely man, but he left his finances in somewhat of a hash; and when the lawyers got through there was nothing left for little Eva.

"Of course, I wasn't brought up to do any kind of work," she explained. "Father would never let me lay my hand to a thing. We always had plenty of servants. I think now that every girl ought to be taught to earn her living, no matter how well off her parents may be. Of course I was well educated, but I never learned anything by which I could make money; so you see you mustn't be hard on me if I don't get things just right. It's all very new to me yet."

Ashley and Corrigan both assured her that she'd done fine. Also they heartily applauded her courage. She explained then in a lower voice and with wary glances about that the work itself wasn't so hard and the customers were all just lovely to her, but the man who owned the place, the proprietor—Well, she didn't want to say anything against him, but as a matter of fact, he was a man that her father wouldn't have permitted her to know; and in spite of the fact that she was now forced to work for a living—well, of course he hadn't actually done or said anything yet she could really object to, but there was something about him. If he thought for a minute he could take advantage of her position—Well, she guessed that some of the men who came into the place would tend to his case if it ever became necessary for her to ask assistance.

"If it ever comes down to that," said Corrigan, "just you let me know you're in need."

"Yes," said Ashley, "and if he don't happen to be here, you let me know!"

"I'll fix him," said Corrigan vindictively.

"I'll take care of him!" said Ashley, scowling.

"Oh, I'm sure you'd both help me if it was necessary!" Eva said, blushing and dimpling. "I hope it won't be. A girl like me that's had proper bringing up has ways of making a man keep his place. Come in again, you boys, won't you?"

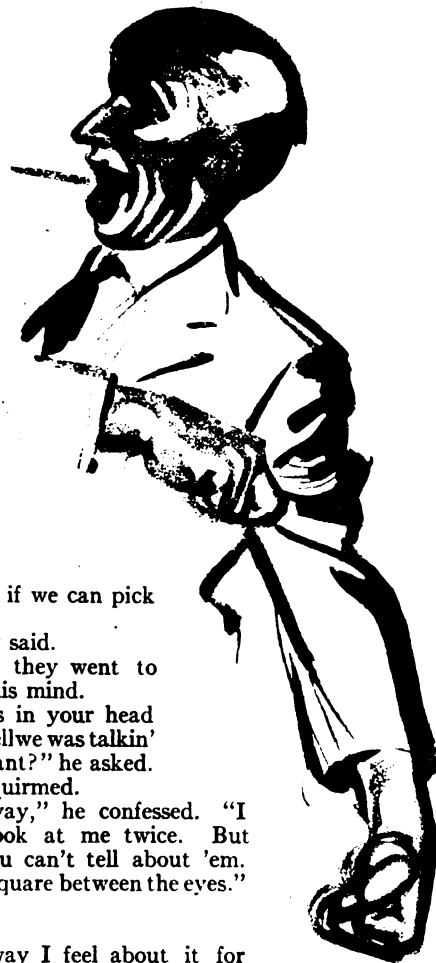
"Sure!" said Corrigan.

"You said it!" said Ashley.

They went to the little park again and sat on a bench. The suggestion of the gas boat and Alaska was not brought up. Instead, after a silence, Corrigan said: "Shall we muss



"I reckon your mouth must be plumb tired out from laughin'," Corrigan said. "I'll move it around for you where it'll rest easier."



around town and see if we can pick up a job?"

"Suits me," Ashley said.

That night before they went to bed Corrigan spoke his mind.

"You got any ideas in your head about that Miss Haskell we was talkin' to down to the restaurant?" he asked.

Jeff blushed and squirmed.

"Why, yes, in a way," he confessed. "I don't s'pose she'd look at me twice. But women's funny. You can't tell about 'em. She sure hit me right square between the eyes."

"THAT'S JUST the way I feel about it for myself," Corrigan said bluntly.

"Well," said Ashley after a little, "that makes it tough."

"Sure does," Corrigan agreed with a deep sigh.

"I tell you," said Ashley; "we'll roll the bones. High man gets first chance to talk to her about—about these ideas we both got in our heads."

"Shoot!" said Corrigan.

Ashley fished a pair of worn dice from his pocket, knelt on the floor, and rolled out two sad but ambitious treys.

Corrigan picked up the dice, shook in his palm, and rolled them out on the carpet. They read ace, trey.

"Right, Jeff!" he said, rising, "you get first chance."

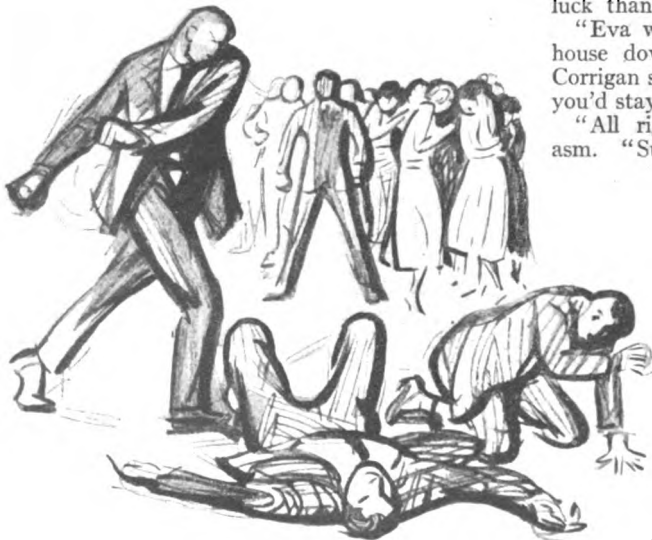
"I ain't sorry, Bob," Ashley said regretfully. "And ain't a guy to say I am, when I ain't. But I will say this: I'm sorry I'm in a spot where I can't be sorry when you lose."

The loss was temporary. In a month Ashley proposed to Eva Haskell and was refused. The next day Corrigan proposed and was enthusiastically accepted.

"I guess I'll be movin' along," Ashley said when Corrigan told him of his success. "I was just hangin' round in case you didn't have any better luck than I did."

"Eva was fixin' fer a party at a road-house down the valley tomorrow night," Corrigan said awkwardly. "I kind o' wish you'd stay over for that, Jeff."

"All right," Jeff said without enthusiasm. "Sure! I'll stay for that."



THE party at the road-house down the valley was a large one. With the exception of Jeff Ashley the guests were all Eva's friends. Corrigan met most of them for the first time that night. They made him feel uncomfortable. He sat opposite Ashley, saying nothing, rolling and smoking innumerable cigarettes, and slowly absorbing ginger ale highballs. It was late in the evening

[Continued on page 117]





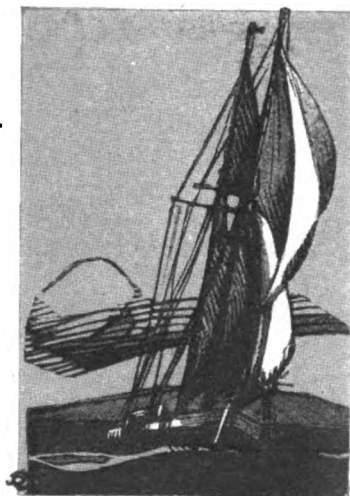
**C** Norway, with her hundreds of miles of coast-line and her innumerable coves, is the booze smuggler's paradise. Her proximity to Denmark and England makes it easy for small boats to land cargoes of hootch.



# The World War on BOOZE DRINKING in SCANDINAVIA

Part      By Frazier Hunt

3      Illustrated by Harry Townsend



THREE of us sat in the coffee room of a hotel in Copenhagen an afternoon in early fall and talked over the Danish temperance movement—a Danish prohibition leader, an interpreter and myself.

"How about this Tax Free beer that I hear you talking so much about?" I finally asked my prohibition guest. "Is this two and one-fourth percent beer an accepted temperance drink?"

"Yes, of course," he answered.

"No, I mean do temperance people here drink it? For instance, would you drink it?"

"Certainly," he answered very honestly.

But still I hesitated. This seemed to be too good to be true—a two and one-fourth percent tax free near-beer considered non-alcoholic, non-intoxicating, non-immoral. I feared that my interpreter was not making my question clear.

"What I mean is this," I slowly began, "would you care to have a glass of this near-beer with me now?"

"Why I don't mind—thank you," he answered.

More than a little thrilled I called a waiter and ordered three bottles of "Skattefri"—tax free beer. When it came we each poured out a glass and with a slight toasting gesture proceeded with the business of drinking it.

Now, I have no standing as a beer connoisseur, but this certainly looked like old-fashioned beer and it certainly tasted like beer, and if it was only near-beer, it was mighty, mighty near beer. My temperance friend flicked the mellow froth from his mustachios and smiled over at me.

"Goot, ugh?" he asked.

"Excellent," I answered. "Our light-wine-and-near-beer people in America would shed tears as big as Indian clubs over that beer. . . . If this is only two and one-fourth percent tax free beer I want to try some of your really taxed genuine beer."

The interpreter called the waiter this time and ordered him to bring a bottle of the real beer. When it came along I asked him to fill up two glasses, one with the high percent beer and the other with this tax free light beer. I turned my head while he did this and then with my eyes shut I tasted from each glass.

By no amount of lip smacking or head cocking or wise cracking could I tell the slightest difference between them.

Now I have detailed this slight adventure in beer because the drinking problems in these Scandinavian countries and in all Northern Europe are infinitely more similar to those in America than are the problems and conditions in the warm wine countries of Southern Europe. Here in the North there is near-beer, smuggling, bootlegging, Puritanism and "moral issues." In the South, the temperance movement has as yet hardly been lifted from its cradle.

In the southern wine belt, as I pointed out in last month's *Hearst's International*, the grape and its fermented juice is indigenous: it is a part of the very life of the great majority of the common fold. The millions of peasants scattered throughout France, Spain, Portugal and Italy, drink the wine and cider and spirits that they themselves ferment and distil from the grapes and fruits that are grown in their own vineyards and orchards.

Besides the tremendous sentimental significance attached to wine-drinking in the South, it has as well a great economic side.

It is estimated that fully ten percent of all the people of France are connected with the wine industry: four percent of the finest tillable land is in vineyards, producing a finished product valued in 1921 at 8,601,594,800 francs—some three-quarters of a billion dollars.

But here in the northern countries of Europe it is entirely different. There is nothing really indigenous about the beer and booze business. It is usually a "capitalistic" enterprise—how all Europe loves that word—that the small farmer or city workman has no financial interest in. This means that he has little or no economic interest in the carrying on of the wet business.

This, coupled with a decidedly keener and more awakened moral sense and social welfare concern in the North, has resulted in a considerably more advanced temperance consciousness in the countries lying above the "wine belt" of Europe. Speaking generally, North Europe has for the past quarter century been gradually decreasing its liquor consumption while South Europe has steadily increased her drinking—the war period, excepted.

Of all the countries of Europe, the Scandinavian states with Finland and Iceland, have certainly shown the really spectacular advances in prohibition growth. Working, for the past half century, more or less under the temperance inspiration from America, these sturdy little states of Northern Europe have been moving steadily and surely forward toward prohibition.

Long before the opening gun of the Great War broke the peace and happiness of Europe, these Scandinavian countries had projected temperance education and enacted laws that were changing these districts from some of the hardest drinking parts of Europe to the most temperate.

The war brought stringent rationing of foodstuffs for these neutrals, with the result that the manufacture of spirits and high percent beer was temporarily prohibited by law. Taking full advantage of this actual and psychological situation the dry leaders—just as was done in America—pushed through as much permanent prohibition legislation as they could, with the general result that by the middle of 1921 the whole of Northern Europe was well on the way toward at least partial temperance. Roughly, the liquor conditions in these small northern states in early 1921 were as follows:

Finland was bone dry except, of course, for the busy and universal bootlegger, and a light beer.

Tiny Iceland was bone dry—except for two and one-half percent beer.

Norway prohibited the manufacture and sale of all distilled spirits and of wines and beer of over twelve percent alcohol and permitted communities to vote themselves bone dry—except for beer of two and one-half percent alcohol by volume.

Sweden, since 1914, had been selling spirits only under the Blatt System, which gave sober adults the right to purchase up to four litres of spirits each month through their individual motbok—coupon book. All liquor was sold under an earlier devised "Gottenborg System" that took the excess profits out of the liquor selling business and permitted stores to make only an annual net profit of five percent.

Denmark was operating a near Local Option whereby local communes, to all intent and purpose, could refuse the granting





¶ *"Stop this temperance foolishness!" the wine countries told Iceland. "You can't shut out our French liquors and Spanish wines! Kindly change those silly prohibition laws of yours or you can eat your own fish and starve."*

of new licenses or the renewal of old ones when they expired. Some 175 of the 1,200 communes of Denmark had taken advantage of this law and voted themselves dry—except for beer of two and one-fourth percent alcohol. She was drinking but twenty-five percent of what she was a quarter of a century ago and but one-third of what she was before the war.

On the surface the temperance movement was booming. Enthusiasts were prophesying that in ten or twenty years the Scandinavian countries would be bone dry. And then a fly dropped in the temperance ointment—a rift sprang in the prohibition lute.

Rather, to be more exact, two flies dropped in the ointment and a double rift sprang in the lute.

First of all came a sudden awakening among the wet interests of all Europe that their booze business was in actual danger of a dry invasion. From America an Idea was being broadcasted—as mysteriously and yet as effectively as the broadcasting of a radio message. The greatest nation in the world had gone bone dry and, more than that, had made up its mind that the whole world was to go dry.

It was a declaration of war on the wet world—and wet Europe mobilized its money munitions and its press artillery and its political machinery and its army of drinkers and the fight was on. In September, 1921, the first wet Congress of the world was held at Lausanne, Switzerland, and a wet General Staff was organized with headquarters in Paris, and a general plan of campaign laid out.

Wet propaganda bureaus were formed in practically all the capitals of Europe and every interest allied with the wine, beer

and booze business aroused and drafted. Through control of most of the press, the legislative bodies, certain church organizations and traditional public opinion, the wet interests throughout most of Europe had every advantage of entrenched positions.

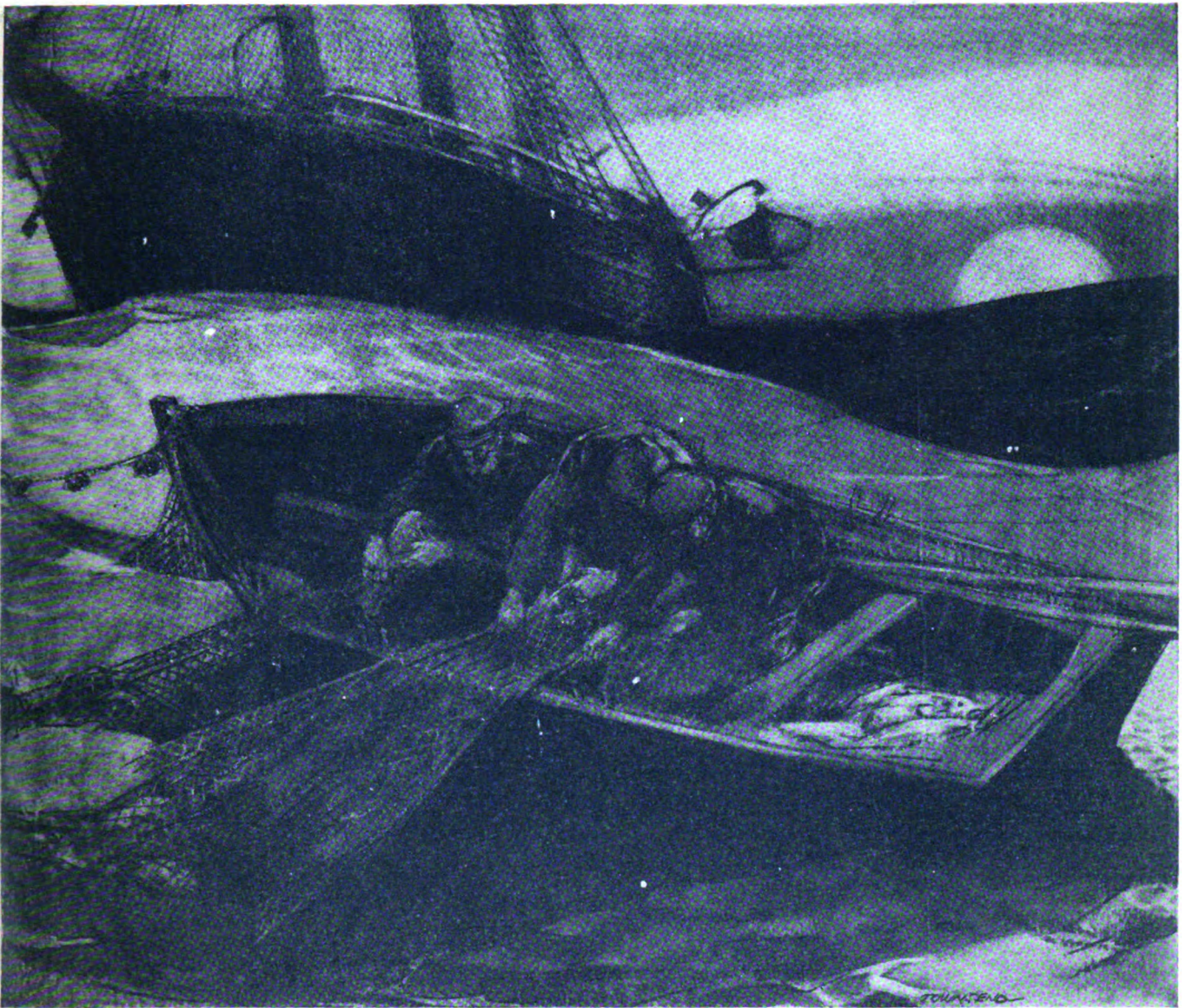
All these weapons, however, were far less powerful in the Scandinavian countries than in the rest of Europe. But here in the North, the wet interests of Europe found another weapon of offense against the dry Idea—the seventy-five-mile gun of Trade pressure. This is the second fly and the No. 2 rift.

From the clear blue sky that hung over the wine belt of the South shot a bolt of liquid lightning. Putting it very crudely these wine countries plainly and forcibly said: "Here, you tiny Iceland, how dare you go dry and exclude our Spanish wines. And that goes for you, Norway! Stop this temperance foolishness! You can't shut out our French liquors and Spanish and Portuguese wines! Kindly change those silly prohibition laws of yours—or you can eat your own fish and starve."

Tiny Iceland spluttered and gasped and cried to the heavens for help. But the heavens were busy with post-war problems pretty generally and had no time to listen. Temperance round-robins were broadcasted and signed by big names and little names and forwarded to the King of Spain. But the King of Spain was out playing polo. And Iceland simply had to sell her fish—or eat it and starve.

Briefly, the story is that every year Iceland exports to Spain between 18,000 and 20,000 tons of her split cod. Shortly after her prohibition law went into effect the trade agreement between Spain and Iceland expired and the Spanish Government very firmly refused to renew it unless Iceland permitted the





**C** *Tiny Iceland sputtered and gasped but her twenty thousand tons of split cod could not be left in the warehouse. She had to sell her fish or starve. So she hastily suspended her anti-wine laws for one year.*

importation of Spanish wines up to twenty-one percent alcohol. The 1921 catch was in the warehouses and unless something was done there would be a dead loss of from five to eight million dollars—meaning the complete ruin of the fisherman.

While negotiations were pending Spain extended the old arrangement from month to month, but finally she put on the screws and on April 25, 1922, the Iceland Government voted to suspend the law as to Spanish wines for one year. In the same breath she voted 20,000 crowns to be spent in procuring a new market for her fish.

That was lesson A in this game of teaching small nations not to lose their foolish heads over the thrill of American prohibition. Lesson B is Norway. As it is many times larger than Iceland it is, of course, many times more important.

For almost a century Norway has slowly but surely been educating herself toward temperance. In the twenty-year period before 1845 her per capita consumption of one hundred percent pure alcohol was eight litres—sixteen litres of ordinary "full proof" spirits per man, woman and child.

In 1845 the number of retail saloons were reduced by law and in 1871 the Gothenburg system, which limited the profits of the retail spirits business to five percent annually, was introduced. By 1882 the per capita consumption had been reduced to two and eight-tenths litres. Semi-local option laws gave communities the privilege of doing away with their public bars—except that two and one-half percent beer by volume was always permitted to be sold in restaurants and hotels with food. By 1920 over ninety percent of the country districts of Norway were dry. Of 637 country districts 595 were dry and but forty-two

wet. Of sixty-four towns thirty were dry and thirty-four wet.

With the coming of the war, the quantity of spirits and beer made was greatly reduced on account of the shortage of grain. Finally on May 25, 1917, a law was passed giving the King power to decree against spirits and strong wines, and in October, 1919, a national referendum to prohibit all distilled spirits and wines of more than twelve percent alcohol was voted upon. On this referendum 489,017 voted in favor of prohibition and 304,673 against it. This was made a law in 1921.

**A**ND NOW there enters into the picture, the wine countries and the wet interests of Southern Europe. France steps in first.

As far back as 1909, as the result of Norway's early prohibition gestures, France had quietly announced that unless French wine and spirits exports were left alone Norwegian bonds would be excluded from the French Bourse. This, for the moment, checked Norway's dry ambition and caused her to make a new trade agreement with France, fixing set import duties on wines and spirits. Then twelve years later came her temperance law prohibiting the importation or sale of all spirits and wines of over twelve percent alcohol. France immediately put the economic screws on little Norway.

As a result of this pressure Norway finally arranged definitely to import annually 400,000 litres of French spirits and brandies for scientific and medicinal use, and at the same time changed the twelve percent wine limit to wines of fourteen percent alcohol. The temperance advocates of Norway shook their heads but reasoned that it was necessary [Continued on page 126]





**C** They had been ridiculously young when they had eloped. But the older people had smiled tolerantly. It had been youth, sheer youth, they agreed. But the boy and the girl knew: as only youth can know in the Delta.

# LIVE COALS

By David R. Solomon

Illustrated by  
Everett Shinn

THE DAMYANKEE—proper noun, third person, sometimes feminine: term of designation, not of insult—comes to scoff, but remains to don heavier underwear. Forty above in the Delta feels like forty below anywhere else. Perhaps it is due to the dampness from the Father of Waters, backbone of the whole Delta country. Perhaps the lay of the land steers down the cold waves from Memphis, Tennessee; or steers up the Gulf storms from the region of New Awleens. Whatever be the explanation, however, fact it is that in winter the thermometer in the Delta says one thing, while one's epidermis is emphatically contradicting.

Then is the season that "sunny South" becomes as much of a misnomer as the erstwhile "sunny France." The bare trees hoist starkly up toward the shivery gray sky. The cotton fields, lately hidden under rotund bushes with their many puffy white bolls, look like stripped Christmas trees. Occasional stalks wave desolately here and there in the scalloped brown fields; and the telephone wires beside the paved "good road" keep up a very lonely "hum-m-m-m!"

Ann Brooke Caldwell yanked the long black touring car to a halt upon the graveled driveway before the old-fashioned white pillars, and thrust an impatient gauntleted hand down upon the horn button. Instantly all of the brown, flop-eared hounds in creation charged yelping around the corner of the spreading old house, and skidded to sudden halts at sight of the car. Nothing else rewarded her, however, unless one could count the smell of frying bacon from some one of the row of negro cabins, respectfully aligned behind the "big house."

Ann Brooke's mop of brown hair swung around impatiently. Ann Brooke's snapping brown eyes searched the pillared veranda, the worn pathways, the fenced enclosure. Then Ann Brooke's restive hand clamped down again upon the summoning button. Dutifully her attendants elevated their noses and their voices.

There came a rattle at one of the double white swinging doors. With exasperating slowness it began to edge open, and a round, kinky, bullet-head, with the white of one eye showing from a rich chocolate background, stuck out, turtle-fashion.

"Jupe!" snapped Ann Brooke.

"Yas'm!" Milk and honey were in the dulcet tones. They signified, without further utterance, that Jupe had been hastening, as fast as his paining

feet would permit, since first her summons penetrated to him.

"Where's Mr. Noel?" shortly, impatiently.

"Mist' Noel?" Jupiter was pained that his memory contained no such name. Then, at a restless movement by Ann Brooke, "Oh! You means Mist' Falkner Noel. Does you mean, Miss Ann Brooke, you wants to see Mist' Falkner?" Genuine surprise showed in Jupe's tone.

"Jupe!"

"Yas'm, Miss Ann Brooke."

"Where—is—Mr.—Falkner—Noel? I mean the Mr. Falkner Noel that owns this plantation: the Mr. Falkner Noel that hires you: the only Mr. Falkner Noel that you know. Now—where is he?"

Subterfuge abandoned Jupe. "He—he huntin'."

"Hunting? Where?"

"Part'ige huntin'. Him 'n' de dawg lef' early dis mawnin'. Dey out in de sage patches. Sho' do seem funny, Miss Ann Brooke, to see you comin' out here to see Mist' Falkner ag'in."

"Never mind all that, Jupe. Any way of getting there in this car?" Ann Brooke Caldwell wanted what she wanted when she wanted it.

"Yas'm, 'spec' so. 'Spec' yo kin——"

"How do I get there?" treading down impatiently upon the starter. "Up that roadway?"

"Yas'm. He up in dere, 'longside de creek. He been shootin' la'k dey done foun' all de coveys o' birds in de whole Delta. But Lawd, hit's too col'——"

The philosophizings of Jupiter were wasting their sweetness upon the Delta air. A cloud of bluish-white smoke floated where the touring car had stood.

BUT JUPITER, averse as he was to aught that pertained of chill, remained to shake a commiserating woolly head.

"Lawd!" he speculated, eye upon the departing car. "Dis love bus'ness is sho' hell! Five years—an' den she comes back. Sweet Jordan!"

Jupe's promise was fulfilled. Ann Brooke skirted the cotton-fields, left the car, crossed a precarious bridge of laid saplings, to the sage patches on the creek bank. She was in luck. Ahead appeared a lean, khaki-clad figure. She called and the figure turned, stared, then whistled to an unseen dog.

Young Ann Brooke  
and Noel Falkner  
married in haste  
and their parents -  
helped them to  
repent at leisure.  
But love moves  
in mysterious ways  
in the  
Delta Country





There was something almost uncanny in the way that Falkner Noel covered the rough ground. One moment he was over there: the next, by her side. Tall, lean, tanned, his features might have been slashed out ruggedly by the broad strokes of a skilled artist. As he removed his battered, oddly becoming slouch hat, his dark eyes were curious.

"I want to talk to you, Falkner," Ann Brooke began without semblance of preface.

"That trail's pretty bad on tires, Ann Brooke," he observed with apparent irrelevance, breaking his shotgun and removing the shells.

"Darn tires! I didn't come 'way out here to talk about tires to you, Falkner," the girl cried in a tone of great decision.

"No-o-o. I suppose you wouldn't—any more—now—Ann Brooke." His voice was low.

"I've come from talking to Chancellor McCarden. He won't give me a divorce from you."

Falkner lifted startled eyes. His voice, however, was well under control. "A divorce? You haven't—haven't said anything about that to me, Ann Brooke."

"I know. I know I haven't. He says I'm not married to you."

"Not married . . . ? I—see. McCarden knows all about—?"

"Of course he does. He was Chancellor, then. Come on: get in the car. We can ride as we talk," she exclaimed.

"What can I do with Seth?"

"Put him up front with us, of course. I still like dogs."

"But he's plumb muddy—and pretty full of cockle-burrs."

"That's all right. Put him in. There—that's better."

There was a momentary backing and shifting of gears. Then the car began leaving a companion set of flat parallel lines in the rich black soil of the overgrown plantation trail: retracing the tortuous way to the white-pillared "big house;" on to the graveled driveway; roaring out upon the paved "good road."

"Falkner," she began abruptly, half turning toward him. "I'm tired of all this, just dead tired."

"Yes? Are you—Ann Brooke?"

"Yes, I am! I'm getting old, Falkner. You are, too. Why, you're nearly thirty!"

"I'm getting old, all right, Ann Brooke. But no one could accuse you of getting ancient. Why, your little face looks just like a child's."

"I'm the oldest girl in the younger set. And I'm tired, Falkner, of being treated like an engaged girl. I'm tired of having all the fellows rush me to tell me that life is blighted for them. I'm tired of seeing the old hens smile knowingly at one another if chance throws you and me together at a dance. And—and I'm tired, Falkner, of seeing the flappers look at me sort of—sort of—defiant-like if you happen to take one of them off to sit out an intermission at a dance. I—I'm sick of it—all—Falkner." There was no mistaking the misery in the fresh young voice.

FALKNER'S arm started to answer. Then it remembered. "I'm sorry—little Ann Brooke. I'd give anything if things hadn't—if things weren't as they are. But let's not go over it all again. I'm sick of it. I know you are, too. You can't change. I can't. You had your say, 'way back yonder, that morning when my leg was broken. There's nothing I can do, now, to help matters any."

"There is, Falkner. That's why I came this morning. You ought to know I didn't come just—just calling," bitterly.

"You did—once—Ann Brooke," very quietly. Unobservedly he leaned back in the cushioned seat to watch her. Again swept over him the invariable rush of conflicting emotions.

Why was it, he questioned soberly, that in a land where beautiful women are proverbial, none of the others could make him feel this way? Why couldn't he have gone on ahead and have married some little pink-and-white thing, to settle down to domestic complacency, being adored, the rest of his days? This girl, this high-willed girl, could make him miserable just by the sheer *fittingness* of her: by the clear-cut, delicate way her profile stood out from a velvet background; by the little curves about her lips; by the whimsical flash of understanding in her wide, brown eyes. If he had never seen Ann Brooke Caldwell, he might have been satisfied with someone else. Now, he knew he never could be. Nor could he remember a time when he had not felt this way about her.

"No," he roused himself to reply. "I don't suppose you did come, just calling. Not . . . any more . . . now . . ."

Ann Brooke changed tactics. "Recognize this road, Falkner?"

"Certainly. It's the river road from town. Why?"

"Nothing. Noth-ing. It has changed a lot in the last ten years or so, hasn't it, Falkner?" Ann Brooke bent toward him. A soft note was in her voice: the music of springtime; of honeysuckle, and of birds. Falkner braced himself.

"Yes, I recognize it," he answered shortly; then, deliberately misunderstanding: "That bridge over there—the concrete one—used to be wooden. I got stuck one day, hunting rabbits, about half a mile down the creek. Going around a brier patch, and got into a quicksand."

ANN BROOKE'S white teeth closed upon a red lip. "That—that wasn't what I meant, Falkner," she said softly. "I was remembering further back than—that."

Falkner held to a safe silence.

"What's the matter with you, Falkner?" she queried, bending upon him the full power of one soft, brown eye. "Don't you remember, too?"

"Yes, I remember." His tone was harsh and out of sympathy.

"I mean—this river road—long ago."

"Of course. It isn't the sort of thing a fellow can forget."

His thoughts echoed his words. Yes, he remembered—all of it. That was the trouble. He remembered too well. A decade or so could make little difference.

Then—a dozen years ago—those same "old hens" that today smiled knowingly when chance threw the two together at a dance, had smiled tolerantly upon young Ann Brooke Caldwell and Falkner Noel. It had been youth, they had agreed: sheer youth in its pre-springtime. But the two, Delta boy and Delta girl, knew: as only youth can know in the Delta—where the mating is done early.

Yet—even for the Delta—they had been ridiculously young when they had eloped: really eloped, in all seriousness. Major Caldwell and Falkner's widowed mother had discovered and had raced behind them to catch them before they could cross the river and the state line. Somehow the youngsters had kept ahead long enough to secure, with much perjury and argument, a long paper with "Marriage License" in large letters at the top, and an official looking seal at the bottom. The waggly beard of the Justice of the Peace was pronouncing them man and wife as Major Caldwell finished his first sprint since the panic of '93 and landed in their midst.

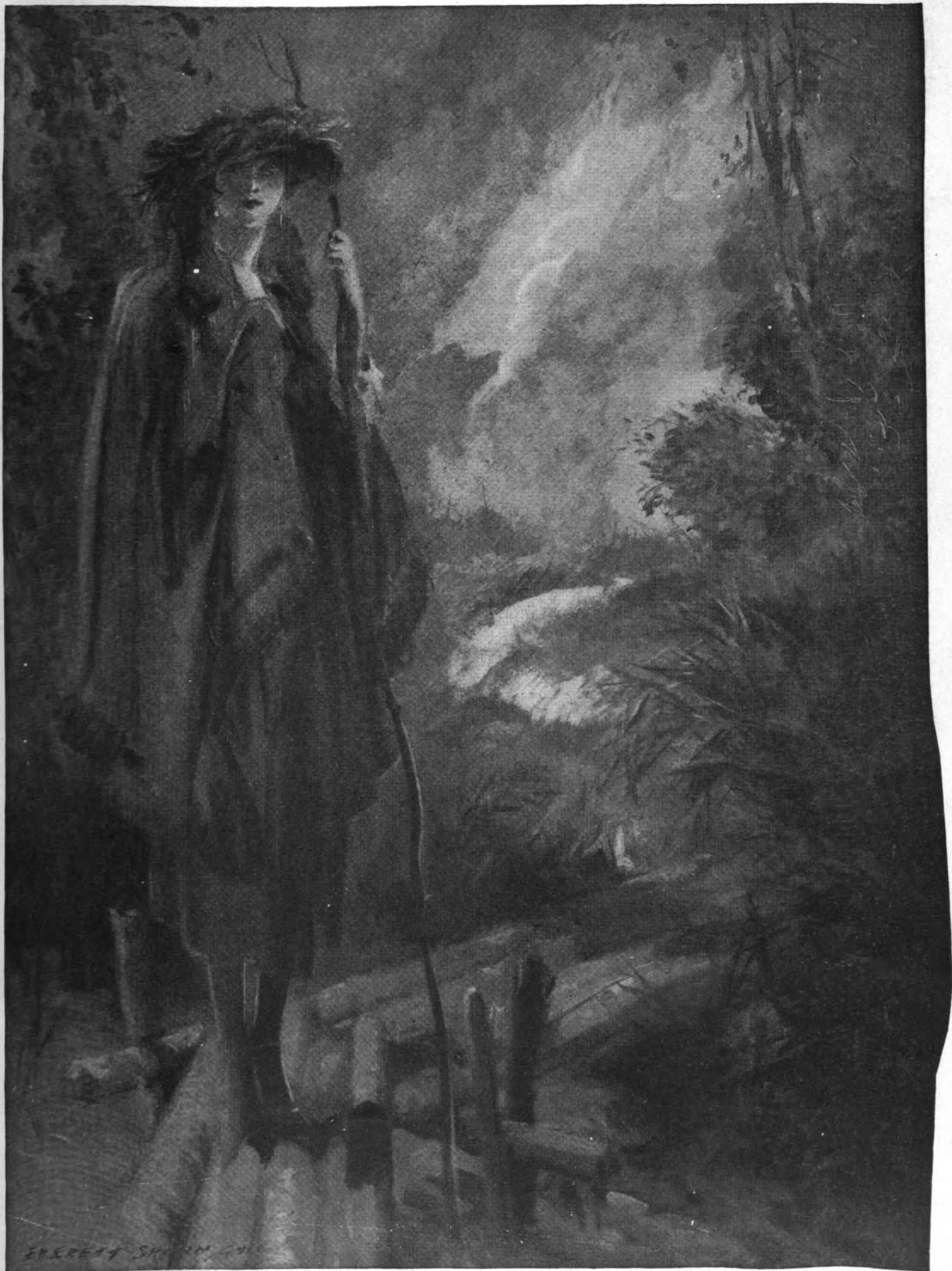
From his remarks that ensued one could infer that he did not entirely approve. Among other of the unpleasanties was that he—both sets of parents, sir!—were going straight into court and have that—that damfoolery annulled because they were both minors.

Whereupon, harkening, Ann Brooke and Falkner swore eternal constancy. No matter what their parents and all the rest of the world might do, they were going to remain steadfast. Their own act had married them. No one else—nothing else—could make any difference. They would hold to that.

The Major tired before they did. He had never played the







**C** Ann Brooke crossed a precarious bridge of saplings, and called to a khaki-clad figure. There was something uncanny in the way Falkner Noel covered the ground.



stern parent; and it was too late for him to begin. Ann Brooke had had her own way since babyhood, and she could be very obdurate when she wanted. Major Caldwell tried storming; tried ignoring her; tried reasoning; tried bribes—tried everything that his fertile old brain could devise. Then he capitulated, and brought them together for a solemn conference.

If they would wait till they were grown, he proposed, he would agree not to raise any objection then if they still wanted to marry. His protest—his only one, he wished to assure them—was because of their extreme youth.

"But, Daddy!" protested earnestly Ann Brooke-the-stubborn. "You talk like we aren't married already. We are. What you all did doesn't change anything. It would take something *we* did to wipe it out! No one else could do that."

All right, then, hastily interposed the war-wearied pacifist, they could consider it that way if it suited them better. Only, let them give him their word to wait till Ann Brooke was eighteen, anyhow; then, if they were still as sure, go through with another ceremony. Oh, of course—hastily—of course it was useless; but just to humor an old man's whim. Would they?

"We know—that we care," gravely considered Ann Brooke, her eyes round and serious. "And we know—that we aren't going to change. It's a long time—but we're *sure*. How about it, Falkner? Shall we promise?"

The lad, clear-eyed, nodded. "We promise, sir."

Two years later, Falkner's mother died. His world began to turn topsy-turvy. He had thought their finances plentifully taken care of. Rudely awakened, when the estate was settled he found himself with only a thousand or so in cash and one old plantation that had not been cultivated in years.

Hobson's choice was forced upon him to recoup his fortunes: to revive the days of the overseer: to hire as many families of "hands" as he could afford: plant his own crop: harvest it, and win or lose. Action followed resolution.

His days were soon filled to the brim. The contract of employment of the "hands" called for "kin to kaint"; and from the time that they could be induced to admit they "kin see" till they contended earnestly, "Lawd, Mist' Falkner, hit's dusk dark ri't now," he kept them at it.

His first crop was full, in spite of his inexperience, at a time of top-notch prices. His second did nearly as well. The third was promising to ring wedding bells for them soon when his horse slipped and Falkner acquired an entirely unwelcome broken leg.

Ann Brooke was entertaining at a club luncheon when she heard. Without comment she set down a dish of macaroons and began packing a suitcase.

"SEND MY trunk," she announced to the protesting Major Caldwell, and to the assemblage at large, "out to me at my husband's. Don't look so scandalized, Daddy: we'll have performed that fool ceremony you insisted on. And we'll receive you all as soon as Falkner's well enough."

The individual referred to, when she arrived, was giving Jupe the fidgets. Jupe was accustomed to the luxurious policy of let-well-enough-alone—and the sudden change was hard.

Ann Brooke cast a quick look around as she entered. The room was not badly furnished. But it showed—things, to her woman's eye. The sight gave her a little tug at the heart.

"Hello, bridegroom!" she greeted with a gaiety she was far from feeling. "Did you know you are about to be married some more?"

"Can't let you do anything of the sort!" Falkner and the broken leg retorted.

"Of course not," Ann Brooke palliated. "You're right. What I meant was go through with that other ceremony. We're already married."

"No place down here for a woman to be. Specially, not for you. No, can't let you do it." Falkner's voice came through set teeth. A compound fracture is not conducive to easier speech.

"But you need me now, honey—you need me *now*. I want to help with the struggle, Falkner; not when you've done it all alone."

Ann Brooke's earnest little face bent close, pleading. Falkner shut tight his eyes upon the tempting vision.

"I—can't—honey," he groaned. "I want you: you know how I want you. But I mustn't let myself let you. No!"

Ann Brooke—the self-willed came to the surface in one hot flash. "I never had to force my attentions," she blazed. "Is that your last word?"

There was nothing of pretense in Falkner's groan of dismay. "Honey! Oh, *hon-ey*: don't use that tone to me. I—you know I—"

"Wait—Falkner. I want you to realize that what you say is going to be final. Now: go on and say it!"

He paused. Then, "I—I can't let you do it. I—just—*can't*!"

She turned and left abruptly. It was six months before he saw her again.

So had it begun. Each had thought it only a sudden flurry of love: soon to blow over again. High will met high will squarely—and neither yielded. They met coolly. Days edged into weeks—into months—insensibly into years. They

spoke casually, of everything but what they were thinking about when they met.

FALKNER returned with a start to the present, and to the car in the chill of the river road. No, he had not forgotten. Nor was he likely to.

"Of course I remember," he repeated. "It isn't the sort of thing that one can forget."

"I'm tired of this—Falkner. I want to put an end to it—to be free again. I want to feel loose from it all again: not to have a guilty twinge of conscience if I receive attentions. I want to feel free to encourage the man, if he chances along."

Determinedly Falkner's face held its unemotional mask. "Why consult me?" he demanded shortly: tone striving to hide the sting beneath.

"I made myself believe—I told you—I convinced even Daddy, that we were really still married. I've made myself believe it for ten years. And now that I want to quit, I can't."

I know I sound foolish. But what's the use of trying to be logical when you feel it's all wrong?"

"I think, Ann Brooke, I can understand," the man said slowly.

"I tried to explain all that to Chancellor McCarden. He could grant me a divorce so I'd feel all right about it. But he wouldn't see—just wouldn't! Even tried what he called 'reasoning' with me."

"He did?"

"Insisted on quoting foolish Latin phrases that he said meant that an existing marriage would be the first thing I'd have to prove to get a divorce. He couldn't seem to understand, Falkner, that to me, we've always seemed really married since that day, across the river. I never could feel free until I got a divorce, myself. And I can't get one, he says, until I am legally as married as I feel. Do you see?"

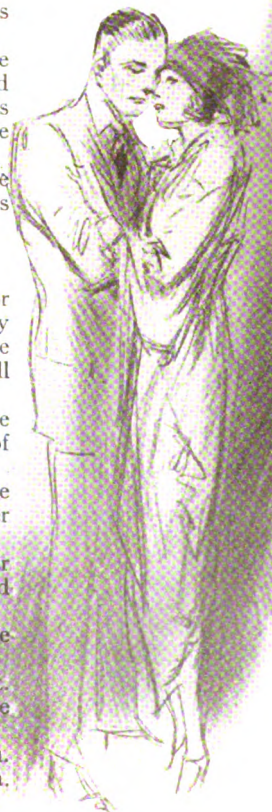
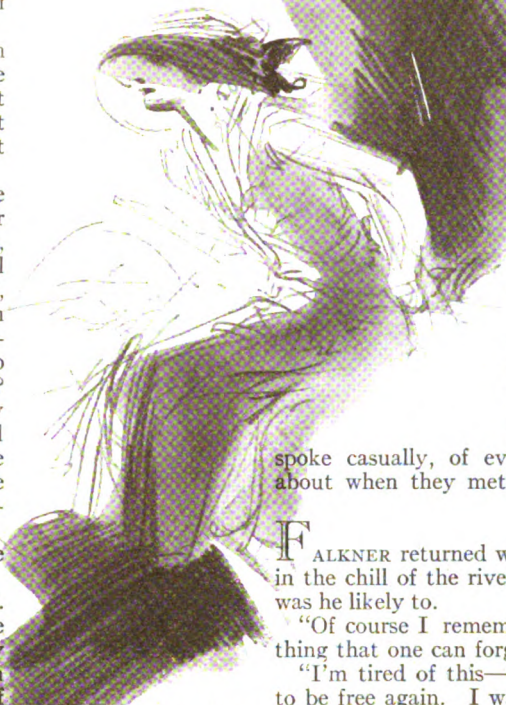
"I understand what you are saying. But what have I to do with that?"

"That's what I want with you," eagerly. "I want you to marry me—"

"Marry you?" His tone was wooden but his heart leaped.

"So I can get a divorce."

"I don't get the idea, Ann Brooke." High on each cheekbone came a flush, with a queer dangerous narrowing of Falkner Noel's eyes.







**C** "But, Falkner! There'll be papers to sign! Where'll you be?" Ann Brooke cried to her very new husband. "You said you were tired of it all," he said savagely. "I am too—God knows I am."

"Chancellor McCarden says I can't have a divorce if you aren't legally married to me. It doesn't matter. Just stand up and have someone mumble a few words. Then you can go your way and I'll go mine. And I can get freed from you."

The flush mounted higher into Falkner's cheeks. His eyes gleamed through narrow slits. "Freed—from—me?" he half-questioned. "You—want—to get rid of me! I—so you feel that way about it, do you, Ann Brooke?"

The girl nodded. "I'm tired of this way of living, Falkner," she said simply. "I want to end it. It—it's—hell." She leaned across for his answer.

It came softly; too quietly: "All right, I agree. May I make one stipulation, though?" Something in his voice warned.

"Surely. What is it?"

"Let me name the time of day. It occurs to me that I should like to be married at four in the afternoon."

"At four in the afternoon?" Ann Brooke was frankly puzzled. "We can, of course. But why?"

Abruptly came his reply. "The day for Memphis, Tennessee, leaves at four-thirty. The ceremony should be over within fifteen minutes. The bride won't be troubled long after the ceremony, with her bridegroom. Now drive me home!"

**A**ND THEY went through with it. Ann Brooke Caldwell and Falkner Noel walked into the minister's study. The minister's wife and an errant visitor were impressed as witnesses. Once more the two stood, very straight and very pale, while the familiar words were being said over them.

Falkner's thoughts were far from the mumbled formula, busy with bitter might-have-beens. It was—all—so different from what it should and might have been. [Continued on page 107]





**C.** *This prophet in Utopia had died very painfully, but not upon the cross. He had been tortured in some way and then been fastened upon a slowly turning wheel until he died. There flashed upon Mr. Barnstaple a picture of a solitary looking, pale-faced figure, beaten and bleeding in the midst of a jostling sun-bit crowd which filled a narrow high-walled street.*



CL A New Novel of UTOPIA by the  
Foremost Author of the Twentieth Century

# Men Like Gods

By H. G. Wells

CL A *Résumé of  
the Opening  
Chapters*

Illustrated by George W. Bellows

MR. BARNSTAPLE needed a vacation. He wanted badly to get away from his family to some place where he could think of its various members with pride and affection, and otherwise not be disturbed by them. And he needed to get away for a time from Mr. Peeve, his chief, the gloomy editor of the *Liberal*, that organ of the most depressing aspects of advanced thought. Mr. Barnstaple's tendency was toward a modest hopefulness and a belief in progress. But he had got to the point where he was ceasing to secrete hope and for such types as he, hope is the essential solvent without which there is no digesting life.

With great adroitness he managed his affairs so that he could slip away from home in his little yellow car—his family called it the *Yellow Peril*—and started Londonward. He was scared but elated by what he was doing. He sent his wife a letter explaining that his physician had ordered an immediate holiday; that he would wander "northwards," and would not bother to write—no news would be good news.

Hope had already returned. He was on the way out of things. Driving along happily he was a little way out of Slough when he was passed by two enormous touring cars not far apart. They swept around a curve and when Mr. Barnstaple took the turn a few seconds later the long stretch of road showed no sign of them—they had mysteriously disappeared. Then suddenly his car struck something and skidded so violently that he seemed to twist around toward the right, and when he finally stopped the car in profound astonishment he was on an entirely different road in strange surroundings. But one of the big touring cars that had passed him was standing in the roadway. One of the men in the big car addressed Mr. Barnstaple: "Can you tell me at all, sir, where we are?"

"Five minutes ago," said Mr. Barnstaple, "I should have said we were on Maidenhead Road."

Mr. Barnstaple had recognized the speaker as Mr. Cecil Burleigh, the great Conservative leader. Then he met the other members of the party. Lady Stella, a beautiful society girl, who was thrilled with the whole adventure; Mr. Rupert Catskill, Secretary of State for War; Father Amerton, who was well known in the pulpit for his tirades against society, and Freddy Mush, Mr. Catskill's secretary.

Suddenly Mr. Barnstaple discovered a burning house and as the party moved toward it they came on two dead bodies—a man and a woman, surrounded by the wreckage of some sort of scientific apparatus. Both were naked and of extraordinary beauty of face and form.

"These are no earthly people," said Mr. Burleigh. "Manifestly we are not on earth. This is not our world. It is something very wonderful indeed. It is Utopia! But it must be related to our world or maybe we are in some other dimension of space from those we wot of. And as I do not see any immediate way out I suppose the thing to do is to make the best of it."

In the midst of their excitement the whole party suddenly became aware of two stark Apollos standing nearby.

"Red Gods!" exclaimed one of the Utopians. "What things are you? And how did you get into the world? And what do you know of the death of Arden and Greenlake?" (English! They spoke modern English!)

Mr. Burleigh told them in Parliamentary English all he knew of how they had come to be there, and of how they had just found the bodies. The two Utopians then made preparations to conduct the Earthlings in airplanes to a place where they

were taken care of with refreshment and lodging by young men and women as scantily clad and as beautifully formed as the two dead experimentalists.

Then they all repaired to the Conference Hall where the fate of the Earthlings was to be decided.

## CL *The Story Continues:*

THE INCREDIBLE conference between our Earthlings and the Utopians began. It was opened by the man named Serpentine, and he stood before his audience and seemed to make a speech. His lips moved, his hands assisted his statements; his expression followed his utterance. And yet Mr. Barnstaple had the most subtle and indefensible doubt whether indeed Serpentine was speaking. There was something odd about the whole thing. Sometimes the thing said sounded with a peculiar resonance in his head; sometimes it was indistinct and elusive like an object seen through troubled waters; sometimes, though Serpentine still moved his fine hands and looked toward his hearers, there were gaps of absolute silence—as if for brief intervals Mr. Barnstaple had gone deaf. . . . Yet it was a discourse; it held together and it held Mr. Barnstaple's complete attention.

"It had long been known," Serpentine began, "that the possible number of dimensions, like the possible number of anything else that could be enumerated, was unlimited!"

Yes, Mr. Barnstaple had got that, but it proved too much for Mr. Freddy Mush.

"Oh, Lord!" he said, "Dimensions!" and dropped his eye-glass and became despondently inattentive.

"For the most practical purposes," Serpentine continued, "the particular universe, the particular system of events, in which we found ourselves and of which we formed part, could be regarded as occurring in a space of three rectilinear dimensions, and as undergoing translation, which translation was in fact duration, through a fourth dimension, *time*. Such a system of events was necessarily a gravitational system."

"Er!" said Mr. Burleigh sharply. "Excuse me! I don't quite see that."

So he, at any rate, was following it too.

"Any universe that endures must necessarily gravitate," Serpentine repeated, as if he were asserting some self-evident fact.

"For the life of me I can't see that," said Mr. Burleigh, after a moment's reflection.

Serpentine considered him for a moment. "It is so," he said, and went on with his discourse. "Our minds," he continued, "had been evolved in the form of this practical conception of things, they accepted it as true and it was only by great efforts of sustained analysis that we were able to realize that this universe in which we lived not only extended but was, as it were, slightly bent and contorted into a number of other long unsuspected spatial dimensions. It extended beyond its three chief spatial dimensions into these others just as a thin sheet of paper, which is practically two dimensional, extended not only by virtue of its thickness but also of its crinkles and curvatures into another—a third dimension."

"Am I going deaf?" asked Lady Stella in a stage whisper. "I can't catch a word of all this."

"Nor I," said Father Amerton.

Mr. Burleigh made a pacifying gesture toward these unfortunates without taking his eyes off Serpentine's face. Mr. Barnstaple knitted his brows, clasped his knees, knotted his fingers, held on desperately.

He *must* be hearing—of course he was hearing!

Serpentine proceeded to explain that just as it would be possible for any number of practically two dimensional universes to lie side by side, like sheets of paper, in a three-dimensional space, so in the many dimensional spaces about which the ill-equipped human mind is still slowly and painfully acquiring knowledge, it is possible for an innumerable quantity of practically three-dimensional universes to lie, as it were, side by side and to undergo a roughly parallel movement through time. The speculative work of Lonestone and Cephalus had long since given the soundest basis for the belief that there actually were a very great number of such space-and-time universes parallel to one another and resembling each other, nearly but not exactly, much as the leaves of paper might resemble one another. All of them would have duration, all of them would be gravitating systems—(Mr. Burleigh shook his head to show that still he didn't see it.)—and those lying closest together would most nearly resemble each other. How closely they now had an opportunity of learning. For the daring attempts of those two great geniuses, Arden and Greenlake, to use the—(*inaudible*)—thrust of the atom to rotate a portion of the Utopian material universe in that dimension, the F dimension, into which it had long been known to extend for perhaps the length of a man's arm, to rotate this fragment of Utopian matter, much as a gate is swung on its hinges, had manifestly been altogether successful. The gate had swung back again bringing with it a breath of close air, a storm of dust and, to the immense amazement of Utopia, three sets of visitors from an unknown world.

"Three?" whispered Mr. Barnstaple, doubtfully. "Did he say three sets of visitors?"

Serpentine disregarded him.

OUR BROTHER and sister have been killed by some unexpected release of force, but their experiment has opened a way that now need never be closed again, out of the present spatial limitations of Utopia into a whole vast folio of hitherto unimagined worlds. Close at hand to us, even as Lonestone guessed ages ago, nearer to us, as he put it, than the blood in our hearts, we discover another planet, much the same size as ours to judge by the scale of its inhabitants, circulating, we may certainly assume, round a sun like that in our skies, a planet bearing life and being slowly subjugated, even as our own is being subjugated, by intelligent life which has evidently evolved under almost exactly parallel conditions to those of our own evolution. This sister universe to ours is, so far as we may judge by appearances, a little retarded in time in relation to our own. Our visitors wear something very like the clothing and display physical characteristics resembling those of our ancestors during the last Age of Confusion. . . .

"We are eager to learn from you Earthlings, to check our history, which is still very imperfectly known, by your experiences, to show you what we know, to make out what may be possible and desirable in intercourse and help between the people of your planet and ours. We, here, are the merest beginners in knowledge; we have learned as yet scarcely anything more than the immensity of the things that we have yet to learn and do.

"Possibly there are streaks of heredity in your planet that have failed to develop or that have died out in ours. Possibly there are elements or minerals in one world that are rare or wanting in the other. . . . The structure of your atoms—(*inaudible*)—our worlds may intermarry—(*inaudible*)—to their common and desirable invigoration."

He passed into the inaudible just when Mr. Barnstaple was most moved and most eager to follow what he was saying. Yet a deaf man would have judged he was still speaking.

"Such," said Serpentine, abruptly becoming audible again, "is our first rough interpretation of your appearance in our world and of the possibilities of our interaction. I have put our ideas before you as plainly as I can. I would suggest that now one of you tell us simply and plainly what you conceive to be the truth about your world in relation to ours."

Came a pause. The Earthlings looked at one another and their gaze seemed to converge upon Mr. Cecil Burleigh. That statesman feigned to be unaware of the general expectation. "Rupert," he said. "Won't you?"

"I reserve my comments," said Mr. Catskill.

"Father Amerton, you are accustomed to treat of other worlds," he said turning to the priest.

"Not in your presence, Mr. Cecil. No," Father Amerton said. "But what am I to tell them?"

"What you think of it," said Mr. Barnstaple.

"Exactly," said Mr. Catskill. "Tell them what you think of it, Cecil."

No one else appeared to be worthy of consideration. Mr. Burleigh rose slowly and walked thoughtfully to the center of the semicircle. He grasped his coat lapels and remained for some moments with face downcast as if considering what he was about to say. "Mr. Serpentine," he began at last, raising a candid countenance and regarding the blue sky above the distant lake through his glasses. "Ladies and Gentlemen—"

He was going to make a speech! As though he were at a Primrose League garden-party. It was preposterous and yet, what else was there to be done?

I MUST confess, sir, that although I am by no means a novice at public speaking, I find myself on this occasion somewhat at a loss. Your admirable discourse, sir, simple, direct, lucid, compact, and rising at times to passages of unaffected eloquence, has set me a pattern that I would fain follow—and before which, in all modesty, I quail. You ask me to tell you as plainly and clearly as possible the outline facts as we conceive them about this kindred world out of which with so little premeditation we have come to you. So far as my poor powers of understanding or discussing such recondite matters go, I do not think I can better or indeed supplement in any way your marvelous exposition of the mathematical aspects of the case. What you have told us embodies the latest, finest thoughts of terrestrial science and goes, indeed, far beyond our current ideas. On certain matters in, for example, the relationship of time and gravitation, I feel bound to admit that I do not go with you, but that is rather a failure to understand your position than any positive dissent.

"Upon the broader aspects of the case there need be no difficulties between us. We accept your main propositions unreservedly; namely, that we conceive ourselves to be living in a parallel universe to yours, on a planet the very brother of your own, indeed quite amazingly like yours, having regard to all the possible contrasts we might have found here. We are attracted and strongly disposed to accept your view that our system is, in all probability, a little less seasoned and mellowed by the touch of time than yours, short perhaps by some hundreds or some thousands of years of your experiences. Assuming this, it is inevitable, sir, that a certain humility should mingle in our attitude toward you. As your juniors it becomes us not to instruct but to learn. It is for us to ask, What have you done? To what have you reached? rather than to display to you with an artless arrogance all that still remains for us to learn and do."

"No!" said Mr. Barnstaple to himself but half audibly; "This is a dream. . . ."

He rubbed his knuckles into his eyes and opened them again, and there he was still sitting next to Mr. Mush in the midst of these Olympian divinities. And Mr. Burleigh, that polished skeptic, who never believed, who was never astonished, was leaning forward on his toes and speaking, speaking, with the assurance of a man who has made ten thousand speeches.

IN HIS halting, parliamentary way, Mr. Burleigh was giving Utopia a brief account of the world of men, seeking to be elementary and lucid and reasonable, telling them of states and empires, of wars and the Great War, of economic organization and disorganization, of revolutions and Bolshevism, of the terrible Russian famine that was beginning, of the difficulties of finding honest statesmen and officials, and of the unhelpfulness of newspapers, of all the dark and troubled spectacle of human life. Serpentine had used the term, "the Last Age of Confusion," and Mr. Burleigh had seized upon the phrase and was making much of it.

It was a great oratorical impromptu. It must have gone on for an hour, and the Utopians listened with keen, attentive faces, now and then nodding their acceptance and recognition of this statement or that. "Very like," would come tapping into Mr. Barnstaple's brain, "with us also—in the Age of Confusion."

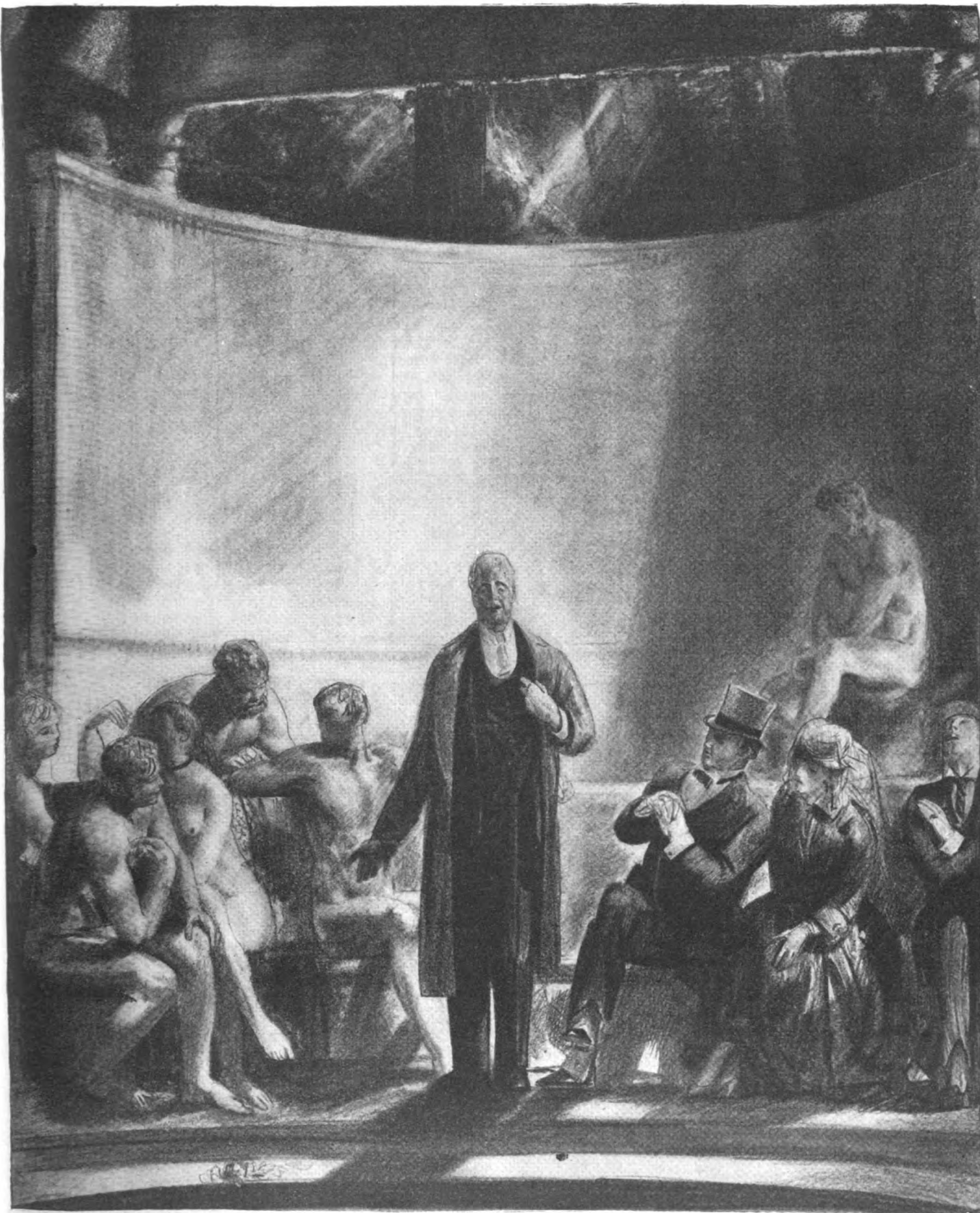
At last Mr. Burleigh, with the steady deliberation of an old parliamentary hand, drew to his end. Compliments.

He bowed. He had done. Mr. Mush startled everyone by a vigorous hand-clapping.

The tension in Mr. Barnstaple's mind had become intolerable. He leaped to his feet.

He stood up, making those weak propitiatory gestures that come so naturally to the inexperienced speaker. "Ladies and





**C** In his halting parliamentary manner Mr. Burleigh was giving these Utopians—these people who looked like Greek gods and goddesses—an account of the world of men, telling them of empires and wars and Bolshevism and of the terrible Russian famine, of the difficulty of finding honest statesmen and officials—of all the dark and troubled spectacle of human life.

gentlemen," he said. "Utopians, Mr. Burleigh! I crave your pardon for a moment. There is a little matter. Urgent."

For a brief interval he was speechless.

Then he found attention and encouragement in the eye of Urthred.

"Something I don't understand. Something incredible—I mean, incompatible. The little rift—turns everything into a fantastic phantasmagoria."

The intelligence in Urthred's eye was very encouraging. Mr. Barnstaple abandoned any attempt to address the company as a whole, and spoke directly to Urthred.

"You live in Utopia, hundreds of thousands of years in advance of us. How is it that you are able to talk contemporary English, to use exactly the same language that we do? I ask you, how is that? It is incredible. It jars. It makes a dream of you. And yet you are not a dream? It makes me feel—almost—insane."

Urthred smiled pleasantly. "We don't speak English," he said.

Mr. Barnstaple felt the ground slipping from under his feet. "But I hear you speaking English," he said.

"Nevertheless, we do not speak it," said Urthred.

He smiled still more broadly. "We don't—for ordinary purposes—speak anything."

MR. BARNSTAPLE, with his brain resigning its functions, maintained his pose of deferential attention.

"Ages ago," Urthred continued, "we certainly used to speak languages. We made sounds and we heard sounds. People used to think, and then chose and arranged words and uttered them. The hearer heard, noted, and retranslated the sounds into ideas. Then, in some manner which we still do not understand perfectly, people began to get the idea before it was clothed in words and uttered in sounds. They began to hear in their minds, as soon as the speaker had arranged his ideas and before he put them into word symbols even in his own mind. They knew what he was going to say before he said it. This direct transmission presently became common; it was found out that with a little effort most people could get over to each other in this fashion to some extent the thoughts they had, and the new mode of communication was developed systematically.

"That is what we do now habitually in this world. We think directly to each other. We determine to convey the thought and it is conveyed at once—provided the distance is not too great. We use sounds in this world now only for poetry and pleasure and in moments of emotion or to shout at a distance, or with animals, not for the transmission of ideas from human mind to kindred human mind any more. When I think to you, the thought, so far as it finds corresponding ideas and suitable words in your mind, is reflected in your mind. My thought clothes itself in words in your mind—which words you seem to hear—and naturally enough in your own language and your own habitual phrases. Very probably the members of your party are hearing what I am saying to you, each with his own individual difference of vocabulary and phrasing."

Mr. Barnstaple had been punctuating this discourse with sharp, intelligent nods, coming now and then to the verge of interruption. Now he broke out with, "And that is why occasionally—as for instance when Mr. Serpentine made his wonderful explanation just now—when you soar into ideas of which we haven't even a shadow in our minds, we just hear nothing at all and think you are silent."

"Are there such gaps?" asked Urthred.

"Many, I fear—for all of us," said Mr. Burleigh.

"It's like being deaf in spots," said Lady Stella. "Large spots."

Father Amerton nodded agreement.

"And that is why we cannot be clear whether you are called Urthred or Adam, and why I have found myself confusing Arden and Greenlake and Forest in my mind."

"I hope that now you are mentally at your ease?" said Urthred.

"Oh, quite," said Mr. Barnstaple. "Quite. And all things considered, it is really very convenient for us that there should be this method of transmission. For otherwise I do not see how we could have avoided weeks of linguistic bother before we could have got to anything like our present understanding."

"A very good point indeed," said Mr. Burleigh, turning round to Mr. Barnstaple in a very friendly way. "A very good point indeed. I should never have noted it if you had not called my attention to it. It is quite extraordinary; I had not noted anything of this—this difference. I was occupied, I am bound to confess, by my own thoughts. I supposed they were speaking English. Took it for granted."

It seemed to Mr. Barnstaple that this wonderful experience

was now so wonderfully complete that there remained nothing more to wonder at except its absolute credibility. He sat in this beautiful little building looking out upon dreamland flowers. He listened and occasionally participated in the long, informal conversation that now ensued. It was a discussion that brought to light the most amazing and fundamental differences of moral and social outlook. Yet everything had now assumed a reality that made it altogether natural to suppose that he would presently go home to write about it in the Liberal and tell his wife, as much as might seem advisable at the time, about the manners and customs of this hitherto undiscovered world.

Presently two pretty young girls made tea at an equipage among the rhododendrons and brought it round to people. Tea! It was what we should call China Tea, very delicate, and served in little cups without handles, Chinese fashion, but it was real and very refreshing tea.

The earlier curiosities of the Earthlings turned upon methods of government. This was perhaps natural in the presence of two such statesmen as Mr. Burleigh and Mr. Catskill.

"What form of government do you have?" asked Mr. Burleigh. "Is it a monarchy or an autocracy or a pure democracy? Do you separate the executive and the legislative? And is there one central government for all your planet or are there several governing centers?"

It was conveyed to Mr. Burleigh and his companions with some difficulty that there was no central government in Utopia at all. "But surely," said Mr. Burleigh, "there is someone or something, some council or bureau or what not, somewhere, with which the final decision rests in cases of collective action for the common welfare. Some ultimate seat and organ of sovereignty, it seems to me, there must be."

No, the Utopians declared, there was no such concentration of authority in their world. In the past there had been, but it had long since diffused back into the general body of the community. Decisions in regard to any particular matter were made by the people who knew most about that matter.

"But suppose it is a decision that has to be generally observed? A rule affecting the public health for example? Who would enforce it?"

"It would not need to be enforced. Why should it?"

"But suppose someone refused to obey your regulation?"

WE SHOULD inquire why he or she did not conform. There might be some exceptional reason."

"But failing that?"

"We should make an inquiry into his mental and moral health."

"The mind doctor takes the place of the policeman," said Mr. Burleigh.

"I should prefer the policeman," said Mr. Rupert Catskill.

"You would, Rupert," said Mr. Burleigh.

"Then do you mean to say," he continued, addressing the Utopians with an expression of great intelligence, "that your affairs are all managed by special bodies or organizations—one scarcely knows what to call them—without any coördination of their activities?"

"The activities of our world," said Urthred, "are all coördinated to secure the general freedom. We have a number of intelligences directed to the general psychology of the race and to the interaction of one collective function upon another."

"Well, isn't that group of intelligences a governing class?" said Mr. Burleigh.

"Not in the sense that they exercise any arbitrary will," said Urthred. "They deal with general relations, that is all. But they rank no higher, they have no more precedence on that account than a philosopher has over a scientific specialist."

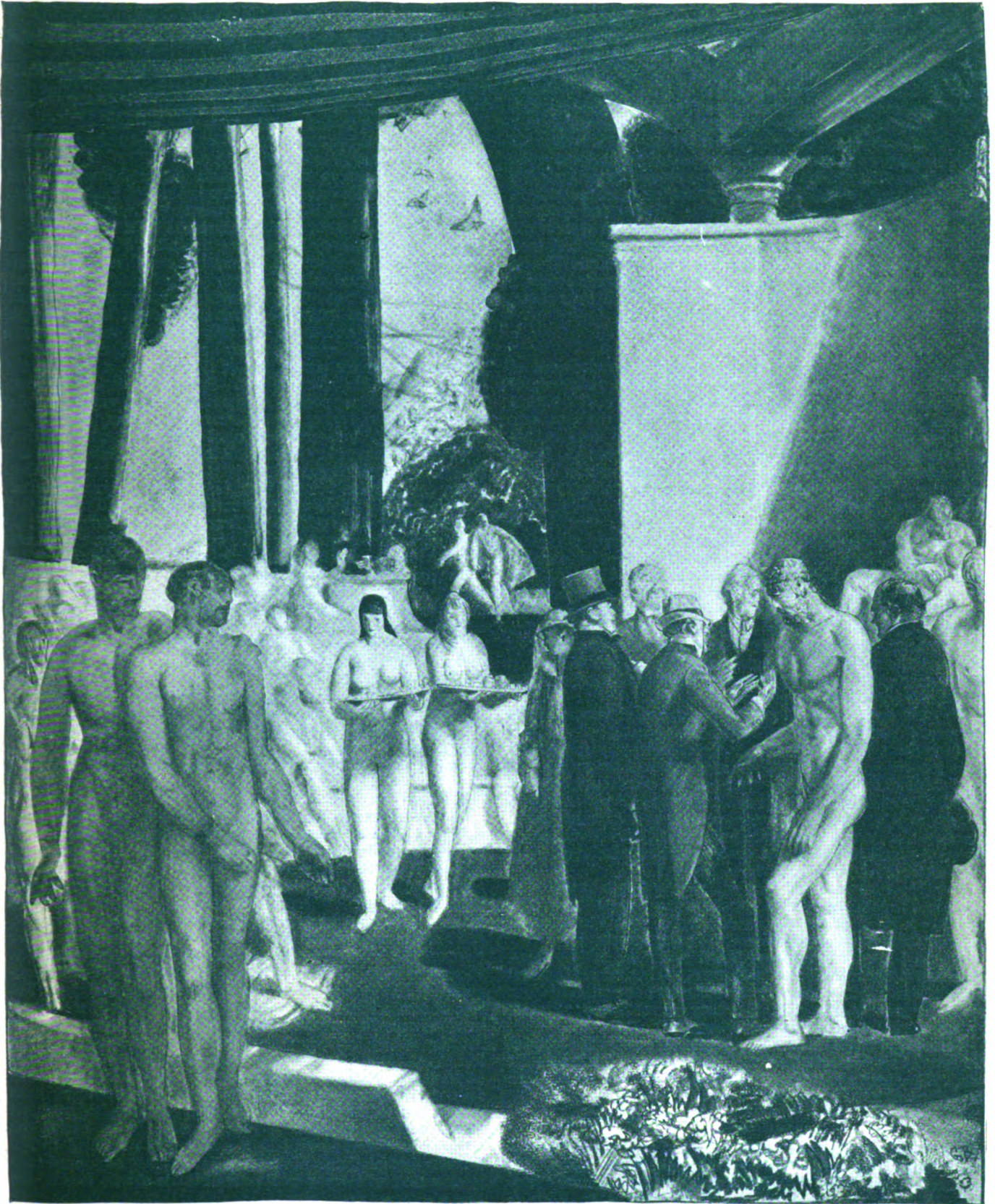
"This is a republic indeed!" said Mr. Burleigh. "But how it works and how it came about I cannot imagine. Your state is probably a highly socialistic one."

"You live still in a world in which nearly everything except the air, the high roads, the high seas is privately owned."

"We do," said Mr. Catskill. "Owned—and competed for."

"We have been through that stage. We found at last that private property in all but very personal things was an intolerable nuisance to mankind. We got rid of it. An artist or a scientific man has complete control of all the material he needs, we all own our tools and appliances and have rooms and places of our own, but there is no property for trade or speculation. All this militant property, this property of maneuver, has been quite got rid of. But how we got rid of it is a long story. It was not done in a few years. The exaggeration of private property was an entirely natural and necessary stage in the development of





¶ Presently two pretty young girls made tea for the Earthlings at an equipage surrounded by rhododendrons. It seemed to Mr. Barnstable that this whole wonderful experience was now so complete that there remained nothing more to wonder at except its credibility. It seemed natural to suppose that he would presently go home, and tell his wife, as much as seemed advisable, about the manners of this world.



human nature. It led at last to monstrous results but it was only through these monstrous and catastrophic results that men learned the need and nature of the limitation of private property."

The conversation continued desultory in form and yet the exchange of ideas was rapid and effective. Quite soon, as it seemed to Mr. Barnstaple, an outline of the history of Utopia from the Last Age of Confusion onward shaped itself in his mind.

The more he learned of that Last Age of Confusion the more it seemed to resemble the present times on earth. In those days the Utopians had worn abundant clothing and lived in towns quite after the earthly fashion. A fortunate conspiracy of accidents rather than any set design had opened for them some centuries of opportunity and expansion. Climatic phases and political changes had smiled upon the race after a long period of recurrent shortage, pestilence and destructive warfare. There had been an enormous increase in real wealth and in leisure and liberty. Many thousands of people were lifted out of the normal squalor of human life to positions in which they could, if they chose, think and act with unprecedented freedom.

A FEW, a sufficient few, did. A vigorous development of scientific inquiry began and, trailing after it a multitude of ingenious inventions, produced a great enlargement of practical human power. In a couple of brief centuries the Utopians, who had hitherto crawled about their planet like sluggish ants or traveled parasitically on larger and swifter animals, found themselves able to fly swiftly or speak instantaneously to any other point on the planet. They found themselves, too, in possession of mechanical power on a scale beyond all previous experience, and not simply of mechanical power; physiological and then psychological science followed in the wake of physics and chemistry, and extraordinary possibilities of control over his own body and over his social life dawned upon the Utopian. But these things came, when at last they did come, so rapidly and confusingly, that it was only a small minority of people who realized the possibilities, as distinguished from the concrete achievements, of this tremendous expansion of knowledge. The rest took the novel inventions as they came, haphazard, with as little adjustment as possible of their thoughts and ways of living to the new necessities these novelties implied.

The first response of the general population of Utopia to the prospect of power, leisure and freedom thus opened out to it, was proliferation. It behaved just as senselessly and mechanically as any other animal or vegetable species would have done. It bred until it had completely swamped the ampler opportunity that had opened before it. It spent the great gifts of science as rapidly as it got them in a mere insensate multiplication of the common life. At one time in the Last Age of Confusion the population of Utopia had mounted to over two thousand million. . . .

"But what is it now?" asked Mr. Burleigh.

About two hundred and fifty million, the Utopians told him. That had been the maximum population that could live a fully developed life upon the surface of Utopia. But now with increasing resources the population was being increased.

A gasp of horror came from Father Amerton. He had been dreading this realization for some time. It struck at his moral foundations. "And you dare *regulate* increase! You control it! Your women consent to bear children as they are needed—or refrain!"

"Of course," said Urthred. "Why not?"

"I feared as much," said Father Amerton, and leaning forward he covered his face with his hands murmuring, "I felt this in the air. The human stud farm! Refusing to create souls! The wickedness of it! Oh, my God!"

MR. BURLEIGH regarded the emotion of the reverend gentleman through his glasses with a slightly shocked expression. He detested catch words. But Father Amerton stood for very valuable conservative elements in the community. Mr. Burleigh turned to the Utopian again. "That is extremely interesting," he said. "Even at present our earth contrives to carry a population of at least five times that amount."

"But twenty millions or so will starve this winter, you told us a little while ago—in a place called Russia. And only a very small proportion of the rest are leading what even you would call full and spacious lives."

"Nevertheless, the contrast is very striking," said Mr. Burleigh.

"It is terrible!" said Father Amerton.

The overcrowding of the planet in the Last Age of Confusion was, these Utopians insisted, the fundamental evil out of which all the others that afflicted the race arose. An overwhelming

flood of newcomers poured into the world and swamped every effort the intelligent minority could make to educate a sufficient proportion of them to meet the demands of the new and still rapidly changing conditions of life.

And the intelligent minority was not itself in any position to control the racial destiny. These great masses of population that had been blundered into existence, swayed by damaged and decaying traditions and amenable to the crudest suggestions, were the natural prey and support of every adventurer with a mind blatant enough to appeal to them.

Upon this festering, excessive mass of population, disasters descended at last like wasps upon a heap of rotting fruit. It was its natural, inevitable destiny. A war that affected nearly the whole planet, dislocated its flimsy financial system and most of its economic machinery beyond any possibility of repair. Civil wars and clumsily conceived attempts at social revolution continued the disorganization. A series of bad years accentuated the general shortage. The exploiting adventurers, too stupid to realize what had happened, continued to cheat and hoodwink the commonalty and burke any rally of honest men, as wasps will continue to eat even after their bodies have been cut away. The effort to make passed out of Utopian life, triumphantly superseded by the effort to get. Production dwindled down toward the vanishing point. Accumulated wealth vanished. An overwhelming system of debt, a swarm of debtors, morally incapable of helpful renunciation, crushed out all fresh initiative.

The long diastole in Utopian affairs that had begun with the great discoveries, passed into a phase of rapid systole. What plenty and pleasure was still possible in the world was filched all the more greedily by the adventurers of finance and speculative business. Organized science had long since been commercialized, and was "applied" now chiefly to a hunt for profitable patents and the forestalling of necessary supplies.

The neglected lamp of pure science waned, flickered and seemed likely to go out again altogether, leaving Utopia in the beginning of a new series of Dark Ages like those before the age of discovery began. . . .

"It is really *very* like a gloomy diagnosis of our own outlook," said Mr. Burleigh. "Extraordinarily like. How Dean Inge would have enjoyed all this!"

"To an infidel of his stamp, no doubt, it would seem most enjoyable," said Father Amerton, a little incoherently.

These comments annoyed Mr. Barnstaple, who was urgent to hear more.

"And then," he said to Urthred, "what happened?"

WHAT HAPPENED, Mr. Barnstaple gathered, was a deliberate change in Utopian thought. A growing number of people were coming to understand that amidst the powerful and easily released forces that science and organization had brought within reach of man, the old conception of social life in the state, as a limited and legalized struggle of men and women to get the better of one another, was becoming too dangerous to endure, just as the increased dreadfulness of modern weapons was making the separate sovereignty of nations too dangerous to endure. There had to be new ideas and new conventions of human association if history was not to end in disaster and collapse. The idea of competition to possess, as the ruling idea of intercourse, was, like some ill-controlled furnace, threatening to consume the machine it had formerly driven. The idea of creative service had to replace it. To that idea the human mind and will had to be turned if social life was to be saved. Propositions that had seemed, in former ages, to be inspired and exalted idealism, began now to be recognized not simply as sober psychological truth but as practical and urgently necessary truth. In explaining this Urthred expressed himself in a manner that recalled to Mr. Barnstaple's mind certain very familiar phrases; he seemed to be stating that whosoever would save his life should lose it, and that whosoever would give his life should thereby gain the whole world.

Father Amerton's thoughts, it seemed, were also responding in the same manner. For he suddenly interrupted with: "But what you are saying is a quotation!"

Urthred admitted that he had a quotation in mind, a passage from the teachings of a man of great poetic power who had lived long ago in the days of spoken words.

He would have proceeded, but Father Amerton was too excited to let him do so. "But who was this teacher?" he asked. "Where did he live? How was he born? How did he die?"

A picture was flashed upon Mr. Barnstaple's consciousness of a solitary looking, pale-faced figure, beaten [Continued on page 128]



**C** You pity the  
woman who  
lags behind  
when her husband  
rises in the world.  
But Emmy pitied  
her brilliant husband

# The Great Man's Wife

By Jay Gelzer

Illustrated by Baron De Meyer

**A**LL THE WAY up the broad, tree-bordered avenue, as the shining car nosed expertly in and out of small pockets in the traffic under the skilled hands of Jules, the chauffeur he had brought back from his mission in France, Henry Milner was conscious of the stir of interest his passage created.

Once, the car halted by an autocratic policeman in blue suit and brass buttons, he even caught the spoken comment.

"It's Henry W. Milner—the great man himself!"

The car moved on, but the glow aroused by the words persisted. Yes, thought Henry Milner, relaxing, it was true. In the eyes of the world he was a great man. Sighing, he considered the white dome of the Capitol building, jutting sharply against blue sky in the distance. He could have ruled from there had he so chosen, but the prospect had not appealed to him. Four years, certainly not more than eight, of greatness—and all that came afterwards anticlimax. No . . . it had not appealed to him. His own choice had fallen on the greater freedom offered by his almost

absolute control of the political destiny of his followers, augmented by the sense of power contributed by management of his paper. A powerful weapon, this paper, which he used alternately as a whip for some recalcitrant or as a means of pinning the final flower of achievement upon some political aspirant. Smiling, Henry Milner contemplated comfortably the gulf between his obscure beginnings and his present prominence.

A poor boy, with nothing especially to recommend him; yes, he had been that. No unusual amount of ambition, no particular brilliance, nothing at all to predicate the destiny which had been granted him. Never head of his class at school—perilously near the foot of it always—well, he had outdistanced them all, those brilliant scholars. Considering his unpromising beginning as the car rolled into a district of handsome homes, he speculated upon the interesting question of whether his greatness had been thrust upon him or whether he had really had some inherent spark of greatness. It was, he realized, a humility all men of prominence



“In three months, maybe six, I’m going to die,” Emmy told her husband. “And I’m not sorry. It gives me the chance to get away. I’ve wanted to go before, but you can’t leave a man because he’s grown great and powerful.”

were subject to at times, that wondering how much of their success was really due to personal effort.

A poor boy, with red, protruding wrists, and ill-fitting clothes, and nothing whatever to distinguish him except a vast and consuming interest in everything. Later a country school-teacher training the young idea to shoot between intervals of shaking down an obsolete stove and wondering if his salary would be paid promptly by the county board. The fact that it seldom was paid promptly was directly responsible for his next step upward. He had not been ambitious, not at that stage of his career certainly, but the prodding of unsatisfied desires had urged him to heights unconquered.

A HIGH SCHOOL teacher in a small mid-Western town which happened to harbor a newspaper edited by a man of national distinction—that had been his next step. Pure coincidence that the distinguished editor had refused to abandon his native town and that he himself should be wafted to the same place. One of those curious workings of destiny beyond understanding. And there, in that little town, the beginnings of his first stir of ambition in his rising bitterness against the dullness of his life, culminating in his attempt to find vent for his unreleased creative energy in a series of sketches built around commonplace happenings of the town itself. Events moved swiftly after that: The distinguished editor’s interest; his abandonment of high school teaching for newspaper work; the years in which his future political career shaped itself under the expert handling of the nationally-known editor; his first trip to Congress as State Representative; his later trip as Senator; his years in Washington; and finally, the establishing in

Washington of the newspaper which had become a powerful political influence—all these were successive steps in a destiny which had never failed him.

Never? He frowned, conscious that he had reached in his thoughts the one sore spot upon which his entire career converged—his wife. Why wasn’t it given to a man in his sentimental twenties to understand the far-reaching influence of marriage? Why was a man permitted to thrust his head blindly into a noose of obligation in which, by his own natural kindliness, he was compelled to remain?

Still frowning, he contemplated Jules’s irreproachable olive-livered back. Yes, the one weak spot in his triumphant progress upward, yet a corroding sore which had power to gangrene the whole of his satisfaction in life.

Emmy . . . she was like a child, holding him by her very helplessness. She depended upon him so utterly, looking to him for all her own happiness, deriving her only reason for existence from her contact with him. It wasn’t possible to strike down anything so helpless—at least, not for him. His own sensitiveness to pain precluded that. If only Emmy were not so timid, so incapable . . . he paused in exasperation, mechanically bowing to a smiling greeting.

But Emmy had always been like that. It was how he had happened to marry her. Impatiently, he allowed his thoughts to travel back to that marriage. He had met Emmy during his days as a high school teacher, while they were both boarding near the school. The pretty, fair-haired, fragile girl had held a certain appeal for him in those days, an appeal heightened by the inchoate craving of maturity for something to cherish and protect. Her very helplessness and her aloneness had a potent





**C** Henry Milner's heart slowed down in homage to Claire Shanley. *She was so exactly what his mate should have been. Then a bleak smile twisted his face as he thought of Emmy, his faded, colorless little wife.*

claim upon his masculine strength. And when one day he came home to hear muffled sobbing behind Emily's closed door, quite naturally he had gone in to comfort her.

"I'm—discharged," Emmy had sobbed, a pitiful heap of tear-stained despair upon the bed. "They told me I'm not business-like enough for an office."

Some obscure part of his brain had clearly recognized the justice of this statement: flowers in a glass of water, immaculate

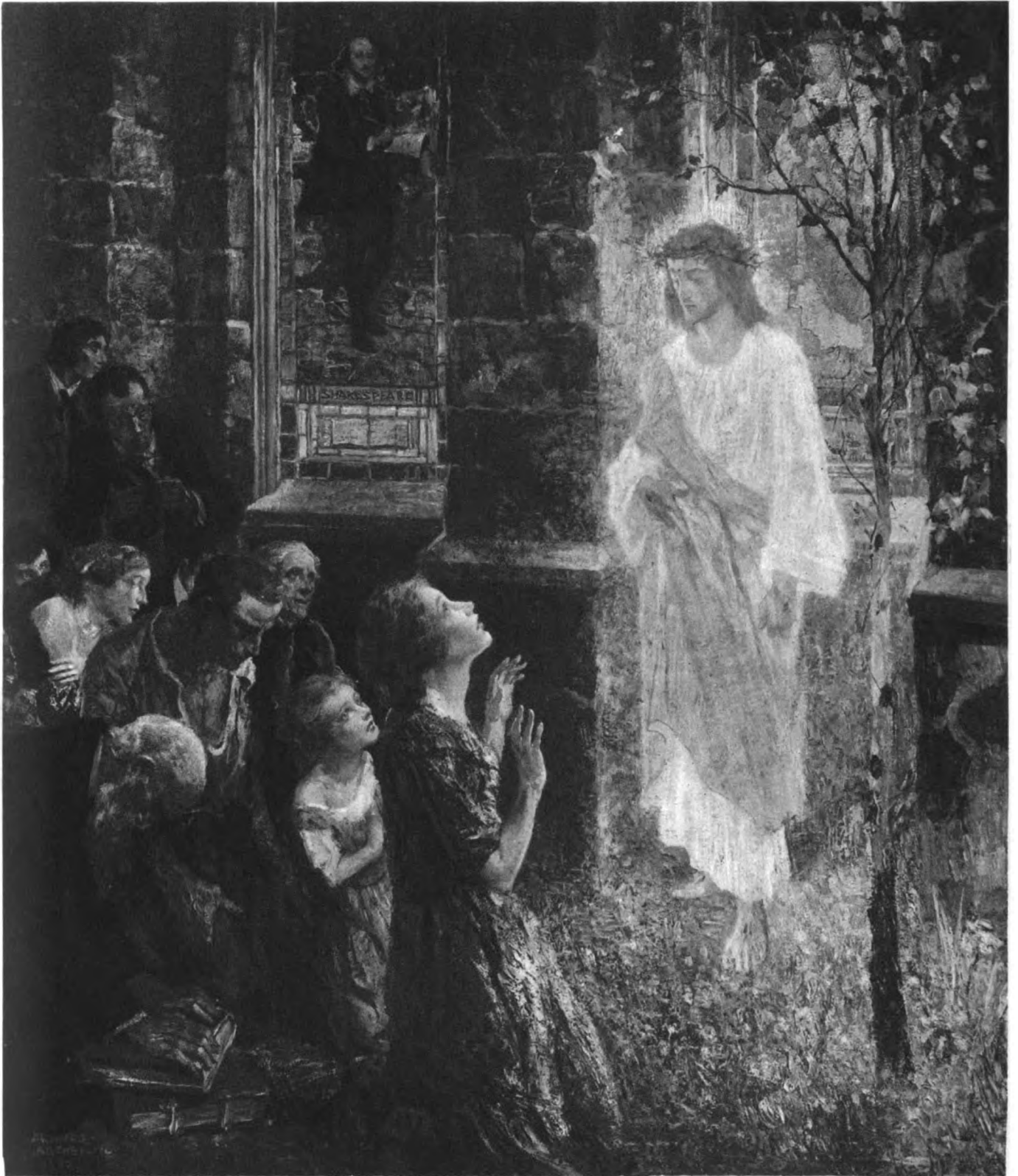
dusting, window curtains—that would be Emmy's idea of efficient office management. Yet his more emotional self, disturbed by her childlike grief and her patent inability to fend for herself, had gathered her up in his arms.

"Don't cry, Emmy," he consoled

"But what's to become of me?"

"I'll take care of you."

Just what he meant by that was not (Continued on page 102)



Painted by Arthur E. Becher

# *The Man from the Cross*

*By Edwin Markham*

*"What would you do if suddenly there at the door  
Shakespeare should enter the room, the world's great lover?"  
Need I to answer? The moment he stepped on the floor  
We would rise and uncover!*

*"But what would you do if Another still greater came;  
He who has scars in his hands, the Truth's defender?"  
All hearts would thrill, would flash to a single flame:  
We would kneel and surrender!*

# What is Happening to OIL in Russia



By Anna Louise Strong

Illustrated by W. T. Benda

**C.** Russian oil workers strive to rebuild a war-wrecked industry from their labor, still lacking machinery and cash.

**I**N THE GREAT Oil Duel going on everywhere today—the duel that makes and unmakes governments and boundary lines and empires—Russia holds the largest reserves in the world. Russia intends to develop those reserves for the welfare of her own people, and not for the pleasure or prestige of any foreign nation whatever. Foreign nations intend otherwise.

That's the story of Russian oil. It is a story of struggle, beginning five years ago and destined to continue for a generation to come—a day by day struggle for control. This struggle is the big economic fact behind one European conference after another, behind Genoa, behind the Hague, behind British, French, Italian intrigue in the Near East.

"Not without reason," writes a Russian editor, "does the press report that Standard Oil representatives came to Genoa before the official delegates, and took the best hotel, and have 'watchfully followed' each Russian concession, defending their own rights. The oil of Baku, in the hands of Soviet Russia, does not allow them to sleep calmly."

One technical invention after another has brought oil to a commanding position in the world today. The nation that controls oil controls the seas and commerce. The United States is producing today the greater part of the oil of the world. But she is producing it wastefully. The pleasure automobiles of America may perhaps explode into the air the oil on which the future control of the seas depends.

England has been more far-sighted. She saw that unless she had reserves of oil, the British Empire was doomed. By financial power and political intrigue, by conference and by armies, she has secured control of nearly all the visible supplies of oil. Now—on the horizon appears Soviet Russia—and she has more oil than anyone else.

The fields of Baku alone, in the part already worked and known, have a greater reserve than all the United States. Seven to eight billions of barrels is the lowest calculation of the oil still obtainable here. There is perhaps as much again in the Baku peninsula, untouched and unworked.

To the north of Baku lies Grozny, a smaller field, but producing the best benzine in the world. It has also oil wells so heavy in paraffin that they have to be closed down because there are no adequate refineries.

Over in the great mountainous desert beyond the Caspian, there is still another oil district, the Ural-Emba, discovered only

shortly before the war and little prospected. There are fifty separate oil-fields known to exist in that 80,000 square kilometers of waste country, inhabited only by nomad tribes and belonging without contest to the Russian Government. Only two of those fields have yet been opened, but already a billion barrels of oil are known to exist in Emba. In the end it is expected to prove even richer than Baku! And Baku is richer than the whole United States!

No wonder England supported Denikin's army, when she thought he could secure this prize. No wonder she abandoned him when he lost Baku! No wonder Standard Oil and Shell watch each other like hawks in their moves with Russia, so that the reported deal of Krassin with Shell was the bomb that wrecked the Genoa Conference!

**A**T THE HAGUE again, the question of private property restoration was largely a question of oil. Russia offered to "compensate" private owners for losses incurred through the nationalizing of property. But the entente demanded "restoration" of the actual properties instead. What was the difference? Just this: that after the oil wells of Russia were nationalized, their Russian owners, escaping to Paris, sold the stocks and bonds for a song, and Standard Oil and Shell bought large blocks, enough to insure control. If the fields are "restored," they get cheaply vast properties that are worth billions. If only proved losses are "compensated," they will get nothing.

Outside Russia, the great ones of earth are fighting for Russian oil. England and France have signed treaties, agreeing on what they would do with Russian oil! English representatives have visited America—to arrange a joint program between Shell and Standard over Russian oil, and thus avoid a war! England came almost to a break with Italy, her only ally, over the proper division of Russian oil! And the Turkish minister, Kemal Pasha, explains the reason why the Allies alternately fight and agree over the control of the Dardanelles—"this control is important because of Russian oil!"

Battle and devastation! Turkish and Armenian massacres! Revolution and counter-revolution! Through it all, the heroic struggle of hungry, half-clad engineers and workmen against floods that rose to overwhelm them, and fires that burned great gushers, and spying and sabotage of managers, and against the





**C.** *The starving people of Baku saw the wells go down while floods rose to overwhelm them, and fires burned great gushers and they were caught by the attrition of war and blockade and famine.*

slow attrition of war and occupation and blockade and famine.

Now, while the oil workers strive to rebuild a war-wrecked industry from their own labor, lacking still machinery and drills and ropes and the cash that buys these things, agents of foreign concessionaires are already talking with Krassin in Europe, or with Lejava, chairman of concessions, in Moscow, about control of the various oil fields of Russia.

As I sit in my room in Moscow, I know that across the Moscow River, in the beautiful Sophiskaia Palace, now a soviet hotel for wealthy visitors, is a group of American business men talking oil. I do not know whether they are independent millionaires or a fly-by-night company operating on a shoe-string, hoping to get a concession for nothing and sell out to Standard Oil later. It is not my business to look up their rating. Besides, they do not excite me. For always, all the time now in Moscow, there are Englishmen and Americans talking oil.

I sat in on a discussion between Lejava and an American business man about an oil concession over in the Emba, concerning only two of those fifty oil fields. The capital needed for proper development was over two hundred million dollars. Thirty million at least would have to be spent on wells and storage and pipe-lines before any return would begin; the rest might be turned back from income. Within ten years it would be making profits by tens of millions; and the contract would run for twenty-five to thirty years. That's the kind of money you have to have to talk oil in Russia, on even two fields out of fifty.

The oil workers of Baku have no money like this. They have no food or clothes or ropes or technical equipment. They have faced floods and fires and massacres. They have seen the wells go down and down in production till it was feared they would be permanently lost to the world under the Caspian.

They have seen the tide turn and production climb upward, slowly, very slowly at first, but according to definite engineering plans. With the first coming of peace to Russia the change came. Day by day they have grown steadily more hopeful. Now they are flinging their challenge to the Soviet Government, which in the end must decide: "What do you want of foreign concessionaires? Give us a little more food, and a little time, and you will need no other concessionaires than the workers of Baku."

Already it is becoming government policy to rebuild the old oil industry to pre-war strength by Russian labor alone, and to let foreign capital find application in the developing of new fields. This was the statement made to me by Ivan Gubkin, the head of the Oil administration. Lejava, chairman of concessions, said, supplementing this:

"At present, we will give concessions anywhere, if they are sufficiently advantageous to Russia. But if foreign capital delays, and the workers of Baku continue to advance production, a year or two hence we shall not be so willing to admit foreigners to these fields. The engineers are increasingly optimistic."

There were one hundred and fifty-three oil companies operating in Baku under the reign of the Tsar. But the chief of them all was Nobel, a Swedish-Russian company, in which, even before the war, it was rumored that Standard Oil had bought control. Nobel had shares in many minor companies; he put forth his fingers of trade all over Russia in depots for the selling of oil. He controlled the machinery of distribution.

When the Bolshevik Revolution came, Gustave Nobel called together his upper employees in Petrograd and laid out their plan of action. They were to remain in Russia and stick close to oil, sending secret reports through Finland to Paris. In the wars of intervention which came later, they were to act as economic spies.





**C.** War struck the oil fields. The German troops came down from the north. The English troops came from Persia. The great ones of earth raced for the oil region.

If the moment for action came, they were to hold themselves ready to paralyze the oil industry and so wreck Russia, by sabotage from within, even to the total destruction of oil reserves by fire. Gustave Nobel departed; his higher employees remained. In the dire need for experts, the Soviet Government made use of anyone who was not openly opposed. These spies obtained positions of trust; one became manager of oil for the Petrograd district; another was in the college of technical management for all Russian oil. They were the heads of a conspiracy which reached all over Russia; and they sent out weekly reports, and received money from abroad by underground channels. Their reports went to Paris where General Wrangel had established a counter-revolutionary trade center.

That's what Russia was up against in every basic industry. Men who had their hands on the resources of the nation, secret spies, ready to paralyze industry when the hour came, and meantime working always against order. Only within this last year were these oil spies caught by the Extraordinary Commission, which existed for just such emergencies. They were condemned to be shot, but they were not shot.

Meantime while conspiracies like this raged through Russia, and while speculators in Paris bought and sold shares of Russian oil, the Baku oil workers were cut off from Russia by a ring of steel. Armed force after armed force seized the wells and country round them; and for four long years there was no settled life.

The Baku workers proclaimed a Soviet Government when the rest of Russia did, in November, 1917. They had always been revolutionary; the fields had been one of the centers of revolt since 1905. They took over the local government and declared the oil the property of the nation.

At once they reorganized the fields. The one hundred and

fifty-three little competing companies, each with dozens of tiny holdings scattered through many districts, were wasting the oil.

Within a month after nationalization, the engineers of Baku had divided the wells into eight great districts, leaving the lesser engineers in charge of local production, and placing the higher engineers in general control. The chief engineer of the Baku had as his first assistant a man elected by the union.

And immediately war struck them. The Germans and Turks came down from the north and established themselves in Tiflis, the center of the Caucasus. The English troops came up from Persia. The great ones of earth raced for the oil-fields.

**R**RACE and religious feeling ran high in the oil fields, stimulated by so many opposing armies. Armenians, Turks, Tartars and Russians—such is the mixed population of Baku. The Mensheviks and social revolutionaries called the Soviet régime pro-German, declared a counter-revolution with the help of two Cossack bandits and called in the British to help them. Under the encouragement of the British advance, the Armenians massacred 25,000 Mohammedans in the town and fields of Baku. The English came in, took possession, and then led forth from jail twenty-seven Communist Commissars, who had previously for a short time governed Baku. They took them over the Caspian to Turkestan, and shot them.

Swiftly the Turks retaliated for the slaughter of their co-religionists. Within two months they also swept down into Baku from the north, while the English forces retired toward Persia. The Turks then massacred 30,000 Armenians and the tale of the atrocity went forth to all. [Continued on page 104]

**C** A new short story by the author of  
Potash and Perlmutter

# Without Benefit of Dowry

By  
Montague Glass

Illustrated by  
M. Leone Bracker

**Y**ES, MISTER," said Charles Samek, as he spread a slice of rye bread with mustard by the way of filling in the interval between soup and roast at Mrs. Feinrubin's Ideal Restaurant and Lunch Room, "if you would have the duodenum which I got it, understand me, instead of sitting here forcing myself to eat a little something, y'understand, you would be already in a home for chronic incurables."

"Tell me, Mr. Samek," Max Citron inquired sympathetically, "how did you come to get this here—now—duodenum in the first place?"

"A question!" Samek said with his mouth full of bread and mustard. "Some people is born with a weak constitution, and they get everything you could have an operation for from appendicitis up, which I could have been in my grave six times already if it wouldn't be that I take such good care of myself and never eat nothing but the plainest food."

At this juncture, Mr. Samek gave way to a fit of coughing, which had its origin in some of the bread and mustard going astray but which by long practice, Mr. Samek was able to enlarge upon until it seemed as though he were about to succumb to apoplexy.

"Here!" Mr. Citron said. "Take a glass of water."

"Hand me one of them dill pickles," Samek gasped, and after he had eaten two of them he lay back in his chair in what he intended for an attitude of complete exhaustion.

"Dill pickles is wonderful for such attacks," he explained. "The acid cuts the mucous membrane of the bronchial toobs, which if dill pickles ain't handy sometimes a lemon will do it, too."

"I suppose a feller which has got the matter with him all the things like you've got it could give pointers to a big majority of doctors," Max Citron suggested sympathetically.

"I bet yer," Samek agreed. "In fact, I ain't got a great deal of confidence in doctors, Mister-er—"

"Citron," Max Citron said, for his acquaintance with Mr. Samek was purely a casual one, arising from the circumstance that Citron had just happened to sit at the corner table in Mrs. Feinrubin's restaurant—fortuitously, as it were, and by the merest chance—after being told by several people who were acquainted with Samek's habits that he could always be found at the corner table in Mrs. Feinrubin's restaurant any day from half-past twelve to a quarter-past one.

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**C** Some men  
marry for love,  
some men  
marry for money,  
but Sunderland,  
y'understand, at  
fifty-one, was  
just looking  
for a good cup  
of coffee

"Yes, Mr. Citron," Samek continued. "To most doctors, the human body is a deck of cards face down, and they could *over* tell if your liver, for example, is an ace or a deuce without you let 'em rubber at it through a five-hundred-dollar operation."

"Still there must be some doctors which is anyhow good guessers," Citron said.

"I never met but one," Samek replied, "and he don't always play in luck neither, which the last time I had nephritis Eichendorfer says it is inflammation of the gall duct, and he goes to work and gives me a prescription for a dollar and a quarter at a cut rate drug store even."

"You don't say!" Citron exclaimed. "And Eichendorfer is considered wonderful for the liver, too."

"That's the trouble," Samek said. "With liver specialists, any pain the patient has got between the vest opening and the suspender buttons they lay to the liver. So what is the consequence—after I finished up the prescription, I got my wife to iron me over the kidneys on a New York Times, y'understand, and in twenty minutes I am free from pain except from my heart, which I have off and on, practically all the time."

"And yet Doctor Eichendorfer examines for all the big life insurance companies," Citron remarked.



"I know," Samek said, "and look at the way life insurance companies gets stuck, too. People is dying on 'em practically every day."

Citron wagged his head from side to side and made incoherent noises through his nostrils, indicating profound sympathy with such a human wreck as Samek described himself to be, although it cannot truthfully be said that either the personal appearance or the manner in which he was stowing away Mrs. Feinrubin's plat du jour of gefüllte Miltz Southern Style exactly corroborated his medical history. Indeed Citron was a trifle disappointed, for he had been led by Mrs. Samek only that morning to believe that it was but a matter of a few months at the most when, as widow and sole devisee and legatee of her potentially deceased husband, she would be in control of sufficient funds to assure permanently the future of her only niece, Miss Jennie Singerman.

"It only goes to show that, no matter how well you know a person, you never can tell nothing about it," Max Citron said, after an unbroken silence of some minutes—that is to say, a silence as unbroken as any silence could be in the vicinity of Mr. Samek eating gefüllte Miltz.

"I give you right, Mr. Citron," Samek agreed, accepting the observation as referring in some way to his pathological condition, although, as a matter of fact, Citron was only thinking aloud. He had accepted almost without question Mrs. Samek's account of her husband's state of health.

HOWEVER, he now saw clearly that Mrs. Samek was either unduly optimistic or unduly alarmed—depending upon the affection she bore her husband—for Citron was something of a diagnostician himself.

In addition to his profession of marriage broker, he had been treasurer of Abraham Lincoln Lodge 211, Independent Order Mattai Aaron, ever since its foundation, and for over twenty years he had officially visited his ailing lodge brethren with a

view of finding out whether they were really sick or just sick-benefit sick; and had he now been investigating Samek's ill health on behalf of the I. O. M. A. instead of his own account, he would unhesitatingly have reported that Samek was not sick enough to receive the ministrations of the lodge's Number Two doctor—the one that charged fifty cents for a house call and twenty-five for an office call.

AS MISS JENNIE SINGERMAN's childless aunt, Mrs. Samek's attitude toward her orphaned niece was entirely maternal save in one particular—she did not possess the maternal lack of perspective sufficiently to overlook her niece's physical shortcomings, and ever since Jennie's twentieth birthday, Mrs. Samek had been convinced that if Jennie were to depend on the conventional heaven-made marriage, she was a matrimonial goner. But had Mrs. Samek viewed her not as a niece but as a private secretary to Mr. Joel Sunderland, uptown superintendent of the Mercantile Life Assurance Society of Newark, New Jersey, she might have shared Mr. Sunderland's opinion that Miss Jennie Singerman was all right.

He rendered this opinion in response to a question by Jacob Polongin, Mr. Max Citron's client, who, a moment before, had said rather huskily that he would like to ask Mr. Sunderland if he could tell him a little something about Miss Jennie Singerman, and had then blushed. Polongin occupied the offices next door to Mr. Sunderland, and was by profession a life insurance agent, doing business principally with the company of which Sunderland was the uptown superintendent, and as Mr. Sunderland, in all his years of experience as a life insurance superintendent, had never before seen the blush of embarrassment on the face of a life insurance agent, he grew naturally suspicious.

"I know she's all right," Polongin said; "but what I mean to say is: what for a disposition has she got?"

"What do you mean—'what for a disposition has she got?'"



Q. "Dill pickles is wonderful for such attacks," Samek explained. "The acid cuts the mucous membrane of the bronchial tubes, which if the dill pickles ain't handy a lemon will do it too."

M. C. KONE  
BRACKER  
1922

Sunderland retorted. "Do you imagine, for one moment that I would ask a young lady like Miss Singerman a personal question like what for a disposition she's got? What kind of a loafer do you think I am, anyway?"

"Aber couldn't you tell what kind of a disposition she's got without asking her?" Polongin inquired, with increased color.

"Say, look here, Polongin," Sunderland cried, for he now saw or thought he saw just why Polongin was blushing. "If you would got a scheme for getting Miss Singerman to come to work for you by offering more money, y'understand, let me tell you that I raised her wages last week, and if necessary, I would raise her wages next week, too."

"I don't doubt it," Polongin said; "but I ain't thinking of offering her the kind of job she's got here. A lady which comes from such a good family like Miss Singerman ain't got no business to be working, anyway."

"MISS SINGERMAN's family and any other private affairs which she has got it, don't concern me not in the least."

"Then what are you standing in her light for?" Polongin asked. "You could get hundreds of stenographers to do what she is doing here, and sooner or later you would got to get one, too, because a woman which has got an uncle like Charles Samek in the dress-suit, cutaway, and tuxedo business, with a rating a hundred and seventy-five to two hundred thousand dollars credit high, ain't going to stay single forever, even if she wouldn't be so good-looking like all that."

"Miss Singerman's looks is the least of my worries, Polongin."

"I know they ain't," Polongin went on, "which if I would be fifty-five—"

"Fifty-one," Sunderland corrected severely.

"Fifty-one oder fifty-five—what is the difference?" Polongin said. "Which I am only thirty-seven, Mr. Sunderland; so I am asking you as an office neighbor, considering that Miss Singerman has worked for you for eight years and everything, you should ought to know something about her disposition; so, therefore—"

Sunderland rose abruptly from his chair.

"Senough, Polongin," he interrupted, "I heard enough already, because if Miss Singerman would have worked here for eighteen years instead of eight years, and I knew her disposition from A to Z, y'understand, I wouldn't tell you about it, because what does a lady's disposition matter to a feller which has already fallen in love with her uncle's mercantile rating?"

"All right, Mr. Sunderland," Polongin said, as he made ready to leave; "if you are trying to insult me, let me tell you that—"

"I ain't trying to insult you, Polongin," Sunderland broke in. "I am only telling you what my ideas are, which I admit that I am fifty-one years old, and I ain't never been married and don't want to be, neither, but if I did want to get married for what a decent respectable man should ought to get married for—a good home, a good wife, and once in a while a cup of coffee that tasted like a cup of coffee, understand me, I wouldn't place no reliance in my intended's uncle's business standing."

IT HAD never occurred to Sunderland until Polongin's visit that he had never thought of his stenographer except in a business way, and although not ten minutes had elapsed since Polongin had left, it seemed to Sunderland, when Miss Singerman came in from lunch, that his newly awakened regard for her had persisted hopelessly and unrequited for at least ten years.

She wore a neat and well-fitting tailor-made suit, as she always did, and while Sunderland had probably seen it a hundred times, and thousands of other women had passed him daily on the street wearing suits just like it, it seemed to the insurance manager that he was looking now for the first time upon a startling, new-fashioned and most becoming feminine garment. Moreover, just as he had recently discovered himself to be quite bald, when Miss Singerman removed her hat he was astonished to find out that she possessed rather abundant dark hair, and that her face, while its features were undeniably prominent, bore an exceedingly pleasant expression. It was her eyes, however, which made him admit the futility of his aspirations. That a woman with large, brown, melting eyes like hers should condescend to a fat, partially bald, and wrinkled man of fifty-one suddenly struck him as so utterly hopeless that he could not entirely restrain an audible groan.

"What's the matter, Mr. Sunderland?" she asked. "Don't you feel good?"

"I feel as good as I generally feel," he said.

"Well, you don't look it." Miss Singerman commented as she

pinned paper cuffs on the sleeves of her white waist preparatory to beginning her afternoon's work.

"When a man gets to be fifty-odd years old, Miss Singerman," Sunderland said, "his looks begin to show, in especially where he ain't taken it so particular as to what he eats and where."

To this observation Miss Singerman made no reply, principally because she was engaged in drafting a report of last month's business for the downtown office of the company, but more especially because she was unaccustomed to holding conversations with her employer, save those of a business nature.

"I don't suppose I've et a meal twicet running in the same restaurant in weeks already," he continued, without any encouragement from Miss Singerman, "and some of the coffee which I drunk in that time, honestly you wouldn't believe that such poison existed at all."

"Restaurant coffee is pretty bad," Miss Singerman admitted.

"Bad!" Sunderland exclaimed. "I had a cup of coffee with my dinner last night, Miss Singerman, and I give you my word that if a married man would be handed such coffee in his own home, y'understand, he could 'a' got a divorce for it."

"Most people don't know anything about making a cup of coffee," Miss Singerman said, without much enthusiasm, for she felt that this conversational mood would soon pass and that, when Sunderland's business habits had reasserted themselves, he would want to know why that report wasn't ready yet. At this particular moment, however, what Sunderland really and truly wanted to know was: could Miss Singerman make a good cup of coffee, and without leading up to it by any further conversation, he broached the matter at once.

"Well, how would you make a good cup of coffee, for instance?"

"I always grind my coffee fresh," she began, and not only did it seem to Sunderland that he could see her doing it in a spotlessly clean kitchen but his nostrils twitched to the fragrant odor which his imagination supplied. "I grind it fine—almost to a powder," she went on. "I have my water boiling, and I put one heaping tablespoonful of my coffee for each cup into a bowl, say six tablespoonfuls for six cups. I add a little water, and mash the powdered coffee in it till it becomes a sort of coffee paste. I then put this paste into my coffee-pot—"

"Our coffee-pot," Sunderland thought.

"And then," Miss Singerman concluded, "I pour in the boiling water, as many cupfuls as there are tablespoonfuls, and it makes a perfectly delicious coffee."

DURING the rest of the afternoon Miss Singerman was able to devote herself to her report, because Sunderland perceived at once that it was unnecessary to carry the matter further. He knew as soon as she ceased speaking, not alone that this was the one and only method of making a good cup of coffee but also that Miss Singerman was the one and only person who could do it right—at least so far as he was concerned. He therefore applied himself to his books of accounts, without much success, however, for it is obviously impossible to concentrate on figures, names, and addresses and at the same time to visualize Miss Singerman making coffee in the kitchen of a six-room apartment, something around fifty-five dollars a month in the Dyckman or West Bronx section. He pictured himself walking down to the subway at about eight-ten or eight-fifteen with two cups of coffee inside of him, turning once or twice to wave his morning paper at Miss Singerman, or else he saw himself seated opposite Miss Singerman in the dining-room of the same apartment, or even a slightly better apartment, at about seventy or eighty dollars a month, with nothing but a domed electrolier between them, while he drank not a demi-tasse but a large cup of after-dinner coffee, and one way or another, between two and six o'clock that afternoon, he drank over fifty cups of imaginary coffee.

"Well," he said at length rousing himself from an imaginary Sunday night supper in which the delicatessen was washed down with drafts of some of the most fragrant coffee that a human mind ever conceived, "I guess we'll shut up shop now."

Miss Singerman put away her report and rose from her desk.

"Why, Mr. Sunderland!" she exclaimed. "Don't you look terrible!"

"I don't look no different to what I always look," he said "which I guess you ain't never noticed my looks before particularly."

For the second time that day, Sunderland witnessed the blushes of a person whom he had never seen blush before, and for the second time he misapprehended the cause, since how was he to know that during the past eight years, while Miss Singerman's fingers mechanically hit the right keys of her typewriter by long practice of the touch system, she had taken the opportunity on



At Mrs. Samek's mention that she expected a candidate for the hand of her niece, Samek headed off discussion by one of his well-timed attacks of acute indigestion.

more than one occasion—and that is to say, on a great many occasions, of sizing up the personal appearance of her employer? She knew the degree of his baldness as well as he did, and, what is more, she knew a great deal better than he did which of his neckties became him and which did not.

**N**OW WHAT is the use talking, Mrs. Samek; you couldn't make omelets unless you got the eggs," said Max Citron on the afternoon of his visit to Mrs. Feinrubin's Ideal Restaurant and Lunch Room.

"But I am telling you that it's my misfortune that I would have the eggs inside of six months at the outside, Mr. Citron," Mrs. Samek said, "because if my poor husband would last much longer than that, Mr. Citron, it would be a miracle."

Here Mrs. Samek buried her face in her handkerchief and wept in what to a more impressionable person than Mr. Citron, would have been a most pitiable manner. Mr. Citron, however, was entirely unmoved.

"Don't jolly yourself, Mrs. Samek," he said. "If you would see the insides of a Surrogate's court on account of your husband any time this side of ten years, Mrs. Samek, you would be a lucky woman, and that's all there is to it."

"I wish I could think that way about it," Mrs. Samek said through her tears.

"Well, you've got to think that way about it," Citron advised her; "because even if Mr. Samek was—not wishing him no harm—to be already getting oxygen, Mrs. Samek, you've got to figure that while there's life, there's hope, and an up-to-date business man like Polongin don't got to take no such chances like that."

Mrs. Samek dried her eyes.

"Then get somebody else," she said, "because all I want to do is to see Jennie settled in her own home, and so long as her husband is a decent respectable man which could make for her

a living, Mr. Citron, never mind if he ain't such an up-to-date business man like Polongin. All I am asking him to do is that he should wait a little while for the dowry."

"What do you mean—'a little while'?" Citron exclaimed. "Um Gotteswillen, talk sense, Mrs. Samek. I am telling you a hundred times that your husband is a first-class A number-one risk for his age, which you don't got to take my word for it, Mrs. Samek. Ask any life insurance man, and he will tell you the same, that a feller which has got umberufen an appetite like a horse and the good color and bright eyes like your husband has got it, at fifty-one years of age he could expect to live between twenty and twenty-one years."

"That's practically what I said to Doctor Eichendorfer only last week," Mrs. Samek declared, "and he laughed me in my face yet."

**A**NY DOCTOR that has got for a customer such a gold mine like your husband, Mrs. Samek, could afford to laugh," Citron said; "but if you want to see your niece happily married to an up-to-date young feller like this here Polongin, Mrs. Samek, you should put the whole matter up to your husband this evening yet, and take a chance on his heart going back on him. Believe me Mrs. Samek, I have been collecting for orphan asylums, lodges, and hospitals already thirty years and in all that time I never seen nobody die from being asked for money, even though once in a while it did look like touch and go with some of the worser giversup, y'understand."

"There couldn't be no harm in trying," Mrs. Samek admitted, "because I've got a couple of dressmaker's bills to show him, anyway."

"That's what I am telling you," Citron said, as he took his hat and stick preparatory to leaving. "So at eight o'clock me and Polongin would be here sure, because, in cases like this, Mrs.



Samek, you've got to strike while the iron is red, otherwise the bird would fly away on you. Am I right or wrong?"

However, when Mr. Citron called that evening with the up-to-date Polongin, he began to think that perhaps he had misjudged Samek's resistance to shock or that Mrs. Samek had slightly overdone the thing for her eyes were red with weeping.

"Your husband throws down the proposition?" Citron asked.

"I didn't even mention it to him, because after what my niece says, Mr. Citron, I didn't have the heart," Mrs. Samek replied. "She says, what do you think she is? A greenhorn?"

"Well, certainly she ain't no greenhorn," Citron admitted; "but, at the same time, if you would excuse me for saying so she ain't such an exactly Ethel Barrymore that she could afford to turn up her nose at even Polongin here, y'understand."

"What do you mean—'even'?" Polongin demanded.

"Don't get mad, Mr. Polongin," Mrs. Samek said; "because you could be still less attractive so far as that goes, and what would it matter anyhow, on account of my niece ain't taken you into consideration at all? It is Mr. Citron she objects to, which when I told her she should stay home tonight on account a Mr. Citron is coming here, right away she asked who is Mr. Citron and when I tell you are a Schadchen, Mr. Citron, the way that girl carried on you would think Schadchen was Loschen Hakodesh for burglar or something."

"Yes?" Mr. Citron said, almost resignedly. "Well, if that's the way she feels about it, Mrs. Samek, it's no use I should waste my time here; so come along, Polongin."

"What are you talking about—'come along'?" Polongin protested. "Just because Miss Singerman has objections to you, Citron, I should throw away the sponge yet! Why, Miss Singerman don't even know what I look like."



Polongin, busy with dreams of a dowry, did his courting of Jennie Singerman under the watchful eye of the marriage broker.





C. Nothing could have dispelled that all-gone feeling at the pit of his stomach when Miss Singerman appeared at her desk wearing a bunch of violets. Sunderland's worst suspicions were confirmed.

"It's in your favor that she should never know," Citron remarked.

"Is that so?" Polongin said. "Well, let me tell you something, Citron: Miss Singerman is right. A Schadchen is a back-number idea."

"You don't tell me!" Citron exclaimed. "And what for an idea is a life insurance broker, Polongin? It stands in the Talmud that it is a Mitzvah to promote marriages, Polongin, but to promote the marriage of a life insurer, Polongin, is more than a Mitzvah; it's a miracle. If things breaks right for a life insurer he could maybe support a wife as good as a book canvasser. All life insurers is bluffers, Polongin, which if I had a niece and she would want to marry a life insurer, Polongin, I——"

HOWEVER, the disclosure of just exactly what measures Citron would have taken to prevent the marriage of a hypothetical niece to a hypothetical life insurance broker was interrupted by Charles Samek, who burst into the living-room of his apartment and gave voice to his indignation with a resounding "Kooosh!"

"What is this?" he asked. "A lodge meeting or something?"

He was clad only in a nightgown, bathrobe and slippers, for

when Mrs. Samek had mentioned that evening at supper that she expected the arrival of a candidate for the hand of her niece, Samek had headed off a discussion of the least that any other uncle-by-marriage would do in a case like that by a histrionically perfect attack of acute indigestion. He had retired to his bed with the evening paper and a hot water bag, a procedure which ordinarily would have resulted in a silent tiptoeing round the flat by Mrs. Samek and her niece, but which, in this instance, seemed in no way to modify the scene that almost immediately ensued between the two ladies. Miss Singerman condemned made-up matches just as forcefully and Mrs. Samek protested her niece's ingratitude just as hysterically as though Samek's digestion had been in perfect working order. Indeed, three times had Mrs. Samek's weeping obliged him to jump out of bed, at the risk of ruining an excellent performance of a difficult rôle, in order to shout, "Say, look-a-here! Lass mir im Ruh, will you?" and his already shaken nerves had barely time to recover from the bang of the street door with which Miss Singerman had ended this discussion when this new tumult rose.

"Out of here, before I send for a policeman and throw you out," he bellowed.

"Listen, popper," Mrs. Samek implored him. "Don't get excited. This is Mr. Citron and Mr. Polongin, the gentlemen about which I was speaking to you about."

"I don't give a damn who they are!" Samek shouted. "What right have they got to come into a house where there's sickness and act like this?"

"Mr. Samek is right, Citron," Polongin said. "You should ought to be ashamed to behave this way. Sit down in this chair and calm yourself, Mr. Samek. Such excitement is very bad for a man with your heart-valves."

Not for nothing had Polongin learned [Continued on page 118]



Steele 2

# The Instinct Primeval

By Gouverneur Morris

Illustrated by Frederick Dorr Steele

CIRCUMSTANCES had forced us to be polite to Cousins; but with the blatant cocksureness and self-sufficiency of his kind he had for three mortal hours repaid our hospitality with unfounded assertions and offensive statistics. My own private temper was being torn to shreds and patches, and twice when Cousins wasn't looking, Scofield kicked me and frowned. I suppose I must have said things that I shouldn't.

Scofield was wonderful. I knew that he was raging internally but outwardly he might have stood for a portrait of the "Urbane Host." He led Cousins on into statements which became more and more cocksure, unfounded, outrageous and offensive.

Cousins made a long speech about children and why to his "certain knowledge" so many of them go wrong. Scofield smiled, and, his eyes twinkling, told a story:

"I remember once," he said, "spilling a nestful of eggs from the top of a very high pine tree. Four of the eggs were broken to smithereens and the fifth wasn't broken at all. Can you account for that? Neither can I. And I can't explain how, when so many strong men perished, the Child came safe to shore.

"But he did—all the way from the outer reef where the ship had broken her back to the most sheltered beach of the lagoon.

"At that the Child ought to have perished.

"He had on one of those one piece night arrangements, which button up the back, and which to prevent nail-biting are sewed together over the hands and feet. He was only old enough to walk drunkenly, and he had been landed without companions of

any kind, on a desert island, dressed in what amounted to an informal strait-jacket.

"Inside the material of the night arrangement, his hands however had a certain amount of play. And he was able to pick things up and put them in his mouth. The lagoon, and the beaches of the lagoon at low tide, were, fortunately for him, a molluscan paradise. He very quickly discovered that the pretty shells contained food, and that by being placed on a block of lava and pounded with a lump of the same they were easily broken to pieces.

TIME, activity, and the sharp edges of shells soon wore through the material of his sleeping suit. His hands and feet emerged and after a while the rest of him. It was fortunate that in this way he got his tan gradually. The sudden exposure of his pink and white baby body to a few hours of the equatorial sun on that beach must have burned him to death.

"He ought to have died a thousand times, right at the beginning, but he didn't. He survived the bite of a marbled cone, some furious poisonings from green things, which he learned to leave alone after that. And the discovery that little boys sink and strangle in water that is over their depths. Somehow or other he survived, and somehow or other he learned to swim, and to live. He had to learn these things; otherwise he had to eat the pleasure of the tides instead of at his own pleasure."



Here Scofield interrupted himself to rise, sprawl across the room to the table where the drinks were, and pour two fingers of Scotch into a long glass.

"Speaking of pleasure—" he said.

There was a general move upon the refreshments, and a pleasant tinkling of glass and ice.

"There being no laws to prevent," continued Scofield, "our shipwrecked child, having accidentally discovered the principles of fermentation, became a confirmed manufacturer of cocoanut wine. And from the age of ten or eleven on, he was often spiffed. At first of course, he abused the stuff and went on terrible drunks, followed by headaches and nausea, but gradually he learned to handle it, and to use it oftener than he abused it.

"But it wasn't until the dug-out blew in from the sea, and he had learned to navigate it, that he ever visited the wreck which still lay sprawling and broken across the outer reef, and made the acquaintance of spirits and French wine.

"The fore half of the ship, that which lay within the reef in quiet waters, was almost intact. Two equally good halves would have made a sea-worthy whole. So it seems probable that the ship was abandoned before she hit the reef.

"THE CHILD's father, the Reverend Mr. Bootby, a missionary among the islands, had been an able and far-sighted man. He had acquired a small fortune through the manipulation of island curiosities and certain shares in trading ventures, and, but for his untimely death, would have been promoted to a Bishopric. The Child's mother had been the Reverend Mr. Bootby's third wife. She seems to have been a young woman of excellent propensities, a patient wife and a pains-taking mother.

"Man at heart is commonly supposed to be a religious animal. But in spite of his breeding, the Child seems to have been an exception to the rule. Not even the occasional rumblings of the old volcano on which he lived seem to have given him any hint of a divine creator, or of an immortal soul. The craving to worship something mysterious and outside of himself was not in him.

"He lived, and took the pleasure of the natural and unconscious in the act of living. He labored only that he might eat and be comfortable—and satisfy his curiosities.

"These curiosities drew him most often into the fore part of the wreck, and empowered him to smash open every case and chest and barrel in the holds and in the crew's quarters. In the end it was only the iron safe in the purser's cabin which baffled him. To crack that safe became the ambition of his young life.

"How did he know that it was hollow? He had an instinct. I suppose; what the boys call a 'hunch.'

"The ship's cargo had been largely utilitarian—agricultural implements for Australia; to a savage, except for small parts which could be detached and utilized in one way or another, was of no especial interest. The whiskies, wines, and canned goods, were more interesting and more useful to him. He could now drink when he pleased and as much as



*It wasn't until the dug-out blew in from the sea, and he had learned to navigate it, that the Child visited the wreck.*



he pleased without being put to any greater trouble than that of ripping off the tops of cases and knocking off the necks of bottles.

"More precious to him, however, were the contents of the seamen's chests, the canvas trousers, the flannel shirts, the woolen socks, and the oil-skins. There were photographs which clearly showed the use of these things. There were also knives, and needles and many odds and ends the possession of which gave him queer thrills of happiness. The looking-glasses gave him the most happiness. He would never tire of looking at himself in them. He felt sure of that.

**T**HE CREW of the ill-fated ship had either been a very decent lot, or at least they had not been collectors and hoarders of the indecent. There wasn't a photograph which could not with per-

fect propriety have been placed in a family album. It is true that one chest contained a Bible and a Fanny Hill wrapped in the same piece of oil-skin, but since neither of these volumes was illustrated they were of little interest to him.

"He spent most of his spare time on the wreck, dressing up, parading, making faces in the mirrors, and sometimes overstepping the bounds of strict sobriety.

"At such times he liked to squat in front of the purser's safe and twist the combination lock this way and that, and wonder what was inside, and devise alcoholic schemes for finding out. A real drunk, however, with its disastrous reactions, made a good boy out of him for a week.

"In all the years that he was on the Island, it had but two other visitors. Both came in the same way, but at different times. Both came in dug-outs, which most likely had been

caught in storms and blown off shore. It was the man who came first, but before the coming of the man and the woman, the Child by pure accident succeeded in satisfying his curiosity concerning the contents of the purser's safe.

"He was squatted as often before it turning the combination this way and that, and occasionally drinking from a bottle, when all of a sudden he flew into a rage with the thing, and jerked at the knob with all his strength. The door of the safe opened heavily, and the Child began to dance and yell with triumph. He undoubtedly felt that the miracle was entirely due to his own patience and cleverness.

"Except for papers in which he was not able to take an interest, the safe contained only some thousands of pounds in gold, silver and copper, and certain packages of jewelry which women passengers had confided to the purser for safekeeping.

"For immediate wear, the Child settled on some showy rings, and a necklace in which pairs of bay leaves had been imitated in platinum and diamonds.

"In the kind of life that he was obliged to lead, the rings and the necklace soon became a bother to him and he left off wearing them.

**I** KEEP calling him the Child. I ought not to do that, because at the time that the safe came open, he must have been at least sixteen or seventeen years old. In other words he was to all intents and purposes a grown man.

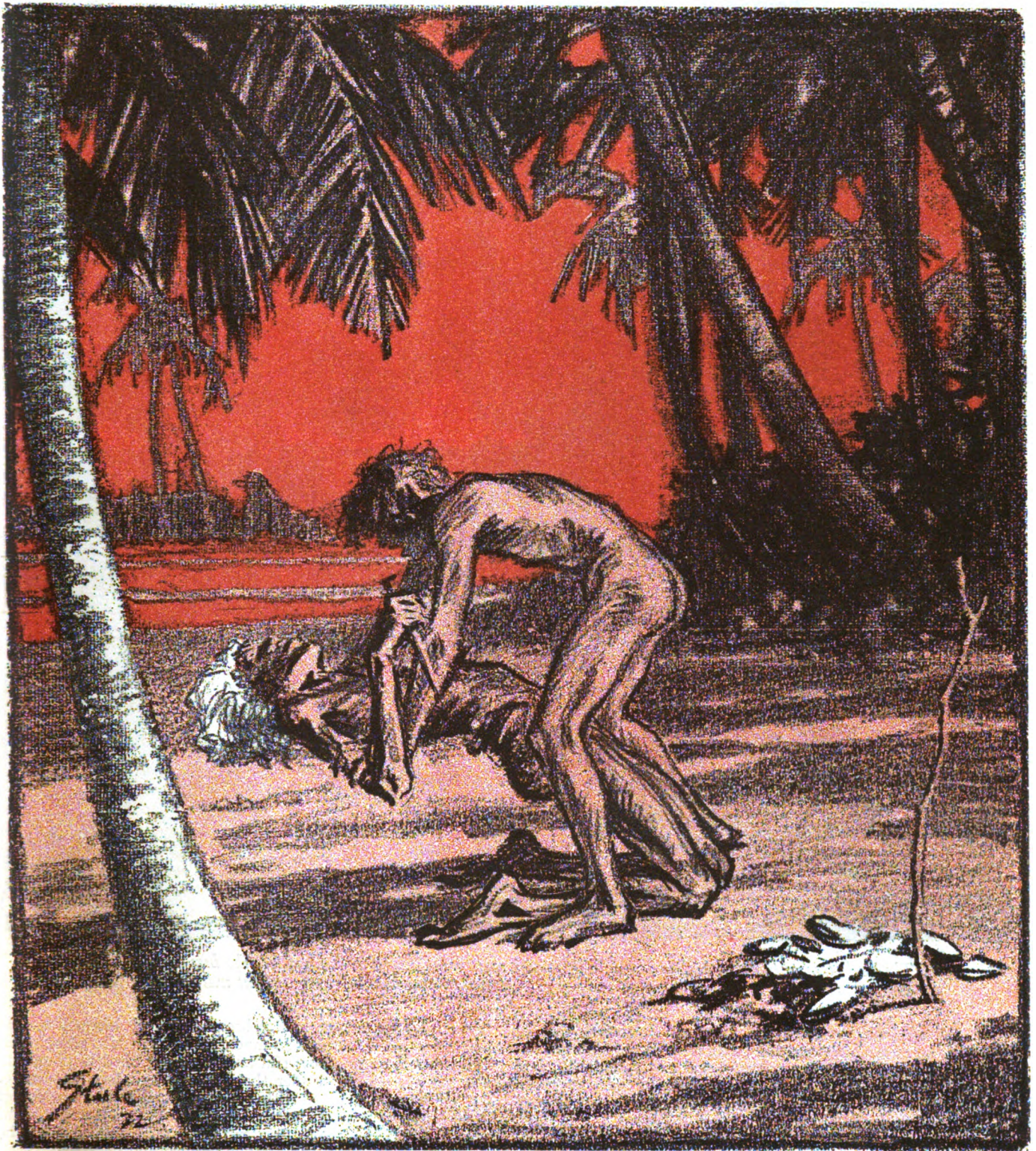
"One morning he looked out over the lagoon, and saw a dug-out, similar to the one in which he made his trips to the wreck, being slowly propelled toward the beach, by a creature exactly like himself only thinner and darker.

"The creature beached the dug-out, and staggered straight up the beach toward a little pile of bivalves which the Child had gathered, overnight, and placed beyond the reach of the tide to be opened and eaten in the morning.



**C.** *The Child spent most of his spare time on the wreck, dressing up, parading, making faces in the mirrors, and sometimes overstepping the bounds of strict sobriety.*





**C.** *The creature snarled and squealed and showed its shriveled old gums and tried to strike with its knife.*

"The visiting creature drew a knife from its waistband, knelt, and with shaking but scientific fingers, began to open the bivalves and eat them.

"The Child saw first his breakfast, his own personal, private, peculiarly rare and delicious breakfast vanishing before his eyes and then he saw red.

"He made a run for the creature who was despoiling him, and at every step he let out a yell of hate and fury.

"The creature could not make any defense, even with the knife. It was a very old creature, light and bony as a heron, and half dead with hunger and thirst to begin with.

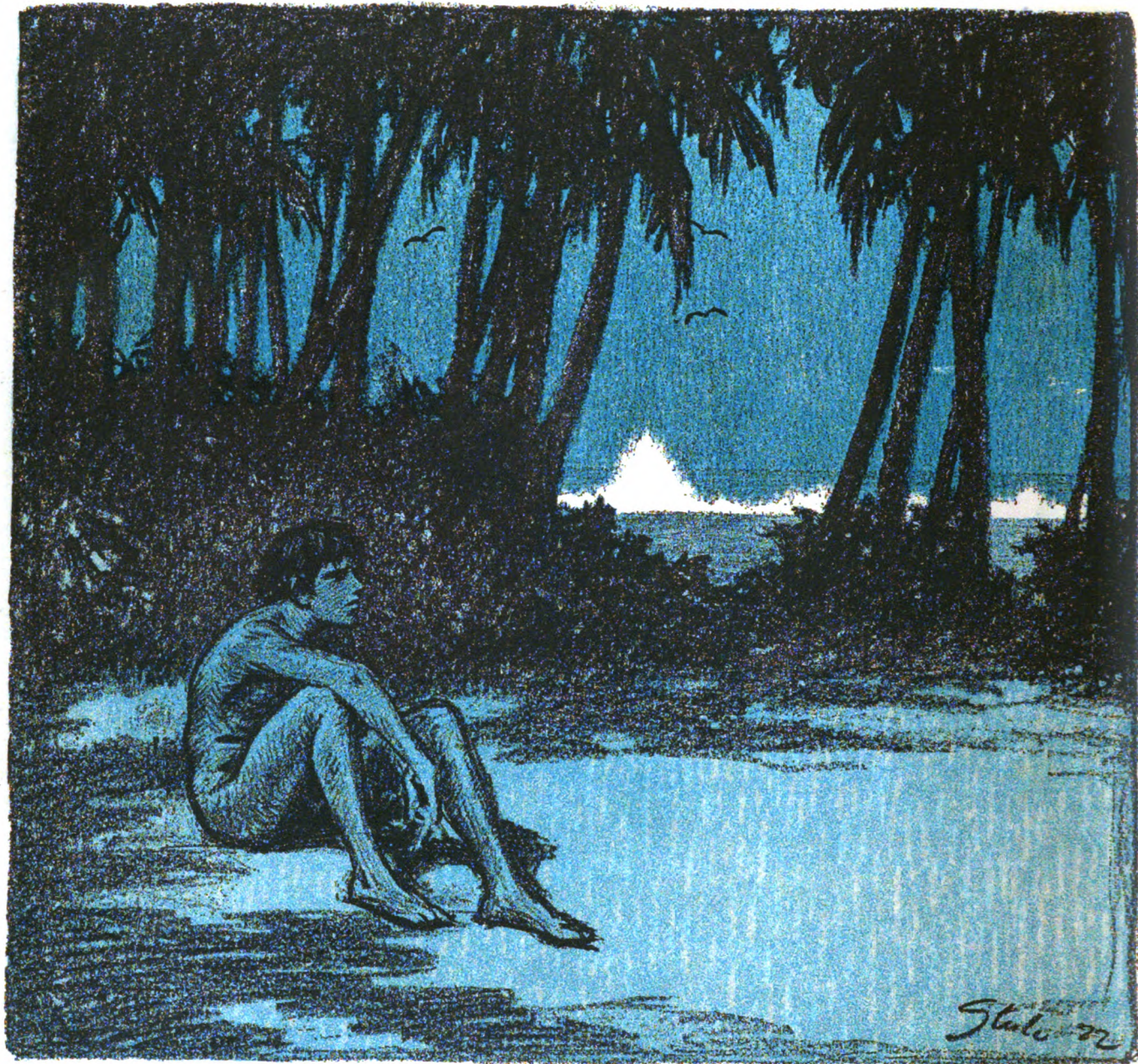
"It tried to fight. It snarled and squealed and showed its shriveled old gums and tried to strike with its knife. But the Child with all the glory of his young rage and his young strength literally manhandled the feeble old thing till it was dead.

"It was not until the next year that the other visitor—the woman—came ashore. But time, in the meanwhile, had wrought psychological changes in the Child.

"He had grown up believing that the world consisted of one very small island surrounded by one very large water, and that it contained no other creature in any way resembling himself. His discoveries on the wreck and the coming of the old islander had shaken these beliefs and destroyed them. Just as we of this world are of the belief that there may be other worlds inhabited (God help them!) with faulty beings like ourselves, so the Child began to have a glimmering of other islands and other men.

"This glimmering became a conviction. There settled upon him, with all its horrors of wakefulness and futility, the misery of the lonely and the abandoned.





**Q.** *The lonely boy wished that he had not killed the old man. He wished that another like him would come ashore. He would not be angry the next time. There would be the two of them. That was the main thing.*

"Drink no longer cheered and amused. It served only to increase the melancholy and the sense of solitude. He became afraid of it, as of something powerful and malevolent, that had only the wish to torture him. For weeks at a time, he would not go near the wreck, and then only when the sun was very high in the heavens.

**T**HERE came a day of great calm and heat. Late in the afternoon a terrific wind rose in an instant of time, and for some hours blew terribly. Even strong trees went down before it. He did not get to sleep until the wind had stopped blowing, and he slept late into the dawn that followed the storm.

"Peering then from the bushes in which he had one of his favorite nests, he perceived that another visitor had come to him across the great water which surrounded the island.

"This visitor in no way resembled the old man. The Child's heart, of which he had never until that moment been more than half-conscious, began to pound his ribs with great slow thumps.

"He rose to his feet, pushed the bushes softly aside and stepped out on the beach. The visitor stood near the edge of the water, looking out over the lagoon.

"She was slender and of a beautiful golden brown.

"The Child approached her with slow, soft, cat-like steps. His fingers twitched, and that his breath might not whistle

through his nostrils he had to breathe through his mouth. He had never before needed so much air to keep him going. His heart was like some powerful animal that wished to pound its way out of a prison. Under the thick tan, his face was white.

"But when she turned with a sudden intuition and a whimper of fear, and he looked into her huge, translucent, startled island eyes, the white changed to a furious flaming red, and all the veins on his forehead and temples swelled and darkened.

"Then the girl screamed twice at the top of her lungs and bolted. She ran with incredible speed, but at every step the Child gained on her. At every step he yelled—but not with hate."

Scofield paused, and relighted his cigar which had gone out. He put down his empty glass and poured a little whisky into it.

Cousins, the offensive one, looked puzzled and a little offended. "Is that all?" he asked.

"Why, yes," said Scofield, "I think so. Unless you want to know what became of the Child in after years. Things broke well for him. A decent ship captain found him, and took him off the island, and used the money and jewels to educate him and stake him afterwards. He has a fine ranch now, near Fresno; dislikes oysters and clams intensely, and is in all other ways a model citizen. His wife is darker than the average, but the children are wonderful, and numerous."

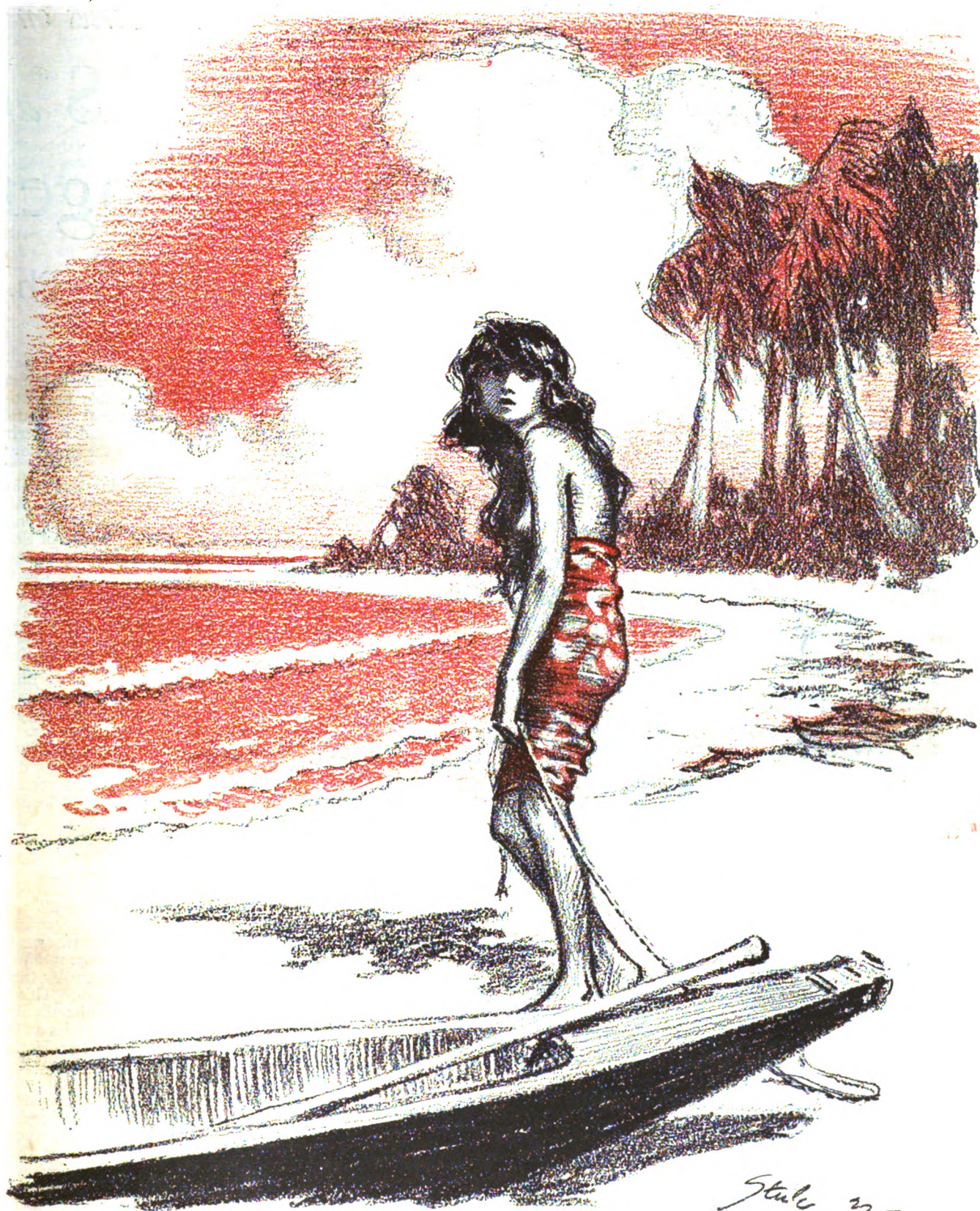
"But," protested Cousins, "what is the exact significance of the story? What is the underlying theme—the moral?"



"The Child," said Scofield patiently, "was reared in complete ignorance of everything. All his knowledge and all his temptations came from within himself. The moral is for you people who believe in censorship and morality by legislation. What were the important facts of the Child's life? He drank hard. He cracked a safe. He committed a murder. He married a young lady without her consent. And he did all these things without ever having read what you people call a *salacious* book or without

ever having seen any kind of a motion picture. . . . And then, in common with the average boy who does get hold of a vile book once in a while, or who sees all the pictures good, bad and indifferent, he settled down and became a first-rate citizen."

Cousins for once had nothing to say. For the first time in his life, perhaps, it began to dawn on him that ordinary decent liberty loving men considered him a meddling and boring ass with his ideas of intolerance.



Another visitor had come to him across the great water. This visitor in no way resembled the old man. She was slender and of a beautiful golden brown.





Paul H. De Kruif, Ph.D.

¶ An urgent desire to get on intimate terms with bacteria turned Doctor De Kruif away from the study of medicine per se. ¶ For five years, at the University of Michigan, he followed the elusive bug, in the meantime being awarded the degree of Doctor of Philosophy. ¶ In 1917 he entered the army and in 1920 became connected with a large institution for medical research in New York City. ¶ He likes Beethoven, Rabelais, Mencken and Anatole France. ¶ There are, also, a number of things he doesn't like.

# VACCINES *for* Broken Legs

## ¶ No. 4 of the Series on DOCTORS *and* Drug-Mongers

By Paul H. De Kruif, Ph.D.

**D**RUG-MONGERS advertise and sell preparations which when used without the highest skill are dangerous to human life. It is justifiable to place such things in the hands of highly trained and intelligent doctors. Their widespread advertisement and indiscriminate sale to all doctors are things that demand the attention of the public and the medical profession alike.

The story of vaccines and similar preparations makes one of the best illustrations of this unfortunate condition. *Modified vaccines, called Phylacogens, are reported by reliable and prominent doctors to have caused a number of deaths.* In spite of this, they are still offered to the medical profession as a whole, regardless of the fact that comparatively few doctors have the skill to handle such a dangerous "remedy." A vaccine vendor, named Sherman, carries on a persistent and tremendous publicity campaign among doctors. He assures them that vaccines can be used without harm. He reduces the treatment of disease to the utmost simplicity. According to this merchant, all the doctor has to do, when perplexed, is to consult Sherman's alphabetical list of diseases. Opposite each disease is its appropriate vaccine. It does not have some jaw-cracking scientific name which would be hard for the doctor to remember. Instead it is marked simply with a number. The momentarily baffled doctor has simply to turn to this chart, run his finger down the list of diseases, from abscess to vertigo. When he comes to the disease he thinks his patient has, he stops, and looks at the number opposite. Has the poor fellow kidney disease? Have no fear! Give him vaccine No. 35 or 15. Or perchance he may be plagued with a toothache. Then let the doctor seize his trusty syringe, and shoot in vaccine No. 5, 6, or 35.

Such a simplification of the mysteries and terrors of disease would seem to be incredible, but turn to Sherman's advertisements and you will find things that are just as foolish as the statements of the most notorious vendors of "patent medicines." In reality, Sherman's list of diseases, with its appropriate vaccine for each one, reminds us of the booklets sent out by the Ensign Remedy Company of Battle Creek, Michigan. This clan of charlatans publishes a booklet which lists all diseases alphabetically, from abortion and abscess to worms, wrinkles and writer's cramp. For Lockjaw use Remedy No. 34, for Housemaid's Knee try No. 1019 A and B. Do you see "Animals and Reptiles?" Then swallow No. 187 A and B. Or if you are "dull and stupid" dose yourself with No. 189. Now the remedies of Mr. Ensign are so quackish that they can appeal only to people of the lowest intelligence. It is not surprising to hear such traffic condemned on all sides. Yet many doctors allow themselves to be fooled by Sherman's list, which is almost equally preposterous, and may in many instances be actually dangerous. It is no wonder then, that patent medicine sharks and quacks of all sorts can point scornful fingers at the medical profession. It is only when that honorable group cleans its own house by refusing to deal with commercialists who seek to exploit it.



that it will be able to fight fraud and quackery effectively.

Before telling the story of how honest but possibly uninformed doctors are fooled by these commercialists, it must be emphasized that the proper use of vaccines, especially in the prevention of certain diseases, is one of the most notable of the triumphs of modern medicine.

As almost everyone knows, the word vaccine came into use through the discoveries of the English physician Jenner. This intelligent doctor noticed that milkmaids and other dairy attendants remained free from smallpox during epidemics of this serious disease. He further observed that cattle often suffered from a mild illness at the same time that people of the same community were smitten with smallpox. This disease of cattle was called vaccinia, a name derived from the Latin word for cow. Jenner believed that the vaccinia of cows and the smallpox of humans were one and the same disease. The only difference was that the malady was not nearly so serious in the cattle. He then reasoned that the failure of the dairymaids to get smallpox was due to their having caught the milder form of it from the cattle they tended. And that, once having had the disease in this mild form, they were then immune to the more serious human type of the illness.

Jenner, like any real experimenter, did not announce this theory and then sit down to rest on his oars. Instead, he took some of the material from the eruptions on the skin of cows sick with vaccinia, and introduced it into the skin of people who were well and who had never had smallpox. He found from this that his theory was right. For the vaccinated individuals did not get smallpox when they were afterwards exposed to it, while people who had not been vaccinated came down with it in great numbers.

This fine discovery of Jenner's consisted then, in giving healthy people a disease which had been made harmless and mild by passage through cows. Such people, having suffered from the milder form which caused them little discomfort, were protected from the much more severe human form. Smallpox has lost its terrors through this beautiful work.

AT THE TIME Jenner lived it was not known that contagious diseases were caused by germs. There were speculations of this kind, but they remained mere guesses until Pasteur and Koch turned such conjectures into knowledge. Pasteur was studying the microbe which caused a fatal disease of chickens. He had found a way to keep this germ alive in his laboratory, by growing it in bottles filled with beef broth, which was free from all other microbes. He could reproduce the disease in healthy fowl by inoculating them with a very small amount of the broth from this bottle. One day, he accidentally injected a chicken with the broth from an old bottle, which had been standing round

the laboratory for some weeks. To Pasteur's surprise, the chicken failed to get sick. He knew that the germs he had injected were living ones, for they grew and multiplied when he transferred a little of this old broth to some fresh broth in another bottle. His quick insight told him that he had stumbled across an observation like that made by Jenner many years before. So he hastened to inject the chicken, which had failed to succumb to the old weakened germs, with young vigorous microbes which he knew to be fatal. As he predicted, the fowl that had received the previous dose of the aged microbes, resisted the second fatal injection, which quickly killed new chickens that had not received the previous dose.

He had succeeded, then, in making chickens immune to a fatal disease by injecting them with the weakened aged microbes of this malady. He gave the name vaccine to these attenuated (weakened) microbes. He lost no time in trying to do the same thing with the germs of other contagions, and was soon successful with a serious plague called anthrax. This disease is very fatal to cattle and sheep, and sometimes, too, attacks humans. Pasteur's work was bitterly opposed by many doctors. These men had the natural human suspicion of anything new and strange, and they had little faith in Pasteur, because he was a mere chemist and not a medical graduate. The great scientist did not whimper at their persecutions, but answered by a public experiment, which was crushing and convincing.

THIS TEST is among the most dramatic in the history of science and is a model for all men to follow who believe they have a new boon to confer on mankind, and who wish to convince stubborn doubters of the value of their gift. In the presence of a large gathering of distinguished persons, Pasteur placed a number of sheep in adjacent fields. Half of these he injected with a vaccine consisting of the weakened germs of anthrax. To the other half he gave nothing. Then after some days, he gave all of the sheep an identical amount of vigorous and deadly anthrax microbes. After a day of indescribable suspense for Pasteur and his small band of disciples, the animals which had not previously been inoculated with the weakened germs, became ill, and in a short while all of them died. The vaccinated ones, on the other hand, never became sick, and not one of them died. It was so that Pasteur silenced his opponents, who had gleefully welcomed this public experiment, believing that it would result in the explosion of his ideas. If commercial vaccine mongers, and the promoters of alleged discoveries would follow the same plan, there would be far fewer vaccines for sale.

These experiments of Pasteur built the foundation for the prevention of disease by injection of the germ known to cause the malady in question. His own application of his discovery

## Sherman's Polyvalent Vaccines



Vaccine therapy is based on two well-known factors: (a) That antibodies develop, primarily, in the infected tissues during the course of an infection and when killed organisms are injected into healthy tissues antibodies are formed by the tissues into which the killed organisms are injected thus exploiting inactive healthy tissues and forcing them to become actively engaged in antibody formation to aid the infected tissues in overcoming the infection, and, (b) That killed organisms when injected into healthy tissues are more dependable and safer agents towards stimulating tissue cells for antibody formation than the live organisms responsible for infective processes.

Sherman's Polyvalent Vaccines are dependable antigens for destroying or digesting the disease germs in

|            |                      |             |                 |                |
|------------|----------------------|-------------|-----------------|----------------|
| Acne       | Erysipelas           | Hay Fever   | Otitis media    | Tonsillitis    |
| Arthritis  | Gastritis            | Mastoiditis | Psoriasis       | Tuberculosis   |
| Asthma     | Gonorrhea            | Nephritis   | Rheumatic fever | Typhoid fever  |
| Bronchitis | Gonorrheal arthritis | Neuritis    | Scarlet fever   | Whooping cough |

Immunity to these bacterial diseases is aroused not only by numerous different strains of selected live virus type true virulent organisms such as Sherman's Polyvalent Stock Vaccines contain.

Sherman's Vaccines are for experimental use.

DESCRIPTIVE DATA ON REQUEST TO PHYSICIANS

Bacteriological Laboratories of G. H. SHERMAN, M.D., Detroit, Mich.

## Don't you want some of this

### Phylacogen business?

Here is the most important announcement that has been made to druggists in many months.

We are the sole and exclusive manufacturers of a new and powerful Phylacogen vaccine that will revolutionize the medical profession.

We are a published and well known firm. Phylacogen is a new and powerful vaccine that will revolutionize the medical profession.

In every pharmacy and drug store in America, you will find Phylacogen vaccine for sale. It is a new and powerful vaccine that will revolutionize the medical profession.

This is a new and powerful vaccine that will revolutionize the medical profession. It is a new and powerful vaccine that will revolutionize the medical profession.

We shall be very glad to receive your order for Phylacogen vaccine. It is a new and powerful vaccine that will revolutionize the medical profession.

This is a new and powerful vaccine that will revolutionize the medical profession. It is a new and powerful vaccine that will revolutionize the medical profession.

Phylacogen is now offered.

Rheumatism Phylacogen  
Gonorrhea Phylacogen  
Erysipelas Phylacogen  
Pneumonia Phylacogen  
Mixed Infection Phylacogen

Manufactured in 10 Cc. capacity 10 vials in a box.

LET US HAVE YOUR ORDERS

Parke, Davis & Co.

Here is a reproduction of a circular advertising another fake vaccine called Sherman's Polyvalent Vaccines. The very highest authorities have repeatedly warned physicians against the indiscriminate use of these vaccines as they have been known to cause death.

This is an advertisement of Phylacogen Vaccine. It seems almost incredible that a firm of such reputation should thus advertise.

to the prevention of hydrophobia is known to everyone. His methods have been modified by time, for it has been found that you cannot always depend upon a vaccine made of old and weak but still living germs. Such a vaccine might contain a few microbes which had not "lost their kick." In a word it was hard to be sure that you had sufficiently weakened your microbes and a few surviving vigorous ones might set up a fatal disease in a person or animal you had hoped to protect. But it was soon found that it was not necessary to inject a vaccine made from living germs. Dead ones would do almost as well, provided that they were killed as gently as possible. If a mild heat, or some mild germicide be applied to microbes they lose their lives, but when injected into animals or people, the stuff of which they are made still has the power of causing the body to manufacture protective principles.

**T**WO IMPORTANT things are to be kept in mind about vaccines. First, they are *specific*. That is to say, *if you wish to protect against typhoid fever, you must inject a vaccine made of typhoid germs and not of any other kind. Such a vaccine will give immunity to typhoid fever, but not to pneumonia or mumps or measles.* Second, it takes some days after injection of the dead microbes for the body to respond by making the substances to which immunity is due.

An Englishman named Wright tried to protect the English soldiers of the Boer War against typhoid fever by injecting them with a vaccine made of dead typhoid germs. His results were uncertain and it remained for the American army officer, Russell, to perfect this work. Russell was so successful that by 1911 and 1912 he had reduced the occurrence of and death rate from typhoid fever in the army almost to nil. His methods were taken up by all of the armies of the Great War, with the result that typhoid fever was almost a negligible source of death in most of them. In previous conflicts it had been a most serious factor. For example, in our war with Spain, seven times as many soldiers died from typhoid fever as were killed in battle. The protection cannot be said to be perfect. General sanitation, such as the care of sewage, water

Abscesses, 22.  
Acne, 50, 33, 22.  
Adenitis, 10, 6.  
Adenitis mesenterica, 45,  
47, 35.  
Aphthae, 6.  
Appendicitis, 35.  
Arthritis, 6, 35.  
Asthma, 36, 40.  
Boils, 22.  
Bronchitis, 40, 36.  
Broncho-Pneumonia, 6, 40,  
38.  
Burns, 10, 22.  
Carbuncles, 22.  
Catarrh, 40, 36.  
Cerebro-spinal meningitis  
Prophylactic, 34.  
Cholecystitis, 35.  
Colds, 38, 40.  
Colitis, 35.  
Conjunctivitis, 6, 36.  
Conjunctivitis (gonor-  
rheal), 49, 25.  
Corneal Ulcer, 6.  
Cystitis, 35.  
Dacryocystitis, 10.  
Dermatitis, 10, 22.  
Diabetes, 35, 22.  
Duodenitis, 35.  
Eczema (acute), 22.  
Eczema (chronic), 35, 22.  
Empyema, 6, 40.  
Endocarditis, 6.  
Epididymitis, 25, 49.  
Erysipelas, 1, 10, 42.  
Ethmoiditis, 40, 36, 6.  
Felon, 10.  
Fistula, 22, 45.  
Fistula (rectal), 35.  
Furunculosis, 22.  
Gangrene, 10, 42.  
Gastritis, 35.  
Gleet, 49.  
Gonorrhea, 25, 49.  
Gonorrhea (chronic), 49.  
Gonorrheal rheumatism, 49.  
Gumboils, 6, 35, 40.  
Hay Fever, 40, 36, 38.  
Infected wounds, 10.  
Influenza, 38.  
Impetigo, 10.  
Iritis (rheumatic), 6, 10.  
Iritis, gonorrheal, 25, 49.  
Ischio-rectal abscess, 35, 45,  
47.  
Jaundice, 35.  
Keratitis, 6.  
Lobar pneumonia, 6, 36, 40,  
38.  
Leucorrhea, 35.  
Mastitis, 10, 22.  
Mastoiditis, 6, 40.  
Meningitis (prophylactic),  
34.  
Metritis, 35.  
Myelitis, 22, 10.  
Nephritis, 35.  
Neuritis, 35.  
Ophthalmitis, 6, 10.  
Orchitis, 49.  
Osteomyelitis, 22, 10.  
Otitis Media, 22, 35, 6, 36.  
Ozena, 36.  
Peritonitis, 35.  
Pertussis, 37, 43.

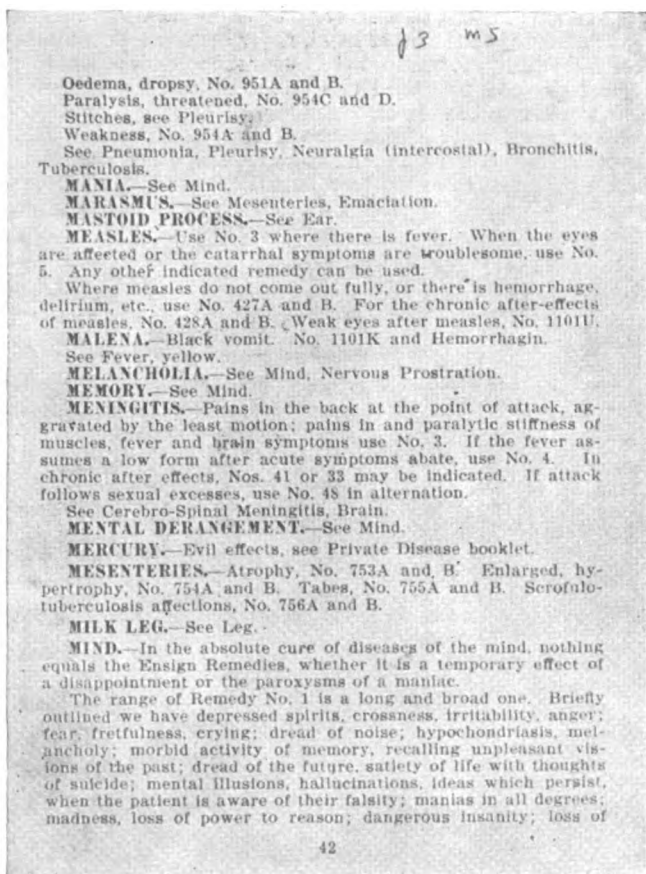
**C.** The above list of diseases with the number of the magic vaccine opposite—and guaranteed to cure everything from abscesses to writer's cramp—is used by a vaccine vendor named Sherman in a publicity campaign among doctors.

supply and food must also be attended to, so that people may not swallow a dose of microbes that might overwhelm the protection the vaccine has given them. For example, it would be foolish for a vaccinated man to go swimming in a tub containing millions of virulent typhoid germs. The relative nature of the protection given by vaccines is illustrated by the experience of the English and American armies in the war. Both armies had compulsory anti-typhoid vaccination. Among the English the general sanitation was good, and there was little or no typhoid. Among the Americans the general sanitation was not so good, and there was a considerable amount of typhoid fever, although not nearly so much as in the days before the discovery of vaccines.

Vaccines are also effective in protecting against para-typhoid fever, and are said to be of value in the prevention of Asiatic Cholera, and bubonic plague.

**W**HILE it is certain that vaccines are very valuable in preventing certain diseases, their curative value, excepting for a very few maladies, rests upon very uncertain foundations. They are apparently beneficial in many cases of boils, and in the rheumatism caused by the germ of gonorrhea. A valuable and authoritative book published by the American Medical Association for the guidance of its members is called "Useful Drugs." This book states that the curative use of ready-made vaccines rests upon uncertain clinical evidence and that no marked beneficial result has been authoritatively confirmed.

In spite of this the doctor is encouraged in his uncertain guessing game by vaccine and phylacogen vendors like Sherman and Parke, Davis & Co. It would seem proper now to take up in some detail the operations of these commercialists, showing their methods of publicity, their willingness to exploit uninformed doctors, and their [Continued on page 138]



**C.** Here is a page from a booklet published by the Ensign Remedy Company—a clan of charlatans who appeal only to people of the lowest intelligence. If it were not so serious in its consequences it might be considered funny.

*Colonel Reb Singleton had a little poker hand to play but he played it sort of careless and had to shoot a bootlegger, but, as Uvalde Cole said, "There are so many bootleggers"*

# OUT ON A LIMB

*By J. Frank Davis*

*Illustrated by Walt Louderback*

**T**HREE THINGS all must learn who survive on the Earth's frontiers: to think quickly, to act instantly, and to conceal fear.

Reb Singleton, in his early manhood a cowboy, a Texas Ranger, a cattleman, a sheriff, acquired the three-fold lesson. In middle age, a quiet, unostentatious, easy-laughing, soft-speaking leader in his business community, a person of financial substance and president of a powerful trust company, he has not forgotten it.

Hurl into a lake one who has learned to swim competently in boyhood, even though for a long generation he has not felt the strangling clutch of deep water, and automatically he will strike out toward safety. Throw into a man-made whirlpool of turbulence a mild, peaceable citizen who in his youth was famed across his whole wild border state as one who decided and acted without hesitation, enforcing his judgments when need be with the crackling lightnings of a Colt forty-five, and what may happen is what happened to Colonel Rebel Lee Singleton in the booming, frenzied, wide open, oil-mad Texas city of Moneda.

There was a girl at the bottom of it; there often is, of course. But not as you may think. This one was hardly more than a child, young enough to be Reb's daughter. And her father was his business enemy.

The chain of circumstance that built itself, link by link, until it stretched to that swift-flashing reel of breathless action in the Wigwam at Moneda, began to be slowly heated for its forging in the broad-verandahed house on San Antonio's most exclusive north-side hill which is the home of Reb and Carol Homans, the Colonel's widowed sister.

**C**OLONEL SINGLETON arrived there one afternoon after his hours of business at the bank, and the door was opened to him by a servant recently acquired, a young woman of dark brown complexion, neatly enough dressed above the knees but wearing white stockings which from their thin texture seemed to be the tint of café au lait and which disappeared into bright pink bed-room slippers of extraordinary area and shapelessness.

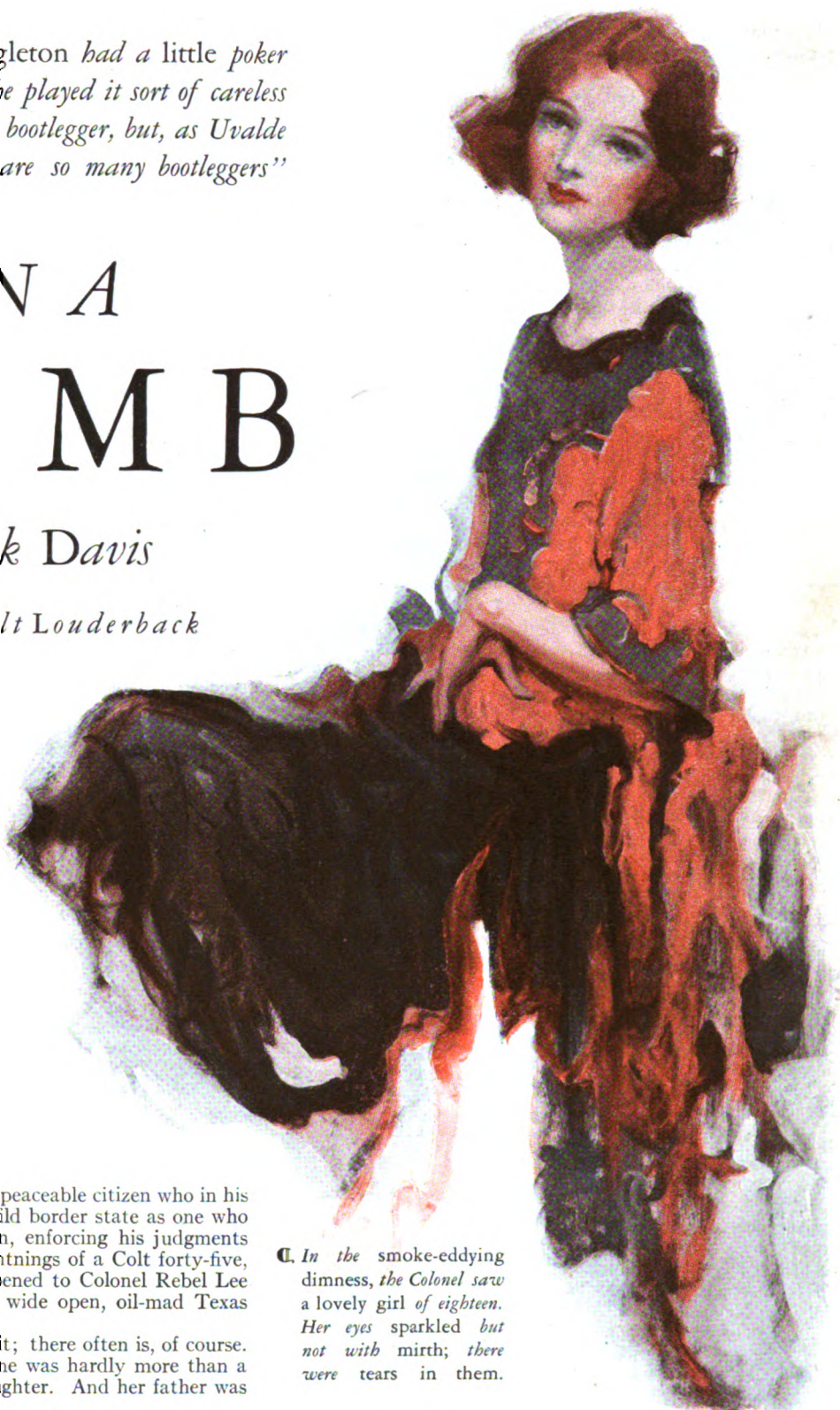
"Mrs. Homans at home, Delphine?" Reb asked.

*In the smoke-eddy dimness, the Colonel saw a lovely girl of eighteen. Her eyes sparkled but not with mirth; there were tears in them.*

"Miz Homans," she said, "done went to the Snipnosium." "It couldn't be the Symposium, could it?" he queried, smiling. She smiled back, as most people, white or black, did when Reb Singleton smiled upon them.

"I'm only repeatin' to you whut Miz Homans say to me," she declared. "Miz Homans tole *me* she goin' to Snipnosium. She say she be home ample time befo' dinneh."

Chuckling quietly, Reb turned into the living-room, and the servitor's pink-shod feet bore her silently toward the rear of the house. He had asked for his sister only to inform her, as early as might be, that plans had made themselves during the day for a gathering that evening of certain of his cronies who from time to time assembled about a round table to wrest modest sums of cash from one another by cards, skill, luck and persiflage, and she would be home soon; she never arrived much later than





five o'clock on the days of the semi-monthly meetings of the Symposium Discussion Club.

It was a warm early winter day, and he took his afternoon newspaper and went out to read it on the front gallery. The checked purr of a motor and the sound of applied brakes made him look up, presently, to see a sedan stopping before the house and his sister getting out of it. He identified the driver of the car as Mrs. Delbert Keene and, as she saw him and nodded amiably, he dropped his paper and went down the walk to pay his respects with old-fashioned Southern ceremony.

On the front seat with Mrs. Keene was a girl. Reb had thought, for a moment, that she was some other member of the Symposium whom Mrs. Keene had picked up to take home. As he came to the curb, however, he recognized her and spoke with unaffected surprise.

"Why, it's Margie Belle, isn't it? Goodness, Margie Belle, but how you are growing! It doesn't take any time a-tall for you young ladies to shoot up out of all recollection of us old fellows. But, come to think of it, it must be all of two years since I've seen you."

"Margie Belle's been away at school, you know," Mrs. Keene told him with a note of pride, and named a nationally famous institution for girls. "She has come home to stay with her daddy and me till after Christmas."

"The young men of San 'Ntonio are going to have a brighter holiday season than usual," Reb said. "I reckon your daddy, Margie Belle, will have to hire an extra house servant to sweep 'em off your doorstep. Or does he give that job to the yard boy?"

Margie Belle, product of a section where extravagant compliments do not cause embarrassment, laughed merrily.

"Come over and clear the gallery yourself, Colonel," she said. "I'd rather talk to you than to a lot of boys, anyway."

Seeing that he had never in his life been in Delbert Keene's house, Reb took this for exactly what it was, a conventional reply to his gallantry, and remarked gravely that she was likely to witness his arrival with a broom almost any evening.

During this exchange of badinage, Reb had appraised the girl shrewdly. She was eighteen, and of a slim sweet attractiveness that demanded swift comparison with the species of modern feminine youth that is embraced in the widely popular appellation of "flapper."

"PRETTY," he thought, then discarded the doll-descriptive word and substituted "lovely." Her features were irregular but piquant. Her hair was soft and shining. Her dark eyes, shaded by long lashes, were lustrous. Her creamy complexion and red lips were unmarred by artificiality. Her clothes were tastefully modish without being extreme. She had intelligence and poise, manners and culture. Colonel Singleton approved of her; she was as pleasing to his mind as she was to his sight.

They talked at the curb for a moment; then Mrs. Homans thanked Margie Belle's mother for bringing her home, and Mrs. Keene started the car. Going up the walk, Reb said:

"Ornamental youngster!"

"And as sweet as they make them," Carol replied, warmly. "Her mother is tremendously proud of her—and of the two younger ones, for that matter. She is bringing her family up well. They are all fine children."

The subject came up again when the dark brown Delphine, no longer pink-footed, had served dessert. Mrs. Homans had been animatedly reviewing a debate at the Symposium for which one Mrs. Sivley had pulled the trigger by introducing as a subject for discussion a popular novel located in the Southwest.

"A lot of the women agreed with her," she said. "They thought the Chambers of Commerce or somebody ought to do something about it. Mrs. Sivley said it is a libel on the state. She was right indignant. One would think to read a book like that, she said, that the wild and woolly days aren't over. Such incidents used to happen here, of course, but this writer would make Easterners think, if they took his book seriously, that gunplay and all that sort of thing, still go on in Texas."

"Well, wasn't she right?" asked Reb.

"Of course things like that don't happen here any more. Except now and then, incidentally. Like that noontime killing on the plaza. Or that gunfight the other night at a roadhouse. By the way, did both those men die?"

Reb grinned appreciation of her point.

"Oh, somebody gets shot once in a while," he admitted. "But on the whole Texas is just as civilized, these days, as any other place. I don't believe there's been more than a dozen killings in San 'Ntonio in three months—not inside the city limits

anyway. Compared to the old days, that's plumb civilized." "The book doesn't say that everybody in Texas goes around gun-fighting."

"Oh, well." Reb cheerfully conceded his non-possession of any valid counter-argument by frankly moving off the subject. "I've been thinking ever since I saw her what a beauty that Margie Belle Keene is going to be. Brains, too."

"I think her mother is frightfully worried," she said. "She is trying so hard to bring up the children right and give them a fine education."

"Worried? Over Margie Belle?"

"Oh, no. Margie's the kind of girl you don't worry about. Over Mr. Keene. He is gambling again."

"So am I. I almost forgot to tell you there's a session here tonight. Uvalde Cole, Bill Whitcher, Jimmy Dean."

"If I've gone to bed before you get through, for goodness' sake open a window or two and let some of the smoke out. You forgot it last time. . . . How much money has Delbert Keene got, Reb?"

"No great amount. He has only been coming successfully the last three or four years, you know. Forty thousand dollars, for a guess. He is tied up with some strong people, of course. If he'd learn conservatism he'd have a good chance of being really well-fixed in a few years."

A WOMAN down at the club was telling me the other day—a woman who knows Mrs. Keene's mother pretty intimately—that poker is getting him again. He is one of those men, I gather, who can't gamble just for amusement, for small stakes."

"There are such. Gets 'em like booze or dope. That kind ought to leave it strictly alone."

"Delbert Keene has, for close to ten years. It used to be pretty hard on the family, his mother-in-law said, when he had the craze before. And now with Margie Belle still two years from graduation at an expensive school and the oldest boy within a year of being ready to start college, Mrs. Keene is just about worried to death for fear he'll get to going the same way he used to. And he's one of those men a wife can't say much to. Good-natured enough if he isn't crossed, but not one a wife can reason with on a thing of that sort."

"He's not one that likes to be reasoned with about much of anything," Reb commented dryly. "I reckon it isn't a business secret—we didn't tell it but he did, pretty generally—that he took his account out of our bank because we attempted to reason with him, one day, about a certain deal. You may or may not have heard that he semi-publicly referred to your respected brother as a conservative old fool."

"Oh, not old!" she protested.

"Forty-seven, going on forty-eight."

"Will you never stop telling it, with half the town remembering there isn't but five years difference in our ages? . . . If he would only promise, Mrs. Keene told her mother."

"Promise? What's that?"

"Mrs. Keene says he never broke a promise to her in his life. Or to anybody else."

"He has that reputation," Reb almost reluctantly admitted.

"If he had promised, when he stopped gambling ten years ago, not to play cards any more, he would have kept his word—for life, she says. But he didn't. He just stopped."

"And now he has just started again. Well, I don't know as I can seem to get wildly excited over it. I told him, that day at the bank, that he was heading toward bankruptcy with loose brakes and his cut-out open."

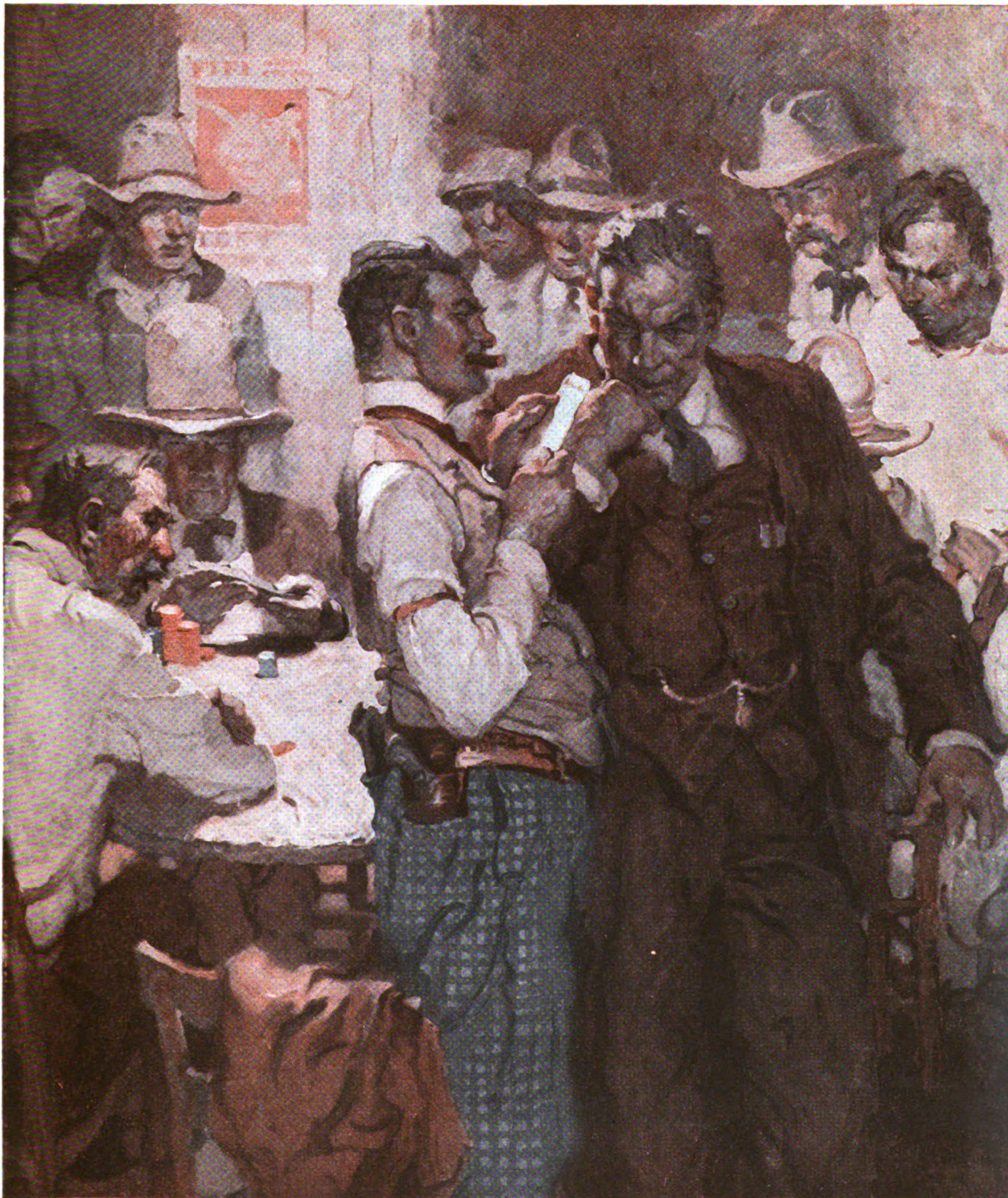
"You don't like him."

"We speak friendly enough, but we don't kiss each other all over the face when we meet. I haven't got any interest in Del Keene a-tall; he can go broke and be darned to him, for all I'd worry," he said. "But it's a shame about that nice wife and those children. I don't know when I've seen a finer kid."

THE HONORABLE William B. Whitcher, a normally reserved and dignified person who was a member of the City Commission and an ex-State senator, surveyed a pot, counted its contents, and flipped into the center of the table a brown chip and a blue one. "She's off for the downs," he declared. "A dollar and two bits."

Reb Singleton peeped at the corners of his five cards and discovered the four, five, seven and eight of hearts. He remarked, "Two pair as small as these won't be worth a hoot after the draw; hence and accordingly, I'll make it uninteresting for the pikers," and pushed forward a raise of three dollars.





**C**, Dell Keene produced the last of his cashier's checks. "Give me another \$5,000," he demanded. "If I get my money out of this game, I'll quit."

Whispering Jimmy Dean, whose Bull of Bashan voice had been rumbling maledictions on fortune for more than an hour, hurled his hand into the discards with disgusted snortings. Uvalde Cole, ex-Ranger, cattleman and capitalist, grinned amiably, and said, "Four-flushing again, eh? If you really had two pairs and wanted to drive us out you'd bump her five," and saw the opening bet and the raise. Gus Lamrow, who had dealt, rapped the table to signify cessation of interest.

Whitcher studied Singleton's bland and ingenuous face.

"If you say you've got two pairs, Reb, I'll believe you—but there's thousands wouldn't," he said. He advanced the neces-

sary chips to stay. "Give me three playing cards, principally aces," he requested of Lamrow.

Reb drew, of course, to his four straight flush. Uvalde Cole proved himself to have a simple pair by matching the opener's draw of three.

Whitcher lifted first one and then another card of his draw from the table.

"I haven't looked at my last card," he said, then, "but, ad interim, as we say in the Greek, I'll bet five dollars."

"I don't get your meaning, because I don't know but four Greek words—grap frut and buttterr'd tost," said Reb, mildly,





A. Singleton's hand swooped to the automatic in Quinney's waistband. "Everybody sit quiet," he ordered. "Jewett, keep your left hand in the air and there won't be anything more happen to you."

"but I'll look now at what I got, and it——" he stopped himself.

He squeezed his cards up before his face and inspected them slowly. They now included the four, five, seven and eight of hearts and the king of clubs. He allowed his features to slightly register disappointment—exactly the degree of disappointment that he would be expected to register for his companions' benefit if he had filled a towering hand and was all set for a massacre.

Letting action complete the broken sentence, he stacked up ten brown chips in one pile, leveled another to equal it, made a third pile of five, and shoved them all in.

"Twenty better," he said pleasantly to his two opponents. "Ow!" cried Uvalde Cole. "Not on one pair. Let Bill do it!" Bill, who in the meantime had looked at his fifth card, did it. "I wound up with three queens," he said, as he put forth the necessary twenty. "Beat 'em and take it."

"Three queens," murmured Reb, and leaned forward to look admiringly into their faces. "Three pretty ladies." He displayed his own valueless quintette. "Wouldn't that have been a nice li'l' hand if I'd filled? Well, I reckon I'll buy me another stack or two of chips."

"Poor ole Reb!" gloated Uvalde Cole. "Caught out on a limb!





A bullet from Reb's revolver broke Jewett's right collar-bone and the shot from his falling pistol went into the floor.

Me, I sympathize with him—not! I hope it happens every time he does it. Deal 'em, Bill. Let's go! If it wasn't for Jimmy's moans here on my right, I'd feel, even if I ain't winning much, that this was a fairly pleasant evenin'."

As Whitcher distributed fresh hands, Jimmy Dean ceased being morose long enough to say: "Man told me the other day that he saw a feller hold a straight flush in a pot with about four thousand dollars in it in one of those wide-open clubs up at Moneda, week or so ago. In a square game, too; at least, this feller that held 'em was square; he wasn't no professional."

"There's your chance to recoup for what us good players do to you, Reb," grinned Uvalde. He added, to explain the jest to the others: "Reb and me are going up to Moneda day after tomorrow. Little matter of business."

"There's a busy town," commented Whitcher. "Ever been there since the oil boom?"

"I have, once. Reb hasn't."

"GAMBLERS, bootleggers, high-jackers, wild women and all-round bad men; believe me, it is some old-fashioned Wild West camp," Whitcher declared. "When I go up there, I take my exact expenses, split it into six pockets, and wear a dollar watch."

"Considerable gun-toting?"

"And gun-shooting," said Uvalde. "A reasonably perfect defense for murder in Moneda is to say your temper got upset."

"Governor'll have to send the Rangers in sooner or later, I suppose," Lamrow said.

"Rangers!" exclaimed Whitcher. "They'll be lucky if it doesn't take the militia. Rough? Say, those gamblers up there are using tricks that went out before the Silver King closed."

"Speaking of tricks of the trade," remarked Reb, "are we a session of the Snipnosium Discussion Club, or what?"

It was after the game had stopped, at midnight, and while the chips were being cashed, that Whitcher referred to Moneda.

"I didn't know you and Uvalde were interested in the Moneda field," he said.

"We ain't," Reb told him, "but we might be. It isn't any secret—at least not between us girls—seeing it's a public auction, and advertised, and all that. We're aiming to bid on that receiver's sale of the Rolling Prairie Company. If we don't have to go much over a quarter of a million, we might buy. Not all our money; I don't believe Uvalde's got that much laying around loose and I know cussed well I haven't; there are some other fellows in the deal with us."

"What does the successful bidder have to deposit to bind the sale—ten percent?"

"Yes."

"Take it in paper that won't be any good to the high-jackers without endorsement."

"Did you think us two old tenderfeet might pack it in one-dollar bills?" reproachfully de-

manded the humorous Uvalde of Bill Whitcher.

Lambrow looked up from rolling a cigarette.

"You won't be the only San Antonians bidding," he said. "I hear the Smith-Gestwerther crowd is after that property. Del Keene is going to represent them at the sale."

"That so?" Reb commented, noncommittally.

"I don't know Delbert Keene very well," Whispering Jimmy rumbled, "but, somehow or other, he hasn't ever rung any loud alarms with me. They say he's a live wire. That's what some of 'em say. Is he, Reb?"

"I reckon so," Reb said, and blew a cloud of smoke. "Yes, I reckon he is. With defective insulation."

There were two beds in the hotel room at Moneda, and Uvalde Cole sat on one of them and eased off his shoes.

"I don't guess I'll go out and look at the bright lights," he said. "I didn't sleep good last night, and I've got rheumatism around those three darn buckshot that I got under my shoulder blade back in ninety-one, and something I et ain't settin' pretty. The thing for me to do is hit the blankets and get me some sleep. If you don't mind roaming round alone—"

"Not a bit," Singleton assured him. "I don't aim to be out very late; just figure on drifting round and watching the tiger. What's the biggest and best of the palaces of chance?"

"I don't know which is the best, but one of the biggest and worst is the Wigwam; it was the time I was here before, anyway. 'Wigwam Social and Pastime Club.' Run by an ol'-timer named Tim Golden. Ever hear tell of him?" [Continued on page 108]



**C.** Valerie had been alone with her misery for twenty-four hours before Lilla found her and dragged her back from the death which the forsaken girl had courted.



Can a woman find freedom in a man-made world? That was Lilla Vance's problem. Read how Lilla's biographer, the distinguished author of *TOGETHER*, portrays that period of her life when she experienced the disillusionment of marriage

# HER OWN LIFE

By Robert Herrick

*A Résumé  
of the Early  
Chapters*

*Illustrated by Dalton Stevens*

IT WAS Lilla who found her father. He had been working with a circular saw. Something had gone wrong and the saw had bitten deeply into his shoulder. The girl, then only twelve, did what she could to help him; but it was useless. With the death of her father, Lilla lost the only friend who understood and appreciated her. Of course the Wyoming ranch was no place for Lilla and her mother after this tragedy so they came East and settled in a Chicago suburb where Lilla went to school and grew to womanhood.

As a girl, Lilla certainly was not pretty; indeed, she was homely and none knew it better than she. However, as she rounded into maturity she became at least attractive, though always conspicuous because of her size.

During the summer following her graduation from high school she met a distant cousin and the first love episode of her life occurred.

The cousin was not particularly attractive but somehow he fired the girl's imagination and one afternoon when they were wandering through the woods she yielded to his importunities. Lilla was not the girl to be crushed by a mistake of this kind, but there was a moment during the following night when she seriously contemplated suicide. Even then she told herself that the situation would not have been so desperate had there been anyone in whom she could have confided. The relations between herself and her mother were strained and the father to whom she might have talked was dead. However, Lilla's life followed a rather even course for some time thereafter and it was not until she became a teacher in the high school that love entered with great seriousness into her life. Gordon James, the young superintendent of the high school, became interested, fell in love, proposed to her and they were married. It never for a moment occurred to Lilla that she was marrying a man with whom she was desperately in love. Everything that her mother had told her led her to believe that the feeling she had for her fiancé and later her husband was that which should characterize a young woman in her attitude toward a man. But with her marriage began for Lilla many dreary and at times miserable years. The coming of the first boy was a relief and as the baby lay in her arms, Lilla was supremely happy. That her husband had not wanted the baby did not then mar her satisfaction. So things ran until it became necessary for her to admit that she was expecting another baby. This was in many ways the breaking point of her life. Gordon was distinctly unpleasant when she gave him this information. He was afraid a growing family would interfere with his personal ambition. As a result they drifted apart and after Mr. James's election as county superintendent of schools, there were long periods when they saw little of each other. This incompatibility was emphasized when Lee Smith, a friendly book agent, came to live at their home and of him Gordon became violently and inexcusably jealous. This jealousy led to a bitter scene in the course of which Gordon accused her of indiscreet conduct with Smith. "Don't lie like that Gordon," was Lilla's retort, "I might kill you!" The quarrel ended with Gordon saying, referring again to Lilla's

impending motherhood, "If you had any consideration for me, you wouldn't let this happen. Even now it's not so very late." At which Lilla cried, "Oh, you coward! To say such a thing to me—to suggest it—even to think it!" With this cry, she left Gordon and went to her own room, bolting the door behind her.

*The Story Continues:*

LILLA was never clear in her memory of what happened the night of the quarrel nor for many days until she woke early one hot summer morning in a hospital and watched a white clad nurse coming and going about her bed. She tried to remember how she had got there. But all she could recollect was flying through the hot night along the sandy lake shore in a mad endeavor to get away somewhere, never to go back. Then a terrible resolve which dried all the tears in her body forever; then darkness—from which she shuddered. Ever afterwards she shuddered when her mind tried to penetrate that dark spot in her consciousness.

It was as if all the wrongness of her futile life, her groping youth, her mistaken marriage to her mother's ideal of what was good and pure, her ineffective struggle to carry on the ideal of a good woman and a good wife, had suddenly crashed to bits in one swift terrible act, which divided her once and for all from what she had been, from what she might have been. . . .

Before she left the hospital, she knew that she could never have another child.

"You know, my dear lady," the doctor said warningly, "you can consider yourself mighty fortunate to come off with your life." He looked at her meaningly.

"Do you think that it is so fortunate?" she asked dully.

"Oh, maybe you don't think so now, but in a few weeks you'll feel differently. You'll forget!" he said with the tolerant cynicism of one who deals habitually with human nature at its weakest ebb. "Anyhow, you won't have to worry any more about *that*."

Lilla closed her eyes.

Mrs. Vance came to see her and brought David, who talked volubly about Lee, the motorboat, and the garden, which was a relief to Lilla and to her mother. The child's chatter made it impossible for them to refer to what had happened, and Lilla realized, almost with relief, that never again would they have to go into things intimately. What had happened to her was an insuperable barrier between them. So much the better.

Gordon had sent flowers and called every day. He would, Lilla reflected, do that for the sake of appearances. Lilla sent the flowers to the public ward on the excuse that their odor oppressed her. The second time her mother came, she said, "Gordon is waiting outside, Lilla, and wants to see you."

"I'm too tired," Lilla said dully.

"When will you see him, dear?"

"When I go back—next week, the nurse says it will be."

"Very well," Mrs. Vance agreed with a sigh of relief.

She had not felt sure that Lilla would return to her home.



Lilla herself had not known until she spoke what she meant to do. In her present apathy, it seemed immaterial what she did. David was there and expected her. It would be much the same if she went to Lawndale with her mother, and besides there would be all the explanations. . . .

So one hot August afternoon, she found herself back in her room on the second floor of the Wilmette house. The garden plot had flourished greatly during her absence: Lilla could see the tops of the corn and the beans from her bed.

"Lee and I kept up the garden," David explained importantly. "I watered it 'most every night!"

Lee was not staying in the house, David explained, but he came out every other afternoon and took him out in the motorboat and worked in the garden. Toward five o'clock, Lilla heard Gordon's voice in the room below speaking to her mother; then shortly his stealthy tread on the stairs. She closed her eyes, pretending to sleep, but presently opened them, impatient to have it over with. He was standing just within the door, looking at her. Their eyes met. Lilla thought that she hated her husband, that for the first time in her life she loathed a human being; but now that he stood before her, she was surprised to perceive how unimportant he was to her; how little she felt anything.

"Well," he said, clearing his throat, "how do you feel, Lilla?" "All right."

"That's good." He sat down awkwardly in a chair beside the bed and matched his finger-tips precisely one against the other, as if he were trying to formulate his next remark. "You must take care of yourself—keep perfectly quiet for some time. Your mother will stay here and look after things, you know. She's managed to get a very good servant. Everything is going all right. So just make yourself easy until you feel quite strong."

Lilla said nothing. There was nothing to say. He too had made up his mind to ignore the past. Very likely, he had convinced himself that he had had no part in it—in fact was forgiving her magnificently for her reckless action, which might have resulted in disaster to him. A faint smile hovered on her lips at the thought. However, it was best so.

"Don't you want the shade lowered?" he asked and without awaiting her reply lowered all the shades to an even distance, and then with a final, "Is there anything you want, Lilla?" left the room.

THE NEXT morning while David was at school and Mrs. Vance was away from the house, Lee Smith called, bringing with him a great mass of sweetpeas.

"How goes it, Lilla!" he called cheerily from the hail below. "May I come up? Say, but it's good to see you back here, Lilla!" he beamed as he came into her room. "Isn't the garden fine and dandy? David is a regular little farm-hand—a regular worker. You can make him earn his keep out of that patch."

"He told me how you two looked after it. That was nice of you, Lee!"

"Of course we couldn't let the things die; you'd spent so much time on that patch. I never knew how much hoeing a bit of ground could take. I'd never make a real agriculturist, Lilla!" He laughed amiably, and chattered on about the motorboat, about David, and other trifles.

Lee did not refer to Gordon, and yet Lilla felt sure that Lee had judged Gordon and despised him, and for this reason had refused to stay in the house after that evening.

"I'm sorry you aren't staying here, Lee," Lilla said as he rose to leave.

"It didn't work out just right," Lee drawled placidly. "I guess it's just as well for me to stay in the city and tend to business sometimes. But I'll be coming out to see you often, Lilla, and David. Of course! David and me's got a lot of things planned."

After the young man had gone, Lilla lay very still trying to put her thoughts together, to come to some conclusion about herself, Gordon, life, the future. But she could not. The old way of things seemed to be softly folding in about her as the waves close in above the wake of a boat, but it could never be completely as it was before.

The maid came in and asked questions; Mrs. Vance came in with talk about the prices of foodstuffs and David's clothes; Gordon finally arrived with the evening newspapers. It seemed there was to be war in Europe. The newspapers were full of it.

"Those Europeans," Mrs. Vance said sententiously, "are always aching for a fight. They've been talking about it for years and now they are at it."

"It is a bad system," Gordon explained blandly.

"Suppose I said to them I meant to have a divorce, to leave

Gordon, what would they say?" Lilla mused. "But where should I go and what should I do? Teach?" She made a little face. That was ended, too, like so much else.

"I suppose they want something badly," she said aloud, "bad enough to fight for it. . . . That would be nice, too!"

Gordon and her mother looked at her with amazement as if she had been talking in her sleep. . . .

One of her neighbors, a little dark woman, with lusterless eyes, the wife of a lawyer, seeing Lilla in her garden one day, stopped to talk. Gertrude Reiben was very much excited, filled with a suppressed rage and bitterness that flowed into a long vehement defense of Germany and Austria.

LILLA listened trying to understand the jumble of historical facts, incoherent accusations, passions and feelings that the other woman poured out. It was a strange new world, about which she was very ignorant.

"I'll bring you over some papers and books, so you can see that it is not as you read in our newspapers—not at all," Gertrude concluded, as she rose to go.

"I wish you would," Lilla said, "I'd like to know more about it, about both sides. Come again!"

As Gertrude Reiben left, she passed Gordon, who bowed to her coldly.

"So that Reiben woman's been here," he observed to Lilla a little later. "I wouldn't be thick with her if I were you!"

"Why not?"

"She's a German you know, and her husband's an Austrian."

"So are some millions more in the United States," Lilla remarked.

"Yes, and we're likely to have a bad time with them, too," he replied sourly.

It was like Gordon, Lilla reflected, to adopt a popular point of view and shield himself by mental blinders from any disturbing considerations that might invalidate his position. Possibly if her husband had not been so sure, Lilla would have cared less to think for herself.

Lilla read the books and papers supplied by Gertrude Reiben and much else—everything she laid her hand upon about the war. Much that she read she felt was designed not to explain but to make converts, and that was not what her mind was seeking. She did not know just what she craved, but it was not the state of assurance and certainty that Gordon enjoyed. She found little interest in talking with him about the war because he repeated positively merely what he had read or heard, and took vast assumptions for granted.

Lee Smith surprised Lilla very much by his vehement denunciation of "the Huns." He came to dinner one Sunday and chorused hate with Gordon.

"Why don't you two fight instead of talk, if you feel like that?" Lilla asked at last, coldly, weary of so much futile fun.

Gordon shrugged his shoulders, as if her remark were not worthy of notice. But Lee said with evident emotion, "I'd be there by now, Lilla, if there was anyone to look after my folks but me! Do you think I like sticking around here peddling text-books when men are being killed over there for the right?"

He looked at Lilla with anguish in his eyes.

IT WAS after this dinner when Lee had left that Gordon took Lilla to task for her association with the Reibens.

"You'll get talked about," he said, "and in my position it is very unfortunate for you to identify yourself with spies and enemies of your country."

"They aren't yet."

"Not technically, perhaps, but you understand what I mean. You do it out of obstinacy—just wish to be peculiar."

"You think so?" Lilla said coldly.

Lilla gave him free rein for some time until Gordon feeling that he had made his point was preparing to depart.

"Gordon!" She detained him by her neutral tone. "Perhaps you would rather that we no longer kept up the form of living together as husband and wife."

"What do you mean?"

"That we quit!"

"I'm not going into that. . . . You know I won't have any of that nonsense, divorce and scandal, and David!"

"All right," Lilla agreed. "I'm not pressing it. . . . But you must understand, Gordon, that I mean to think as I like and see the people I want to. . . ."

One spring afternoon, the first year of the war, Lilla went



*There came the soft sliding sound of feet on the bare stairs, and Miss Libowski appeared. She came very slowly, as if forcing herself. Her face was chalky white.*

to the city early. She was to meet Lee Smith for dinner and afterwards go to a concert with him. As she passed the county building on her way from the railroad station, she remembered a tax bill that she had forgotten to give Gordon, and turned into the building to leave it at his office. She had not been to his office for more than a year. It was in a remote corner of the big building and one entered from the corridor into a large outer office where filing cases and stenographers' desks were huddled. The outer office being empty, Lilla went on and pushed open

the door to the corner room which Gordon occupied. It was a small square room, with two large windows, a strip of dark carpet and two desks. As Lilla entered a young woman looked up from the roll-top desk where she was running over a typed list of names and asked coolly: "What do you want?"

She was small and very pretty, with a mass of dull black hair wound loosely around an oval face. Foreign, Lilla thought, as she shut the door behind her.

"Applications are not received here," the young woman continued in a drawling tone of bored superiority.

"She thinks I want a place," Lilla thought, merely smiling in answer to this remark. She saw her very distinctly, and noted her dress, which was quiet and suitable for office work, yet in quality and style superior to that of a stenographer.

"Well?" the young woman insisted.

She too had made a pretty minute inventory of Lilla's looks and appearances with the slight impertinence of youth toward age. She had the advantage in years and looks, and was aware of it—to Lilla's amusement.

"Mr. James is not here?" Lilla asked.

"Evi-dently not!"

"When will he be back?"

"He did not say."

This, Lilla felt swiftly, was probably a lie. She was sufficiently interested in the young woman installed at her husband's desk to prolong the conversation. So she sat down uninvited.

"Is there anything I can do for you?" the younger woman repeated.

"Oh, no," said Lilla smiling. "I don't think so. . . . You are one of the teachers?"

"I am Mr. James's assistant," the young woman snapped.

"I didn't know he had an assistant," Lilla remarked.

"No? . . . If you have any business with Mr. James you can wait for him in the outer office," the assistant observed, drawing out a drawer in the desk and delving within in an intimate manner.

"I haven't any special business with Mr. James," Lilla replied, watching the young woman's movements in the drawer.

"Then if you will allow me," the assistant drawled, extricating her hand from the drawer with the desired paper. "I will go on with my work."

"Certainly."

But instead of turning back to her papers, the young woman rose and stared haughtily at the intruder. Lilla stared back at her, amused.

"What does an assistant do for Mr. James?" she asked casually.

"All sorts of things, naturally. Receives callers! . . . Just at present I am preparing the material for Mr. James's report, and I work up notes for him when he has lectures to prepare, and sometimes I take dictation. . . . There's always plenty to do: Mr. James is a very busy man!"

"Of course. It must be interesting work, isn't it?"

"Sometimes!"

Again the girl's look became hostile as she surveyed the inquisitive stranger.

"I wish you would tell me your business," she said.

"I haven't any really. I just came in to give my husband this tax bill."

LILLA ROSE and smilingly laid the slip of paper on the desk.

"You are Mrs. James?"

"Yes, I am Mr. James's wife," Lilla said watching the young woman's rapid change of manner. "Please tell him I called . . . and now I won't trouble you any longer."

"Won't you wait?" the girl hastened to say. "I'm sure Mr. James will be back soon—he's only gone over to the avenue on an errand."

"No, I have nothing to see him about especially. . . . I am glad to have met you, Miss—"

"Libowski—Valerie Libowski," the young woman said quickly. Pole, thought Lilla.

"I shall see you again, Miss Libowski," Lilla said as the assistant accompanied her to the private entrance of the office.

She smiled and the smile rose to a little laugh as she thought of the girl's surprise when she learned who the visitor was. A pretty girl, decidedly—soft, pliant, mobile of face and body, with large eyes. Lilla's mind kept turning over the picture, in Gordon's office, of their encounter, the sudden flash from the girl's dull eyes, the curiously conscious look of the mobile face.

At dinner with Lee Smith that evening, before the symphony, Lilla was absent-minded. In the midst of Lee's talk about the war and his wish to be in it, Lilla broke in.

"Women ought to work, Lee, the same as men. . . . I wish I had a job!"

"You have one, Lilla," Lee, who had strict notions of woman's destiny, protested. "What makes you think you haven't a job?"

"Gordon's secretary or assistant—I met her for the first time this afternoon."

"Um-m," Lee commented.

And all through the symphony, whose heavy chords stimulated Lilla's thinking, glinted the picture of that head of dark hair bending over the papers on the big desk, the mobile mouth, the pale young face. Suddenly the clue stole into Lilla's mind.

"I wonder!" she thought. "Gordon! Of all people! But why not?" her mind said. "Why not," and she smiled so broadly that her companion at the conclusion of the movement asked, "What's funny about that, Lilla?"

"Nothing!" But she burst into uncontrollable laughter which did not subside until the conductor once more tapped for silence with his baton.

"Gordon!"

Then she realized that she ought to be very much upset, at the suspicion even of such a thing. But she was not in the least disturbed. Amused, rather. It was a sign how far apart they were, she supposed; how indifferent she was to her husband that she could even in thought find amusement in the supposition of his infidelity. It horrified her in the end that she could be so cool and indifferent. "I must be growing very old," she concluded, and turned her mind back to the music.

It would not stay there, however—it stole back to the dark girl at the desk who began to be more of a person to her, and she tried to imagine Miss Libowski and Gordon together in the office.

"After all, I know nothing about it—and I don't care," she concluded sensibly on the way out of the city in the suburban train. "If she helps him, if she can give him anything he wants, I am glad. Anyhow I am not going to bother."

WITH THIS resolve she did not refer to her chance call at the county building and presently might have forgotten all about it if she had not run into Gordon on the suburban train, one evening sitting with his assistant. Lilla nodded pleasantly to the girl and held out her hand.

"Let me introduce you—" Gordon began.

"You don't have to, Gordon," Lilla laughed. "Miss Libowski and I know each other already. . . . You live out this way? . . . No, keep your seat, Gordon—there's one over there."

Miss Libowski mumbled something about having moved to Evanston to escape the dirt of the city. Lilla nodded and passed on to her seat. At Evanston the girl got out of the train, turning before she left to bow to Lilla, who nodded pleasantly. She joined Gordon who said carefully, "Miss Libowski has just moved to Evanston. She is the best secretary I ever had! I don't know how I could get through my work without her."

"What does Miss Libowski do that makes her such a valuable assistant?" Lilla asked as they were walking from the station.

"Why, all sorts of things," Gordon replied vaguely. "She used to be a teacher and knows all the ropes. Then she is an excellent typist and stenographer, and is sufficiently educated to help me with my addresses—finding material and all that . . . and she is excellent in meeting people."

"I see," said Lilla softly, reflectively. That sort of work would not suit her, she was thinking, and oddly this encounter with her husband's secretary had stirred her to consider ways and means of earning money. She talked of this growing desire to Gertrude Reiben and others, to almost everyone whom she saw, in the direct way she had of discussing without reserve whatever was in her mind.

But for the present nothing more practical offered itself to Lilla than enlarging the garden plot by adding a strip from the vacant field next door. She undertook to clear this of weeds and sod with David's help and an occasional half holiday that Lee Smith contributed. Then the rough ground had to be turned and leveled and fertilized. By the time this had been accomplished, Lilla had already used most of fifty dollars, which her mother had given her for another purpose.

"I can't make it pay this year," she thought with some dismay.

GORDON had decided to run again for office, this time for the state superintendency of schools. For this purpose, he was keeping himself in the notice of the public by accepting every opportunity to speak before different organizations. Lilla, opening the newspapers, often found his name and a brief report of his remarks at the Rotarian lunch or the open meeting of the Baptist Council of Churches. Lilla read these brief reports carefully and tried to think how Gordon looked as he delivered them, standing very stiffly on the tips of his toes to increase his height. She could see the earnest look come into his face as he shuffled his notes before beginning a funny story, as he had





¶ Valerie rose unsteadily. "Thank you very much," she said and crumpled in a heap at Gordon's feet. "She's fainted!" Lilla cried and picked the girl up in her strong arms.

trained himself to do. "I suppose she prepares his stories for him and the speeches too. I wonder if they are good."

Gordon made various short tours in the state giving addresses before small town audiences. All this was indirect campaigning. The nomination practically insured an election. But it was necessary to impress the politicians, and that Gordon was endeavoring to do by keeping himself before the public and speaking as often as he could. It no longer interested Lilla as it had done three years before when she had been thrilled by Gordon's effort at a political career. It all seemed a little stale and perfunctory.

Toward the end of June, Lilla made a visit with David to the Lawndale house. Uncle George Porter had died the previous year, and her mother and aunt after much debate had decided to give up the lodge house and move to California the coming autumn. There was a melancholy pleasure for Lilla in returning to Lawndale, where she had spent her vivid girlhood. How far, far away it was now! She felt as old as the two old women, with whom she sat for long hours.

"GORDON has gone to Springfield?" her mother asked her for the third or fourth time.

"He said he was going on Friday."

"He's away a good deal, I suppose."

"More or less."

"You will have to move to Springfield if he is elected, I suppose," her mother added.

"I suppose so—I haven't thought much about it."

"I wish I saw Gordon oftener," her mother went on. "I like him so much. . . . He's such a hard-working man. You ought to take more interest in his plans, Lilla."

"Why? He doesn't take any in mine!"

The two women looked at each other challengingly and dropped the conversation. It was a pity, Lilla thought, that her mother could not have married Gordon. They would have agreed splendidly! It was a pity congenial people could not always get together in marriage. Then she tried to think out more clearly what sort of woman would have suited Gordon, would have admired and helped him in his career. The speculation interested her. Miss Libowski? She rejected the Polish girl. Gordon needed something more conventional.

After three days, Lilla was restless and wanted to get back to her garden, her quiet routine, and left Lawndale. It was, very likely, the last time she would see the place. One dropped places like old dresses. Of all she had known, the Wyoming ranch, Lawndale, Pitcher's Landing, the Wisconsin Avenue apartment, her present home, only the ranch stood out vividly with an atmosphere warmed by romance.

There were lights in the house, on both floors, Lilla perceived as she turned into their street. Gordon had come back, then, earlier than he expected. Or could it be burglars? With this latter idea in mind, Lilla sent David to the back door while she rang the bell violently. She could hear it echo through the still house. At first no sound, then as she was about to put her key in the lock and venture in she heard footsteps on the stairs, and a fumbling with the safety chain as Gordon opened the door. It was a warm night, and Gordon was in his shirt-sleeves and smoking.

"Lilla!" he exclaimed, still holding the door, as if dazed.

AS soon as she entered the house she knew that Gordon was not alone.

"Miss Libowski came over to help me with some work," he stammered hurriedly.

"Where is she?" Lilla asked quite simply.

"Up in the study." Gordon's voice was now quite steady.

"I thought it would be pleasanter out here than at the office."

Lilla smiled. How clumsy men were!

"You didn't go to Springfield, then?"

"No—yes—but I got back this morning."

"Tell her to come down if you have finished, and we'll have some supper."

Lilla spoke quite naturally, threw off her hat, and looked into the dining-room, where she saw some used dishes.

"Perhaps you have already had supper?"

"N—not exactly."

There came the soft sliding sound of feet on the bare stairs, and Miss Libowski appeared. She came very slowly, one step at a time, as if forcing herself. Her face was chalky white. The dull black eyes were like holes.

"Oh, Miss Libowski," Lilla said cheerfully, "come and help me get supper—there must be something ready outside."

"She looks so pitifully small and weak," Lilla thought, "as if I were going to eat her up. . . ." Lilla was enjoying herself.

"I'd like to," the girl said in a miserable voice.

"Come on!" Lilla called out over her shoulder, cordially.

Gordon with a gesture to the girl disappeared upstairs.

Lilla bustled about the kitchen preparing three times the food that could be eaten, talking all the time, to cover up the girl's confusion and awkwardness. "She must be feeling awfully small," Lilla thought, pityingly, "to get caught like that. It was stupid of Gordon to do such a thing, stupid and selfish!"

Lilla also did most of the talking at supper, telling at great length of her three days at Lawndale, giving an elaborate account of every Lawndale resident whom she had seen.

Miss Libowski made a pretence of eating, but Lilla could see her hand tremble, and the black eyes in the white face follow her every motion. "Poor thing!" thought Lilla. "I wish she didn't suffer so. . . ."

The girl rose unsteadily from the table, saying, "Thank you very much, Mrs. James, for your kindness. I must be going now," and suddenly crumpled in a little heap at Gordon's feet.

"Why, Valerie, what's the matter!" he cried.

"She's fainted!" Lilla said, running to the girl and picking her up in her strong arms.

Between them, they carried her into the living-room and put her limp figure on the lounge.

"Get some ice water," Lilla directed Gordon, who was hovering about agitatedly.

With a long shudder and sigh, the girl finally opened her eyes.

"I must go," she moaned feebly.

"You can't think of going tonight," Lilla replied positively, bathing her forehead. "I'll get you to bed, and you will be all right in the morning."

The girl began to cry, softly, silently. Lilla made a motion to Gordon to leave the room. . . .

After Valerie Libowski had been put to bed in the room on the third floor which had been arranged for Lee Smith, and her sobbing had subsided to a long clutching sigh, Lilla left her, and went to her own room.

"Well!" said Lilla softly to herself. "Well!"

HOW SHE loves him!" Lilla thought. "How she loves Gordon." Her first inclination to laugh at the absurdity of such an emotion was checked by her perception of the pathos of the situation, the tragedy for the girl. She could not see Gordon as Lilla saw him after fourteen years of marriage—his littleness, his egotism, his selfishness. She must see him as he probably liked to see himself—chivalrous, devoted to duty and public service, brilliant. Yes, Valerie Libowski probably helped Gordon to keep up his own bluff! Her love and devotion sustained him morally. That clue led to so many perplexing considerations about her husband and marriage that Lilla put them aside for the present.

She found her guest much calmer in the morning when she carried her a breakfast cup of coffee. Valerie was trying to dress herself, but Lilla persuaded her with some difficulty to rest longer.

"Mr. James will need me at the office," she suggested.

"He'll have to get along without you, then," Lilla said brightly.

"I don't like making you all this trouble!"

"No trouble at all. . . . I'll send Gordon to you before he leaves for the office."

"You are so good," the girl moaned.

Gordon stayed some time talking to Miss Libowski, and when he came down remarked casually as he prepared to leave the house, "She'll be all right in a little while, I think."

"She can stay as long as she likes," Lilla replied in an even voice. "It doesn't make any difference to me."

Gordon gave her a swift glance, and resumed in his colorless voice, "She just needs a little rest. . . . Good-by, dear," and clicked the door after him. Lilla could see him through the living-room window, head erect, portfolio under his arm, newspaper neatly folded—the picture of a correct, law-abiding, public officer, setting forth for the day's cares. "Men!" Lilla exclaimed with a little smile, and began her housework.

Later in the morning Valerie Libowski came downstairs almost furtively as if she had thought to escape from the house unobserved. Lilla seeing her from the dining-room greeted her with—"Feeling better? That's good! We'll have luncheon presently on a tray in the front room, and then I'll show you my garden."

She bustled around talking at random [Continued on page 134]



C. EUGENE MEYER, JR.

Big Business  
*Sometimes Looks Ahead*

Here is a  
WALL STREET MAN  
*Working with the*  
MILITANT  
FARMERS

# Eugene Meyer, Jr. AND THE FARM BLOC

*By William Hard*

**T**HERE is a man in Washington who has lent more than one-third of one billion of dollars of public money to private parties in this country since January of last year.

This man is Eugene Meyer, Jr., Managing Director of the United States War Finance Corporation. His work is the best possible platform from which to view the achievements and the prospects of the "Farm Bloc" movement in the United States.

Virtually all of the money lent by Mr. Meyer has been lent for the facilitating of the marketing of farm products. It has been lent—some of it—to farmers' coöperative marketing associations. It has been lent—some of it—to banks in order to be lent by them to farmers' associations and to individual farmers. Virtually all of it has gone directly or indirectly to the promoting of the orderly marketing of the commodities produced by farmers.

This work has been strongly supported by the "Farm Bloc" in Congress. In fact, it may quite justly be regarded as having been the very first achievement of the "Farm Bloc."

It became its first achievement through events which happened in the year 1920. In that year the work of the War Finance Corporation was suspended by the Secretary of the Treasury. The Secretary of the Treasury in this matter was supported by the President. Senators and Congressmen representing agricultural constituencies roused themselves to resist the Secretary of the Treasury and the President. They resisted them.

Some of these Senators and Congressmen were Republicans and some were Democrats. They united themselves together on behalf of a resolution ordering the resuming of the work of the War Finance Corporation. Through their efforts the resolution was passed. It was vetoed by the President. It was thereupon re-passed—by a two-thirds majority of each house.

This spectacular success was a "Farm Bloc" success and it stands historically first in the list of successes now credited—by both friendly and unfriendly observers—to the influence of the "Farm Bloc" on Capitol Hill.

It happened, however, that the one greatest single personal force in securing the resumption of the work of the War Finance Corporation was not that of any member of the "Farm Bloc." It was that of a banker—Eugene Meyer, Jr.—who often is in disagreement on various things with various members of the "Farm Bloc."

On the subject of the War Finance Corporation he was in total unison with them. That is, he wanted its work resumed. So the country was treated to the novel spectacle of an agitation

forcefully conducted by a Wall Street personage for stimulating the public mind—and the "Farm Bloc" mind—to an overriding of a presidential veto in order to promote an expansion of governmental credit to the marketing operations of farmers.

Mr. Meyer, though by no means always applauded by the whole of the "Farm Bloc," was in a way the godfather at its christening.

It is desirable at this point to say a few words regarding the nature of the "Farm Bloc" and regarding the character of its leaders and members.

Its leaders are men of moderation—of moderation relatively to the forces behind them in important parts of their constituencies. The first leader of the "Farm Bloc" was Senator Kenyon. The present leader is Senator Capper. The names of Kenyon and Capper gave Senator Moses his opportunity for one of his most widely appreciated witticisms—the one which hailed the "Farm Bloc" as the "Ken Cap Klan."

But was Senator Kenyon a "radical"? He was not—if compared with what has come after him in Iowa. Senator Kenyon retired. In the Republican primary in Iowa for nominating his successor the choice has fallen on Col. Smith W. Brookhart. Brookhart is admittedly very much more "radical" than Senator Kenyon ever was.

**A**S FOR Senator Capper, he is a business magnate. He is the "Lord Northcliffe of the Corn Belt." He owns two daily papers—one in Topeka and one in Kansas City. He owns two farm weeklies, one of which circulates principally in Kansas and the other of which circulates also in Missouri, Oklahoma, Texas, Colorado, Nebraska, and other neighboring states. He owns four farm semi-monthlies, circulating respectively in Missouri, Nebraska, and other neighboring states. He owns two farm monthlies, which have general agricultural circulations.

The print-paper which Senator Capper uses for printing these various farm periodicals has been estimated by his advertising department to require each year the services of 390 railroad cars.

It might seem unreasonable to suppose that such a man would pine to destroy the present property system of the United States. It might seem unreasonable; and it is in fact unreasonable. Senator Capper wants a revolution just about as much as the Harriman National Bank in New York wants it.

The Harriman National Bank prints advertisements against the "Farm Bloc." The "Farm Bloc" is saving the Harriman



National Bank from a situation which would be much worse for it than the "Farm Bloc."

The measures supported by the "Farm Bloc" have been moderate indeed in comparison with the measures demanded by large elements in our agricultural districts. They have been moderate indeed in comparison with the measures supported earnestly and vigorously in Washington by certain Senators of high ability and of wide popularity.

These latter Senators will be stronger rather than weaker in the next Congress. They will be reinforced on the floor of the Senate by the presence of Brookhart, of Iowa, and by the presence probably of Frazier, of North Dakota.

**L**A FOLLETTE, Norris, Brookhart, Frazier—others on the Republican side—many others on the Democratic side—would go much farther than the bulk of the "Farm Bloc" has yet gone. New York seems to think that the "Farm Bloc" is the worst. The worst is yet to come.

The "Farm Bloc" today has a right wing and a left wing. The right wing has been dominant. The left wing may grow.

There are two attitudes taken toward the "Farm Bloc." One is to rail at the "Farm Bloc." The other is to try to cure the facts which produce the "Farm Bloc."

What are those facts? A standard specimen of them was once presented to the House Committee on Banking and Currency by Congressman King of Illinois. He said:

"Two young men in my county went to farming, and they equipped themselves. Harness and horses were high, and all of their equipment was high in price. They put in a crop of corn. It cost them seventy cents a bushel to put the corn in. Today it is worth only fifty cents. If they had been financially enabled to carry that corn a little while, they could have gotten out. They could have saved themselves. Now they have lost everything; they have gone away, and they never will be able to get a start again to take a farm."

What was the trouble in this case? The trouble was a temporarily collapsed market. It was the inability to postpone selling till the market was reasonably restored. It was the necessity of proceeding to sell in the midst of the collapse. It was the lack of credit for carrying the crop till the collapse was over.

The problem was a marketing problem. The element lacking for a successful solving of that problem was credit.

If the principal measures supported by the "Farm Bloc" are examined, they will be found to be measures dealing with marketing—or credit.

The measure ordering a resumption of the work of the War Finance Corporation was for the purpose of financing the marketing of agricultural products during this existing emergency. The measure regulating the packers was for the purpose of regulating the markets which the packers offer to the producers of cattle, sheep, hogs. The measure regulating grain exchanges was for the purpose of regulating the markets which the grain exchanges offer to the producers of wheat, rye, corn, oats.

The measure putting agriculture on the list of national interests to be considered in the appointment of members of the Federal Reserve Board was for the purpose of exerting a direct agricultural influence on the Federal Reserve Board's rules regarding credit. The measure expanding the work of the Federal Farm Loan Board was for the purpose of enlarging the opportunity for agricultural credit based on the security of agricultural real estate. The new measure, called the "Rural Credits Bill," is for the purpose of enlarging the opportunity for agricultural credit based on the security of agricultural personal property and character.

**T**HESE MEASURES have been the "Farm Bloc's" principal measures. Its other measures have been subordinate in number and subordinate in importance.

The high tariff duties on agricultural products in the Emergency Tariff Bill and in the Fordney-McCumber Bill are not the work of the "Farm Bloc" properly so-called. The "Farm Bloc" is an organization of Republicans and of Democrats. The high tariff duties on agricultural products have been promoted by an organization consisting entirely of Republicans and including many members not belonging to the "Farm Bloc."

The work of the "Farm Bloc" itself has revolved around marketing and has centered—first and last—on credit.

Eugene Meyer, Jr., in conducting the War Finance Corporation, has conducted the "Farm Bloc's" greatest experiment in credit; and he has gained for it its greatest experience in

credit. The size of that experience is worth further observation.

The amount of money loaned by the War Finance Corporation to exporters—from January of 1921 to September 15, 1922, inclusive—was approximately \$9,000,000.

In that same period the amount of loans authorized by the War Finance Corporation to banking and financing institutions for agricultural purposes was approximately \$295,000,000.

The amount of loans authorized to cooperative marketing associations of farmers was approximately \$175,000,000.

These moneys had been loaned in thirty-seven states.

The total loans on live stock had been some \$89,000,000. On cotton it had been some \$117,000,000. On grain it had been some \$34,000,000. On tobacco \$40,000,000. On sugar beets \$10,000,000. On rice \$2,500,000. On dried fruits \$1,250,000. On canned fruits \$700,000. For "general agricultural purposes" \$157,000,000.

There had been loans even on peanuts. The financial succor extended to the peanut industry by the United States Government through the War Finance Corporation had been \$1,132,103.

At this point the business man who is a manufacturer, or who is a merchant, inquires:

"Why this favoritism to farmers? Why this lending of public money to them? Or, if to them, why not to me?"

At this point also the left wing of the "Farm Bloc" movement rises contrariwise to inquire:

"Why all this lending of money by the War Finance Corporation to banking and financing institutions? Why only \$175,000,000 to associations of farmers? Why \$295,000,000 to bankers? Why not all of it to farmers directly?"

The question by the manufacturer and the merchant has been answered by Mr. Meyer from the standpoint of a banker.

Mr. Meyer is a banker and the son of a banker. Environment would incline him toward radicalism even less violently than it would incline Senator Capper. His father was not only a banker but an international banker, and he himself studied banking in Europe before he practiced it in America.

He has been in public life only since 1917. At that time he came to Washington to join the War Industries Board. Up to that time he had been entirely a private business man—and a private banking business man—in the district compendiously known to Senator Capper's constituents as "Wall Street."

**W**HEN he came to Washington, he did not come for the purpose of fostering an agrarian revolt. He came for the purpose of advising the War Industries Board on the subject of the securing and allocating of non-ferrous metals. He had been familiar with them as a financier. He was appointed to the War Finance Corporation because of being a financier. What he has come to believe regarding farm finance may be friendly to the farm but it can hardly be supposed to be hostile to finance.

Mr. Meyer has put his views of finance—of finance in its relation to the business of the manufacturer and of the merchant—and of finance in its relation to the business of the farmer—into the following words:

"As I see it, in the light of my recent experiences, there is one great trouble with the financial system of this country. Speaking broadly it is this:

"Our fundamental financial conceptions and attitudes are based upon the imported English and continental ideas of what constitutes soundness in banking.

"The financial machinery of Europe was developed to meet the requirements of its own industrial and commercial business; and a sixty-day or ninety-day banking credit facility is exactly what is needed to finance imports of foodstuffs and of raw materials, the manufacture of these raw materials into finished goods, and the export of the finished goods.

"But the basic business of America is the production and distribution of agricultural commodities; and sixty-day or ninety-day financing does not adequately meet the marketing needs of the agricultural producer. Our great staple crops and our live stock are neither produced nor consumed in ninety days, and we ought not to expect to market a year's production in ninety days.

"The need for longer-term financing for our agricultural turnover is partly recognized by the Federal Reserve System in that provision is made for re-discounting agricultural paper for six months; but our financial system as a whole does not adequately recognize the necessity of harmonizing and synchronizing agricultural financing with the natural processes of production and consumption.

[Continued on page 132]

## PLAY of the Month



This department is designed to afford the reader a fireside trip to New York and a pleasant education in what is best in the current drama

# Loyalties

By John Galsworthy

"A debt of honor," Dancy (Charles Quartermaine) says, explaining the theft. "It was to a woman," his wife (Diana Bourbon) moans. "Ronny, don't lie any more."

CHARLES WINSOR and his wife, Lady Adela, gave a house party for a number of their friends, including Ferdinand De Levis, described as young, rich and new. Obviously Mr. De Levis is a Jew. Mr. Winsor is preparing for bed and he and Lady Adela are talking of the day's events. Captain Dancy has been playing in bad luck and seems financially embarrassed. He has just won a wager in the drawing-room by jumping to the top of a four-foot bookcase. The ten pounds, by the way, was won from Mr. De Levis. Lady Adela leaves the room for a moment and immediately afterwards there is a knock at the door and in reply to Winsor's "Come in," young De Levis enters arrayed in a gorgeous dressing-gown.

WINSOR—Hello! De Levis! Anything I can do for you?

DE LEVIS (in a voice whose faint exoticism is broken by a vexed excitement)—I say, I'm awfully sorry, Winsor, but I thought I'd

better tell you at once. I've just had—er—rather a lot of money stolen.

WINSOR—What! (There is something of outrage in his tone and glance, as who should say: "In my house?") How do you mean *stolen*?

DE LEVIS—I put it under my pillow and went to have a bath; when I came back it was gone.

WINSOR—Good Lord! How much?

DE LEVIS—Nearly a thousand—nine hundred and seventy, I think.

WINSOR—Phew! (Again the faint tone of outrage, that a man should have so much money about him.)

DE LEVIS—I sold my Rosemary filly today on the course to Kentman the bookie, and he paid me in notes.

WINSOR—What? That weed Dancy gave you in the Spring?

Courtesy of Charles Dillingham, Producer, and Charles Scribner's Sons, Publishers.





**C.** Lady Adela (Cathryn Young), at whose house party the theft occurred, was first thrilled and then shocked at the robbery of De Levis.

DE LEVIS—Yes. But I tried her pretty high the other day; and she's in the Cambridgeshire. I was only out of my room a quarter of an hour, and I locked my door.

WINSOR (again outraged)—You locked—

DE LEVIS—Yes, and had the key here. (He taps his pocket.) Look here! (He holds out a pocket-book.) It's been stuffed with my shaving papers.

WINSOR (between feeling that such things don't happen, and a sense that he will have to clear it up)—This is damned awkward, De Levis.

DE LEVIS (with steel in his voice)—Yes, I should like it back. WINSOR—Have you got the numbers of the notes?

DE LEVIS—No.

WINSOR—What were they?

DE LEVIS—One hundred, three fifties, and the rest tens and fives.

WINSOR—What d'you want me to do?

DE LEVIS—Unless there's anybody you think—

WINSOR—Is it likely?

DE LEVIS—Then I think the police ought to see my room. It's a lot of money.

WINSOR—Good Lord! We're not in Town; there'll be nobody nearer than Newmarket at this time of night—four miles.

LADY A. (reëntering)—What is it? Are you ill, Mr. De Levis?

WINSOR—Worse; he's had a lot of money stolen. Nearly a thousand pounds.

LADY A.—Gracious! Where?

DE LEVIS—From under my pillow, Lady Adela—my door was locked—I was in the bathroom.

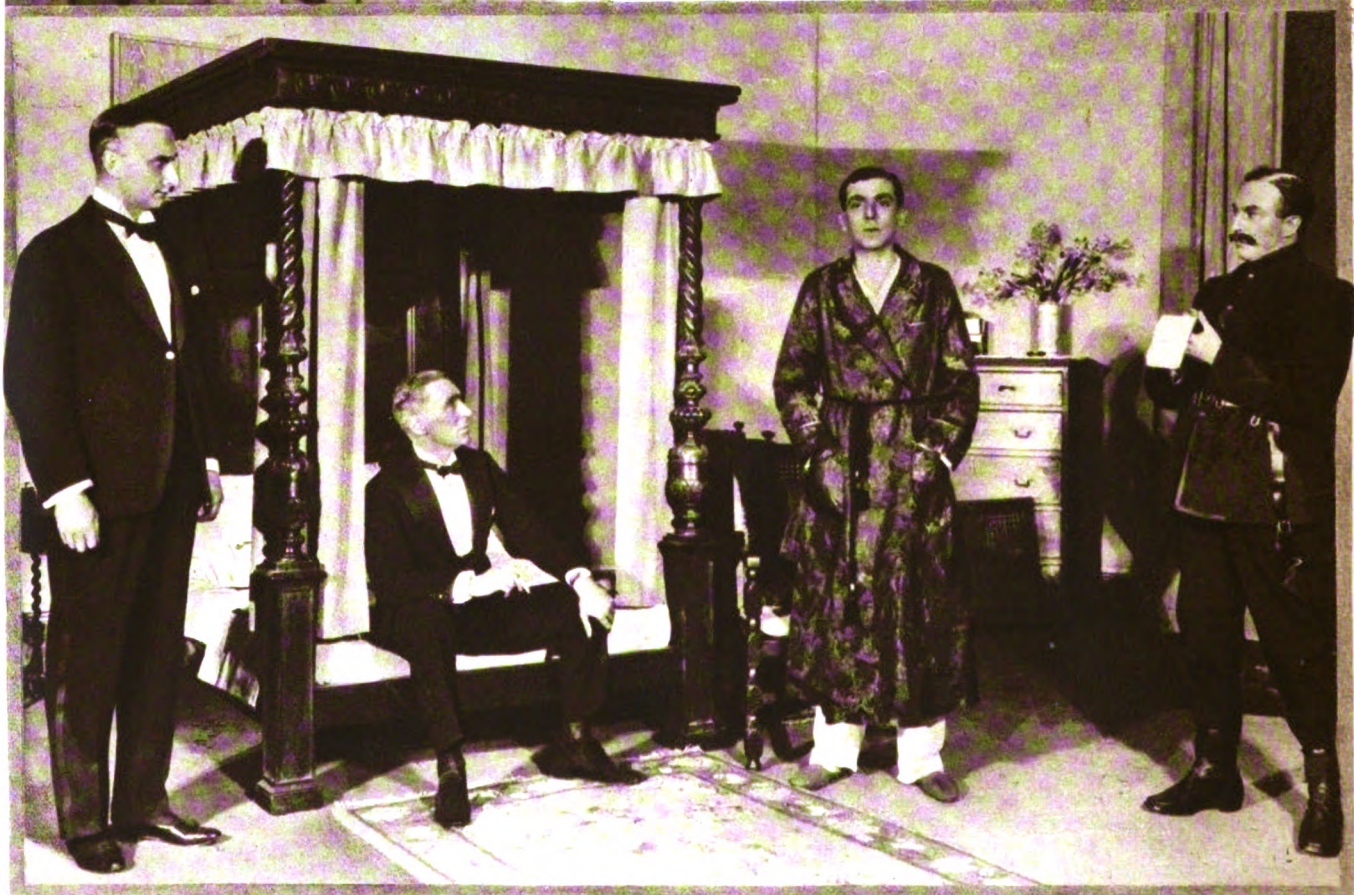
LADY A.—But how perfectly thrilling!

WINSOR—Thrilling! What's to be done? He wants it back.

LADY A.—Of course. Oh, but— Oh, it's quite too unpleasant.

WINSOR—Yes. What am I to do? Fetch the servants out of their rooms? Search the Grounds? It would make the devil of a scandal.

DE LEVIS, however, is insistent. He wants to know who rooms next to him and discovered that Mr. and Mrs. Dancy are on one



**C.** For the benefit of the police Inspector (Victor Tandy), De Levis (James Dale) repeats his account of the money under his pillow, the locked door, and the missing one thousand pounds.





Q. "There are alternatives to going away," Captain Dancy exclaims when his guilt is discovered. His face, as he speaks, suggests the final tragedy.

side and Miss Margaret Orme on the other. But that gets him nowhere and at Lady Adela's suggestion, they consult General Canynge. He has little to offer and De Levis is determined on having the police called. When the inspector arrives, the butler and Mr. De Levis's valet are examined but no information is secured from them. Dancy is had in and questioned, but of course has a perfect alibi. However, General Canynge discovers, in the course of his conversation with Dancy, that the young man's coat sleeve is wet, which seems a trifle suspicious as it has been raining. After all, there is nothing more to be done in the matter and Canynge is on the point of leaving when De Levis stops him.

DE LEVIS (suddenly)—General, I know who took them.

CANYNGE—The deuce you do! Are you following the Inspector's theory?

DE LEVIS—That ass! No! Come and look here, General. (He goes to the window; the General follows.) See the rail of my balcony, and the rail of the next? (He holds up the cord of his dressing-gown, stretching his arms out.) I've measured it with this. Just over seven feet, that's all! If a man can take a standing jump on to a narrow bookcase four feet high and balance there, he'd make nothing of that. And, look here! (He goes out on the balcony and returns with a bit of broken creeper in his hand, and holds it out into the light.) Someone's stood on that—the stalk's crushed—the inner corner too, where he'd naturally stand when he took his jump back.

CANYNGE (after examining it—stiffly)—That other balcony is young Dancy's, Mr. De Levis; a soldier and a gentleman. This is an extraordinary insinuation.

DE LEVIS—Accusation.

CANYNGE—What!

DE LEVIS—I have intuitions, General; it's in my blood. I see the whole thing. Dancy came up, watched me into the bathroom, tried my door, slipped back into his dressing-room, saw my window was open, took that jump, sneaked the notes, wrenched the creeper there for a blind, jumped back, and slipped downstairs again. It didn't take him four minutes altogether.

CANYNGE—This is outrageous, De Levis. Dancy says he was downstairs all the time. You must either withdraw unreservedly, or I must confront you with him.

DE LEVIS—If he'll return the notes and apologize, I'll do nothing—except cut him in future. He gave me that filly, you know, as a hopeless weed, and he's been pretty sick ever since, that he was such a flat as not to see how good she was. Besides, he's hard up, I know.

CANYNGE—It's mad, sir, to jump to conclusions like this.

DE LEVIS—Not so mad as the conclusion Dancy jumped to when he lighted on my balcony.

CANYNGE—Nobody could have taken (Continued on page 146)



Q. "Do you think I don't know I'm only tolerated for my money?" De Levis cries. "Society can't add injury to insult and have my money as well. That's all. If the notes are restored, I'll keep my mouth shut; if they are not, I shan't."



## Graces of the Flying Rings

“The Trapeze,” this new painting of the stage and its people by Everett Shinn shows a perfection of drawing and of lyric composition that almost makes one forget the technical tour de force of this American artist.





**C.** Buoyancy and audacity have made possible the versatility of Everett Shinn, a characteristically American artist.

# Paganini of the Brush

By Karl Freund

**E**VERETT SHINN represents in art the spirit of the American youth who succeeds because he has no fear of erring, who never loses the magic cloak of self-reliance—newsboy, curb broker, miner, engineer or rail magnate. It is this buoyancy, this inspired audacity of the American youth to which we owe the Goyesque versatility of Everett Shinn.

Born and raised in a little New Jersey hamlet, he went to the Baldwin Locomotive Works. The lesson in truth acquired at the designing board became the anchor in Shinn's imaginative travels, and while it is often said that music and mathematics are twin sisters, locomotives and canvases are rarely so closely associated. But Shinn may owe to this association his logic of observation, his faultless drawing which in but indicated details relieves the eye from strain as the "leitmotif" conducts the ear in flamboyant orchestration. Shinn is a virtuoso whose brush recalls the bows of Paganini or Kreisler but like Kreisler he is a conservative artist, his technical mastery is a mere means to ease the arrival of his imageries and personages.

His romanticism pervades two monumental allegories of modern industrial labor which grace the council chamber of the Trenton, New Jersey, City Hall. The potters and steelworkers are in their teaming shops, accurately and minutely drawn and painted symbols of physical and mental determination without false pathos or dramatic emphasis—neither whitewashed angels nor maddened victims of social injustice—compositions of a Socratic equanimity which is rarely ever found in "official" art. The stage, the tent, the footlights, their hopes and deceptions have inspired some of Shinn's most ingratiating canvases. They are not pictures of incidents, trivial productions of "genre"; the stage folk appear as one—in Shinn's imagination—guided by one enchanted purpose, symbolic masks recalling Eugene O'Neill's much vaunted Society Marionettes in "The Hairy Ape"—and the audience appears as but one mask of enjoyment and receptiveness.

Mr. Shinn's most recent canvas, "The Trapeze," depicts a spirited act of acrobatics which is rendered with a youthful and unsophisticated abandon, a theme which has given Mr. Shinn an unusual opportunity for distribution of light and shadows which pass and envelop the slender bodies of the performers.

Shinn's irrepressible idealism helped to make him the painter of probably the most lovable wall decorations in America.

Some years ago the fluid black or sanguine chalk rubbings by Boucher and Fragonnard had so fascinated the young artist that he could freely compose such drawings which, done "premier coup" and on old paper would deceive the most expert amateurs. The facility thus acquired can be admired in large red chalk panels (executed for Edwin Bayer and J. R. Cosden) drawn in an unmistakably Fragonnard manner with a captivating up-to-date pertness.

Shinn's ability to romance, to invent, to originate in the art language of the Eighteenth Century is shown in a series of reveries painted in monochrome for the Salisbury Music Room in Pittsfield. Though the figures are costumed à la Louis Seize and the backgrounds recall Hubert-Robert and Van Spandonck, these decorations are as original and as much of our time as the music composed by Strauss for the Rosen Cavalier.

As a document of Shinn's artistic multiplicity and an amazing contrast to the bucolic poses of the Salisbury panels we must contemplate his "Blind Love" at the Belasco Theater. It is not only a fine group of superbly modeled figures but an example of admirable restraint in the treatment of a subject which invited others to brutality or sentimentality.

Shinn has recently interpreted the spirit of a tea garden in his own intriguing way. He is not a reformer or a secessionist; his purpose is to convince and enchant in his paintings as he has in his illustrations.





Photograph by E. O. Hoppe

It is fitting that the most controversial novel of the hour by A. S. M. Hutchinson, the man who wrote *If Winter Comes*, should be selected as the December Book of the Month

# R This FREEDOM

ROSALIE'S earliest apprehension of the world was of a mysterious and extraordinary world that revolved entirely about her father and that entirely and completely belonged to her father. Under her father, all males had proprietary rights in the world and dominion over it; no females owned any part of the world or could do anything with it. All the males in this world—her father, and Robert and Harold her brothers, and all the other boys and men one sometimes saw—did mysterious and extraordinary things; and all the females in this world—her mother, and Anna and Flora and Hilda her sisters, and Ellen the cook and Gertrude the maid—did ordinary and unexciting and generally rather tiresome things. All the males were like story

books to Rosalie: you never knew what they were going to do next; and all the females were like lesson books: they just went on and on and on.

Rosalie always stared at men when she saw them. Extraordinary and wonderful creatures who could do what they liked and were always doing mysterious and wonderful things, especially and above all her father.

Being with her father was like being with a magician or like watching a conjuror on the stage. You never knew what he was going to do next. Whatever he suddenly did was never surprising in the sense of being startling, for (this cannot be emphasized too much) nothing her father did was ever surprising to Rosalie;

but it was surprising in the sense of being absorbingly wonderful and enthralling. Even better than reading when she first began to read, and far better than anything in the world before the mysteries in books were discoverable, Rosalie liked to sit and stare at her father and think how wonderful he was. Everything belonged to him. The whole of life was ordered with a view to what he would think about it. The whole of life was continually thrown off its balance and whirled into the most entrancing convulsions by sudden activities of this most entrancing man.

**T**HUS EARLY in life, Mr. Hutchinson makes it clear that Rosalie was born with an urge for freedom. Men were free; they did what they pleased, and when they pleased. Their comings and their goings were untrammelled. For this independence, for this relief from restraint, Rosalie sighed. Her brothers and her father were wonderful creatures about whom the universe revolved. The fact that her father was a disappointed country minister made little impression upon her. Nor did she have much appreciation of the burden his tireless enthusiasm imposed upon her mother. Poverty constantly shadowed this family, but to Rosalie it seemed a small thing. It was first seriously brought home to her when an uncle in India agreed to have one of her older sisters out to live with him. Each of the older girls wanted to go but Flora was favored. This proved a keen disappointment to Anna and led to the first tragedy of the book.

**O**N SUNDAY, Anna said she would not go to church as she had a headache. Rosalie had been invited to spend the day with the little girl of Colonel and Mrs. Measures and she had lunch and tea there and then came home. The path from the gate to the house was bounded by a thick hedge. On the right was the rectory paddock and through the hedge Rosalie saw that something very strange was going on in the paddock. Away in the corner where there was a little copse with a pond in the middle was a crowd of people, some men from the village and her mother and Robert and some others. Whatever was it? While she peered Harold came running out of the group toward the house. His coat was off, and his waistcoat; and his shirt and trousers looked funny and he ran funnily. He came near Rosalie and she saw that he was dripping wet. Had he fallen in the pond? Then two men came round from the back of the house carrying something, and Harold ran to them and they all ran with the thing to the pond. It looked like the door of the shed they were carrying. Rosalie scrambled through the hedge and ran toward the pond. Someone called out "Here's Rosalie." Hilda came out from among the people and waved her arms and called out, "Go back! Go back! You're not to come here, Rosalie! You're not to come here!" Rosalie stood still.

People were stooping. They had the door on the ground and Harold and a man were stooping and walking backwards over the door, carrying something. Presently there was more stooping, and then Harold and Robert and three men were carrying the door between them and walking as if the door were very heavy. Whatever was happening? Hilda came running to Rosalie. She was crying, "Rosalie you're to keep away. You're not to come into the house yet. I'll tell you when you can come. Go and stay in the garden until I tell you."

Rosalie wandered about the drive. Whatever was the matter? Robert appeared with his bicycle. Harold came out after him. "Go to Ashborough Station with it, you understand. See the station master. Tell him it must be sent off at once. Tell him what has happened." Robert was sniffing and nodding. Away went Robert bending over the handle-bars of his bicycle riding furiously.

Evening began to come on. Rosalie was wandering at the back of the stables when Hilda came out through the kitchen door. "Rosalie, I have been looking for you. Rosalie, Anna is—dead."

They went in through the kitchen. On the big kitchen clothes rail before the fire were Anna's clothes. They were muddy and sopping wet and steam was rising off them.

Rosalie ran to her mother to cry.

Awfully frightening days followed for Rosalie. There wasn't a room that wasn't dark and frightening with all the blinds down, and there wasn't a voice that wasn't dark and frightened, all in whispers.

There was that Rosalie in church at the funeral service. She sat at the inner end of the pew with Hilda beside her. The coffin had stood before the altar all night, and Rosalie believed her father had stayed with it all night. He was struck right down by what had happened, Rosalie's father. She had heard when

Anna lay on the bed and he crouched beside her crying out loud, "I hated my lot! Oh God, I was blind to this my child, that shared my lot."

Well, there was that Rosalie in the pew beside Hilda, and while she waited for her father to begin (ever and ever so long he was upon his knees at the altar, his back to them) while she waited she turned back the leaves of her prayer-book from the burial service and noticed with a curious interest the correctness of the order in which the special services came. There, in its order, was the complete record of life. Rosalie must have had an imagination and she must have had budding then what was a strong characteristic of her afterwards—a very orderly mind. She appreciated the correctness of the order of the services and she turned them over one by one and could imagine it, like a story: that record of a life. First the service of Baptism; you were born and baptized. Then the Catechism; you were a child and learnt your catechism. Then the Order of Confirmation; you were getting older and were confirmed. Then the marriage service; you were married. Then the Order for the Visitation of the Sick; you were growing old and you were ill. Then the Burial Service; you died. Born, brought up, growing up, married, ill, dead. Yes, it was like a story. Rosalie turned on. The next service was called The Churching of Women. It was new to Rosalie. She had never noticed it before. "Forasmuch as it hath pleased Almighty God of His goodness to give you safe deliverance. . . ." Rosalie had heard the word deliverance used in the Bible in connection with death. She thought this must be a service special to the burial of a woman—of Anna. She read the small print. "The woman at the usual time after her delivery shall come into the church decently appareled—" Decently appareled? Anna was in one of those nightgowns in which Rosalie so often had seen her praying. "—and there shall kneel down in some convenient place." Kneel down? How could she?

There came upon the book while Rosalie pondered it the long, black-covered forefinger of Hilda. It turned back the thin leaves to the burial service and then pushed over one or two of the thin leaves and indicated certain places. Then Hilda's new black hat was touching her own new black hat, and Hilda whispered, "Where it says 'brother' and 'his' father will say 'sister' and 'her.' It's written for men, do you see?"

Always for men! Even in the prayer-book!

And it was because of men that Anna had drowned herself in the pond. Over and over again Rosalie had thought of that, wondering upon it, shuddering at the thought of men because of it. How she came to know that Anna had not died as ordinary people die, but had drowned herself in the pond she never could remember. No one told her. Rosalie was twelve then but the others were all so much older, and were so accustomed to treating Rosalie as so very much younger, that the pain and mystery of poor Anna's death was outstandingly of the class of things that were kept within the established wheel of the rectory by "Not in front of Rosalie," or "Hush, here's Rosalie."

**A**BOUT the same time, Rosalie's aunt in London decided to take Rosalie and let her go to school in the city. There for several years she harbored her thought of freedom and grew to womanhood. Her last term came when she was eighteen and in spite of her aunt and friends, she determined to go into business like a man. Thus you see her early leaning directed the course of her maturer life. She left the school with a very bad opinion of men and an entire indifference to them from the standpoint of marriage or love. In business she was quickly successful and won to a place that at least gave her financial freedom. Meanwhile she had met Harry Occleve who was an admirer of her cousin Lætitia and to whom he was as good as engaged. Rosalie distinctly looked down on Mr. Occleve as being one of the least admirable of all the men she had met. Later she met him again at the home of Mr. Sturgiss, a banker in Lombard Street, who offered her a very desirable place with his institution. She disliked, she thought she hated Occleve, but he was not to pass out of her life. She encountered him again at her aunt's at a dinner at which it was expected that the announcement of his engagement to Lætitia would be made. This final chance meeting changed all the course of Rosalie's life.

**H**ARRY OCCLEVE came into the room—looked pale—poor calf—and went, with a nervous halt in his walk—sick fool!—to his Lætitia; and looked across at Rosalie and made a half-step to her; and she thought with all her force, to send it to him, her last words to him: that most malevolent, "to see you raise your eyes and hear you breathe, 'Ah, Lætitia'"; and surely sent it, for on

that half-step toward her he stopped, hesitated, and turned and engaged Lætitia again.

She had told herself, leaving the Stuss's house that night a week ago, that she had not believed it possible to hate a man so. Now! Why that was not hate; that, compared with the inimity that now consumed her, was a mere chill indifference. And it had made her tremble! She was rigid now. Stiff with hate! He personified for her all in life against which she was in rebellion, all in life that her soul abhorred; and while, in the moments before dinner, grunting Uncle Pyke and rallying Aunt Belle and coquetting Lætitia crowded about him, leaving her alone and far apart, she, for the reason that it gave to her hate, and for the example that stood before her eyes, reviewed again her theories of life and again pledged herself in their support. . . .

"Dinner is served."

That group went laughing to the door; she followed. "No, no, my boy. Don't stand on ceremony. Pass along as we come. Why, hang it, man, we regard you as one of the family! Ha! ha! haw!" Down the stairs in a body, she following. There is, from their conversation, something the wreathed calf is to get from his coat to bring to show them, a letter or a token or something. The dining-room is to the front on the ground floor. The coats hang in the hall, a narrow passage there, that runs back to Uncle Pyke's study. They are down. "Shall I get it now?" "Yes, bring it along; bring it along, my boy." "And Rosalie" (Aunt Belle) "my fan, dear child. Dear child, I left it on the table in Uncle Pyke's den. You will? Dear child!"

They pass in. The gilded calf turns from them for what it is he is to fetch from his coat; she slips by him to the study and takes up the fan and comes with it again.

It is dim in the passage. A condition on which generous Uncle Pyke years before installed this wonderful electric light that you flick on and flick off as you require it was that it should always be flicked off when you did not require it. Now as Rosalie came from the study the passage was lit only by the shaft of light that gleamed from the dining-room door; its only sound Aunt Belle's noisy chatter from the waiting table.

He was fumbling at the coats, standing there sharply outlined against the stream of light, his face cut on it in a perfect silhouette. She had to pass him. That hateful he! Her knees trembled, she felt faint; awful to hate so! She was quite close, almost touching him. It was necessary he should move forward or back to give her room, but he did not move. His hands outstretched before him on the coat and sharp against the light, appeared to her to be shaking. She tried to say, "If you please," but dreadfully had no voice; but made some sound; and he, moving slowly, drew back. It was before him that she had to pass.

She caught her breath. . . .

The thing too poignant for words a man has.

She was caught in his arms, terribly enfolding her. He was crying in her ears, passionately, triumphantly, "Rosalie, Rosalie." She was in his arms, those long strong arms of his were around her; and she was caught against his heart, her face upturned to his, his face against her own; and she was swooning, falling through incredible spaces, drowning in incredible seas, sinking through incredible blackness; and in her ears his voice coming to her in her extremity like the beat of a wing in the night, like the first pulsing roll of music enormously remote, "Rosalie, Rosalie."

It was, the intimacy and the abruptness of it, the perfect comprehension that their thoughts were shared, as if they had known and loved for years.

He caught her hand. "My conspirator! My secret-sharer!" She gave him her heart in her eyes.

He said, "Tomorrow, I will come to you."

She disengaged her hand.

He gave a swift look all about and caught her in his arms.

"You must tell me, my Rosalie. Tell me."

She breathed, "You knew, before I knew, that I loved you."

When she was home and got to her room she undressed, suffering her clothes to lie as they slipped from her. She got into bed.

Cataclysm! All she had been, all she had determined—all, all gone; all nothing, surrendered all. At a touch, in a moment, without a cry, without a shot, without a stroke, all her life's habit swept away.

NATURALLY there was much weeping and bitterness when Rosalie's aunt and cousins discovered what they called her perfidy. But Occleve was hers and they set up housekeeping in an unre-

tentious, comfortable home to which each returned after the day's work was done. For of course, Rosalie kept on with her work. That had been understood from the first. But then the children began to come, first Huggo of whom she said: "There's never, never been a hugger like him since the world began. Creature straight out of heaven, you're Huggo." That was when he first lay in her arms and she was supremely happy. Then came the daughter, Dodo, and last the well-beloved Benji. But the first great joy passed and Harry voiced his discontent:

"I HAVE a right to a home."

She replies, as grave as he, as one debating a matter that is weighty but that is before the arbitrament, not of feeling, but of reason, "Harry, you have a home."

A gesture of his head, much comprehensive, is made by him: "Is this a home?"

"It's where we live."

"Ah, where we live, Rosalie!"

She did not reply to this.

They had been talking a very long time. Harry hadn't any arguments. He just kept coming back and coming back to the one thing. He said again, the twentieth time, in that dull voice, "We are responsible for the children. We have a duty."

The twentieth time! She made a gesture, not impatient, just tired, that was of repletion with this thing. "Ah, you say 'we' have a duty. You say 'we'; but, Harry, you mean me. Why I a duty more than you? Why, am I the accused?"

Harry's dull note: "Because you are a woman."

Ineffable weariness was in the murmur that was her reply. "Ah, my God, that reason!"

HARRY's plaint was not enough. Rosalie was out for freedom, determined to escape the irksome responsibilities of home and children. But she was too good a business woman to let anything run to ends. So the home was well-organized and the children were brought up with every modern advantage brought to them by hired nurses and instructors and for a long time she felt no worry about them. But the shock was not prevented—it was only delayed. It came at last when she and Harry, with Huggo, now fourteen, were lunching together.

"WELL, SCRIPTURE," Harry was saying to Huggo. "Come they give you plenty of scripture?"

"Oh, don't they just! Tons and tons." Listen to him, how merry he was now! "Tons and tons. First lesson every morning, but don't ask scripture, father. Father, what's the use of learning all that stuff about the flood, about the ark, about Israelites, about Samuel, about Daniel, about the Red Sea, what's the use?"

Harry said, "Here, steady, old man. 'What's the use?'"

"Well, what is the use? It's all rot. You know it isn't true."

Rosalie called out dreadfully, "Huggo!"

"Mother, you know it's all made up!"

She cried out in a girl's voice and with a girl's impulsive gesture of her arm across the table toward him, "It isn't! It isn't!"

She was seen by Harry to let fall her extended arm upon the table and draw it very slowly to her and draw her hand then to her heart and slowly lean herself against her chair back, staring at Huggo. No one spoke. She then said to Huggo, her voice very low, "Darling, run now to see everything is in your playbox. Dodo, help him. Take Benji, darlings. Benji, go and see the lovely playbox things."

When they had gone she was seen by Harry to be working her fingers at her key ring. In one hand she held the ring, in the other a key that she seemed to be trying to remove. It was obstinate.

He recognized it for her office pass-key.

He said, "Your pass-key? Why?"

She said, "I'm coming home, Harry."

"Coming home?"

She was sitting back in her chair. She tossed with a negligent movement of her hand the key upon the table. "I have done with all that. I am coming home."

COMING home did not save Rosalie. Obviously the children were not minded to be saved. In the end Rosalie wearied of the house mismanagement and returned to Lombard Street. But nothing went well. Huggo was expelled from school, blundered along with a tutor, fell into bad company, at last went into the army, served two years and came out, certainly not better than when he went in. A man now, but still sticking to his bad companions. Then one night—



The door opened and Huggo walked in. His face was very flushed, and his articulation a little odd. Then, after greetings, he sat down with a curiously unsteady thud and gave a little laugh and said, "Whoa, mare, steady!"

It appeared, after explanations, that he had come to talk about "this Oxford business." "I really can't very well go to Oxford now, father. I really ought to start in some money-making business now and I've got a jolly good opening promised me. I really ought to take it."

The decanters were on the table. He had already taken a glass of port. He filled another and drank it.

"The fact is, I'm—married."

Harry said, "Who are her people? That's a plain question, isn't it?"

Huggo, very red, increasingly difficult to understand, said, "It's a plain enough question. It's a plain enough question."

Rosalie broke out of the frozen stupefaction that had numbed her. "Huggo, you must know. You must know who her people are."

Huggo turned a very slow gaze around from his father to his mother. He looked at her. He said with astonishing violence, "Well, I tell you I don't. People! What have her people got to do with it? I haven't married her people. She's my little girl and I've married her, not her people. Isn't that enough for you?"

Harry got up and went over to him. "Look here, you'd better run along. You're not in a fit state to talk to your mother. I'm not sure you're in a fit state to talk to anybody or to know what you're saying. You'd better go, my boy."

THE DISAPPOINTMENT over Huggo was bad enough for Rosalie to bear, but the real blow fell when Dodo, her Dodo, began to travel reckless ways. Home was dull for Dodo—she was always eager to get away. Early enough she took to paint and powder and her room was always untidy. "I can't be tidy," she said. "I simply can't. It's no good trying." At eighteen, Dodo was a woman and going her own way, reveling in her war work. After Huggo's marriage, disaster trailed him. His wife died, and he himself was sentenced to six months imprisonment in connection with a fraudulent stock deal. Immediately after the shock of Huggo's disgrace, Rosalie was dealt another and a more terrible blow. Dodo had not stopped going out, but after a time she lost her lightness, she appeared ill. Her mother's anxious questions, however, were cut short with, "What should be the matter?" Then

one night, when Dodo was out, the telephone rang. It was a friend of Dodo's. The girl was sick—dangerously. Rosalie hurried away. An old Scotch doctor whom she found tending Dodo told her, "Ye'll need be sensible. There's been another here before me— There's been a creature here before me. There's been blackguard work here. There's been—that poor child there. . . ." So Rosalie found her daughter and heard the story of her shame, and sat by her bed through the long hours.

DODO, as that night went, was in delirium. She seemed to lie upon a bed. She lay in fact upon the altar of her gods, of self, of what is vain, of liberty undisciplined, of restless itch for pleasure, and of the gods of Rosalie, a piteous sacrifice.

Rosalie was all night with that child. Harry was there upon the other side upon his knees and never raised his head. Benji was there that loved his sister so. Across the unblinded window strove a moon that fought with mass on mass of fierce, submerging clouds as it might be a soul that rose through infinite calamity to God. That child was in much torment. That child was in delirium and often cried aloud.

She calmed and a long space was mute. The moon, its duress passed, stood high, serene, alone. The doctor breathed, "She's passing." That child raised her lids and her eyes looked out upon her watchers.

Rosalie cried, "Oh, Dodo!"

That child sighed. "Oh, mother!"

There was no note of love. There was of tenderness no note. There only was in that child's sigh a deathly weariness. "Oh, mother!" That child passed out.

They came home in the very early morning. Rosalie was in her working room. She had some things to do. She wrote to Mr. Field a letter of her resignation from Field's Bank. She only wrote two lines. They ended, "This is *Final*. I have done."

She sealed that letter and she moved about the room unlaying and as she unlayed, destroying, all evidences, all treasures, all landmarks, all that in any way referred to or touched upon her working life. There were cherished letters, there were treasured papers. She destroyed them all. From one bundle, not touched for years, dust-covered and time-discolored, there came a battered volume. She turned it over. "Lombard Street." She opened it and saw the eager underlinings and saw the eager margin notes, and ghosts . . . (it's written earlier in these pages). She rent the book across its perished [Continued on page 103]



C. "There's never been a hugger like him," Rosalie said of her first baby.

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JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG.

Q. "Hand-bag," the Master prompted. Nellie Burton flusbed, fluttered. The watch ticked with horrible hammer blows. "Money," she gasped and fainted. The Master revived her. She sat up. "I must tell you all," she sobbed.

*Q In which psychoanalysis is tried by Our Village and found wanting*

# New Mates for Old

*By Arthur Gleason*

*Illustrated by James Montgomery Flagg*

W

HEN the Master came to our village we were in a bad way. We were like other villages. We gossiped, we were snugly and prosaically married. We had the town drunk and the town cut-up. We supported a village band and the usual sort of church. But we had no Science. I mean by Science that not a person in our village had ever been psychoanalyzed. We were jogging along with our Complexes, making regressions almost every day.

Then the Master came and a new life began for us. We were rather a prosperous little place. The best soil in Massachusetts, and a dancing river through our backyard, helped to keep us industrious, and fortunately enabled us to pay down the two hundred dollars a head which the Master charged for making us better citizens.

The Master was a handsome blond, foreign type of man, who dressed in rich brown colors. His eye was magnetic and his manner psychic. He had rounded off his studies by being analyzed by the Herr Doctor Bernard Blitz in Vienna. There he had found his strength, which now he gave to others.

His first great success was scored with Nellie Burton, the wife of the bank clerk. He gave her the word test. He called off words, and timed her with a stop-watch on how long she took to respond with another word, brought up by what the first word suggested.

"Allopath," he said in his vibrant staccato voice.

"Catarrh," replied she, cheerily, after two seconds.

"Irish," he followed the lead.

"Home Rule," she said, shaving one second.

"Hand-bag," he prompted.

She flushed, fluttered, her fingers dug at the hand-bag round her wrist. The watch ticked on with horrible hammer blows—one, two, three, four, five, and on to ten.

"Money," she gasped, faintly.

"Dig deep, woman, dig deep," he urged. "Money—what does that suggest? What mental picture does it form?"

"I see many bills, green."

"Go on," he commanded.

"They are where I can reach them."

"Yes," he suggested. "Yes. Tell me what you did."

"I took them," she said.

"Were they yours?"

"No."

"You stole them," he thundered.

"I-I-I—" she stuttered, went white, and fell in a faint.

The Master rolled her over, and placed her at full length on the floor. He sprinkled water on her face. Her eyelids twitched. Color touched her cheeks. She sat up.

"You will feel better, now," he said.

"I must tell you all," she sobbed, brokenly. "They were in my husband's trousers."

"What?" asked the Master.

"The money, the bills, green, new. He had brought them home from the bank. His week's pay changed into ones. They looked more that way. He used to like a thick wad. I took them, all of them. He never knew."

"Never knew? How was that?"

"He went to his class reunion over at Springfield that evening," she answered, "and he returned a little cloudy. So he decided next morning he must have shown the wad to a cabman or a classmate."

It turned out that she wished her husband earned more money. When Janet Thompkins stumbled and spilled the kerosene lamp and burned up her sitting-room, all the village came running. There was a half-hour of lively work with the bucket-brigade, while Janet was the center of attention, telling just how it had happened. A fire is a big event with us.

"You'll have to be psychoanalyzed after this," we told Janet. "It all means something."

So she went around next day, and on for three months. It was hard delving to get down to the bottom of her hopping bird-like consciousness, but finally the truth popped out. She had enjoyed the fire because it made her significant. People listened to her where before they had done all the talking. It was possible, she finally confessed, that she had meant to spill the lamp in order to be noticed. That is what comes of facing yourself. Without it, Janet would have gone to her grave thinking she had stumbled by accident. If people could only learn there are no accidents, no slips of the tongue, but back of every misplaced word and gesture the subconscious mind is moving in its mysterious, indirect way. It is a comfort to know this. It fills everything with purpose.

"I never suggest anything," the Master explained. "It all comes out of you. It's the stuff buried in you which you gradually recall, and that leads to more. That's how our method differs from all the other mental cures—psychotherapy by hypnotism, and the rest of them. They put things into your mind from the mind of the operator. But P. A. T. (that was his abbreviation for Psychoanalytical Treatment) makes you do the telling."

HE had us all keep dream books. We used to get up in the night, and jot down the vagrant tail-end of a dream, as it was just escaping, and bring it around to him in the morning. Then he would interpret it for us. We learned that all those strange drifting visions were merely disguised handwriting, telling the suppressed desires of our thwarted life. It was wonderful. Apparently innocent people seemed to be the worst. Mrs. Morton discovered to her amazement that she had long wished to kill her husband. Unbelievable, but there was her dream book to prove it.

"Your dream, woman," he ordered, when she came to him.

"I dreamed I was riding a white goat down a broad boulevard," she began reading. "The goat stumbled and fell. I alighted without injury and mounted a sorrel horse and rode away. I never looked back to see what became of the goat."

"The white goat is your husband," the Master interpreted. "A husband is always a goat by the inevitable dream law of transposition. The sorrel horse, now—think well. Sorrel, what does it remind you of?"

"Red," she answered.

"Red," he echoed, "the color, red. What does the color, red, suggest?"

"Why, the schoolmaster's hair."

"What schoolmaster?"

"The new teacher where Eileen goes to school. His hair is brick red."

"Ha, a complex," he pounced. "Now we have your dream. You saw yourself leaving your husband and marrying the schoolmaster. Tell me," he cried in a terrible voice, "do you love your husband?"

"Why, why—I don't know," she said weakly, in a daze.

"You don't know?" he said. "Think, woman."

"I never thought," she confessed.

"What does the thought of your husband suggest?" he probed.

"Why, I see his head, a little bald on the top."

"That is what the thought of your husband has come to be—a bald man?"

"Yes, I suppose so."

"And the schoolmaster—what does his name bring before your mind's eye?"

"Red hair," she said, "the same as before."



"Something vivid," interpreted the Analyst. "You see your husband as a humdrum bald-headed man, dull at the top. And you see the schoolmaster as a gay flaunting creature, with a fiery top. Is it not so?"

"Why, yes."

"Well, woman, your case is clear. You have hidden it from yourself. But now you've spread it out in the open. You wish to leave your husband and marry the teacher. If you wish it supremely, you must do it. The first step is to get a divorce from your husband. I can help you. The rest is easy."

WE ALL liked him immensely, all except Old Doctor Bemis, who had handled our ailments for thirty years. Here he was getting his three dollars for the mean, messy jobs with measles and bronchitis, while the new man did the big, high-priced work with sick souls. But Dr. Bemis's bitter comments had no effect on us, for by this time we could analyze his motive in making them.

When the Townsend boy got croup the day before school opened, the Master was able to prove to him that he had really wanted the croup in order to stay home, and so it had come. When he got the asthma on the first afternoon of the swimming season, Doctor Bemis sent the boy around to the Master to ask what he wanted this time. That is how shallow the old type of physician is when he encounters something new.

As the Master said, the treatment is not for everyone. It is only for strong natures, able to respond. A sculptor uses marble, not mud.

"Every confidence is sacred," the Master told his clients. "Tell me all. Speak as to your God, if there were a God."

And indeed it was so. They told him all—more even than they knew, for he was able to show them unguessed tendencies which they had never suspected. Outside myself, I am sure that no one knew what went on in his laboratory of souls. He had to tell someone, of course, and he rightly chose me, because I am safe and certain to be sympathetic and discreet.

"You have a strong woman Libido, Martha," he said, "faithful and maternal and daring."

It was pleasant to have your Libido read by an expert. I had been among the first that went to him. He dug up all my little weaknesses, and in his strong presence I overcame them. I learned, too, with him what it was I really wanted. I learned from him that there must be no privacies, no reticences. All those go with shame, and back of them somewhere lurks a complex. It is better, far better, to tell everything about yourself. That clears you. So I have no hesitation in saying that I loved him. I told him so.

"You fall in love with me, of course," he said. "All my female clients do. That's transference. But later I teach you to turn it onto some other object, if that seems best for you."

"It isn't best for me," I replied. "I want you."

"WE LL, we will see," he said. "I've been married you know—twice in fact. I've had to burn several persons out of my path. I arranged that my last wife should divorce me, but she has left me with four children to support. So the court ruled."

"That makes no difference to me," I responded. "Bring your children to me at any time. I will care for them."

"I shall remember that," he answered with a kindness I can never forget. "Just now they are doing nicely in a school. I never see them and all goes well. So much better for them than home. But I assure you I shall remember what you have said."

One by one the Master hunted the people down through the village, pried them apart from the old bad alliances that had wrecked them, and remarried them. Within three years he had remodeled our village. It was embarrassing for an old resident, who had settled elsewhere, to come back. He would make awkward slips, with the new names under the old roofs. It was like "going to Jerusalem," but it gave the people a fresh feeling and they liked it.

I have never met a man I admired so much as the Master. He had conquered fear and anger in his own nature and lived in an Olympian aloofness. His voice was calm and level. Why should he hate, when he knew the sources of hate in the conflicts



*C. The Master was a handsome, blond, foreign type. His eye was magnetic and his manner psychic.*

of one's inner life. He had found liberation from the passions that distort other men. After the long ages of religious romancing and the fairy stories of the poets, at last Science had solved human nature.

He had a wonderful faculty of spearing our least statement. "Soul," he would repeat after us, if we had blundered, "what do you mean by soul? Memory? Impulse?"

"MORALITY," was another word that roused him. "Tribal customs," he would correct us, "instinct of imitation. Crowd suggestion."

But "God" was the battleflag that drew his keenest sharp-shooting. By patient work with us, he lifted most of the membership away from the church, and the poor old minister was heart-broken.

"A quaint survival," the Master described him, saying he wished to free us from the old clutter by revaluing our values.



JAMES MONTGOMERY FLAGG

**C** "Your dream, woman," he ordered. "I was riding a white goat. The goat stumbled and fell. I mounted a sorrel horse and rode away," Mrs. Morton told him. "The goat is your husband," the Analyst cried. "A husband is always a goat. You want to leave him and marry the red-haired schoolmaster."

He showed us how the brightest, cheeriest girl was trotting around with a nest of dark extravagances under her curly head, made manifest only by her subconscious activities.

The mother-complex was his most famous specialty, and he made it a household word among us. No supper-table talk failed to play lightly and with a sparkle around the mother-complex.

When "Butcher" Joe murdered his mother over at Knowlsby's Station, the Master said:

"A strong soul. At great cost to himself he has cut loose from a mother-complex. Violent, perhaps, but doubtless necessary. Let us not judge him."

If the trial had been held in our town, the man would have been acquitted.

"Know thyself," the Master preached, and we went around picking complexes from our neighbor's interior, while we kept a sharp watch on our own hidden weaknesses; which we were finding decidedly interesting.

One day Sally Breese said she was going to Paris, when she intended to say New York.

"Now, that means something," he pointed out. "Paris has some kind of secret drawing for Miss Breese—some call to her of which, naturally, she is wholly unaware."

**A**FTER THAT we redoubled our watch on her, and we caught her tripping again and again. Soon she grew almost afraid to open her mouth, for fear she would give away some secret of her inner life. But for him she would have gone on cherishing her guilty dreams, not knowing what they signified. We never found out just what it was that Paris meant to her, but we could make a rather shrewd guess—but of course we always put the kindest interpretation on the matter.

It does a community all manner of good to wake up and know itself. Talk, which for four generations had fluttered around crops and politics and the president, turned to its proper business





**C.** *The Master brought his four children from the select school where the expenses had been mounting. He left them with me. I have never seen him since. The children are with me yet.*

of sex and the suspicious goodness of the good. Those that wore the white flower of a blameless life were raked fore and aft, because we now knew that the whiteness was paint. Gradually we unseated every moral leader in the community. No one who hasn't gone through the process can know the feeling of relief that swept us like a clean wind out of the north.

The Master published a study of Mother Goose, showing how the Libido of the race had expressed its secret life in those apparently harmless anecdotes. The paper was translated into German within three months, and Dr. Bing, of Zürich, whose work on "Nightmares" is a classic, wrote of the Master's essay, saying:

"You have given one more filthy corner of the human mind to the sunlight. You have revealed that even infancy is infamous. The world is your debtor. Work on in the dawn, fellow struggler. The sky grows red with our fires. It is the dung-hill that grows the lily, and our dark science shall yet create the long awaited and badly needed superman."

We had been getting a lot of fun out of the village orchestra. We called it orchestra, but it was mostly brass band on the full notes. The Master pointed out to us what our love of music really meant, and how closely music, in its origins, was connected with certain ancient rites. What we had thought fun was far otherwise, far otherwise. And we realized this, now that our eyes had been opened to the folly of old joys.

**B**UT AFTER the third year of the Master's too brief stay, things began to change. The trouble with us was that we weren't up to his tests. We weren't as strong as he wished us to be. What he needed was a race of supermen, a race of hardy Uhlan officers who had outgrown pity and homesickness and loneliness and could go marching out into the strange new emptiness, where there are no enfeebling loves and memories, no village traditions, where comradeship is a laughing self-sufficient greeting of two strong souls, saluting each the will-power in the other's fearless





Q. "Martha," the Master said to me, "my work is finished in this village. Here are the children."

eyes. I tell you it was too big and bold, too fine and enlightened for our weak neighborhood. We were really just middle-grade people, with none too much strength, rather relying on each other's good will, rather lonely without it. I am not defending our failure. Personally I am sorry we didn't see the thing through to the last logical bit so we would know exactly how psychoanalysis wanted us to live.

**T**HE BIG BREAK came out of Susanna Morton's flannel pancakes. Jeff Morton in the first burst of his new life under the Master had remarried, shuffling off the staid Susanna, and taking to himself young Lulu Walton. Lulu was emancipated all right and could talk sex all the evening. The trouble was at breakfast next morning. Jeff found that his Libido craved the flannel pancakes of his narrower life and old helpmate. He set out to have them. But Susanna had meanwhile gone home to her mother's. When Jeff began talking flannel pancakes at the

post office during mail-time when all the village was clustered, the echoes of his longing drifted back to Susanna, and something in her answered. Several gossips began to quote her as favorable to Jeff, and there was considerable scandal when we learned that two persons, legally and honorably put apart, were wanting to team up again and renew the ancient bondage from which our Analyst had so gladly freed them.

**I** POINTED out that it wasn't fair to the Master after all he had done for us. And I sent to a Boston library, and got the book in which Dr. Blitz of Vienna had referred to us in a footnote as an American community where psychoanalysis had taken possession of the city government and the school system, emptied the church, and discredited the old moth-eaten ethic. Were we to go back on all that and revert to the dark days of our original blindness?

It seems that we were. For Jeff and his old wife ran away together from their new homes and took a farmhouse on the outskirts of the village, where they were an eyesore and a challenge to every newly-married divorcé. I had hoped I could say that they were outcast by public opinion. But instead of that they became a little stronghold of revolutionary sentiment, and Flannel Pancakes became the symbol and battle-cry of the return to the shackles. Couple after couple outrageously talked of remating back to their beginnings and going on as they had in former, happier days.

"They haven't killed the child," said the Master in his symbolic phrasing.

Next, the boys wanted the band back in spite of what they had learned about it. Then the school children went on strike, and refused to tell on themselves. Of course there can be no interpretation if there is no confession, and those little ones in their ignorance preferred to go knotted through life rather than become outstanding personalities and seek enlightenment by an acknowledgment of their small sins and ambitions. They wouldn't confess and that ended that.

**T**HE CLIMAX came crash one evening when a private massmeeting for Remarried Men Only was held in the deserted church. They were all there early, as I learned afterwards. The first resolution was carried unanimously. All the men wanted their old wives back and were set and determined to have them back. There was a most bewildering unanimity about this.

The next resolution was more difficult. It concerned itself with him whom I shall always regard as our emancipator. What should be done with him? That was the point under discussion: with him who had done so much for us? Jeff Morton suggested lynching. It shows unanimity, he said, and is in line with our best democratic tendencies. Peter Murphy was for a lonely call and an "honest bullet," as he described it. "Don't drag in the village," he urged. "Leave it to a Sinn Feiner. A dark night, a cozy chat, a little gunplay, and all is well along the river front."

Old Doctor Bemis belonged to another generation and hadn't undergone a changed life. So he had no business to be in the meeting, but had gained admission when he learned what it was about.

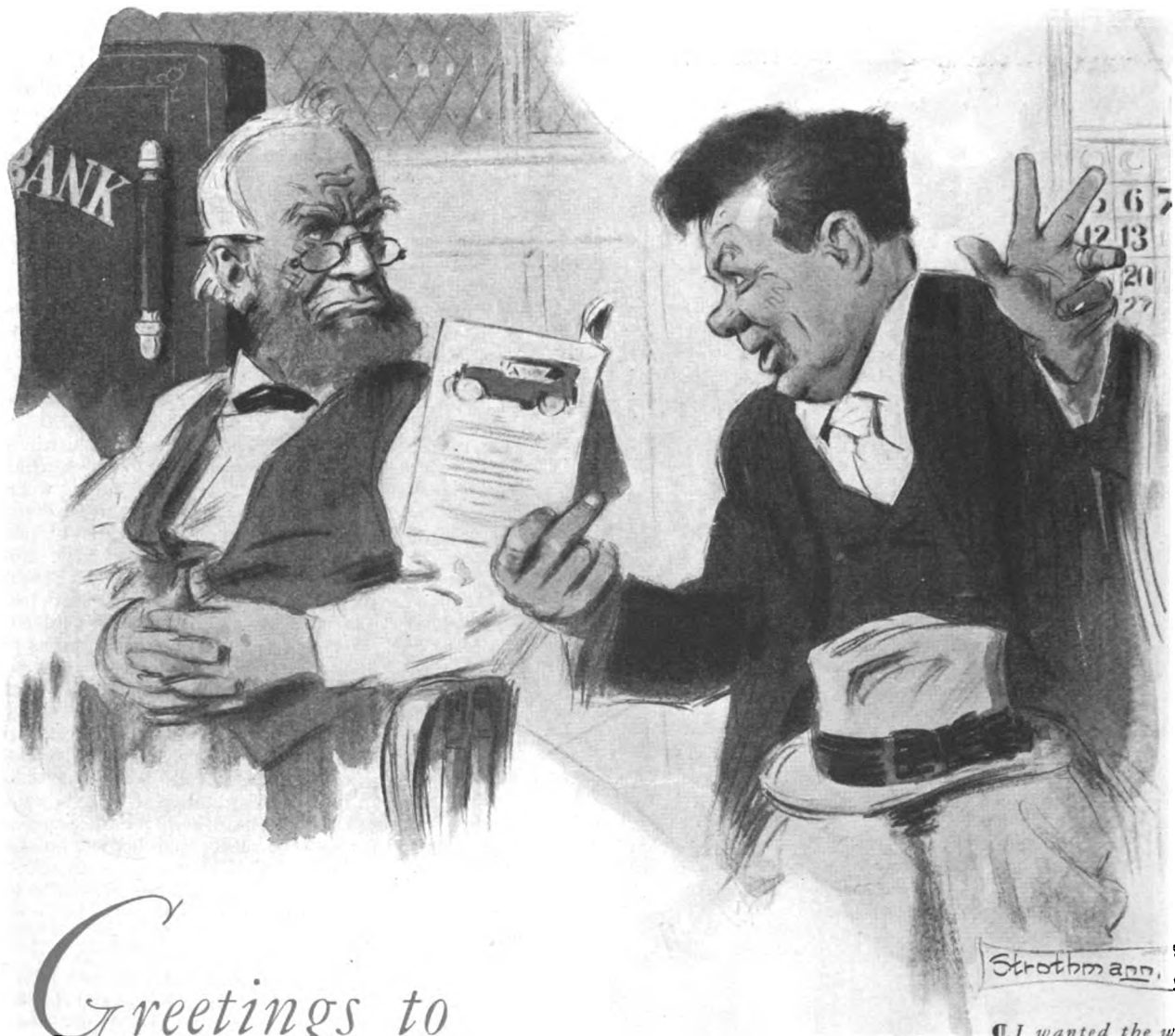
"Pat must go," he said (Pat was his name for the Master), "that is agreed. Let's give him the regulation twelve hours. If he hasn't dusted quietly and quickly by then, we'll ride him out with tar and feathers and so get rid of him once and for all."

His plan was carried with no dissenting voices. All this I learned later from Mrs. Morton who had it from Jeff who, of course, told her everything that happened.

While the meeting was going on, I was sitting at home. A knock came, and I opened. It was the Master. In a word he made clear what was happening. In fact he had foreseen it and made his preparations. The day before he had brought his four children from the select school where the expenses had been mounting all too heavily for him, so he had decided to bear them no longer.

"Martha," he said, "my work is finished in this village. Here are the children."

That night he left us. I have never seen him since. The children are with me yet.



# Greetings to MR. Grouch

By Walt Mason

*I wanted the world's masterpiece in the auto line. It took my banker the rest of the day to argue me out of my brainstorm.*

*¶ In which the Sage of Emporia hands a bouquet to that useful citizen who keeps us from joy-riding to destruction*

THE NIGHT was senescent, and star dials hinted of morn, when nine able-bodied men called at the office of Col. Turnagen Whittington, editor of the Hay Center Palladium. The colonel had been working all night, plying his trenchant pen with his accustomed vigor, and turning out several of those cold-blooded, pessimistic editorials which had driven the Live Wires of the town to fury.

The nine visitors had tied bandanna handkerchiefs over their faces. They said nothing, but silently and inexorably surrounded the colonel and pushed him out of his office, and then down the road to the pond. The pond was a desolate stretch of stagnant water, covered with green slime; into this disagreeable fluid the colonel was pitched, and when he crawled out, with the slime dripping from his hair and whiskers, he was thrown in again.

Twice more this happened, and then, when the victim emerged from his bath, he was permitted to remain on dry land; but the leader of the avengers lifted up his voice and said:

"Colonel Whittington, this is merely a warning of what will happen to you if you don't change the policy of your paper. You are a brake on the wheel of progress. We want boosters,

not knockers, in Hay Center. The next time we call on you, we'll give you something more than a warning."

"The next time you call," said the undismayed colonel, clawing some decayed vegetables out of his hair, "I will have a sawed-off shotgun, and it will be loaded with shingle nails. So bring the coroner with you. And paste this in your hats: The day is at hand when the people of this town will turn to me for help, as the only man who preserved his sanity through this crazy period of the boom."

All this happened—and it did happen—long, long ago, when the great boom swept over the Middle West, and every cross-roads hamlet was going to be something greater than Chicago. I was a reporter on the Palladium, and now that I am waxing old I confess with shame that, in common with the Live Wires of the town, I bitterly resented the colonel's editorial course. Hay Center, like a hundred other prairie towns, was crazy. Surveyors were busy staking out the cornfields for town lots. New companies and colossal undertakings were being organized in every real estate office. We were to have big shoe factories, and woolen mills, and packing houses; we were to have skyscrapers and elevated railways, and a population so great

the town would need sideboards. Everybody was buying and selling real estate, and the slogan was, "Get in on the ground floor!" Even the lawyers and bankers of the town contracted the fever; and the ministers of the gospel were chasing around in their shirtsleeves buying and selling lots they had never seen.

And through it all Colonel Turnagen Whittington printed his pessimistic editorials pointing out that the boom was a transient thing; that presently it would collapse, and the small investors would be ruined, and it would take Hay Center a hundred years to get back to the point she departed from when she went insane. He argued that it was impossible to have big factories with no raw materials for manufacture; he insisted that the cornfields would continue to be cornfields, and not suburbs. And in this way he irritated the town and made the Live Wires frantic, and the episode of the horse-pond surprised nobody. And after that episode he continued to assail the boom and the boomers; and no man in the Wide West was so cordially hated. It was generally admitted that his funeral would be the most encouraging thing that could happen.

And then one bleak morning Hay Center awoke with a bad taste in her mouth, and looked around, and behold, the boom was dead. In a night it folded its tents and silently stole away. And scores of Live Wires found they were in debt up to their scalplocks, and loaded down with property they couldn't give away; and sad-eyed Merchant Princes, who had stocked up to supply the demands of a metropolitan population, went to the banks to borrow money, and the bankers, who had been stung themselves, couldn't advance fifty cents. Hay Center was sown to salt, like Jerusalem of old.

AND THEN the people, in their misery, turned to Col. Whittington for aid and counsel; they elected him mayor, and he bravely went to work to save what he could from the wreckage, and never once said, "I told you so." For many years the colonel has been sleeping with his fathers, but there is a life size statue of him in the public square, and the old inhabitants take off their hats when his name is mentioned.

And now, when I hear a citizen denounced as a grouch, a pessimist, a knocker, I do not wildly jump to the conclusion that the world would be a more popular resort if he withdrew from it. I am strongly of the belief that the grouch serves a good and useful purpose in the world, and that it would be better to dispose of a few optimists at bargain sale prices than to get rid of the grouch.

My chief weakness is a desire to change automobiles about once a month. Every time I see an auto of a new design I experience a fierce yearning to own one like it. The banker who has custody of my meager savings is aware of my failing, and watches me with an eagle eye, and I owe it to his eternal vigilance that the motorcar dealers don't get every nickel I earn. As we go to press I have the best car I ever owned. It is a medium-priced bus, with nothing of Oriental splendor in its furnishings. But it never gives me a minute's grief. Month after month it toils over the roads, only pausing at filling stations for refreshments now and then, and never demanding the services of a mechanic.

The other morning I went into the bank and asked how many pieces-of-eight I had in storage there. I wanted them in a hurry. I had just seen the world's masterpiece in the auto line, and I must have one like it. The banker overheard me and came forth from his office and cross-examined me. I was enthusiastic. The new car had eight cylinders, and could develop

eighty horse-power, and had genuine broadcloth upholstery and six flywheels, and a full-jeweled radiator, and so on. My next-door neighbor, Jim Bragg, owned the one I saw, and as the scion of a martial and haughty house, I couldn't stand supinely by and see Jim Bragg driving a better car than mine.

It took the banker the rest of the day to argue me out of my brainstorm.

"I have heard you say," he observed, "that the car you now drive has more than human intelligence. It consumes the miles and never gives any trouble. What more can you ask? What's the difference whether it has one cylinder or twenty? What would it profit you to have the steering wheel inlaid with mother of pearl? Try to reassemble your faculties and forget everything except the fact that your present car is fool-proof, and that your balance in this bank should be increased rather than diminished."

I FELT as I departed that the banker was more depressing than an east wind, and that it would serve him right if I transferred my account to the bank on the other corner; but when I reached home my wife met me on the porch and said: "Mr. Bragg seems to have a hideous time with that new car. He has been working under it all afternoon, and Mrs. Bragg came here for an hour or two, saying that his language was undermining her nervous system and destroying the morals of the children."

It's that way every day. Jim is forever pawing around his car with a wrench in one hand and a lantern in the other, and ever as he toils he expresses his sentiments in ringing terms; and I go joy-riding around, and my old bus never misses, never wastes a minute, never gets pinched by the busy country constable for disturbing the peace.

The grouch is good medicine for most of us, although we refuse to recognize him as such when we are taking our badly needed but more or less bitter dose.

Not long ago one of our gifted young townsmen came home from New York where he had been studying art. He brought several of his paintings with him and, at the request of the Woman's Club, exhibited them in the clubhouse. Of course we all turned out to see them and, out of pure benevolence of spirit, went into ecstasies over them. The young man had all the Old Masters backed off the walk. He made Rembrandt look like a paperhanger.

But old Horace Bittenbender walked around and gazed at the pictures and shook his head mournfully. "Horrible daubs!" he growled; "the young man has talent, but he will have to study for thirty-nine years before he'll be fit for anything better than house painting."

Everybody in the room heard it, and we were all indignant, and felt that some steps should be taken. But the young artist had sense. "Mr. Bittenbender

is right," said he; "so I am going to study for thirty-nine years, or fifty-nine years, or as long as necessary; but sooner or later I'll paint a real picture!"

Few, alas, can receive the chastening of the pessimistic Mr. Grouch in such a spirit. And so we follow our foolish enthusiasms, and buy things we can't pay for, and make contracts we can't carry out, and start things we can't finish, all the time bitterly resenting the efforts of the grouch who would set us right. And when at last we realize that Mr. Grouch is our best friend, we are too old to make any profitable use of the knowledge.

*Wack Mason*

## "I Killjoy Guessed Right

"I WOT," I remarked, "and I wist and I ween that I'll soar to the clouds in my flying machine." "Don't do it, don't do it," the pessimist cried; "the earth is the safest, so on it abide. Your pinions will break or your engine will stall, and down will come poet and airplane and all; a hole in the ground you will punch with your head—but that will not matter for you will be dead." "Oh, Killjoy, avaunt, you are always the same; you're grouching and beefing and spoiling the game." I stepped on the gas and I scooted aloft; the earth where I lit wasn't cushioned or soft; my head's in a sling and my slats are a wreck, my collarbone's twisted three times round my neck. And Killjoy is saying, "What fools mortals be! What grief they would dodge if they'd listen to me!"



Cl Jay Gelzer's Story of the Woman Who Didn't Keep Pace—Continued from page 51

## The Great Man's Wife

entirely clear to him, but Emmy had had no uncertainty. Shyly radiant, she had announced their engagement to the interested dinner table that night, and he lacked heart to spoil her happy planning.

Speculatively, Henry Milner considered other men of his acquaintance. Masters, now, wasn't he in the same boat? Frowning, he remembered Masters in the dining-room of a popular hotel, his gray hair slightly ruffled, an excited animation on his pink, clean-shaven face as he leaned across to his very young, discreetly painted companion. No . . . that wouldn't do for him as a solution. Besides . . . there was Claire.

And Claire loved him—or would, if she decided to let herself drift toward him. His ready understanding absolved her of calculation in keeping aloof. It was wise; it showed mature judgment.

She had come into his life meteor-wise, Claire Shanley. Young? Thirty, perhaps, but a young thirty, a beautiful thirty. That her beauty drew its existence partly from art left him indifferent.

WITH a deeper inner aching which wrung him with torment, he heard Claire's ultimatum as she had spoken an hour earlier in a deserted corner of a big hotel.

"People are talking about us, Henry."

"I suppose," he had assented dully.

A pause, filled in by a few haunting bars of music from the hotel orchestra.

"We must either go forward or turn back," Claire told him then, inexorably.

He had inclined his head without replying. And they had gone out to the waiting car without further speech on the subject. Only, in parting, she thrust out her fragrant hand to him, gloveless, the warm fingers holding tightly to his own.

"I could hope that it might be forward—together," she said with an odd quiver in her deep, caressing voice.

The car turned swiftly into a curving driveway. Drew up beneath a porte-cochere. He stepped out. The chauffeur awaited orders.

"I'll not be needing you again tonight, Jules," he told him.

A gong rang through the great house announcing dinner. Across the hall he could hear Emmy's footsteps. Fervently he hoped that she would not stop at his door. But she did.

"Dinner, Henry?" The thin, flat, tremulous voice inquired.

"Down in a minute," he returned shortly. And delayed to smoke half of a cigarette in an impotent wish to ward off the ordeal of seeing her.

Presently he went down to the immense dining-room where Emmy was already seated, waiting docilely, thin, colorless, scrawny in a high-cut gray dress without line or imagination.

Emmy, he observed discontentedly, ate little, crumbling her bread, pale eyes fixed vacantly before her, making none of her usual effort toward futile conversation.

It annoyed him, her refusal to enjoy the good things he provided. Her abstinence

was in some way an unvoiced reproof of his own enjoyment.

"Food . . . won't help me," said Emmy, and again some strange current in her voice upset him.

Frowning, he hurried through the meal, inwardly rejoicing when she left the table. At the door she paused, turning back to Milner, in the act of lighting a very black and a very large cigar.

"You'll stop in the library for a few moments?"

He hesitated, then visibly braced himself. He must go through with it. This situation was intolerable. He nodded.

The door closed behind her flat back, and he signed to the hovering manservant to refill his glass with golden brandy. Savoring the sharp bite of the mellow liquid as he drank it slowly, he became aware of its ameliorating influence. Somehow it took the raw edge off the situation.

Confidently, he made his way to the library. Emmy was knitting beside the open fire. Idly he watched the motion of the bright needles. She must have made thousands of socks by this time.

"What do you do with 'em?" he inquired curiously, coming to a pause beside the fire.

"I send them back to the rector of the church at home."

Involuntarily he smiled, visioning how much more the rector of the struggling church would appreciate a gift of money from a source of such wealth.

EMOTIONALLY he considered the emptiness of her life. No friends, she lacked the gift of making them; no purpose, she lacked the ability to enthuse over abstract causes.

In his mind he saw Claire in rich colorful silks sweeping over the marble floors of an ambassador's palace. The great lady, she was made for it. And Emmy? Shrinking, he had a picture of Emmy, with her scanty hair primly barbed over naked ears, her dress unfashionably long and full. He'd have to refuse the ambassadorship; Emmy wouldn't fit in. A rising flood of rebellion choked him. He wouldn't—he'd tell Emmy. He'd tell her *now*. Resolutely he took a step toward her.

Emmy looked up with her pale eyes, and the old, familiar flood of pity for her helplessness, her fluttering mothlike hands, her impotence, claimed him. With a dull despair he realized he would never be able to tell her. The old sympathetic understanding, the old incapacity to stand the sight of pain was betraying him. For once his destiny had failed him. Emmy's helplessness was her protection. The same quality which had won him in the beginning held him imprisoned now. It would kill her, nothing less. She'd pine and finally die, leaving him a burden of unendurable remorse.

Emmy's voice broke in upon the reverie. The half-finished sock with its bright needles lay unheeded in her meager lap. Her thin, faintly wrinkled hands were clasped, blue veins showing prominently.

"I've something to say to you," she said, again in that disturbing tone.

Stupidly he waited. What could she have to say to him?

"I went to see a doctor today. . . ."

Always ailing, never actually ill—she might have known it was nothing of importance. Her communications never were at all important.

"In three months, maybe six, I'm going to die," she finished.

"I'm—sorry," he stammered inadequately. Always ailing, never actually ill—it couldn't be.

"I'm not sorry," said Emma amazingly, a blaze in her pale eyes. "It gives me a chance—to get away!"

Such a flood of longing quivered in her voice that he gaped, amazed.

"I'VE WANTED to get away before." The pale hands strained in her lap. "But somehow I couldn't tell you. I wouldn't be telling you now if it wasn't that I've got a real reason at last. All these years I've wanted to go, and I couldn't get away. You—you wouldn't give me any cause. And you can't leave a man just because he's grown great and powerful!"

"You wanted to go?" he stammered.

"I wanted to go," repeated Emmy's pale lips. "All this glory, all this magnificence—I've hated it! I hate the very bigness of this house, the contempt of the servants—they know I'm not a success at being a great man's wife. I'm just as big a failure in my way as you're a success in yours, and failure is something that eats in on you like acid with the passing years."

She paused, a hand at her flat breast, while another golden shower of sparks flew gaily up the chimney.

"It wasn't fair," she said then, with a ghostly sort of passion. "I never wanted to be a great man's wife. I wasn't meant for it. In my own kind of life I'd have been a success—" again she paused, her eyes upon him accusingly.

"How could anybody have told you'd be a great man? Just any likely, upstanding young fellow, that's what you were in those days. But now—" she broke off with a bitterness which touched him.

"I haven't been a success," she continued dully. "And I've known it. Do you think I haven't seen people smiling behind my back, comparing us, feeling sorry for you? And do you s'pose it hasn't hurt? At first I really tried. . . ."

WITH a quick stab of pity Henry Milner remembered their first days in Washington, and Emmy's anxious interest in her clothes, her house, and her desire for his approval.

"It wasn't any use," said Emmy. "Not a bit in the world. It frightened me, the greatness so suddenly thrust upon me. I wasn't meant for it. And after awhile I began to hate it and to want to get away. But you—you wouldn't let me go."

A silence. Henry Milner stood in dazed quiet, his forgotten cigar gone cold in his hand. So Emmy had held her own bitterness against him all these years, a fantastic grievance against his very success!

"I used to be sorry we hadn't any children," the fluttering voice was saying. "And to think maybe I wouldn't have minded things so if I'd had something to fill the emptiness in my heart. But it was for the best. I've stood seeing contempt in the eyes of strangers, I've stood seeing it in the eyes of my servants, I've stood seeing it in *your* eyes—but I couldn't have stood seeing it in *their* eyes!"

"Emmy!" said Henry Milner.

"I've understood," she repeated. "And I've waited and waited hoping you'd let me go. There's nothing between us any more. We're *strangers*. I'm not the only one: there are thousands of us in the world today—old wives of successful men remaining young. We meet, we old wives, and underneath the patter of polite conversation is the one question: how is it with *you*? And our talk is always of beauty parlors, of chin straps, of new treatments for retaining youth. Because we care about it? No! Because our husbands demand youth in their women. Ignoble, this frantic straining after reluctant youth, heart-

wringing at its tragedy. I'm *old*. I'd have liked nothing better than to enjoy the twilight years in peace. You—why didn't you let me go?"

"I thought you needed me," confessed Henry Milner, telling the truth.

EMMY smiled rather terribly. "You thought that without your strength I'd wither and die, and you couldn't bear the thought of being my executioner," she reasoned clearly. "And I hadn't the courage to tell you I wanted to go because in your way you'd been kind and I thought you were afraid of the scandal. Cowards, both of us! Well—" she sighed. "It's come to an end in spite of us."

"I'm sorry," said Henry Milner with the utmost sincerity.

Standing there gazing down at Emmy sympathetically, it was impossible for him not to realize what this meant for him personally. Destiny, after all, had not failed him. Without scandal, without lasting unpleasantness, he would be free. Three

months . . . six months . . . and Claire, in all her beauty and her vivid enjoyment of life, would be his wife.

Then, with a feeling of horror at his own lack of generosity, he put Claire quite definitely out of his mind. Claire was of that enchanting future so nearly impending. But the present belonged to Emmy.

"Emmy," he said very gently, placing his hand upon her head in rare caress, "it seems that, after all, I haven't given you anything of real consequence in these years of success. Won't you let me try to make it up to you in the little time left?"

The head beneath his pitying hand quivered. Emmy looked up at him, in her faded eyes a shimmer of tears.

"I think," she stammered, "it's what I hoped you would say. It—well, it won't be for long, Henry."

*The articles of Irvin S. Cobb now appear in this magazine. Watch for "But I Kept My Teeth," by Irvin S. Cobb in Hearsst's International for January.*

## This Freedom

CL A. S. M. Hutchinson Furnishes the Book of the Month—Continued from page 93

cover and pressed it on the fire and onto the flames in the fire. "I have done," she said as her last word.

But she was not done with and she had the feeling that she was not done with. She said to Harry, "This is not the children's tragedy. This is my tragedy. These were not the children's faults. These were my transgressions. Life is sacrifice. I never sacrificed. Sacrifice is atonement. It now is not possible for me to atone."

She was on her knees beside his chair. He stroked her hair.

THERE was an inquest. Harry went. She stayed at home and Benji stayed with her to be with her. Benji was not to be consoled. His mood was very dreadful. A report was printed in the evening paper before Harry came home. Benji read it and told Rosalie a witness, a man, had been arrested on the coroner's warrant. Benji said, "I think I'll go out now, mother, for a little."

Later in the evening when Rosalie was with Harry a maid came into the room and looked at Harry and saw how sunk he was in his chair and so went to Rosalie and whispered to her. Rosalie went out. There was a man wished to see the master. Rosalie spoke to him. He was a large, burly man with a strong face. He looked like, and was, a police officer in plain clothes. Rosalie heard what he began to say and said she would go with him. In the cab the man told her about it. All his sentences began with or contained "The young gentleman."

"The young gentleman . . . the prisoner, when the young gentleman came rushing in, happened to be in the charge-room writing out a statement. . . . The young gentleman, before any one could stop him, rushed at this prisoner and caught him by the throat and threw him and the table over and banged the man's

head against the floor, fair trying to kill him. They got the young gentleman off. They ought to have arrested the young gentleman, and they did most earnestly wish they had of arrested him, and blamed themselves properly that they didn't arrest him. But they felt cruelly sorry for the young gentleman and they got him outside and let him go and no more said. Of course, as madam knew, the police office wasn't very far from Gower Street station, the underground station with them steep stairs leading straight down from the street to the platform, as madam might be aware. . . . The young gentleman was seen by witnesses, whose names were took, to come rushing down these stairs on to the platform as if some one was after him. . . . The young gentleman come rushing down and there was a train just coming in, and whether he couldn't stop or whether he . . . There's some say one thing and some say the other. . . . Whichever way it was the young gentleman. . . ."

ROSALIE did her errand with the man and then came back to Harry. She had to tell Harry.

He was sitting in his chair. He had an open book on his knees. She saw, as one notices these things, it was a Shakespeare. She stood up there at the door before him and she said, "Harry—Benji!"

He saw it in her face.

He groaned.

He took the book off his knees and fumbled it, and with a groaning mutter dropped it: "Unarm, Eros, the long day's work is done."

She came to him and saw, as one sees things, above his head the picture he had hung when raven was his hair and radiant his face, and had hit his thumb, and jumped, and cried out, "Mice and Mumps!" and had laughed and wrung his hands, and cried out, "Mice and Mumps!" and

laughed again. She came to him and saw him wilt and crumple in his chair, and could have sworn she saw the iron of his head, that had been raven, go gray anew and grayer yet. She came to him and she said, "Harry—Benji—an accident—not an accident—on the railway—killed."

His voice went, not exclamationally, but in a thick mutter, as one agropes, in sudden darkness, befogged, betrayed. "My God, my God, my God, my God, my God!"

She fell on her knees; and on her arms and on his lap she buried then her face.

He suddenly stooped to her, and caught his arms about her, and raised her to him, and pressed his face to hers, and held her there; and his cry was as once before, passionately holding her, his cry had been; then from his heart to her heart, now from the abysses of his soul to her soul's depths, "Rosalie! Rosalie!"

THERE was to have been some more of it; but there, they're in each other's arms, and one has suffered so with them one cannot any more go on. One's suffered sol One has looked backward with her. The heart must break but for a forward glimpse:

They're all right now. Huggo's in Canada. He writes every week. They're all right now. That other Rosalie (Huggo's child) that they brought in is looking after them. She's looking after them, that elf, that sprite, that tricky scrap, that sunshine thing. She calls Harry father and Rosalie she calls mother. She has all her meals with them. There's no nurse. It's breakfast she loves best. She's on the itch all breakfast. When breakfast's done she's off her chair and hopping. She trumpets in her tiny voice, "Lessons! Lessons!" She trumpets in her tiny voice, "Lessons, lessons! On mother's knee! On mother's knee!"

# What is Happening to Oil in Russia

**C** Anna Louise Strong's Graphic Article—Continued from page 55

All these shifts of power and massacres and occupations, took place in a single year. It was not exactly good for the oil industry of Baku. Production dropped from sixty million barrels in 1916, to only twenty-four million in 1918, the year of all this conflict.

For a year and a half the British held Baku sharing control for a time with some Italian troops, as the Versailles treaty and the Supreme Council juggled with spheres of control in the Near East, but later regaining exclusive control. There was a fiction of an independent Azerbaijan government, which existed mainly for the purpose of being bribed and corrupted.

**T**HE oil fields were declared private property again. There was a year and a half of relative peace. But the oil production still continued low, at twenty-eight million barrels. There were strikes, suppressed by tanks and armed force! The Russian market, to which most of the Baku oil must go, since the pipe-line to Batum and the outside world is only good for kerosene—the Russian market was cut off by a wall of steel, and behind that wall Russia was fighting for existence. The storage tanks of Baku filled to overflowing, and in the earth storage tanks the oil gradually spoiled from long contact; oil clogged the sands and ran in a riot of waste into the sea.

Meantime, while Britain sat secure (more or less) in Baku, the armies of Denikin, financed by British gold and helped by our own American Red Cross, drove northward, threatening the very center of Russia during that darkest year of 1919. They captured the Grozny fields, where nine great gushers were burning as a result of civil war. The gushers burned on for a year and a half consuming enough wealth to pay one-fourth the expenses of the Russian State during the extravagant days of the Tsar.

Then, in the fall of the year, the Red Army gathered strength, slowly organized out of broken, starving bands into one united control. Month by month through the winter Denikin was hammered back, and when another spring came the oil workers of Baku knew that the red armies were near, on the borders of Azerbaijan. Promptly they revolted again, calling on Soviet Russia for aid.

It took less than half an hour for the government of Baku to change hands. The red troops came down the railroad, took possession of the oil fields, declared them national property and have held them ever since, from the twentieth of April, 1920.

Some day, when the writers of heroic romances get busy, the tale will be fitly told how the half-fed, half-clad workers of Russia brought a fleet of cruisers and destroyers a thousand miles overland through the heart of Russia, to take possession of the Caspian Sea. From Petrograd up the Neva, through a chain of lakes and canals to the upper Volga, and so down the great channel of Russia to the Caspian, that was the unheard of path they followed. It

was an impossible feat—only one of the many impossible things done in that year of exhaustion by the besieged Russians.

It was not a mere defeat for the British; it was a rout. Their army in northern Persia was scattered completely. British generals escaped without clothing, and fled southward into Persia. "It was quite horrible," I have heard the pitying Russian workers say of the plight of the proud British troops.

The oil fields were again in the hands of the Baku workers—what was left of them.

Drills were lacking, and machinery, and ropes and clothes and shoes and food. Exhausted Russia, struggling now against the combined attacks of Poland and Wrangel, could absorb the Baku oil with joy, but could give nothing back to the Baku workers. The floods crept onward, and it seemed as if the oil fields would be lost altogether to Russia and the world.

And then—came peace. But before a breath could be drawn, came the greatest famine the world has ever known. But even the famine proved less disorganizing than war. The blockade was broken; the most necessary materials could be bought abroad. There was time to think and to plan. Even during the year of the great drought, Russian industries began to improve.

**T**HE engineers of oil drew up a plan, a month by month program for production, for flood-fighting, for reconstruction. It was a plan to rebuild the oil fields out of their own resources. Gradually, slowly, repairing old wells, digging new ones, buying machinery piece by piece as there was money, the work went forward.

Month by month for over a year that plan has been fulfilled. Baku has produced 112 percent of the program demanded, Grozny 103 percent, and Emba 115 percent. Month by month the oil workers are doing more than is asked of them by the engineers who have worked out the program. The oil production is running around three million barrels a month, or nearly two-thirds of the 1916 figure. And the floods are coming under control.

There was struggle, not only with foreign demands, and with material lacks, but with the other hungry needs of Russia herself. For a year past there has been a transition period, from the old "military communism" under which the government took everything from everybody for the needs of national defense, to the new "state capitalism" in which state industries stand on their own feet, controlling their own buying and selling and financing themselves as independent units. During this transition period there were many powerful government departments that wanted to finance themselves from the earnings on Russian oil.

The oil industry itself possessed no legal right to sell oil, but was forced to turn its product over to the Department for Foreign Trade, the All Russian Coöperatives or the Department of Food Supply. These organizations, struggling under severe

emergencies, sold Russian oil and used the proceeds, not to re-equip the oil fields, but for other pressing needs.

**O**UT of these conflicting claims in the industries of Russia a coherent plan was built at last. Not in five years time is an industrial order made over. But the oil industry of Russia is now organized as an independent unit.

Under the Fuel Administration comes the Oil Management. It appoints a Chief Engineer for each of the great oil districts. The oil workers of the district choose an oil worker as the chief's first aide. This is the simple organization for the production of oil.

The sale of oil is simple in form. Each of the three great districts select directors on an oil syndicate, which controls the marketing of oil in Russia. The Fuel Administration in Moscow appoints the chairman. All over Russia they have their branches for the sale of oil. Thirty percent royalty goes to the state; the rest is returned to build up the oil industry.

But the oil industry itself is an organ of the state, a self-supporting, self-contained organ which must pay its own way, and build itself up into power, but which need fear no drafts upon its reserves by the general needs of government.

For Foreign Trade there is another company, the Naphtha Export controlled half by the oil syndicate and half by the Department of Foreign Trade. Down in the three half-furnished rooms that serve as office and living-quarters, I met Bill Shatoff, the manager of Naphtha Export.

Bill is one of those primitive men of strength and great vigor, which can be turned into channels of destruction or used to build empires. He was an I. W. W. in the United States.

**A**MERICA made of him a strike organizer, a wanderer from coast to coast; Russia made of him an empire-builder. He has no use for Russian politics, being an anarchist now as always, but his energy finds outlet in big jobs for Russia. He was chief of police in Petrograd's stormiest days, and manager of Siberian railways in the civil war, and general of an army in the Ukraine, and investigator of the untold wealth of the Far Eastern Republic. Now he is manager of Naphtha Export.

"We have fifteen million dollars worth of naphtha, benzine and machine oils ready to deliver to the European markets in the next nine months," he said, "and six million dollars worth to the Near East market. We sold last month ten thousand tons of benzine, twelve thousand of naphtha, and five thousand of machine oils on the open world market, chiefly London and Berlin."

Although America cast him out, he is proud of America. "America was my teacher," he said. "Some day she will be proud of the men she taught and sent



# Making the Shaggy Buffalo The American Painter's Mascot

*How Andrew S. Butler harnessed the  
hardy bison to 28 Quality Products*

By JAMES WALLEN



ANDREW S. BUTLER

No age is too remote; no country is too sparsely settled and no man too isolated to furnish inspiration for American commercial genius and aggressiveness. When Andrew S. Butler, President of the McDougall-Butler Co., chose the buffalo as the trade symbol of a group of twenty-eight quality paints, varnishes and enamels, he had historical precedence.

The earliest painters known to us, the Reindeer men of the post-glacial age, pictured a bison in tawny coloring on the roof of the Altamira Cave in northern Spain. In our own day, J. C. Beard and A. B. Frost have expressed their admiration of the buffalo with their able brushes. Mr. Butler affirms that he could do honor to the buffalo only by making house paints, enamels and varnishes of character. The Buffalo Quality trade-mark, here reproduced, identifies twenty-eight such products covering the entire range of the painter's and householder's needs.

When the saw, hammer and trowel have completed their work, it is given to the brush to add the touch which makes the house livable and the building impressive. McDougall-Butler Buffalo Quality paints, varnishes and enamels crown the architect's achievements with the final finish that emphasizes the beauty of line like the patina on old bronze. Time tests the quality of paint as it does the character of men and bison. Mr. Butler says that the laboratory test is good, but the trial on the job is better.

With McDougall-Butler products, the brush of the painter leaves a durable surface but little affected by the marking brush of time. The whims of weather and

circumstance are the provers of paint virtue. Sun, sleet and grime are no kinder to Buffalo Quality paints, varnishes and enamels than to any other, but somehow the McDougall-Butler staff put into their products a content that makes them impervious to many destructive elements.

Whether the painter contracts to decorate the boudoir of a butterfly, or cover the steel girders of a bridge, he can fill his needs from the McDougall-Butler Buffalo Quality group. However, like the horseman who reveals the secret of the favored steed in the string by his track-talk, Mr. Butler's conversation leads one to the suspicion that he has thought long and hard on certain products.

Mr. Butler believes that inasmuch as we carry woods from the solitary ends of the earth to build the home nest and public gathering place, the beauty of mahogany, walnut and oak should be preserved. So McDougall-

Butler chemists have produced Permanite, the crystal-clear varnish to reveal and conserve the richness of grain and burl. Among other favored McDougall-Butler Buffalo Quality items are Zanzite, the lily among white enamels; Mattona, the true mat finish in sixteen pastel shades; Buffalo Quality House Paint, smooth as fine porcelain; Flooroleum, a floor finish clear, clean and hard as Chinese amber and Buffalo Quality Colors in Oil, that are doing much

to make the shaggy buffalo the mascot of the painter.

Since 1887 this sturdy house has made quality paints. When in 1919 Andrew S. Butler became the president and his name a part of the corporate title, he determined that the world should know about its high merits thru the medium of the Buffalo Quality mark. It takes a man with commercial instinct to put forward the old traditions. This is the debt the English potters owe to Josiah Wedgwood.

What has been accomplished under the McDougall-Butler Buffalo Quality mark is merely a token of what is to be achieved. The American buffalo has for a long time faced the setting sun. There is eloquent symbolism in the fact that under the kindly direction of his admirers he has turned his majestic head to the sunrise.



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back to Russia. We learned from her the trick of efficiency, organization and speed; and now we are using it to build something greater than America—a Workers' Republic possessing the world's richest lands."

Meantime, the owners of stocks and bonds in old Russian oil companies, speculate in their shares in London and Paris and New York, and demand that the wells be given back to them.

But the great forces of life, that sweep forward by months or by ages, wiping out cities and civilizations ruthlessly, and building new ones—have carried Russia forward into a different world which they will never understand. The workers of Baku live in that world. They have seen a half-dozen armies of occupation; they have seen massacres of tens of thousands; they have fought back floods and fires.

"Shall we give for pieces of paper," they say, "what you tried to take by the slaughter of thousands of our best men—and failed?"

Yet, though the obligations of the past mean nothing to Russia, the needs of the future mean much. So it is that she offers "compensation," not as a right, but as a price for credits.

In two ways she will let foreign capital into her industries, either in Mixed Companies, with the Russian Government controlling the majority stock; or as a straight lease, under definite conditions for a definite term of years.

For the leases which Russia offers are not the kind of leases which capitalists have learned to expect in the world where money is king.

"We do not allow the small competitive oil claims that have wrecked American oil," said Lejava to me. "We demand that the concessionaire shall have capital enough to develop a definite oil-field, with all the pipes and transport necessary. It is the only rational way.

**I**N FIELDS where great gushers are expected, we demand that he shall provide adequate storage, that the oil may not be wasted. He must provide protection against floods and fires. He must have a plan for working the whole field rationally. Any solid company, wishing to make its money out of developing the oil industry, can make big money in Russian oil. But wildcat companies, interested in quick returns on little capital, to make a showing and unload on the public—for these our leases offer no inducements."

Sound oil companies, ready to sink a hundred millions in wells and pipe-lines, take time to consider. They send engineers; they take into account political recognition.

In no case will there be any exclusive monopoly contract, giving control of the future of Russian oil to either Standard or Shell. Lejava himself told me that; that would be contrary to Russian principles and to Russian interests.

This contract of the Barnstable Corporation, for only fifteen years, giving the government a percentage of the product and of the net returns, in return for machinery and transportation, is exactly the kind of foreign concession of which the Soviet officials as a whole are in favor.

Each agreement will be a definite business contract, giving definite oil districts for a definite term of years, under definite

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requirements of development and of royalty paid to the state. But even so, such agreements may be events big enough to break world-wide monopolies.

Meantime, while foreign concessionaires deliberate and finally begin, and foreign owners of old bonds speculate, and foreign diplomats meet in conference after conference, the oil workers and engineers of Russia labor day by day to increase production. There is peace now; there is

food; there is a chance to sell their oil and rebuild their industry from the proceeds. Before them gleams the hope, which the Soviet Government is not unwilling to encourage, that in the race between old bondholders, new concessionaires, and the great oil-trusts of the world for the major control of Russian oil—it may be the workers of Baku and Grozny and Emba themselves who will get that major control.

## Live Coals

### David R. Solomon's Story of a Second Courting—From page 41

He could understand now why a shot bird crept off into some dark hole. He knew how the wild animal felt, wounded and frightfully shocked.

With a start he returned to the present. The reverend gentleman was offering smiling congratulations. Falkner pressed a bill into his hands. Turning, he bowed low to his new-old wife.

"If you'll pardon me," he said, with all the courtesy in the world, "my taxi is waiting outside. Good-by—and all the luck you deserve."

"But, Falkner! There'll be papers to sign—and everything! Where'll you be?"

"MY PLANS, my dear, are very vague. By this time Jupe should have for me a drawing-room on the Pullman and a ticket for Memphis, Tennessee. If he has not dropped my suitcase, I hope to have drowned most of my cares before we get there."

The mask of his light tone dropped. "You said you were tired of it all," he said savagely. "I am too—God knows I am. I'm going as far away from it all as money will carry me. Good-by!" The door slammed behind him.

As his taxi drew up, the long train was waiting in the station. Falkner strode through and into the Pullmans at the rear. In passing, he glanced through the door of his drawing-room. Yes: Jupe had obeyed orders. His well-remembered suitcase was lying, innocent and inviting, upon the seat.

From the rear observation platform he glanced around. Neither Jupe nor tickets were in evidence. Oh, well—that was the tiniest of worries.

"Bo-o-oard!" came the final warning. Leisurely the engine began clanging its bell and emitted one preparatory hiss of steam.

Mingled, came the flap-flap of running feet on the concrete platform. It was Jupe, the unaccounted-for. He held, outstretched, Falkner's tickets and Pullman reservation.

"Los' you, Mist' Falkner!" he panted. "Like to never foun' you, suh." Falkner took them as the train groaned into slow motion out of the station.

"Don' lose 'em, suh," Jupe cautioned. "Good-by, suh, an' good luck!"

The words rang ironically in Falkner's ears. "Good luck!" Was there such a thing?

Falkner stalked stiffly through the diner, set in its fresh white napery and glittering silver. The train lumbered heavily around a curve. A Pullman—another—another; then, in a window, the symbol of his own car: S-17. He lurched down the plush-flanked aisle and wrenched open the door of his drawing-room in relief. The slam of it behind him was comforting.

Head down, he blinked dazedly. Then he shook his head from side to side, as does a stunned boxer to clear his senses of the strange confusion.

Before his unseeing eyes a dainty slipper took form, a silken clad ankle, and the edge of a smart tweed skirt. He dared not raise his eyes. It could not be—what he hoped.

But it was—and none but eyes that ached with the want for her could have missed the too-easy nonchalance of her pose; the studied ease that was not ease; the careful matter-of-factness that betrayed itself.

Falkner, stunned, could only stand and stare. His mind had dropped into a state of shocked inaction.

AT HIS stupefaction, Ann Brooke's expression underwent a swift change. Came surprise, then relief—then a warm glory in the clear-cut little face, and a tender, misty cloud in the wide eyes. Suddenly, unaccountably, she was upon her feet, close to him: her little hands rose-petal light upon his sleeves.

"Falkner—honey! I didn't know you'd take it like this. Why, you're just a little boy, hurt!" A warm, crooning note had crept into her voice. "I didn't mean it that way at all, Falkner. It was just my way of making up, honey. Look." She held up her left hand.

About the third finger was a plain little gold circlet, the ring that he had placed there—a lifetime ago—in the dingy little office of the Justice of the Peace. Spellbound, he stared, his heart thumping.

"Falkner Noel!" Ann Brooke broke the silence. "Aren't you going to kiss your wife?"

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Colonel Reb Singleton Plays Poker for High Stakes—From page 75—and Finds Himself

## Out on a Limb

"Not that I remember. Was he in Texas in our day?"

"I've heard so—somewhere west of the Pecos. I never remember seeing him. He's been everywhere, since. Alaska, Tonopah, Goldfield—wherever the lid has been off."

"Square games?"

"Moderately so, I reckon; he's still living. But not gentle. He's never had any special prejudice against bickering in his places, providing the authorities ain't fussy. Got a gun on?"

"No. Why should I clutter myself up with a gun? I'm not going into the dark highways and byways where the hold-ups are, and if I see any symptoms of trouble in any of the bright places I'm going right away from there."

Having spent an hour or so, in lesser places, strictly in accordance with the program he had announced, Colonel Singleton came finally to the Wigwam.

He surveyed a big, smoke-clouded room, turbulent with excited, laughing, shouting, money-spending, sometimes drunken humanity. If it lacked any of the allurements possessed by sporting resorts in the wide-open days of the old Southwest, Reb did not miss them.

HE HAD a soft drink at a bar where business was brisk but soft drinks the exception, he lost five dollars in three rolls at roulette, and he stood, not far from the door, watching a hysterical crap game, when a San Antonio acquaintance, now spending much time in Moneda and running an oil company in the county, came past on his way toward the exit.

"Hello, Colonel," he hailed, not loudly but expansively. "Nice li'l' game of draw going back there. I cleaned up six hundred and knew enough to quit; got to be up at sunup to start for our property. Have a li'l' drink?"

"Just had one," Reb smiled. "First time I've ever been in here. I was wondering if they didn't have any poker tables. Where are they?"

"Rooms in back. The biggest game is usually in the room in that corner—too big for me. I've been playing in that third room. Good luck to you if you sit in."

Reb threaded his way through the crowd and entered the corner apartment. The first face he saw, pale and drawn under the downward-reflected light, was Delbert Keene's, and as Reb edged into the little group of spectators Keene went down into a pocket inside his vest, got a rectangular slip of paper from a wallet, and said:

"Another five thousand."

He used a fountain pen.

"Cashier's check, same as the others; made payable to me and I've endorsed it in blank," he informed the house banker, who inspected it, face and back, put it safely away without comment, and counted out chips.

"Give us a fresh deck," Keene demanded. "Great Judas, did you ever see worse luck! Who'd have believed that seven-full of mine could've been beat. No,

not a red deck; a blue one. Come on; throw 'em around. I'm going to get some of that roll of mine back."

More than five thousand dollars loser, obviously; he had called for "another" five thousand. Three cashier's checks at least in the possession of the house; he had said this check was similar to the "others." Checks brought from San Antonio to Moneda, no doubt, to be used as the required ten percent deposit if his bid at tomorrow's receiver's sale should be the highest.

"I'll crack it for a hundred," announced a player, and another said, "Let's make it two."

COLONEL SINGLETON studied the faces of the players. There were six, and all save Keene were strangers to him. Three were plainly well-to-do oil men. One other, who was playing for the house, was a typical professional, with shallow, flat blue eyes and a stone face. The remaining participant might also be a professional, but Reb did not think so.

Keene won two or three pots and temporarily jubilated. Then he lost. He lost much more than he won. By far his greatest losings went into the stacks of the house professional, whose name, it developed, was Quinney.

Reb fell to watching Quinney's hands as they shuffled and dealt. They looked like hands competent to manipulate cards dishonestly, but they did not so manipulate them; Reb was certain of it. He did not make any of the covering gestures that sometimes disguise a shifting of the cut; and he dealt with a studied slowness that absolutely precluded even a suspicion of legerdemain.

All these things—and Reb's eyes were only one of a dozen pairs that watched him—would have gone far toward demonstrating that he was merely lucky in his holdings and skilful in his playing, but there was one more convincing argument: His biggest winnings were not made on his own deals. Nor on the deals of any special one of the others.

And yet Reb did not feel entirely sure.

He changed his position at a convenient moment, and stood against the wall a step or two to Quinney's left and somewhat behind him. Raising his eyes from the play, a few moments later, he recognized one of the other spectators who, like himself, was standing back in the shadow. It was a notorious bootlegger named Buck Jewett, who at one time, until driven out, had plied his trade in San Antonio.

It was fifteen minutes later that Reb noticed Quinney's knees.

They were tight pressed together as he sat there in his chair, and now that Reb thought of it, he realized that they had steadily remained so. It would have been natural for the man to ease his cramped posture occasionally, at least between deals, but he did not.

Then, after a while, Quinney spread them—the least bit, five or six inches, perhaps—and almost instantly let them

come together again. This was repeated, presently, in the middle of a pot which Delbert Keene had dealt, another player had opened, and Keene had raised. When that pot was played out to a showdown, after Quinney had bet five hundred dollars and Keene had called it, Keene's ace-high flush was beaten by Quinney's king-full.

And Singleton knew.

A sleeve hold-out is an ingenious but desperately dangerous contrivance. Every poker player in the world has heard of it; not one in ten thousand has ever seen one. A phrase of Bill Whitcher's came into Reb's mind: "Those gamblers are using tricks that went out of style in San Antonio before the Silver King closed."

Up the sleeve, on the under side of the operator's left arm, is an artful bit of clamp mechanism designed to hold cards. At the proper pull of a cord that runs down from the left shoulder, the clamp deftly slides down past the wrist to the palm of the hand, and opens. When cards have been slipped into it to be saved for a later emergency or, the emergency having arrived, have been taken out of it and replaced by the relatively worthless ones that were in the player's legitimate hand, it crawls silently back up the sleeve.

THE OPERATOR'S left hand, during this operation, lies innocently quiescent, back upward, palm resting upon cards that are in the palm of the right hand. The cord that controls the device passes up through a loop at the left elbow on the shoulder, across a harness to the right shoulder, down past the hip to the inside of the right knee, and out through a hole in the trouser leg there to end in a little hook. There is an eye to match the hook, attached to the knee of the left trouser leg. Early in the game the player connects them, the cord being black, like his trousers. So long as his knees are together, the hold-out remains up his sleeve. Wishful to store cards in it or, the time for a killing having arrived, to secure the aces, or kings, or whatever other valuable cards he has from time to time slipped out of the hands dealt him and concealed there, he slightly spreads his knees and stealthily the contrivance moves down into place.

It calls for a high degree of adroitness to work with one, but, more, it calls for cold-steel nerve. Once discovered, there can be no excuse or alibi.

Quinney was working with a hold-out, but Singleton was not a player, and the ethics of the Southwest do not provide that an outsider shall concern himself with gambling house proceedings in which he has no personal interest. If Reb were himself a participant in the game, he would be within his rights to expose the cheat, assuming he dared provoke the violence that might be expected to follow. If he had a friend in the game, it would be within the proprieties for him to endeavor to get the friend to quit, afterward advising him that he believed the play to be crooked. Neither of these things applying, custom

# Are We a Nation of Low-Brows?

*It is charged that the public is intellectually incompetent. Is this true? It is charged that the public is afraid of ideas, disinclined to think, unfriendly to culture. This is a serious matter. The facts should be faced frankly and honestly.*

## Without Cultural Leadership

The main criticism, as we find it, is that the people support ventures that are unworthy, that represent no cultural standards. The public is fed on low-brow reading matter, low-brow movies, low-brow theatrical productions, low-brow music, low-brow newspapers, low-brow magazines. We think the criticism is unfair in that it does not recognize the fact that the public is without cultural leadership. Those who have the divine spark get off by themselves. We believe the public has never had a real chance, never had an opportunity to get acquainted with the great and the beautiful things of life. Given half a chance, the public will respond.

We believe there has been enough talk about the public's inferior taste.

The time has come to give the public an opportunity to find out something about philosophy, science and other higher things. And it must be done at a low price, because the average person's pocketbook is not fat. As it stands, the publishers charge about five dollars a volume, and then wonder why the people stand aloof.

We believe we have a way to find out if the people are interested in the deeper problems of life. And the first thing we decided was to fix a price that shall be within the reach of the person with the most slender purse.

We have selected a library of 25 books, which we are going to offer the public at an absurdly low price. We shall do this to find out if it is true that the public is not going to accept the better things when once given the

chance. And we shall make the price so inviting that there shall be no excuse on the ground of expense.

## All Great Things Are Simple

Once the contents of the following 25 books are absorbed and digested, we believe a person will be well on the road to culture. And by culture we do not mean something dry-as-dust, something incomprehensible to the average mind—genuine culture like great sculpture, can be made to delight the common as well as the elect. The books listed below are all simple works and yet they are great—all great things are simple. They are serious works, of course, but we do not think the public will refuse to put its mind on serious topics. Here are the 25 books.

## Are the People Ready to Read These 25 Books?

**Schopenhauer's Essays.** For those who regard philosophy as a thing of abstractions, vague and divorced from life, Schopenhauer will be a revelation.

**The Trial and Death of Socrates.** This is dramatic literature as well as sound philosophy.

**Meditations of Marcus Aurelius.** This old Roman Emperor was a paragon of wisdom and virtue. He will help you.

**The Discovery of the Future.** H. G. Wells asks and answers the question: Is life just an unsolvable, hazardous struggle?

**Dialogues of Plato.** This volume takes you into Plato's immortal circle.

**Foundations of Religion.** Prof. Cook asks and answers the question: Where and how did religious ideas originate?

**Studies in Pessimism.** Schopenhauer presents a well-studied viewpoint of life. The substance of his philosophy.

**The Idea of God in Nature.** John Stuart Mill. How the idea of God may come naturally from observation of nature is explained in this volume.

**Life and Character.** Goethe. The fruits of his study and observation is explained in this volume.

**Thoughts of Pascal.** Pascal thought a great deal about God and the Universe, and the origin and purpose of life.

**The Olympian Gods.** Tichenor. A study of ancient mythology.

**The Stoic Philosophy.** Prof. Gilbert Murray. He tells what this belief consisted of, how it was discovered, and what we can today learn from it.

**God: Known and Unknown.** Samuel Butler. A really important work.

**Nietzsche: Who He Was and What He Stood For.** A carefully planned study.

**Sun Worship and Later Beliefs.** Tichenor. A most important study for those who wish to understand ancient religions.

**Primitive Beliefs.** Tichenor. You get a clear idea from this account of the beliefs of primitive man.

**Three Lectures on Evolution.** Ernst Haeckel's ideas expressed so you can understand them.

**From Monkey to Man.** A comprehensive review of the Darwinian theory.

**Survival of the Fittest.** Another phase of Darwinian theory.

**Evolution vs. Religion.** You should read this discussion.

**Reflections on Modern Science.** Prof. Huxley's reflections definitely add to your knowledge.

**Biology and Spiritual Philosophy.** An interesting and instructive work.

**Bacon's Essays.** These essays contain much sound wisdom that still holds.

**Emerson's Essays.** Emerson was a friend of Carlyle, and in some respects a greater philosopher.

**Tolstoi's Essays.** His ideas will direct you into profitable paths of thought.

## 25 Books—2,176 Pages—Only \$1.95—Send No Money

If these 25 books were issued in the ordinary way they might cost you as much as a hundred dollars. We have decided to issue them so you can get all of them for the price of one ordinary book. That sounds inviting, doesn't it? And we mean it, too. Here are 25 books, containing 2,176 pages of text, all neatly printed on good book paper, 3½x5 inches in size, bound securely in card cover paper.

You can take these 25 books with you when you go to and from work. You can read them in your spare moments. You can slip four or five of them into a pocket and they will not bulge. You can investigate the best and the soundest ideas of the world's greatest philosophers—and the price will be so low as to astonish you. No, the price will not be \$25 for the 25 volumes. Nor will the price be \$5. The price will be even less than half that

sum. Yes, we mean it. Believe it or not, the price will be only \$1.95 for the entire library. That's less than a dime a volume. In fact, that is less than eight cents per volume. Surely no one can claim he cannot afford to buy the best. Here is the very best at the very least. Never were such great works offered at so low a price. All you have to do is to sign your name and address on the blank below. You don't have to send any money. Just mail us the blank and we will send you the 25 volumes described on this page—you will pay the postman \$1.95 plus postage. And the books are yours.

If you want to send cash with order remit \$2.25.

Are we making a mistake in advertising works of culture? Are we doing the impossible when we ask the people to read serious works? Are we wasting our time and money? We shall see by

the manner in which the blank below comes into our mail.

— — — SEND NO MONEY BLANK — — —

Haldeman-Julius Company

Dept. K-41, Girard, Kans.

I want the 25 books listed on this page. I want you to send me these 25 books by parcel post. On delivery I will pay the postman \$1.95 plus postage, and the books are to be my property without further payments of any kind. Also, please send me one of your free 64-page catalogs.

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Note:—Persons living in Canada or other foreign countries must send \$2.25 with order.



## He wouldn't have done it knowingly

HE was a fastidious fellow: always immaculate, spruce-looking, well-groomed.

He never neglected anything about his personal appearance, even down to the smallest detail. He was extremely gracious and considerate to those about him.

Yet there was one thing he overlooked that *did* embarrass his friends—and a thing for which he really could not be blamed because he was entirely ignorant of it himself.

That's the insidious thing about halitosis (the medical term for unpleasant breath). It creeps upon you unawares. Nine times out of ten the person so suffering is least of all conscious of it. And while it embarrasses friends and associates with whom you come in contact, the subject is so delicate a one they can't bring themselves to mention it.

Sometimes, of course, halitosis is a chronic thing that requires professional aid. Usually, however, and fortunately, halitosis is purely a local condition. Smoking often causes it, the finest cigar becoming the offender even hours after it has brought the smoker pleasure.

Listerine used regularly as a mouth-wash and gargle will usually correct most forms of halitosis. It halts fermentation in the mouth and leaves the breath sweet, fresh and clean.

Any druggist will supply you. Listerine has dozens of uses as an all 'round safe antiseptic. Fastidious people everywhere are adopting it as a regular part of their daily toilet routine. Its use as a mouth-wash affords such an easy, sure way of putting yourself on the safe and polite side.—*Lambert Pharmacal Co., Saint Louis, U. S. A.*

For  
HALITOSIS  
use  
LISTERINE



and caution alike urged him to mind his own business.

Delbert Keene lost a big pot, got out his wallet, his fountain pen and another cashier's check—and Reb saw there were no more where it came from.

"Another five thousand," he said, and licked his lips. His face was white, but there were beads of sweat on his forehead.

He looked up and around at the spectators and for the first time observed Singleton. A flush spread over his face.

"Howdy, Colonel," he said, striving to be casual. "Were you planning to sit in? Maybe it'll change my luck."

"I don't believe I will, tonight," Reb replied. "Game is a little stiff for me."

"I'll say it's too stiff for me!" Keene cried, in his desperation little considering his words, but moved to confession by the sight of a familiar face. "Great Judas! If I'd had any idea— You listen to me declare myself. If I get back what I've lost tonight, I'm going to quit. I'm off poker for good. Twenty-five thousand dollars! That's too much!"

THE OTHER players listened boredly; un-repressed talk of reformation by a heavy loser is not uncommon at a poker table. But Reb's eyes narrowed. In the smoke-eddy dimness at Keene's shoulder he saw a lovely girl of eighteen. Her features were piquant. Her hair was soft and shining. Her complexion was creamy. Her lustrous eyes sparkled, but not with mirth; there were tears in them.

"Is that a promise, Keene?" he asked quietly. "If you get your money back? You'll quit gambling?"

"You bet your life I mean it. Great Judas, I know when I've got enough!"

Reb Singleton leaped forward and dragged up Quinney's left sleeve to the elbow, and every man present saw the hold-out and its content of cards. Quinney went after his pistol with the speed of a striking snake. Reb smashed him on the point of the jaw with every ounce of strength he could put behind his left fist, and the gambler lay limp and unconscious, sprawled back in his chair.

From his waistband, at the front, protruded the grip of the automatic pistol he had not been given time to reach. In the very instant that Reb saw it a harsh voice snapped, "Get 'em up! Quick!" and he shifted his eyes to find Jewett, the bootlegger, holding a forty-five steadily pointed at his breast, the trigger pressed, the hammer raised and held back from action only by Jewett's restraining thumb.

Reb's hands flew out from his sides and lifted. Jewett, it was instantly obvious, must be an armed guard of the house, stationed there in the corner for just such a contingency as this.

"All right; they're up," Reb said. "You don't think you'd live to get out of this town if you killed me, do you? Not unless you killed all these other witnesses, and you can't very well do that. On the other hand, if we agreed to let you make a getaway before we made anything public about this little machinery that your friend is wearing— You and him, too, perhaps, when he comes to. Of course these gentlemen would want to get back what they've lost; some of it, anyway. That last pot, for instance. Keene and Quinney were the only players. It had

about six hundred dollars in it. They belong to Keene. Why not take them back, Keene?"

Half-dazedly, Keene reached across toward Quinney's stacks. Jewett hesitated the barest second, confused by this diversion, then swung his pistol away from Reb and toward the table. "Leave them chips alone!" he commanded.

Singleton's right hand swooped to the automatic in the unconscious Quinney's waistband. Jewett swung back his weapon, a split-second too late. A bullet from the automatic smashed his right collarbone. Another broke his arm.

"Everybody sit quiet," ordered Reb.

The door slammed open and through it came a special officer of some sort, pistol in hand, at his shoulder Tim Golden, the proprietor, a white-haired man with a face hard as iron and bleak as a January norther. At sight of the silver badge, Reb for the second time that evening raised his hands, spinning the automatic so that he held it by the barrel, butt upward.

As the representative of the law, his own forty-five competently held, took possession of the automatic and then of Jewett's gun from the floor, Golden's quick eyes took in the senseless Quinney, the damning hold-out in plain view.

"Wait a minute before you make any arrests, Sam! It looks like whatever happened was justified."

He shut the door behind him, precluding any greater number of spectators than were already there, and continued:

"Caught him crooked, eh? Of course I didn't know it. I paid him a percentage of his winnings, and I knew he was a good player, but— My house is run square. Any of you gentlemen that have been losing will get your money back."

"Get me a doctor," groaned Jewett, now sitting on the floor, his back against the wall. "That damned old wildcat shot me all to pieces. Ain't you going to arrest him, Sam?"

"I wouldn't," Golden advised the officer.

"Say, Colonel, I'm much obliged," Keene stammered. "If there's anything I can ever do for you—"

"There is. Keep that promise."

"I will. No trouble to do that. I know when I've got enough."

"Is there any reason, Mr. Golden, why I shouldn't be going?" Reb asked.

"No, none whatever. And thank you, Mister. I run a square house. You done me a favor keeping it so."

The gambler's voice was low and even, and his eyes were without expression.

"You're welcome, suh," said Reb, courteously. "Good night, gentlemen."

UVALDE COLE sat up on the edge of his bed, when the light was switched on, and screwed up his face in an effort to make his eyes read the hour on his watch.

"Gosh, Reb!" he said. "What kept you out so darned late?"

"I got out on a limb."

"How come?" Uvalde asked drowsily.

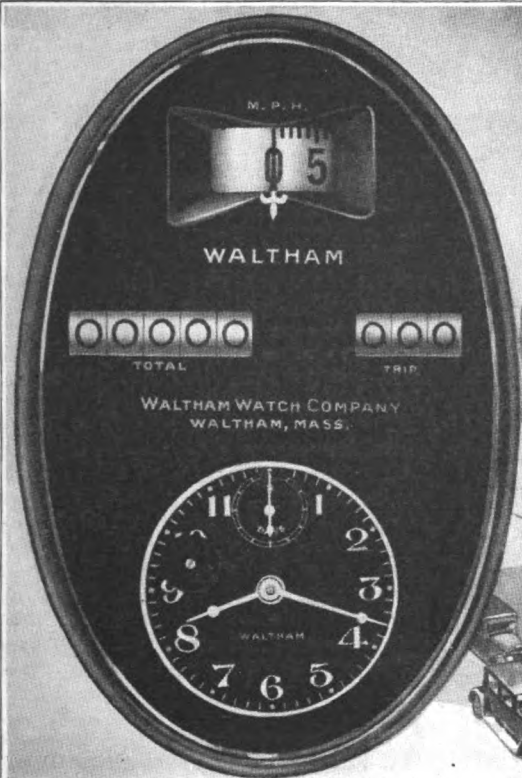
"I had a little hand to play, and I played it sort of careless, and I got caught out on a long, long limb. And I had to shoot a bootlegger."

Uvalde's eyes had closed, and even this startling information did not open them.

"Oh, well," he murmured. "There are so many bootleggers."



# Quality Street



Model 1102



## Speedometers - Clocks - Watches

### The value you do not see

Speedometers may look alike to you, but there is only one air-friction speedometer in all the world.

An automobile clock may be just a clock, but Waltham auto clocks are super-time keepers when you think for a moment what a daily pounding of vibration they get. You may imagine one watch is as good as another, but Waltham Watches have invariably defeated the world's best, when it came to scientific investigation and rigid test.

A great family of watchmakers, master mechanics, inventors cannot make precision instruments for seventy years without putting values into mechanism and design that give a value beyond the purchase price—the value you do not see. That is why the world's leading motor cars are Waltham equipped. And why the careful buyer, who *invests* money in a fine watch, demands a Waltham.

*The Waltham Speedometer is the only air-friction Speedometer in the world (Invented by Nikola Tesla.) Developed and perfected by Waltham.*

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Waltham Cushion 10 Ligne  
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# WALTHAM

THE SCIENTIFICALLY BUILT WATCH

*Senator Borah Voices a Strong Plea for Personal Liberty—Continued from page 5*

## Intolerance

America was settled by those seeking intellectual liberty. The United States has been the asylum for practically all peoples and all tongues. Fate and circumstances seemed to dedicate this Continent to an experiment in government grounded in the utmost freedom of thought and the greatest liberality of opinion. All the nations of Europe have sent here men and women who accepted our institutions, contributed through brain and brawn to the development of our great natural wealth and entered into and became a part of our national life.

REGARDLESS of race or nationality they became part of the mighty whole which now constitutes the American people. Here have gathered all races, all creeds, all religions, all customs, to be welded into something new, distinct and permanent. The Constitution in its sublime guarantees of civil liberty protects all alike—it recognizes neither creed nor race.

We have a perfect right, not only a right, but there rests upon us the impressive duty, to say who shall come to our shores and who shall become citizens. But the decree, having been made, the laws accepted, and in good faith complied with, ever thereafter to permit race or religion to become a cause for inequality before the law, for persecution or injustice, is to tear away the last vestige of free government and to commit the most cowardly and most self-destructive act of which the government could be guilty.

Sydney Smith, the celebrated English divine, declared: "Nothing dies so hard and rallies so often as intolerance. The fires are put out and no living nostril has scented the nidor of a human creature roasted for faith," yet he goes on to say, in substance, unexpectedly the vicious urge returns, the evil spirit persists and persecutions and punishment are revived for those of a different race or faith. The great number of letters coming to one's desk in these days, laden with the most intolerant and vicious antagonism to certain races and creeds within our own country to this or that religion or to this or that people and insisting upon constitutional amendments or laws, proscribing and denying to them the enjoyment of political honor, bring back Sydney Smith's statement and the truth it conveys—"nothing dies so hard and rallies so often."

THE RACE issue has been raised in some of our universities and colleges. It has been raised around or because of a people whose origin is associated with the most sacred traditions of the human family and whose history is rich in romance and achievement beyond the power of language to tell. These people are here, they are a great part of us, owning allegiance to our institutions, contributing in energy, in moral force and intellectual power to the upbuilding and preservation of our nation. It has been seriously proposed as a solution of the college question that there shall be

a limitation of percentage of these people seeking admission as students.

In other words, we are to blandly sacrifice the principle—recognize the barbarous practice of discrimination on account of race, compromise with intolerance—in the seats of American learning.

It would be mortifying enough to have men in politics trimming and sidestepping and compromising by reason of some racial or religious question, but to see America's great institutions of learning, which should at all times and at all hazards hold aloft the banner of tolerance, yield on such a question would be disturbing beyond expression. We ought to say, not only from our college rostrum, but from the pulpit and from the hustings—and most of all from our legislative halls—that we refuse to defer in any way whatever to racial prejudices.

What is this all-but-insuperable obstacle to the recovery of Europe but a widespread, deep-seated and apparently unconquerable spirit of intolerance? What lies at the bottom of all this misery and what is this Saturnalia of turmoil and crime, continent-wide, and now overflowing into other continents, other than racial and religious and nationalistic intolerance? Why cannot the people, after all these years of suffering and sacrifice, after looking throughout these harrowing months upon their children unfed and unclothed, be at peace? It is because of the vice of intolerance.

IT HAS apparently become ingrained in their very being, and thus suspicion, fear, hate, vengeance, murder and assassination, like the brood which kennel as Milton's hounds about the parent sin, torment night and day the souls of men. The press, the voice of the public servant, and even the pulpit, feed this insatiable glutton of discord. It is sometimes said that Europe impatiently awaits a Napoleon—some genius for war who will bring warring factions together and put all under his universal sway.

But even more, I venture to believe it awaits a Lincoln whose healing and uplifting message of tolerance and mercy will banish hate and fear from the hearts of men. There has been no message of that kind gone forth in Europe for years. If one wishes to know how hungry the masses are for such a message, let him recall how they received the messages of Wilson and how their hopes were blighted when these messages met defeat in the intolerant and vindictive provisions of the Versailles Treaty.

Since the World War the frightful dogma of force has seemingly secured an increased hold upon the minds of men. Through force all things apparently are to be accomplished. The healing influence of justice and the wisely directing power of enlightened public opinion are less and less relied upon in both national and international affairs.

The first fruit of this dogma of force is the suppression of facts, censorship of the press, limitations on free speech, the denial

of free assemblage—for these things belong to a different creed and signify a different national life. Metternich, the great advocate of despotic power, rightly declares:

"No government can pursue a firm and undeviating course when it is exposed daily to the influence of such dissolvent conditions as the freedom of the press." Force, arbitrary power, injustice, cannot withstand the dissolvent influence of free and independent discussion.

If there is any one thing which history establishes beyond dispute, it is the utter futility of intolerance in the world of ideas, the utter fruitlessness or persecution on account of race or creed. The only way we can meet erroneous and unwise doctrines is in the open field of debate where truth at last prevails. No error, however deep-seated, can long withstand the pulverizing effect of the combined influence of untrammelled minds.

I HAVE read somewhere that in Rome they will show the traveler the stately column of the Emperor Trajan. On the outer surface they have caused to be inscribed the triumphal march of the Emperor when he came back to Rome leading all nations, all tongues, all customs, all races, in the retinue of his mighty conquest; all these they have traced on the imperial marble circling the pillar from base to capital. Illustrative of this Republic: Broad enough and brave enough to admit and protect all creeds, wise and just enough to shield all citizens who accept our laws and acknowledge obedience to duly constituted authority. I would rather see this country called again to war with a foreign foe than to see it come under the sway of these forces of intolerance, which array creed against creed, race against race, class against class.

Whose temple of liberty and justice is this within which we as a people now dwell? Who reared it and who have maintained and defended it? Who fought the battles of the Revolution, spanned the rivers, felled the forests, reared cities, tunneled mountains, and finally joined the oceans in eternal wedlock? Who wrote the Constitution and placed safely there the sublime guarantees of civil liberty, free speech, free press, and the right to worship God according to the dictates of one's conscience? Who has enriched our history with heroic deeds and jeweled our national story with brilliant achievements? Who wove into the warp and woof of our traditions the story of sacrifice that now inspires men with pride and arouses them again and again to deeds of glory? These things are the handiwork of all creeds and all faiths, all races and all classes. Under this creed we have prospered and strengthened with the years. "Sirs, ye are brethren: why do ye wrong one to another?"

George Bernard Shaw tells what he thinks about women—and a number of other things—in *Hearst's International* for January, ready December 20th.





# The Secret of Beautiful Hair

*How Famous Movie Stars Keep Their Hair Soft and Silky—Bright and Fresh-Looking*

**S**TUDY the pictures of these beautiful women and you will see just how much their hair has to do with their appearance. Beautiful hair is not a matter of luck, it is simply a matter of care.

You, too, can have beautiful hair, if you care for it properly. Beautiful hair depends almost entirely upon the care you give it.

Shampooing is always the most important thing.

It is the shampooing which brings out the real life and lustre, natural wave and color, and makes your hair soft, fresh and luxuriant.

When your hair is dry, dull and heavy, lifeless, stiff and gummy, and the strands cling together, and it feels harsh and disagreeable to the touch, it is because your hair has not been shampooed properly.

When your hair has been shampooed properly, and is thoroughly clean, it will be glossy, smooth and bright, delightfully fresh-looking, soft and silky.

While your hair must have frequent and regular washing to keep it beautiful, it cannot stand the harsh effect of ordinary soaps. The free alkali in ordinary soaps soon dries the scalp, makes the hair brittle and ruins it.

That is why leading motion picture stars and discriminating women, everywhere, now use Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This clear, pure and entirely greaseless product cannot possibly injure, and it does not dry the scalp or make the hair brittle, no matter how often you use it.

If you want to see how really beautiful you can make your hair look, just follow this simple method:

## A Simple, Easy Method

**F**IRST, wet the hair and scalp in clear, warm water. Then apply a little Mulsified coconut oil shampoo, rubbing

it in thoroughly all over the scalp, and throughout the entire length, down to the ends of the hair.

Two or three teaspoonfuls will make an abundance of rich, lather. This should be rubbed in thoroughly and briskly with the finger tips, so as to loosen the dandruff and small particles of dust and dirt that stick to the scalp.

After rubbing in the rich, creamy Mulsified lather, rinse the hair and scalp thoroughly—always using clear, fresh, warm water. Then use another application of Mulsified, again working up a lather and rubbing it in briskly as before.

Two waters are usually sufficient for washing the hair, but sometimes the third is necessary.

You can easily tell, for when the hair is perfectly clean, it will be soft and silky in the water, the strands will fall apart easily, each separate hair floating alone in the water, and the entire mass, even while wet, will feel loose, fluffy and light to the touch and be so clean it will fairly squeak when you pull it through your fingers.

## Rinse the Hair Thoroughly

**T**HIS is very important. After the final washing, the hair and scalp should be rinsed in at least two changes of good warm water and followed with a rinsing in cold water.

When you have rinsed the hair thoroughly, wring it as dry as you can; finish by



rubbing it with a towel, shaking it and fluffing it until it is dry. Then give it a good brushing.

After a Mulsified shampoo you will find the hair will dry quickly and evenly and have the appearance of being much thicker and heavier than it is.

If you want to always be remembered for your beautiful, well-kept hair, make it a rule to set a certain day each week for a Mulsified coconut oil shampoo. This regular weekly shampooing will keep the scalp soft and the hair fine and silky, bright, fresh-looking and fluffy, wavy and easy to manage—and it will be noticed and admired by everyone.

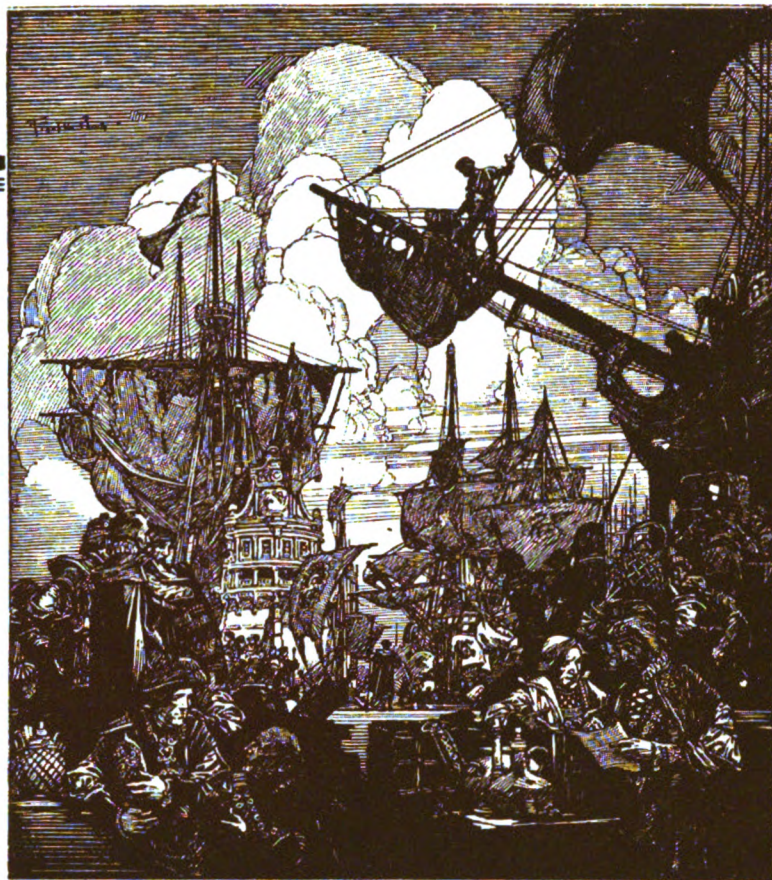
You can get Mulsified at any drug store or toilet goods counter, anywhere in the world.

A 4-ounce bottle should last for months.



**MULSIFIED**  
REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.  
**COCOANUT OIL SHAMPOO**





# \$105,000,000 a Month

**T**HAT is the amount of foreign securities floated in this country during 1922. In 1921 it was \$58,000,000 a month—that means that the amount of American money invested in overseas issues almost doubled.

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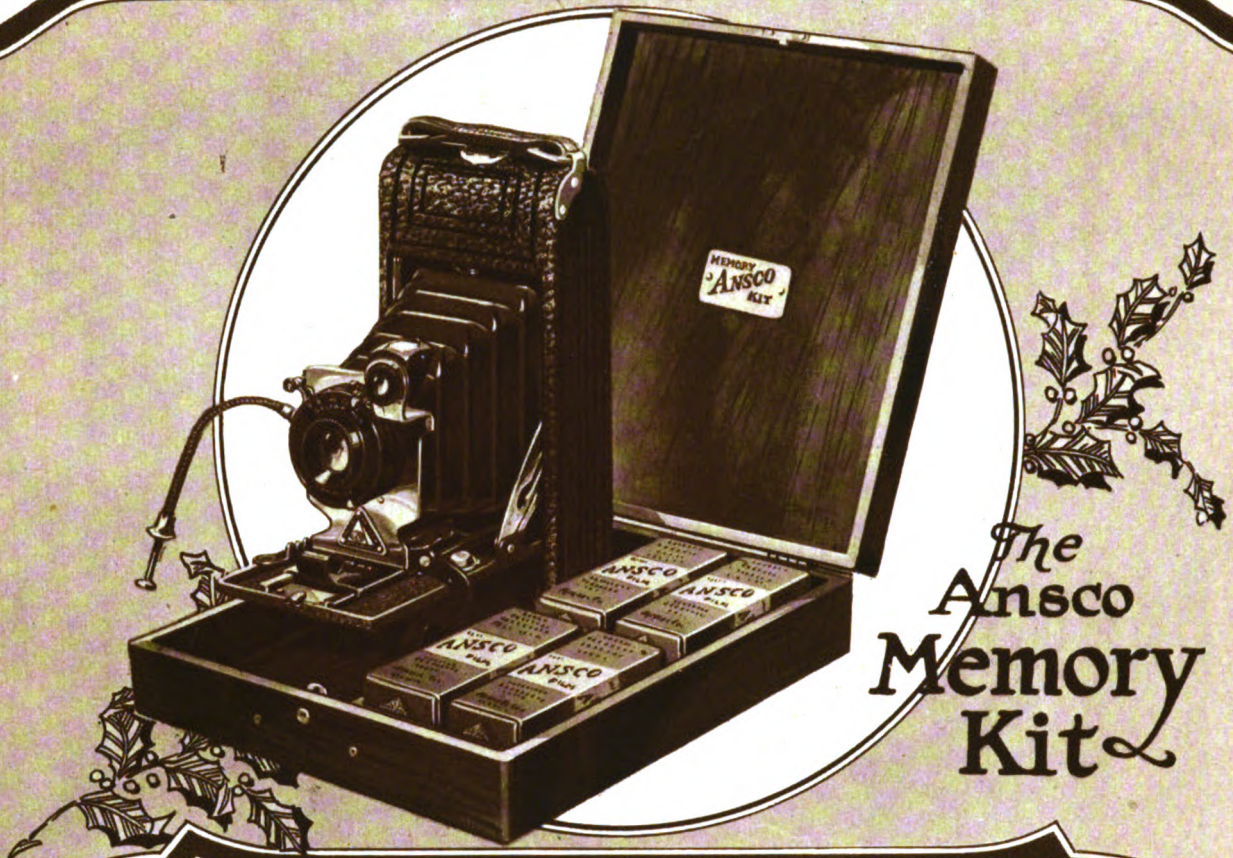
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## Friends as You Might Say

when Jeff chided his friend for not mixing more genially with the party. With the exception of Ashley and Corrigan, all the rest of the crowd were gathered about Eva Haskell in a far corner of the room, laughing uproariously.

"You hadn't ought to sit off here 'long with me, like this, an' act so unsociable," Jeff protested. "These here people are her friends, an' after you're—after the wedding, they're goin' to be your friends. You ought to mess 'round with 'em an' act nice."

"I s'pose not," said Corrigan gloomily. "I'll go act up with 'em for a little while an' then I'll be back. You set here, Jeff; I won't be long."

He walked across the considerable length of the dance floor to the far corner where the loudly laughing crowd pressed close about Eva Haskell.

As he drew near he heard his fiancée's voice: "And just as soon as we got into the house, he got down on both knees on the carpet. Oh, he was too funny for words! And he started in as though he was reciting a piece on the stage. He had his hands together in front of him like a preacher saying his prayers. Oh, it was a scream! And he said, 'Miss Haskell, I know I'm not fit to breathe the same air in the same room with a girl like you. I've been a rough man,' he says, 'but the way I feel for you now—'"

Her mockery of Jeff Ashley's voice was good. She was giving a thoroughly amusing imitation of the rejected suitor's proposal. She gave it in full to the last humiliating detail, while her friends roared with laughter.

SHE faltered just a trifle when she noticed Corrigan among the listeners, but his laugh reassured her. While Ashley sat alone in the far corner, she completed the verbal picture of his ludicrous wooing and none of her hearers laughed louder than Bob Corrigan.

"Now that's right funny, ain't it?" he chortled. "I reckon that's about the laughin'est story I've heard in a long time."

He turned to the young fellow standing beside him, a telephone lineman.

"Didn't you think that was funny?" he asked.

"I sure did!" the young fellow agreed, tears of mirth standing in his eyes. "I haven't laughed so much in I don't know when!"

"I reckon your mouth must be plumb tired out from laughin'," Corrigan said. "I'll move it 'round for you where it'll rest easier."

There were two immediate ensuing sounds. The first the smash of Corrigan's fist on the young fellow's mouth; the second the thud of the young fellow's body on the floor.

Corrigan's booming laugh rose loud above the women's screams as he stepped catlike toward the man nearest to him.

"Wasn't it funny!" he shouted. "You

thought it was funny: what do you think of this?"

He lashed out with his right fist and another of Eva Haskell's humorous-minded young friends joined the telephone lineman on the floor. Corrigan's fiancée was screaming with terror. The rest of her men friends, ten of them in all, bunched up and started to work collectively on their riotous host. As they closed in on him, Jeff Ashley came booming across the floor. In one hand he held the chair in which he had been sitting; in the other was the small table at which he had sat. He had no idea what the row was about. He only saw that his friend was beset and in his mood he welcomed the chance to fight as never before.

ASHLEY smashed into the crowd about Corrigan, swinging the chair with one hand and the small table with the other. The hard-swung chair definitely accounted for one of Corrigan's assailants, the table downed three before it splintered and came apart in Ashley's hand. By that time Jeff was through to his friend and standing back to back with him.

"Work on 'em, Bob," he shouted joyously, lashing out with both fists.

"Yowee!" said Corrigan cheerily, "Let's go, Jeff!"

They went. They went through that crowd of men like a mowing-machine through a field of wheat. They went through most of the hired help that the proprietor lustily summoned from outside and only hesitated when the manager of the place cut loose with a gun.

"Come on, Jeff!" Corrigan shouted, as the gun began to speak.

He picked up and hurled a bottle at the man in the doorway who was shooting, turned and leaped through an open window, closely followed by Ashley. They rolled on the ground together, recovered their footing, and dodged among the automobiles parked outside.

Behind them in the place they had left, the men were shouting and the women screaming. A waiting chauffeur, sitting in a big car near the road spoke to them.

"What's the row?" he asked.

Corrigan leaped on the running-board of the car, grasped the chauffeur by the collar with his left hand, and poked the end of his right thumb viciously into the man's ribs.

"Drive, you blinkety blank!" he commanded. "Get going for El Paso an' get goin' quick or I'll put a hole through you."

The chauffeur could not see the object with which he was being prodded in the ribs. Perhaps the end of a man's thumb does not feel precisely like the muzzle of a gun, but to that particular chauffeur at least it felt enough like it for all practical purposes.

"Don't shoot!" he begged. "I'll take you in."

Ashley leaped into the tonneau; the chauffeur started the car, threw in his clutch, and shot out on the road to El Paso. Behind them there were shouts and

shouts and then the whir of motors being hastily started for the pursuit.

"Got him covered?" Corrigan asked of Ashley, who had no gun.

"I sure have," Ashley growled. "If he don't get more speed out of this ol' can pretty soon, I'm goin' to let him have it."

The chauffeur groaned and the car leaped ahead. Corrigan tumbled back into the tonneau with Ashley chuckling.

"What was the row?" Ashley inquired.

"Damn if I know," Corrigan lied cheerfully. "It just started. See anybody comin'?"

"Yes," said Ashley, looking back. "There's some cars gettin' under way after us, about a mile back."

"We'll make it," said Corrigan.

They flew into El Paso far ahead of their pursuers, whisked through the town to a spot near the railroad station and there leaped from the car.

"There's an eastbound passenger train in the station now," Corrigan said breathlessly, as they legged it through the yards. "When they find out we made for the railroad, they'll think that's what we took."

"What are you goin' to do?" Ashley panted as he blundered over the ties and tracks in the dark beside his friend.

"Listen!" said Corrigan. "Keep still!"

There was the sound of many cars being urged reluctantly into motion. An engine whistled long and loud.

"Listen!" said Corrigan again, and then: "She's coming, heading west. We can make her from here!"

They saw the headlight of the freight locomotive coming suddenly from behind a string of box cars on a siding. The snorting engine passed them. A string of closed box cars went by, swaying, screeching, gathering speed. "Here comes an empty gondola!" Corrigan shouted, starting to run. "Let's make it!"

Ashley grabbed him by the arm. "What about Eva, Bob!" he shouted. "You can't leave her like this!"

"I can't, hey?" Corrigan yelled back. "Maybe not, Jeff; she may catch up with me: but she'll need a spare pair o' feet to get where I'm goin' by the time I get there, an' the U. S. army to bring me back! I may not be able to leave her, but if she gets me, she'll have to burn the woods I'm hidin' in an' marry my ashes. Come on, you old slow coach."

A YEAR LATER, old Hank Withers sat on the deck at Juneau, Alaska, sucking at his pipe and watching a fifty-foot gas boat, heavy-laden with truck for a cannery on Icy Strait, chugging away down Gastineau channel.

"See them two fellers in that gas boat out there?" he piped to an idle longshoreman lounging near. "Sittin' on the world with their feet hangin' over, them two fellers is. Got a nice home for life together an' nothin' to worry about. Shoot their own meat, do a little fishin', make a little money—"

"Oh, yes!" said the longshoreman. "That's the boat was tied up here this



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mornin' loadin', ain't it? The Bachelor Kid they call her."

"That's her name," old Hank agreed. "Yes, sirree! That's her! The Bachelor Kid that's sure her and them boys are drivin' her and live fine and genial."

The longshoreman shook his head and made a face.

"Good graft, but it won't last," he prophesied darkly. "They'll get fightin', them two, an' bust up. Always the way

with a couple o' guys cooped up together. They get fightin'."

"Not them two!" Hank cackled. "Not them. I seen 'em fust time they met, five, six years ago, an' they fit all their fightin' right then. Yes, sir! They lammed each other till there wa'n't a cross word or a mean look left in either one of 'em. An' now look at 'em! Sittin' on the world, I tell you! Sittin' on the world, with their feet hangin' over!"

*Would you take advantage of a friend's weakness to win the girl you loved? See "Out of the Rough," by William Slavens McNutt in Hearst's International for January.*

## Without Benefit of Dowry

**C.** *Montague Glass Shows the Way to a Man's Heart—From page 61*

from Citron the details of Samek's acute hypochondria, and when, being thus reminded of his infirm condition, Samek exchanged his belligerent manner for an air of weakness appropriate to a sufferer from—among other disorders—valvular disease of the heart, Florence Nightingale with the assistance of Clara Barton could not have ministered to him more tenderly than Polongin did.

"Maybe you'd better lay on the couch," he said, and Samek nodded feebly in reply. "Because getting the patient off of his feet is the first thing in heart-attacks," Polongin continued, as he placed a pillow gently beneath Samek's head and carefully spread Citron's overcoat across the sufferer's bare ankles. "In the meantime, don't talk. If you want anything, make signs."

This was the kind of treatment for which Samek had long yearned but had never received, since it cannot be said that Mrs. Samek neglected her husband, her attentions were never exactly spontaneous. In fact his appreciation and gratitude were such that not only did he distort his face at Polongin in what he intended for a wan smile but he also patted the insurance broker's sleeve so affectionately that Citron began to regret the haste with which he had abandoned his share in Polongin's matrimonial enterprises.

"**L**ISTEN, Polongin," he said. "Maybe I would better run round to the drug store and get some new mathematic spirits of ammonia."

"I guess we could get along without your assistance, Citron," Polongin said. "And besides what is mathematic spirits of ammonia in cases like this? You might just so well give the patient sugar and water."

Samek fairly flushed with pleasure.

"Never mind troubling yourself," he murmured; "I am feeling a whole lot better now."

"Don't jolly yourself, Mr. Samek," Polongin advised. "Lay quiet there for at least another half-hour. In the meantime, Citron, I guess you and me would better be moving on."

"Say, looky here, Citron," Polongin broke out angrily as soon as they reached the sidewalk; "I thought you was out of this here affair. Miss Singerman comes from such a good family, sagt er? Somebody should be content to take her without

even furniture even. An idea! What for an easy mark do you think I am, anyway?"

Citron shrugged his shoulders in reply. "Of course, Polongin," he said, "at a pinch a Schadchen could always make up a match for somebody, no matter who or what he is; but nobody could give you brains if you ain't got already them."

"I suppose the way I jollied that old faker just now was the idea of a lunatic. I suppose," Polongin boasted.

"It is, if you don't get something more substantial out of it as furniture," Citron said.

"And don't you suppose I intend to get something more substantial as furniture, Citron," Polongin retorted. "The way I figure it is that, while Miss Singerman is a nice, refined young lady, still at the same time, Citron, if I would marry Miss Singerman, I would expect at the very least that her family would come down with a dowry to the extent of anyhow——"

He hesitated between five thousand dollars as being too modest and ten thousand as too extravagant, and in that moment of indecision, there approached from the opposite direction a rather plump young lady, dressed in a well-cut brown duvetine tailor-made costume. She wore a small brown velvet hat which fitted close to her head, and the fact that she may or may not have possessed somewhat prominent features, was at least evaded by a becoming brown veil, although, as is the office of veils, it in no way concealed the beauty of its wearer's eyes. Round her throat was wound a narrow mink scarf, the end of which actually brushed against Polongin's shoulder and stirred a gentle breeze that at once confounded Polongin's calculations with faint odors of fur fabric, toilet-soap and talcum powder.

"**W**HAT for a dowry did you say you expected?" Citron inquired.

"I said," Polongin replied huskily, "that with a nice, refined young lady like Miss Singerman, I wouldn't bother about the furniture even."

There is, however, no line of conduct more difficult to support with firmness than an unmercenary one, and even if Citron had not been at his side to beg him not to be a damn fool, those devil's advocates we call Second Thought, Ordinary Prudence, Due Consideration, and the like, would doubtless sooner or later have shaken his

resolution with arguments just as convincing as Citron's. Thus, Polongin's decision to seek Miss Singerman's hand in marriage for herself alone, barring possibly the housekeeping linens and a few pieces of sterling silver, persisted only as long as it took Citron to lead the way into the nearest coffee-house and place two orders of Mohn Kuchen and coffee.

"It come to me like that," Citron said, snapping his fingers.

"What come to you?" Polongin asked.

"The whole thing," Citron replied. "I knew we had him where we wanted him soon as I see the way he fell for your nonsense, Polongin."

"No nonsense at all, Citron," Polongin protested. "For the time being, and so to speak, if you know what I mean, I really and truly felt the feller was dying."

"I know you did, and so did he," Citron said. "That is the wonderful part of it, Polongin. There is a feller which is otherwise a smart, up-to-date business man, and he actually and no faking believes that he has got the matter with him everything what people dies of from soup to nuts, y'understand, whereas he has got already a constitution like a truck driver."

"All this you already told me, Citron," Polongin remarked, "and even if I was hearing it for the first time, Citron, the news that such a tightwad like Samek is enjoying perfect health wouldn't be such simcha to me neither."

"What do you care what for a tightwad he is?" Citron continued. "You don't expect nothing from him, and you don't want nothing from him. All you are asking is that you should marry his niece."

"Who says that is all I am asking?" Polongin demanded.

"I do," Citron said. "You are a young life insurance broker with a good future and you want to get married, see? Although of course, Polongin, even life insurance brokers couldn't live on prospects, y'understand. You are, so to speak, only a new beginner, if you get what I mean, Polongin, and naturally if you could go to the insurance company you are connected with, which I don't know the name of it, but if you could go to this here—now—"

"The Mercantile Life Assurance Society of Newark, New Jersey," Polongin supplied.

"Whatever the name of it is," Citron continued, "and say to them, 'Here, gentlemen, I got here an application for a hundred-thousand-dollar twenty-payment life insurance policy, the premium of which is in the neighborhood of four thousand dollars, from a first-class, A-number-one risk at fifty-one by the name of Charles Samek, and at the same time hand them Charles Samek's check for four thousand dollars, it would not only help your prospects a whole lot with such a company, but you would get a big, fat commission, Polongin, and also you might also cop out a general agency from such a company. Now, what do you say to that, Polongin?'"

"Well," Polongin replied, "such things ain't absolutely impossible, Citron, because in the Old Country already, it stands somewheres in the Hapthorah where a feller once commanded the sun to stand still and got away with it."



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"That's where you make a big mistake, Polongin," Citron said. "Of course, if Samek had any idea that he was giving such a check for keeps or that the insurance company would accept his application, y'understand, that would be something else again, but if you would go to Samek and say to him: 'Mr. Samek,' if you would say, 'I want to marry your niece, y'understand, and I am not asking that you should make even a medium-size wedding, even. The furniture also, I wouldn't argue about, but naturally I am a new beginner in the life insurance business,' and you put up the proposition to him like I told it you and explain to him that naturally a feller like Samek with his heart and liver, as soon as the insurance company's examiner makes his report the company would quick return him his check for the first year's premium and turn down his application, y'understand, it would already be a horse of another color."

**B**UT, as a matter of fact, Citron, there ain't a life insurance examiner which wouldn't pass that feller for a half-million dollars even," Polongin said, "and the consequences would be that as soon as Samek discovers he is stuck with a hundred thousand dollars' life insurance, and he realizes that I done it, Citron, I could live and die a bachelor so far as getting married to Miss Singerman is concerned. Besides, Citron, I may be a life insurer, y'understand, but I ain't no crook exactly, y'understand."

"What is there crooked about it?" Citron asked. "Why, just think of that big, strong, healthy feller without a cent of life insurance and a wife and niece depending on him, y'understand, making their lives miserable with every other day an attack of heart trouble or liver trouble, which, if you only work things right, Polongin, the way that life insurance doctor is going to pass Samek as an A-number-one risk, Polongin, he wouldn't dare to even pull a toothache on them two poor women unless he has got the cavity to show for it."

"Sure I know," Polongin said; "but who ever heard of depositing the first year's premium with an application for life insurance?"

"Well, for one, probably Samek never heard of it," Citron admitted, "and that's where you would tell Samek that this is an old scheme for getting influence with a life insurance company."

"And what do *you* expect to get out of this, Mr. Citron?" Polongin asked.

"Well," Citron said, "my usual charges is ten percent, and expenses, but in your case I tell you what I will do. I'll waive the expenses."

**H**AD Joel Sunderland read the advertising pages of the magazines to any good purpose, he might possibly have visualized Miss Singerman making coffee of surpassing strength and fragrance but with all the caffeine eliminated from the bean and thus might have prevented some of the sleepless nights which supervened the awakening of this new regard for his stenographer. However, nothing could have dispelled that all-gone feeling at the pit of his stomach which attacked him ten

days after Polongin's visit, when Miss Singerman appeared at her desk—on time to be sure—but wearing a large bunch of violets; for not once during all the time she had worked in his office had Miss Singerman ever worn a bunch of violets and when she went out to lunch at half-past twelve, still wearing the violets, Sunderland fairly staggered to the window and threw up the sash. His purpose was to confirm his worst suspicions.

"That's what I thought," he muttered to himself as he saw Polongin raising his hat to Miss Singerman with a jauntiness of which Sunderland knew himself to be entirely incapable. He was about to draw in his head and bang down the window when he began to witness an incident, which, had it been displayed as a side elevation on the moving-picture screen instead of as a ground-plan in real life, would have struck even Sunderland as being extremely trite.

Of course it was as impossible for Sunderland to perceive the fine points of Miss Singerman's performance as it would have been for the ordinary gallery auditor to follow every gesture, every facial expression of Duse as Magda for instance, so that he felt rather than saw the indifference with which Miss Singerman received the greeting of the person whose expensive gift of violets she was even then wearing. Polongin felt it too. In fact, he was so taken back by Miss Singerman's behavior that she had almost stepped off the curb to cross the street before he attempted to detain her. He grabbed her by the left arm, and Sunderland from his gallery seat exclaimed, "Good!" to the sparrows on the telephone wires, as he saw Miss Singerman loosen Polongin's hold with what was unmistakably a vigorous smack of her right hand. The now thoroughly amazed Polongin again raised his hat and asked a question, which he emphasized by pointing to the bunch of violets. This immediately ushered in the climax of the situation.

**F**OR A brief interval, Miss Singerman tugged at the pin which held the stalks of the violets, and then, before the widely separated but astonished gazes of Sunderland and Polongin, she cast violets, pin, tin-foil, and ribbon into the gutter and walked rapidly away.

Twenty minutes later, the office door opened and Polongin entered.

"Say, looky here, Polongin," Sunderland said. "This here office is small enough without I would allow all my agents to bring in here every Schnorrer which wants to take out for five hundred dollars life insurance."

"And I suppose you are too high-toned to let a hundred-thousand-dollar applicant into your office, Sunderland," Polongin declared, and justified his omission of the title "Mister" by slapping down on the desk in front of his superintendent Samek's signed application for a hundred-thousand-dollar twenty-payment life-insurance policy at the age of fifty-one, with Samek's own check pinned onto it for the amount of the first year's premium.

Sunderland took up the application as calmly as though hundred-thousand-dollar applications were a matter of hourly reception in his office. In fact, Sunderland's concealed agitation was such that he had

not recognized the name of the applicant at the time the door opened to admit Charles Samek himself.

Polongin jumped to his feet and did the honors of the office as though the ambition he harbored had been satisfied and he was already the uptown superintendent instead of Joel Sunderland.

"Mr. Samek," he said, "I think you know our Mr. Sunderland."

"I should ought to know him," Samek replied. "My niece has been working in his office for a long time already."

**P**LEASED to meet you," Sunderland murmured as he shook hands rather limply.

"Don't mention it," Samek said. "The pleasure is all mine. In fact, only the other day my wife was saying it's a funny thing how Jennie was working for you for so long and neither one of us have ever come here to say so much as 'Thank you' for all you done for her."

"Say—what did I ever done for her?" Sunderland protested. "I paid her every week her salary, and she earned it."

"Earn it or not earn it," Samek said, "of your own volition already you raised her salary three times. A father couldn't act no different."

"At my age, how should I act?" Sunderland asked sadly, for he had now definitely resigned himself to wrinkles, baldness, and the usual type of hotel-made coffee.

"What do you mean—at your age?" Samek exclaimed. "Why, I bet you ain't five years older than I am, and, anyhow, Mr. Sunderland, it's an old saying and a true one that a man ain't no older as his duodenum, which if you would got it the matter with your duodenum the same like—"

"I think, Mr. Samek," Polongin cut in, "that if you want to save yourself and me a whole lot of time, we'd better get Mr. Sunderland to make an appointment with our medical examiner."

"What's the hurry?" Samek said. "Yesterday you said we should take our time about putting in the application, and here a quarter of an hour since, you rushed me over here like you was afraid I am going to be knocked down by an automobile or something before I could get my life insured."

**P**OLONGIN stooped to recover ostensibly a stray page of the Annotated Life Insurance Laws but actually his self-possession, which had suffered a slight derangement by Sunderland's question, since it was quite impossible for Polongin to explain that unless Samek was examined and passed by the company's medical examiner before Miss Singerman arrived home that evening, all the plans suggested by Citron the Schadden, and up to the present time so successfully executed by himself, would be set at naught; for nobody realized better than Polongin how dependent that success had been upon a fortunate combination of circumstances. In the first place, ever since his first visit with Citron to the Samek household, Miss Singerman's relations with her aunt and uncle had been so strained that neither one had cared to risk asking her just how she liked the idea of marrying Polongin. They had therefore taken Polongin's word for it that things

were progressing satisfactorily. Secondly, Mrs. Samek's confidence in the desperate condition of her husband's health had been rudely shaken by what Citron had told her, and she urged on Samek that by merely depositing four thousand dollars with a life insurance company for a few days he could ascertain without expense and from an entirely disinterested source, just exactly what were the physical ailments from which he suffered.

As for Samek himself, he welcomed the idea of establishing once and for all his status in his own household as a chronic invalid, and would probably have gone through with it even if Polongin had not agreed to accept the proposition as a substitute for Miss Singerman's dot.

**B**UT WHEN Miss Singerman, that noon-time, had cast into the gutter Polongin's expensive violets, with them had gone all his hopes of marrying her, and he had wasted no time in ringing up Citron. By the Schadchen's advice, he had immediately telephoned Dr. Eichendorfer, the local medical examiner for the Mercantile Life Assurance Society, to say that he would be around at the doctor's office in half an hour with a hundred-thousand-dollar applicant, and that if the doctor wouldn't take it too particular, he could relieve the doctor's mind of remembering to buy cigars for the next six months, anyhow.

"To tell you the truth," Polongin blurted out, "in my anxiousness to get this thing over for you, Mr. Samek, I already telephoned the examiner that we would be over there in a few minutes."

Again Polongin was playing in luck; for had Sunderland been his usual businesslike self he would have wanted to know why Polongin had asked him only a moment before to make an appointment which had already been made. But throughout the entire interview, Sunderland's ordinarily alert mind had been preoccupied with thoughts far removed from the affairs of the Mercantile Life Assurance Society. In the interval between Miss Singerman's rejection of Polongin's violets and the entrance of Polongin himself, Sunderland's dark view of his solitary future had become if not exactly roseate at least slightly tinged with Mocha and Java; but he saw clearly now that what he had mistaken for a complete rupture was probably only coyness on the part of Miss Singerman.

**T**HE convincing proof of Polongin's standing with Miss Singerman's family, and therefore with Miss Singerman herself, rested on the desk in front of him, and he could not restrain a tremulous sigh as he affixed his signature to the printed authorization for a medical examination which was indorsed on Samek's application. Under Samek's anxious gaze, he unpinned the check for the first annual premium and placed it in the drawer of his desk.

"All right, gentlemen," Sunderland said handing the application back to Polongin, "go ahead with your medical examination."

Samek could hardly wait till they were outside the door before he began anxiously to question Polongin.

"Say, looky here, Polongin," he said; "supposing the medical examiner shouldn't be able to find out what's wrong with me!"

*Had Your Iron Today?*



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"Do you suppose that I am fool enough to take any chances on the medical examiner passing you oder not?" Polongin demanded angrily. His manner toward Samek since Sunderland had taken the check had undergone a change that was not exactly subtle. It was downright rude. "I am taking you to somebody which knows your body like you know the dress-suit, cutaway, and tuxedo business. I am taking you to be examined by Eichendorfer."

"Oh, Eichendorfer!" Samek said, much relieved. "Then what is the use my going at all. Anything what Eichendorfer could tell me, I already know."

"I know you do," Polongin declared; "but you don't know what he would tell the company, Mr. Samek."

"What do you mean—what he would tell the company?" Samek asked.

"I MEAN that the company pays him to tell applicants the truth and not to jolly them along—if you know what I mean," Polongin said.

"Sure I know what you mean," Samek said confidently. "But he never jollied me, Polongin. He always let me know the worst; so I am prepared for anything."

He was not, however, prepared for the difference between Doctor Eichendorfer's attitude toward a patient and his attitude toward an applicant for insurance. It exactly corresponded to the treatment Samek respectively accorded a gilt-edged customer and a too insistent traveling salesman. In fact, Samek had never exhibited so brusque a manner even toward a book-cannasser as the doctor displayed when they entered his consulting-room.

"Sit down, Samek," he said, omitting the warm hand-clasp with which he always greeted his visitors. For years, he had practiced this soft and comforting grip which combined in just the right proportions his pleasure at seeing an old and trusted friend and his assurance that no matter how violent the treatment of other physicians might be, he was not going to hurt the patient. It represented about a dollar and a half of Eichendorfer's regular fee of two dollars for an office call; but as in this case Samek paid nothing, he received nothing, and all Doctor Eichendorfer's anxiety was for the insurance company which he now represented.

He went to a filing cabinet and pulled out a large square envelope which contained a complete history of Samek's case; but when he drew out the enclosed card, Samek noticed, with some chagrin, that there were written upon it surprisingly few data

in view of the complication and variety of diseases it represented.

"Let me see, Samek," Doctor Eichendorfer said. "I examined you pretty thoroughly a week ago last Sunday, didn't I?"

He glanced hurriedly over the card with his naked eyes, not even assuming the rubber-tired spectacles with the large round lenses which, in addition to the doctor's heavy eyebrows and full black beard, had so often impressed Samek and all Eichendorfer's other patients with his infallibility as a physician. A sense of misgiving oppressed Samek, and his heart pounded so nervously at this unwonted behavior of Doctor Eichendorfer, that he was unable to reply except by a nod.

"Well, then I suppose I am justified in assuming that there has been no change in your condition since," Eichendorfer continued. "On last Sunday a week, the examination disclosed, Polongin, that this applicant's condition was as follows: heart and lungs, negative; liver, negative; kidneys, negative; blood-pressure, a little above normal but nothing to worry about; all the regular analyses also show a negative result, so I guess there is nothing else for me to do but to approve this application, Polongin." He nodded and smiled at Samek.

"I congratulate you, Samek," he said. "You're a first-class, A-number-one risk."

Polongin could not help grinning as he looked at the astonished Samek, whose face was suffused with a deep flush.

"Well, Samek, didn't I told you he would tell you the truth?" he said.

Samek struggled to reply. The flush on his face assumed a purplish shade and spread to the back of his neck until finally his head sunk upon his breast and he slipped out of his chair onto the floor. At last Samek had something the matter with him. It was an apoplectic seizure, his first genuine attack of illness—and nearly his last.

ALMOST a week elapsed before a decided improvement in her uncle's condition permitted Miss Singerman's return to her duties at the office. She had telephoned Sunderland the day before that she would be at work the following morning, and, in preparation for it, Sunderland had made a long memorandum of letters to be dictated and reports to be typewritten. He had also put on a new dark suit, which made him look almost slender, and had spent nearly an hour and a half selecting his necktie and brushing his hair, and yet, when she entered, he found himself quite unable to express his pleasure at

seeing her save by a husky "Good morning." He even remained seated at his desk as Miss Singerman offered her right hand in greeting, but although he clasped it quite limply, nobody with half his years and twice his hair could have thrilled more to the touch of her fingers.

"My aunt and I want to thank you, Mr. Sunderland," she said, "for the beautiful roses you sent. It made his room so cheerful."

SUNDERLAND attempted a few incoherent noises in his throat which Miss Singerman rightly interpreted as her employer's hope that Samek felt much better.

"Indeed, he does!" she declared. "He told me particularly to say how much he appreciated your mailing back that check he gave to your company."

"I thought he would," Sunderland said, as she started to remove her coat, "and now, Miss Singerman, I have made here a memorandum which—"

He broke off suddenly, for he could not help noticing that, pinned to Miss Singerman's waist, were some of the precise roses that he had purchased for her uncle only the day before. Nor could Miss Singerman in turn help noticing that he had noticed, and a faint and most becoming pink began to appear in her ordinarily pale cheeks.

"What did you say about the memorandum you prepared?" she asked, sitting down at her typewriter.

For answer, Sunderland took the memorandum and slowly tore it into small pieces. He cleared his throat ineffectually.

"Miss Singerman," he began hoarsely, "I am nearly old enough to be anyhow your uncle, but, at the same time, I ain't growing no younger day by day; so therefore what is the use beating bushes around."

He cleared his throat again, but it was no use. It would not clear.

"Miss Singerman," he croaked, "you didn't really and truly like that young feller Polongin, did you?"

Miss Singerman shook her head. "Then why, if you threw them violets away on him, did you wear them in the first place?" he asked.

And when she answered, the room seemed for Sunderland to be filled with all the combined fragrance of Porto Rico, Santos, Mocha, and Java.

"Because," she said with rare honesty, "I thought you sent them to me."

He read the movie titles aloud and wept. See Clifford Raymond's story of the sentimental crook in *Hearst's International* for January, ready December 20th.

## Eleven Forty-five

### Will Levington Comfort's Story of a Chinatown Reporter—Continued from page 21

moment, but there was nothing for me to put together. Then he hung up and called a number which I missed, because he was using an automatic 'phone. His voice changed queerly. I had heard the tone before from him—as a man might talk about his little girl who was perfect no matter what she did.

"All safe—chauffeur and car and all?"

he laughed, and then after two or three seconds: "Not hurt at all, and on the way home! . . . Oh, tomorrow maybe. . . . I'm all snarled up tonight. . . . That's all right. Good-night."

Clinton Dean was standing over him, his chin hard and white under the amber mask.

"There's two sides to it," Clabby said.

"We'd better hold off a day, anyway. The other papers haven't got a sniff, so it will be safe to wait, in any case."

Dean stared at him a moment in silence. "You know a lot about this—not in your story, Mr. Clabby," he said icily. "I'd quite like to know how much you're pulling out of Chinatown—using the Chronicle for your block and tackle."



Clabby was standing now, and I was in the presence of that brow again, for the cap had been taken in hand.

"Yes, the more I think of it," he said, "it seems best to kill the story for tomorrow morning's issue."

Dean ignored that and continued slowly:

"I'm not a big enough man to fire you, Mr. Clabby, but I've got an idea you're too big a man for the Chronicle. You're a financier, not a criminal reporter—or maybe you're trying to be a journalist!"

"I can see how it would look to you," Clabby answered wearily. "I guess you're big enough to fire me all right—"

"Resign, eh—resign tonight! Pretty rich night's work, eh—little sixty a week from the Chronicle pays your chauffeur."

THE SPINY tones and words followed Clabby out of the editorial rooms. His eyes were mournful.

"They didn't think I would do it," he said. "They had to call the city editor to believe I meant what I said. Then they worked fast. They must have had her already to spring—because she was out of Chinatown and on the way home when she called me."

He didn't suit me somehow, not hurrying to Miss Enright at once.

"You're not going to her tonight?"

He stood in the center of the broad empty pavement. His cap came off and as always he was a different man to me. He rubbed his fingers back through his hair; his eyes coming slowly to mine. I knew he was trying to speak; that he liked me well enough to talk, trusted me well enough. For an instant I was breathless, as his eyes held mine—puzzled but tender—but the moment passed without the big story of Clabby being told.

"No, I'm not going to her tonight," he said. "I'll meet her later on."

His cap wasn't on yet. His eye glanced back to the Chronicle and down toward the city bottoms where Chinatown lay like a field of uncovered dead. He couldn't go to her—couldn't go to Chinatown—couldn't go to the Chronicle. I glanced quickly into his face again, for one doesn't often see a man cut off from his work and his woman and his heaven all in a night.

"Come on home with me—just tonight."

"No, thanks. But talk to her often—make it easy as you can for her."

I knew right there and then that I wasn't to see him again.

And so it turned out. Brill, Brock and Co. closed a deal with my help that freed Paul Enright with something of a crimp in his fortune. We had to advertise by hand-bill in Chinatown and no arrests were made. The money was paid through Miss Enright herself, and what she knows she didn't tell me. Brill, Brock and Co. believes still that Clabby profited, also Clinton Dean, in a lesser way.

Occasionally I feel that nothing will do but an afternoon with Miss Enright. It isn't very often because it makes the world I live and move in, diminutive and awry for days afterward. At times she seems actually above separation and the hurt of it—as if she lived with the sense of his being near her, though she doesn't know if he is living or dead. If I stay away too long, she sends for me.

"We are his friends, you know," she always says as she greets me.

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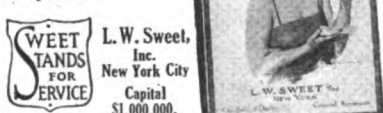
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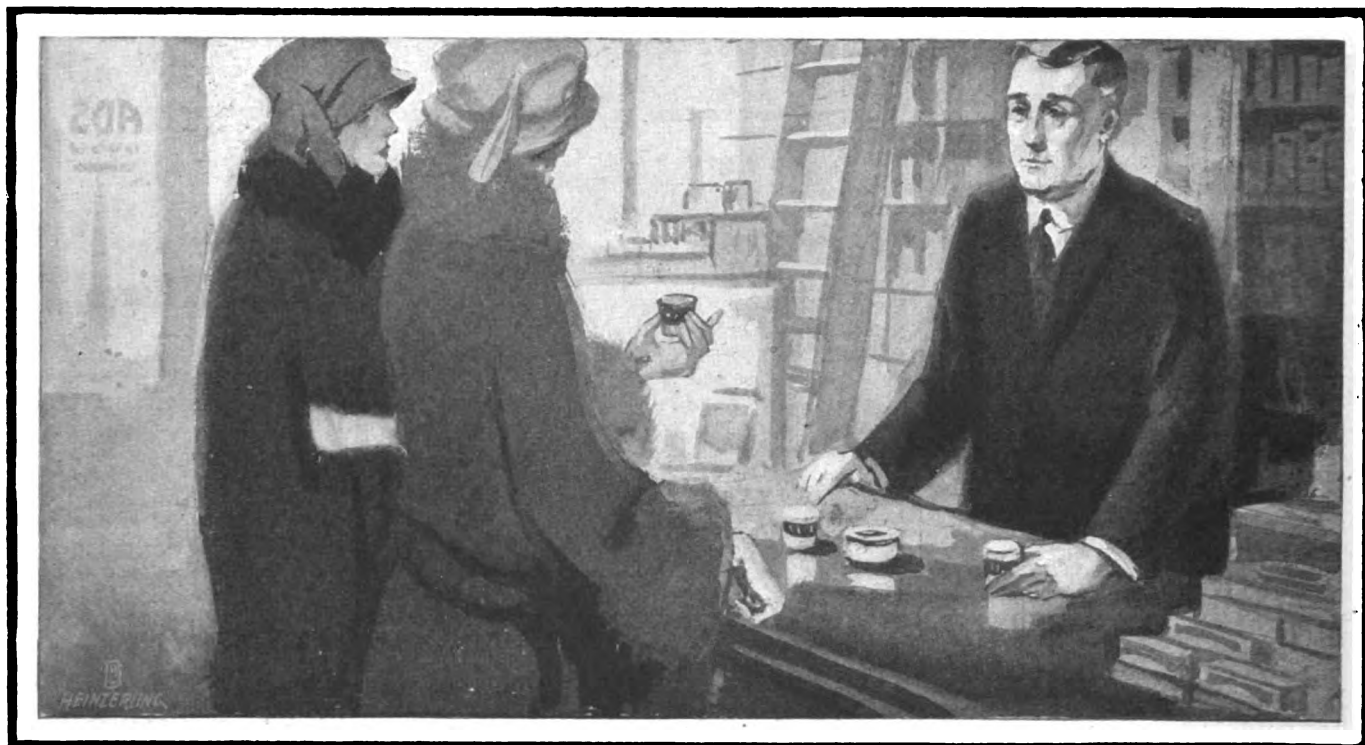
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## “The Women of My Neighborhood are Extremely Particular”

**I**N some form or other this sentence was written and emphasized by almost all of the 26,000 A.D.S. druggists who were asked for local requirements for a face cream.

The A.D.S., that organization composed solely of druggists who are owners, producers and retailers of their own products, were following their usual procedure before launching a new product.

This time it was a vanishing cream that must really vanish after accomplishing its full, beautifying effects on the face of the woman who uses it.

Each druggist was requested to find out from the women of his neighborhood what were the specific shortcomings of the facial creams then on the market. Also what the women expected of the ideal face cream.

Then the druggist was required to send his recommendations to the A.D.S. Formula

Committee of his State. Each State Committee then sent its recommendations to the A.D.S. Headquarters at Long Island City, N. Y., for final deliberations before the Formula was decided upon.

It was remarkable to note how the letters of these druggists agreed on one point. Pick any letter, and whether the writer was running a little store in Cedar Rapids, Iowa, or a gigantic store on Broadway, N. Y., he sincerely believed that his women customers were the most particular in the United States when choosing aids to beauty.

It took much time and many arguments before complete agreement on the Formula was reached. There were fights about each ingredient within and among State Committees. Even the recommendations for daily use—twice a day, or three times a day—was voted several times before the twice-a-day folk won.



**But they were unanimous about the ideal. This facial cream of theirs must leave a woman's face as soft, as smooth, as unblemished as that deliciously delicate skin she feels on the inside of her arm, above the elbow.**





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26,000 A.D.S. Druggists guarantee that Peredixo contains no grease—that it cannot possibly bring on a growth of hair—that it will assist in eliminating blemishes and impurities from the face.



With Your Finger Tips and Peredixo used twice a day you can retain the lovely complexion of a girl in her early teens. It brings to the surface all the natural color and smoothness of youth. It clears a cloudy complexion.

Peredixo Cream leaves the skin of your face as soft, as smooth, as unblemished as that deliciously delicate skin you feel on the inside of your arm, above the elbow.

### Ask for It Today—at Any A.D.S. Drug Store



C. Frazier Hunt's Third Article on the World War on Booze—Continued from page 35

## Drinking in Scandinavia

to keep on friendly terms with France even if they had to pour these spirits into the North Sea.

And now Spain steps into the foreground. "We buy some 4,000,000 dollars worth of your split cod every year," she explained in her best Norwegian. "Now that you've lost your German and Russian markets and Newfoundland has gypped you out of most of South America, there's nowhere else to sell this fish except to us and Portugal. Now, how about our *hot* wines? They run way above fourteen percent you know? Don't you think you'd better buy, say, 500,000 litres annually?"

Norway had hardly recovered from this speech on "hot" Spanish wines, when tiny but by no means powerless Portugal boldly walked into the limelight.

"WHAT'S all this I hear about your silly prohibition laws?" the cut-in reads. "Keep your old split cod: we'll buy what we need from Newfoundland. If you want to unload your fish on us you'll take—well, let's say 1,200,000 litres of our port wines. These port wines run about twenty percent or twenty-one percent alcohol, you know. Better get over this stupid prohibition idea, anyway. There's your shipping to be considered, too."

Now shipping and fishing are Norway's great twin businesses. Without the split cod trade the northern coast towns of Norway would die, and without the shipping Norway's national income would be decreased to a disastrous extent. A good deal of Norway's shipping is handled on what is termed "time charters"—her ships are leased to outside and often foreign concerns. An unfriendly Spain and Portugal—not to mention France—could do great harm to the value of these "time charters," as well as to the Norwegian operated lines that touch at the countries or operate directly between them and Norway.

Friendly and open markets for her cod are even more essential to her life. They are, in fact, her very life. For one hundred years sixty percent of her split cod has gone to Spain and Portugal. She *must* protect these markets and her shipping good will. All Norway recognizes this. And sooner or later she must actually change her prohibition laws to suit the wine countries of Europe: probably she will admit wines up to twenty-one percent alcohol—and, of course, 400,000 litres of spirits from France "for medicinal and scientific use."

Probably in chronicling the flies that have dropped into the prohibition ointment and the rifts that have sprung in the dry lute, I should have said that there were three of each instead of two. The No. 3 in this list of temperance setbacks is the prohibition consultation referendum held throughout Sweden on Sunday, August 27th.

This referendum read: "Do you want prohibition of the making, selling and possessing of intoxicating liquors?" By intoxicating liquor was meant all beverages containing more than 2.8 percent by volume of alcohol—or 2.25 percent by

weight. The result of the referendum was 950,000 votes cast against a dry Sweden to 900,000 in favor of prohibition.

In more ways than one this was a decidedly unfortunate defeat for the dry cause for Northern Europe. Not only was it a blow to the morale of the temperance forces in Sweden itself but it greatly discouraged the whole prohibition movement in the Scandinavian countries.

Now to get the necessary background for this dry referendum one must make a quick survey of the history of the temperance movement in Sweden. Three or four generations ago Sweden was one of the banner hard drinking countries of the world. However, as early as 1856 home distilling was prohibited, and state regulated distillers were established. Then came the Gottenborg System which limited profits on booze selling to five percent per annum.

In 1909 in the great labor troubles temporary prohibition was asked for and enforced by the workmen. The unusual effect of this was to give new hopes to the drys and in 1910 they circulated a great voluntary referendum on the question, "Do you want total prohibition for Sweden?" This was signed in the affirmative by 1,800,000 men and women over 18 years old, out of a possibility of some 3,500,000. But there was no equal suffrage then, even for men, so there was no result from this unofficial vote.

In 1914 the proposition of total prohibition—except, of course, for beer of 2.8 percent alcohol by volume—was voted on by Parliament. This was passed by the lower house, but defeated by the upper house.

ABOUT this time there arose a young doctor by the name of Dr. Ivan Bratt, who propounded the theory that the Gottenborg System placed no limit on what one individual could buy, but only on what could be sold. "The control of the buying is the thing," Dr. Bratt argued. "Men who cannot drink sanely shall have no liquor. Only those who know how to drink shall have the privilege of drinking."

This proposition was made a law in 1914, and along with the conditions brought about by the war, resulted in a great decrease in drinking. By the Bratt and Gottenborg Systems all liquors are sold only by the bottle—except with certain café exceptions. Under the Bratt System, "Motboks," entitling the holder to buy four litres of distilled spirits per month, are distributed to all sober adults who apply for them. There are at present 1,024,000 of these Motboks in circulation. All liquor is sold in bottles and cannot be drunk in the stores. There are no bars as we in America were accustomed to them.

In 1911, several years before the Bratt System was established, Premier Karl Staaff had a Royal Commission appointed to study the temperance movement. This body deliberated for nine years and in 1920, in its report proposed a plebiscite

or "consultation referendum." The result at the best was to be only consultatory and the Swedish parliament was only morally bound to vote temperance measures if the dry forces gained sixty percent of all votes cast. In April, 1921, the bill authorizing this national consultation referendum was passed by the Parliament and on August 27th of this year the vote was taken. Instead of gaining sixty percent of all votes cast the temperance forces failed to get even a bare majority.

It is extremely interesting to note that contrary to the early newspaper reports of the result of the referendum, some 150,000 more women voted in favor of a dry Sweden than voted for a wet one. Almost 200,000 more men voted for the wet side as against the dry. The heavy dry vote by the women is a valuable forecast of what will probably happen throughout Europe when the women get the full privilege of equal suffrage.

THROUGHOUT the whole of middle Europe lying north of the wine belt and south of the semi-temperance belt, the dry cause has advanced steadily and determinedly. In poor broken Austria, for instance, one sees the American dry idea in full bloom. The story of the growth of this idea among these tired, discouraged people is one of the most thrilling chapters in the whole warm, human drama of this world war between the Wets and the Drys.

With the breaking up of the Empire following the peace, Austria, dismembered, prostrate, hopeless, had no time or thought for purely moral problems. She was busy with the cruel struggle for plain life. All the energies of her 6,000,000 people were consumed in a primitive battle for bread.

In September, 1921, an American dry worker, E. G. Hohenthal—working with V. G. Hinshaw—appeared on the scene. He was crammed full of pep—and determination. After a little digging around he located one or two old-fashioned "T. T's." They put their heads together and began plotting. Buzzing around on his own our American visitor finally got together and organized a Central Union Committee of eleven—with the President of the Republic at its head.

"Austria dry by 1930—or say 1950 by the latest!" he told them.

"But we must have money for education and propaganda," they answered.

Finally he promised \$2,000—1,000 dollars from the Prohibition Foundation and 1,000 dollars from the Methodist Board of Temperance, Prohibition and Public Morals. Two thousand dollars to put a nation dry! A funny little old man by the name of Dr. F. L. Stuever, once of St. Louis, was made treasurer.

IN CZECHO-SLOVAKIA—similar to Austria in that its President is a dry advocate—a great temperance move has already been made. In 1919 Dr. Srobrir, the then Minister for Slovakia, enforced a government regulation against the selling of

*paiinka*, the native prune spirits, throughout Slovakia. This definite prohibition step for the backward mountainous portion of the new Republic is the forerunner of a great semi-dry movement throughout the whole country.

In Hungary the movement is less pronounced but it has unquestionable strength. Here two great obstacles tend to keep the country from enacting any dry legislation; first of all sixty percent of the total expenditure for beer, wine and spirits goes to the government—and the state is badly in need of the taxes; secondly, the government will take no chances in aggravating unrest among the workmen.

IN Germany one finds a sturdy and steady anti-distilled spirits movement. Except among the soldiers there was practically no drinking at all during the war. The beer and the spirits both were practically monopolized for the fighting men. The result was that millions of civilians and back-of-the-fighting-line soldiers got more or less out of the habit of drinking, while hundreds of thousands of front-line soldiers found themselves won over through their spirits rations to the drinking of distilled liquors. This, coupled with the general post-war moral breakdown, has boomed the spirits business. Whisky bars have sprung up over Germany, particularly in Berlin. In this one city 700 new spirits bars have been opened during the past eighteen months.

But against all this is a growing dry consciousness not only within the temperance groups, but within the government itself. A great movement for the government control of drinking places is under way; anti-alcoholic education is being carried on; a great government investigation of prohibition is to be undertaken and little by little a sentiment against distilled spirits is being developed.

Here in Germany, as well as throughout the rest of Central and Northern Europe—and even in the southern wine countries—the wet interests are thoroughly awakened and thoroughly frightened. Even beer interests are uneasy.

"Things are really serious for us," the head of the German Beer Brewers' Union told me. "No one can tell what effect the woman vote will have, but it is the Socialists who are really dangerous for us."

He might have added that the third great unknown quantity in this problem of world temperance, is the economic factor—the economic handicap of wet countries as against the increased efficiency of dry America. For there are these three great unknowns in this mathematical problem—Madame X the woman vote; Y the Socialist vote; and Z the economic factor. Whoever can work out what the exact strength of these three unknowns will be—say ten years from now, can solve the riddle of when Europe and the world will go dry.

Is England going dry? Frazier Hunt asked himself that question and set out to answer it. See his fourth article in this series on the "World War on Booze" in *Hearst's International* for January.



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H. G. Wells's *New Novel of a Modern Utopia*—Continued from page 48

## Men Like Gods

and bleeding, surrounded by armored guards, in the midst of a thrusting, jostling, sun-bit crowd which filled a narrow, high-walled street. Behind some huge ugly implement was borne along, dripping and swaying with the swaying of the multitude.

"Did he die upon the cross in *this* world also?" cried Father Amerton. "Did he die upon the Cross?"

**T**HIS PROPHET in Utopia they learnt had died very painfully, but not upon the Cross. He had been tortured in some way, but neither Utopians nor these particular Earthlings had sufficient knowledge of the technicalities of torture to make clear any idea about that, and then apparently he had been fastened upon a slowly turning wheel and exposed until he died. It was the abominable punishment of a cruel and conquering race and it had been inflicted upon him because his doctrine of universal service had alarmed the rich and dominant who did not serve.

Mr. Barnstaple had a momentary vision of a twisted figure upon that wheel of torture in the blazing sun. And, marvelous triumph over death! out of a world that could do such a deed had come this great peace and universal beauty about him!

A fair and rather slender man with a delicately beautiful face whose name, Mr. Barnstaple was to learn later, was Lion, presently took over from Urthred the burden of explaining and answering the questions of the Earthlings.

He was one of the educational co-ordinators in Utopia. He made it clear that the change in Utopian affairs had been no sudden revolution. No new system of laws and customs, no new method of economic coöperation based on the idea of universal service to the common good had sprung abruptly into being complete and finished. Throughout a long period, before and during the Last Age of Confusion, the foundations of the new state were laid by a growing multitude of inquirers and workers, having no set plan or preconceived method, but brought into unconscious coöperation by a common impulse to service and a common lucidity and veracity of mind. It was only towards the climax of the Last Age of Confusion in Utopia that psychological science began to develop with any vigor, comparable to the vigor of the development of geographical and physical science during the preceding centuries. And the social and economic disorder which was checking experimental science and crippling the organized work of the universities was stimulating inquiry into the processes of human association and making it desperate and fearless.

The beginnings of the new order were in discussions, books and psychological laboratories; the soil in which it grew was found in schools and colleges. In a world where men came to power through floundering business enterprises and financial cunning, it was presently being taught and understood that extensive private property was socially a nuisance and that the state

could not do its work properly nor education produce its proper results, side by side with a class of irresponsible rich people. They had to go, for the good of the race.

"Didn't they fight?" asked Mr. Catskill pugnaciously.

They had fought irregularly but fiercely. The fight to delay or arrest the coming of the universal scientific state, the educational state in Utopia, had gone on as a conscious struggle for nearly five centuries. It was fought wherever ideas were spread, it was fought with dismissals and threats and boycotts and storms of violence, with lies and false accusations, with prosecutions and imprisonments. Point after point was won in education, in social laws, in economic method. No date could be fixed for the change. A time came when Utopia perceived that it was day and that a new order of things had replaced the old. . . .

"So it must be," said Mr. Barnstaple, as though Utopia was not already present about him. "So it must be."

**A** QUESTION was being answered. Every Utopian child is taught to the full measure of its possibilities and directed to the work that is indicated by its desires and capacity. It is born well. It is born of perfectly healthy parents; its mother has chosen to bear it after due thought and preparation. It grows up under perfectly healthy conditions; its natural impulses to play and learn are gratified by the subtlest educational methods. Hands, eyes and limbs are given every opportunity of training and growth; it learns to draw, write, express itself, use a great variety of symbols to assist and extend its thought. Kindness and civility become ingrained habits, for all about it are kind and civil.

And in particular the growth of its imagination is watched and encouraged. It learns the wonderful history of its world and its race and how its kind has struggled and still struggles out of its earlier animal narrowness and egotism toward an empire over itself that is still but faintly apprehended through dense veils of ignorance. All its desires are made fine; it learns from poetry, from example and the love of those about it to lose its solicitude for itself in love; its sexual passions are turned against its selfishness, its curiosity flowers into scientific passion, its combativeness is set to fight disorder, its inherent pride and ambition are directed toward an honorable share in the common achievement. It goes to the work that attracts it and chooses what it will do.

If the individual is indolent there is no great loss, there is plenty for all in Utopia, but then it will find no lovers nor will it ever bear children, because no one in Utopia loves with those who have neither energy nor distinction. There is much pride of the mate in Utopian love. And there is no idle rich "society" in Utopia, nor games and shows for the mere looker-on. It is a pleasant world indeed for holidays but not for those who would continuously do nothing.

For centuries now Utopian science has been able to discriminate among births and nearly every Utopian alive would have ranked as an energetic creative spirit in former days. There are few dull and no really defective people in Utopia; the idle strains, the people of lethargic dispositions or weak imaginations, have mostly died out; the melancholic type has taken its dismissal and gone; spiteful and malignant characters are disappearing. The vast majority of Utopians are active, sanguine, inventive, receptive and good-tempered.

"And you have not even a parliament?" asked Mr. Burleigh, still incredulous.

**U**TOPIA has no parliament, no politics, no private wealth, no business competition, no police or prisons, no lunatics, no defectives or cripples, and it has none of these things because it has schools and teachers who are all that schools and teachers can be. Politics, trade and competition are the methods of adjustment of a crude society. Such methods of adjustment have been laid aside in Utopia for more than a thousand years. There is no rule or government needed by adult Utopians because all the rule and government they need they have had in childhood and youth.

Said Lion: "*Our education is our government.*"

At times during that memorable afternoon and evening it seemed to Mr. Barnstaple that he was involved in nothing more remarkable than an extraordinary dialogue about government and history, a dialogue that had in some inexplicable way become spectacular; it was as if all this was happening only in his mind, and then the absolute reality of his adventure would return to him with overwhelming power and his intellectual interest fade to inattention in the astounding strangeness of his position. In these latter phases he would find his gaze wandering from face to face of the Utopians who surrounded him.

Not one of these Utopian faces but was as candid, earnest and beautiful as the angelic faces of an Italian painting. One woman was strangely like Michael Angelo's Delphic Sibyl. They sat in easy attitudes, men and women together for the most part concentrated on the discussion, but every now and then Mr. Barnstaple would meet the direct scrutiny of a pair of friendly eyes or find some Utopian face intent upon the costume of Lady Stella or the eyeglass of Mr. Mush.

The effect of these people upon Mr. Barnstaple was mingled stupefaction with familiarity in the strangest way. He had a feeling that he had always known that such a race could exist and that this knowledge had supplied the implicit standard of a thousand judgments upon human affairs, and at the same time he was astonished to the pitch of incredulity to find himself in the same world with them.

And together with a strong desire to become friendly and intimate with these fine and gracious persons, to give himself to them and to associate them with himself by service and reciprocal acts, there



was an awe and fear of them that made him shrink from contact with them and quiver at their touch. He wanted to bow down before them. Beneath all the light and loveliness of things about him lurked the intolerable premonition of his ultimate rejection from this new world.

So great was the impression made by the Utopians upon Mr. Barnstaple, so entirely did he yield himself up to his joyful acceptance of their grace and physical splendor that for a time he had no attention left over to note how different to his own were the reactions of several of his Earthling companions. The aloofness of the Utopians from the queerness, grotesqueness and cruelty of normal earthly life, made him ready for the most uncritical approval of their institutions and ways.

IT WAS the behavior of Father Amerton which first awakened him to the fact that it was possible to disapprove of these wonderful people very highly and to display a very considerable hostility to them. At first Father Amerton had kept a round-faced, round-eyed wonder above his round collar; he had shown a disposition to give the lead to anyone who chose to take it and he had said not a word until the naked beauty of dead Greenlake had surprised him into unclerical appreciation.

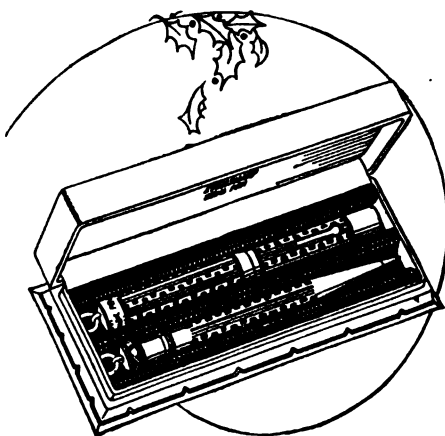
But during the journey to the lakeside and the meal and the opening arrangements of the conference there was a reaction, and this first naive and deferential astonishment gave place to an attitude of resistance and hostility. It was as if this new world which had begun by being a spectacle had taken on the quality of a proposition which he felt he had either to accept or confute. Perhaps it was that the habit of mind of a public censor was too strong for him and that he could not feel normal again until he began to condemn. Perhaps he was really shocked and distressed by the virtual nudity of these lovely bodies about him. But he began presently to make queer grunts and coughs, to mutter to himself, and to betray an increasing incapacity to keep still.

He broke out first into an interruption when the question of population was raised. For a little while his intelligence prevailed over this emotional stir when the prophet of the wheel was discussed, but then his gathering preoccupations once more resumed their sway.

"I must speak out," Mr. Barnstaple heard him mutter. "I must speak out."

NOW, SUDDENLY, he began to ask questions. "There are some things I want to have clear," he said. "I want to know what *moral* state this so-called Utopia is in. Excuse me!"

He got up. He stood with restless hands, unable for a moment to begin. Then he went to the end of the row of seats and placed himself so that his hands could rest on the back of a seat. He passed his fingers through his hair and he seemed to be inhaling deeply. An unwonted animation came into his face which reddened and began to shine. A horrible suspicion crossed the mind of Mr. Barnstaple that so it was he must stand when he began those weekly sermons of his, those fearless denunciations of almost



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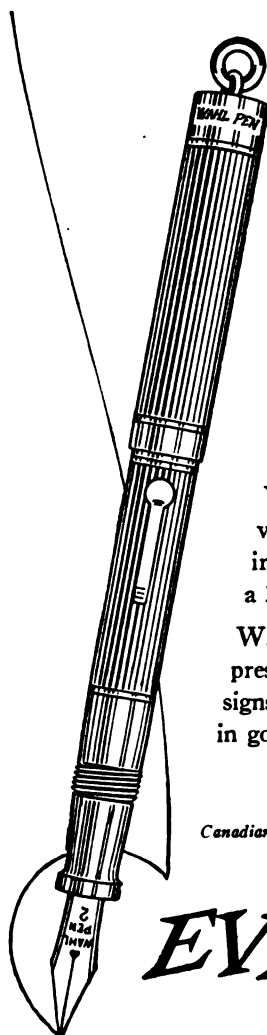
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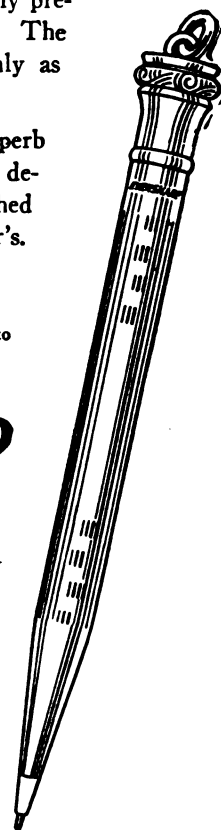
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Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the act of Congress of August 24, 1912; of Hearst's International, published monthly at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1922, State of New York, County of New York, ss. Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared R. H. Waldo, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is the Business Manager of the Hearst's International and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, International Magazine Company, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.; Editor, Norman Hapgood, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, Wm. C. Lengel, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, R. H. Waldo, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y.

2. That the owners are: International Magazine Co., 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y. Stockholders: Star Holding Corporation, 119 West 40th St., New York, N. Y. (W. R. Hearst, 137 Riverside Drive, New York, N. Y., sole stockholder).

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; and also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

Richard H. Waldo, business manager. Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1922. K. J. Moore, Notary Public, New York County, New York Co. Clerk's No. 343, New York Co. Register's No. 3144. (My commission expires March 30, 1923.) (SEAL.)

everything, in the church of Saint Barnabas in the West. The suspicion deepened to a still more horrible certainty.

"Friends, Brothers of this new world—I have certain things to say to you that I cannot delay saying. I want to ask you some soul-searching questions. I want to deal plainly with you about some plain and simple but very fundamental matters. I want to put things to you frankly and as man to man, not being mealy-mouthed about urgent if delicate things. Let me come without parley to what I have to say. I want to ask you if, in this so-called state of Utopia, you still have and honor the most sacred thing in social life: Do you still respect the marriage bond?"

He paused and in the pause the Utopian reply came through to Mr. Barnstaple: "In Utopia there are no bonds."

But Father Amerton was not asking questions with any desire for answers; he was asking questions pulpit fashion.

"I want to know," he was booming out, "if that holy union revealed to our first parents in the Garden of Eden holds good here, if that sanctified lifelong association of one man and one woman, in good fortune and ill fortune, excluding every other sort of intimacy, is the rule of your lives. I want to know—"

"But he doesn't want to know," came a Utopian intervention.

"—if that shielded and guarded dual purity—"

Mr. Burleigh raised a long white hand. "Father Amerton," he protested, "please."

THE HAND of Mr. Burleigh was a potent hand that might still wave toward preferment. Few things under heaven could stop Father Amerton when he was once launched upon one of his soul storms, but the hand of Mr. Burleigh was among such things.

"—has followed another still more precious gift and been cast aside here and utterly rejected of men? What is it, Mr. Burleigh?"

"I wish you would not press this matter further just at present, Father Amerton. Until we have learned a little more. Institutions are, manifestly, very different here. Even the institution of marriage may be different in this Utopian world."

The preacher's face lowered. "Mr. Burleigh," he said, "I must. If my suspicions are right, I want to strip this world forthwith of its hectic pretense of a sort of health and virtue."

"Not much stripping required," said Mr. Burleigh's chauffeur, in a very audible aside.

A certain testiness became evident in Mr. Burleigh's voice.

"Then ask questions," he said. "Ask questions. Don't orate, please. They don't want us to orate."

"I've asked my question," said Father Amerton, sulkily, with a rhetorical glare at Urthred, and remained standing.

The answer came clear and explicit. In Utopia there was no compulsion for men and women to go about in indissoluble pairs. For most Utopians that would be inconvenient. Very often men and women, where work brought them closely together, were lovers and kept very much together, as Arden and Greenlake had done. But they were not obliged to do that.

There had not always been this freedom.

In the old crowded days of conflict and especially among the agricultural workers and employed people of Utopia, men and women who had been lovers were bound together under severe penalties for life. They lived together in a small home which the woman kept in order for the man, she was his servant and bore him as many children as possible, while he got food for them. The children were desired because they were soon helpful on the land or as wage earners. But the necessities that had subjugated women to that sort of pairing had passed away.

People paired indeed with their chosen mates but they did so by an inner necessity and not by any outward compulsion.

FATHER AMERTON had listened with ill-concealed impatience. Now he jumped in with, "Then I was right, and you have abolished the family?" His finger pointed at Urthred made it almost a personal accusation.

No. Utopia had not abolished the family. It had enlarged and glorified the family until it embraced the whole world. Long ago that prophet of the wheel, whom Father Amerton seemed to respect, had preached that very enlargement of the ancient narrowness of home. They had told him while he preached that his mother and his brethren stood without and claimed his attention. But he would not go to them. He had turned to the crowd that listened to his words, "Behold my mother and my brethren!"

Father Amerton slapped the seat-back in front of him loudly and startlingly. "A quibble," he cried, "a quibble! Satan too can quote the scriptures."

It was clear to Mr. Barnstaple that Father Amerton was not in complete control of himself. He was frightened by what he was doing and yet impelled to do it. He was too excited to think clearly or control his voice properly so that he shouted and boomed in the wildest way. He was "letting himself go" and trusting to the habits of the pulpit of Saint Barnabas to bring him through.

"I perceive now how you stand. Only too well do I perceive how you stand. From the outset I guessed how things were with you. I waited—I waited to be perfectly sure, before I bore my testimony. But it speaks for itself—the shamelessness of your costume, the licentious freedom of your manners! Young men and women, smiling, joining hands, near to caressing, when averted eyes, yes, averted eyes are the least tribute you could pay to modesty! And this vile talk—of lovers loving—without bonds or blessings, without rules or restraint. What does it mean? Whither does it lead? Do not imagine because I am a priest, a man pure and virginal, in spite of great temptations, do not imagine that I do not understand! Have I no vision of the secret places of the heart? Do not the wounded sinners, the broken potsherds creep to me with their pitiful confessions? And I will tell you plainly whither you go and how you stand. This so-called freedom of yours is nothing but license. Your so-called Utopia, I see plainly, is nothing but a hell of unbridled indulgence! Unbridled indulgence!"

Mr. Burleigh held up a protesting hand but Father Amerton's eloquence soared over the obstruction.

He beat upon the back of the seat before him. "I will bear my witness," he shouted. "I will bear my witness. I will make no bones about it. I refuse to mince matters I tell you. You are all living—in promiscuity! That is the word for it. In animal promiscuity! In bestial promiscuity."

Mr. Burleigh had sprung to his feet. He was holding up his two hands and motioning the London Boanerges to sit down. "No, no," he cried. "You must stop, Mr. Amerton. Really, you must stop. You are being insulting. You do not understand. Sit down please. I insist."

"Sit down and hold your peace," said a clear voice. "Or you will be taken away."

SOMETHING made Father Amerton aware of a still figure at his elbow. He met the eyes of a lithe young man who was scrutinizing his build as a portrait painter might scrutinize a new sitter. There was no threat in his bearing, he stood quite still, and yet his appearance threw an extraordinary quality of evanescence about Father Amerton. The great preacher's voice died in his throat.

Mr. Burleigh's bland voice was lifted to avert a conflict. "Mr. Serpentine, Sir, I appeal to you and apologize. He is not fully responsible. We others regret the interruption—the incident. I pray you please do not take him away, whatever taking away may mean. I will answer personally for his good behavior. . . . Do sit down, Mr. Amerton, please; now; or I shall wash my hands of the whole business."

Father Amerton hesitated.

"My time will come," he said and looked the young man in the eyes for a moment, and then went back to his seat.

Urthred spoke quietly and clearly. "You Earthlings are difficult guests to entertain. This is not all. . . . Manifestly this man's mind is very unclean. His sexual imagination is evidently inflamed and diseased. He is angry and conscious to insult and wound. And his noises are terrific. Tomorrow he must be examined and dealt with."

"How?" said Father Amerton, his round face suddenly gray. "How do you mean—dealt with?"

"Please do not talk," said Mr. Burleigh. "Please do not talk any more."

For the time the incident seemed at an end but it had left a queer little twinge of fear in Mr. Barnstaple's heart. These Utopians were very gentle mannered and gracious people, indeed, but just for a moment the hand of power had seemed to hover over the Earthling party.

And then Mr. Barnstaple in the midst of his distress met the brown eyes of Lychnis, and they were kinder than the eyes of the other Utopians. She, at least, understood the fear that had come to him, he felt, and she was willing to reassure him and be his friend. Mr. Barnstaple looked at her, feeling for the moment much as a stray dog might who approaches a doubtfully amiable group and gets a kind greeting.

[To be continued]

The Utopians are angered by Father Amerton's outburst against their lack of morals. How will this affect their attitude toward the Earthlings who are at their mercy? See *Hearst's International* for January, ready December 20th.



## The Dollar

The daily actions of most of us are influenced by the messages received over the telephone, and yet few of us stop to think of the men and women, and the mechanisms, which help to make that daily service possible.

Maintenance, repairs, and the work of handling calls, must constantly be carried on in good times or in bad, and they must be paid for, in order that your telephone service may be continued.

The average dollar will buy to-day less than two-thirds of what it would buy before the war. This means that it costs,

on the average, half as much again to buy most of the things that are necessary for keeping the country going; but the advance in telephone rates is far less than this average.

In fact, gauged by the present purchasing power of the dollar, telephone service in the country as a whole is costing the subscriber less than it did in 1914.

The Bell System generally has been able to meet higher commodity prices and increased wages by means of new economies in operation and the increased efficiency of loyal employees.



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William Hard Analyzes a New and Powerful Political Movement—Continued from page 84

## Eugene Meyer, Jr. and the Farm Bloc

"We must modify foreign banking conceptions to conform to the normal processes involved in the production and distribution of our big basic commodities in America. Our finance should be Americanized."

Here is the heart of the farm finance policy which the experience of the War Finance Corporation—in Mr. Meyer's view of it—has suggested. It is that the lending of money should remain private—not public—but that the system for the lending of money should be expanded to become as convenient and as advantageous for the farmer as it now is for the manufacturer or the merchant.

In harmony with this view a definite date has been set on which the War Finance Corporation will cease active operations. It is July 1, 1923.

In harmony again with this view a bill has been prepared—called the McFadden Bill—for encouraging the expansion of private finance in the marketing of agricultural commodities.

Mr. Meyer's policy is the encouragement of private finance to new useful duties and to new profitable opportunities—under public scrutiny.

There are two alternatives to this policy. The first is to do nothing. The results of doing nothing have already been experienced once. They were experienced year before last and last year. They were very unpleasant for many banks.

They were unpleasant in two ways. First, these banks were accused of not lending enough money to farmers. They had to bear that obloquy. Second, they were almost insolvent through having lent more money to farmers than the farmers could repay. The irony in this situation did not diminish its painfulness.

THROUGHOUT great agricultural districts in this country the bankers could not collect from the farmers and therefore could not pay off the Federal Reserve banks from which they in turn had borrowed. They were in hot water politically and in "frozen credits" financially.

But why was it that they could not collect from the farmers? The explanation advanced by Mr. Meyer is as follows:

"The collapse in the banking situation in the agricultural districts was partly due to an attempt to collect loans on farm commodities in too short a period. Wheat was forced to market in the shortest time in the history of the country. It was forced onto the market in abnormally large quantities. What was the result? The farmer did not get a good price; he could not pay off his bank; and the bank could not pay off the Federal Reserve system."

It may be that some bankers want some more of that kind of thing. It can be safely said that the representatives of the Western and Southern farmers at Washington do not want any more of it and are determined to prevent more of it.

This second alternative is the outright entrance of the United States Government into the marketing—and into the financing of the marketing—of agricultural

products as a real, permanent proposition.

The War Finance Corporation has financed the marketing of agricultural products temporarily. It has not itself bought and sold those products at any time. It has not itself been a marketing institution. It has endeavored to foster private coöperative marketing institutions. It has furnished help to banks which would foster those institutions. But it has refrained from three things:

It has refrained from trying to make itself permanent.

It has refrained from going into the actual physical handling of agricultural commodities.

It has refrained from going into the direct lending of money to individual farmers.

Its argument against those things may be summed up thus:

THEY would create a centralization of power at Washington—and a distribution of jobs throughout the country—which would be an intolerably bad industrial machine and an intolerably good political machine.

But this argument is not convincing in all quarters in Washington. Many political persons of much influence—and of undoubted devotion to the public welfare—did their best last year to put the War Finance Corporation into the business of direct buying and selling of commodities and into the business of direct loaning to individuals.

The conflict will be between public encouragement of new farm marketing finance and public outright participation in it. The McFadden Bill is at present the accepted expression of the public encouragement side of this conflict.

The McFadden Bill does three things. It makes it easier for small banks in small towns to join the Federal Reserve system. It makes it possible for a farmer's note based on staple non-perishable agricultural commodities properly warehoused to run in the Federal Reserve system for a period up to nine months. It establishes a new system of financial regional institutions for the developing of private loans on live-stock.

"This industry, however," says Mr. Meyer, "has never been properly financed. It involves a turnover of two, or three, or three-and-a-half, years. There is no 'home' today for live-stock paper of that duration. A lot of it is in the banks—where it does not belong; and a lot of it has been financed through certain loan companies, but many of these companies are busy taking care of their troubles."

The War Finance Corporation was obliged to loan more money to live-stock men than to any other one specified class of agricultural producers. The McFadden Bill sets up a live-stock financing system which it is hoped will make it unnecessary for the Government to come to the rescue of the live-stock industry with public money in the next crisis. It is hoped that under this new system the live-stock industry will be able to survive the next crisis on private money.

This new system makes use of the existing Federal Farm Loan Board. It commands the Federal Farm Loan Board to divide the United States into "live-stock districts."

In each of these districts it sets up a Federal Live Stock Finance Corporation. It assumes that in each district there are—and will be—private live-stock loan companies. These companies make loans to farmers on the security of live-stock. They also contribute to the capitalization of the Federal Live Stock Finance Corporations. They take the notes of the farmers and re-discount them at the offices of the Federal Live Stock Finance Corporations.

Such is the project in the McFadden Bill. It grows directly out of the experience of the War Finance Corporation. It grows out of experience with the facts which have produced the "Farm Bloc" in the Senate and in the House of the Congress of the United States.

GENTLEMEN like Mr. Secretary Weeks rebuke the "Farm Bloc" for existing. They say that it indicates a class spirit. There is never a class spirit except because of a class grievance. These gentlemen would be helping to abate the spirit which they deplore if they would help to abate the grievance which they neglect.

Farm people in many millions now know precisely what their class grievance is. They know that during this last crisis they suffered enormous needless misery from poor and bad facilities of marketing and of credit. They know that larger and better facilities of marketing and of credit are enjoyed by the manufacturer and the merchant. They are demanding that they be equalized with the manufacturer and the merchant; and the total meaning of the "Farm Bloc" is that they are demanding it irrespective of party.

Their political viciousness was expounded by the farmer who said that after all he would rather be Democratic than dead.

A major part of their grievance was expounded by Mr. Meyer in the words:

"We have tried to force agriculture to adjust itself to the needs of our banking practices."

A major part of the remedy in prospect was expressed by Mr. Meyer in the words:

"We must adjust our banking practices to the needs of agriculture, which is our basic industry."

Mr. Meyer and Mr. McFadden—in the McFadden Bill—have laid down a certain line toward that adjustment. Whatever line is adopted, Mr. Meyer has given the problem its classic statement to date. We have made our banking practices to fit our subordinate industries. We now have to make them also to fit our basic industry.

He grew a hundred-year walnut tree in a decade. His name is Luther Burbank, the Wizard of Santa Rosa. See his article—"What Plants Taught Me About Men," in Hearst's International for January.



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# U. S. SHIPPING BOARD

Robert Herrick's New Novel of a Woman's Struggle Against Convention—From page 82

## Her Own Life

about the house and the garden. She felt that the girl might break down and weep, might throw herself into her arms and confess, and she knew that she must prevent that at all hazards for the girl's own sake, at least for the present. She and Gordon, on the other hand, would have to face it out. It was too intolerable, Gordon's make-believe. She would not protect his self-esteem, not another day. For once, she resolved, Gordon should get straight down on the level with other human beings and see himself as they would see him. The sooner the better.

She let the girl leave late in the afternoon, realizing how embarrassing it might be for her to encounter Gordon.

"You've been so kind to me!" the girl exclaimed. "May I—may I kiss you?"

"Of course!" Lilla laughed, a little embarrassed at this temperamental expression, and she patted Valerie's white cheek.

"Don't hate me—I couldn't help it."

"I don't hate you in the least," Lilla said hurriedly. "I'm awfully sorry for you, my dear, and I want you to come here whenever you will, and let me help you all I can. Now don't cry and excite yourself. . . . You can take the electric and it will get you to Evanston in a few minutes. I'll walk to the carline with you."

"I don't live in Evanston," Valerie said. "I thought you said—"

"I—I live with a friend in an apartment in Ravenswood," the girl gulped out.

"Oh," said Lilla softly. "Then you had better take the railroad."

SHORTLY after Valerie Libowski had gone, Gordon appeared. Lilla said nothing about the visitor during supper. She did not know how far her talk with Gordon might go, and she preferred to have David definitely out of the way before they began. After David had gone to bed, Gordon remarked with elaborate indifference:

"Miss Libowski went home, I suppose?"

"Yes, Valerie went just before you came—but not to Evanston."

Gordon looked up from the magazine he held in his hand. It was a long look of inquiry.

"She's a high strung girl, but very able."

"Most girls might be upset under similar circumstances," Lilla observed placidly.

"What do you intend to imply, Lilla?"

"Don't be a fool, Gordon," Lilla went on. "At any rate don't treat me like one."

"Miss Libowski is a very valuable aid to me. I could hardly get along without her, especially just now," he blustered on.

"Yes, I know! And I don't in the least care how much or what kind of help she is able to give you, Gordon. Not in the least! You must realize that, don't you?"

Gordon's glance lowered and he began to pace back and forth in the little room, as if he were trying to regain the mastery.

"I am not thinking of myself, Gordon—or of you—or of your career," Lilla continued imperturbably. "Queerly enough as it may seem to you I am just thinking of the girl herself. And you ought to have more consideration for her."

"Did Miss Libowski complain to you?"

"Of course not! How could she? . . . It doesn't alter the fact. . . . Why don't you marry her, Gordon?"

Gordon James for once did not find the right word near his lips and kept silent.

"I'll give you a divorce any way you like, and you can marry Valerie Libowski and get all her help and sympathy. It will be fairer for the girl, a great deal fairer. Of course I shall keep David."

"I don't want a divorce."

"It will cause far less scandal than this thing will if it ever gets out, Gordon."

"I do not want a divorce," Gordon said.

DOES THAT mean you don't really care for Valerie?" she demanded. "If you loved her, you would jump at the chance."

"That's my affair!" he said glumly.

"Rather mine too now, isn't it, as well as Valerie's? Suppose I demand a divorce?"

"You couldn't do that!"

"You mean," she said slowly, trying to follow the involutions of his mind, "I haven't got the necessary evidence?"

"I do not admit any relations with Miss Libowski," Gordon said defiantly.

"How helpless you are," Lilla sighed.

"I do not believe in divorce."

"You mean that you are afraid it might hurt your career. . . . Well, you had better take care not to rouse talk in your office about your relation with your assistant."

There for a time the situation rested, most unsatisfactorily for everybody, as Lilla felt. She was irritated with her failure to make Gordon "act on the level" in this matter. "If he would only say he cared for the girl, or that he just wanted her, or anything except pretend, pretend, and try to keep the surface smooth—as he always does and always will do!"

Lilla's contempt for her husband was deepened by the incident. For the time it passed into the background. Gordon was away from home more and more as the summer waned and the time for making up the political slate drew near. He was encountering unexpected opposition in certain quarters and seemed worried and nervous. When Lilla asked for Valerie Libowski, Gordon mumbled something vague about her having been away on a vacation, as if he wished Lilla to conclude that this episode had passed out of his life.

Lilla working through the hot summer days in her little garden, weeding and cultivating and spraying and carrying water, pondered much the nature of man and of Gordon James, and the state of modern marriage. She wondered at her own passivity. "Why do I do this?" she asked herself often. "Why do I stay here housekeeping in the home of this stranger instead of beginning a life for myself?"

Then the trouble came. A weak, sallow youth with several large pimples on his face came out into the garden one day and asked, "Are you Mrs. Gordon James?"

"I am."

"Well, The Mirror sent me out here to find out what you think of this story about your husband and some stenographer in

his office." Lilla straightened and frowned, trying to think quickly what to say. "You know about it I suppose?"

"I know nothing about it," Lilla said. "Perhaps you don't want to know?" the sallow-faced boy sneered.

"I said I didn't know anything about this," Lilla blazed. "If you wish to talk to me you better mind your manners."

The reporter took another tack.

"They say you're friendly with Miss Libowski. The neighbors say you've had her out here."

"Certainly."

"Then there isn't anything in this?"

"Nothing at all," Lilla said steadily.

"Well," the youth smiled broadly. "I'll say you are a good sport all right. . . ."

When Gordon hurried up the street an hour later, Lilla met him at the door with a question on her lips, which was interrupted by his nervous volubility.

"This is a terrible catastrophe . . . the work of some enemy no doubt . . . a spy in the office . . . political spite, etc., etc."

"Gordon!" Lilla almost shouted. "Will you stop thinking about yourself for one minute and tell me where she is!"

"Miss Libowski? Don't know."

"When did you leave her?"

"I haven't seen her since yesterday."

She gave him one withering look and turned to get her hat.

"Where are you going?" he asked.

"After her," Lilla snapped. "What's that address, not the Evanston one?"

"I will go," he parried.

"You had better stay here and explain your story to the newspaper men. . . ."

ARMED finally with several addresses, Lilla set forth. The girl had been alone nearly twenty-four hours, facing this terrible plight. As the car wheels pounded on the track and the long suburban train stopped and started slothfully, Lilla's anxious mind raced with unaccustomed swiftness toward all the possibilities of tragedy. Gordon had never even thought of the girl, since he had read the newspaper article and realized his own situation! . . .

In the stuffy little tenement on the South Side of Chicago where Valerie's parents lived with a married daughter, Lilla found no trace of the missing girl, no more than at the flat in Ravenswood to which she had first hurried. The relatives, apparently, were still ignorant of the scandal. Probably could not read English, Lilla reflected, as she took a cross town car to the address of a sister, who worked in a department store. The sister, however, had read the newspaper article and though she professed to be ignorant of Valerie's whereabouts, she was sullen and hostile.

On the corner, she waited, baffled. Where now? The sister had given her the address of a friend, with whom Valerie had lived when she was teaching school. It was a long way out on the Northwest Side and it was already late. However, she must not let any possibility go unsearched. Suddenly on her way into the city, Lilla had an inspiration and changed her direction.



She returned to the little Ravenswood flat. Instead of ringing the bell, she climbed the outer stairs in the rear and cautiously tried the rear door. It was locked. A window opened just beyond the staging and Lilla swinging herself out and holding to the rail with one hand pushed with the free hand on the window. It yielded, and gradually she was able to work it up a few inches. A sickish odor escaped. Lilla worked faster, and when she judged she had moved the window up far enough to admit her body she swung herself to the ledge and wiggled through the opening. Inside it was dark, and the atmosphere was heavy with gas.

THE GIRL lay face down on the floor where apparently she had rolled from the box lounge on which she had thrown herself at full length to die. Luckily she had fallen with her face near the door, which was no tighter than most Chicago flat doors and had permitted the entrance of much fresh air. Lilla quietly unbolted the door and carried the unconscious girl onto the rear porch.

In another half hour Valerie was lying on the couch, trying to explain, and interrupting herself with sobs, while Lilla bathed her face and calmed her. From the girl's broken words she got a vivid picture of the awful day she had spent in the silent flat, waiting for Gordon's footsteps, terrified at every sound, cringing when the bell rang for fear that somehow her retreat had been discovered. As dark came on and Gordon did not appear, she had taken her resolve.

"I knew it would be better for him if I was dead," she sobbed.

Valerie protested feebly when Lilla proposed taking her at once to the Wilmette house.

"I can't," she moaned. "Let me stay here. . . . I won't try it again. . . . Besides I haven't any more money."

"Nonsense," Lilla said. "It's the only thing to do. . . . It will be better for him, too," she suggested. Then the girl made no further objection.

Thanks to Lilla's prompt tactics, no further newspaper notoriety came from the affair.

"They hadn't anything to go on," Gordon declared with a slight bluster. "They would only have made themselves liable for libel suits."

"And you would have sued The Mirror?" Lilla demanded ironically. "They had the truth to go on, if they had cared enough to run it down."

"It was all a political scheme to prevent my nomination," Gordon fumed.

If that had been the animus of the business it succeeded, for it was the end of Gordon's candidacy. The managers decided that they could do better without his name on their ballot. Gordon was very much downcast, and inclined to consider himself abused by fate. What was worse, he developed an impatience toward Valerie that was painful to observe, while he almost fawned upon his wife.

"I must get her a place as soon as I can," he said. "She can't stay here."

"She isn't strong enough to teach this autumn," Lilla protested. "You aren't thinking of having her return to the office?"

"No, she can't go back there after all that has passed."

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"I've written Gertrude Reiben to see if she will invite her up to her Michigan place for a couple of weeks. She needs to get to some place where she isn't known, where she can think things out and find her balance."

"Yes, that is a good idea," Gordon agreed indifferently.

"It's really been hardest upon her," Lilla suggested.

"You have been mighty fine about it, Lilla," Gordon said.

"Thanks!"

"I've been an awful fool."

"Don't do it again," Lilla counseled. "I might not take it the same way another time," and when Gordon began to protest, she added coldly, "I guess I mean, don't expect me to shield you from the consequences of your acts. Another time you'll have to stand up and take 'em."

Their conversation was interrupted by Valerie's appearance. She was a pathetic figure in the household, pitifully wistful for some recognition from Gordon, who avoided her and always addressed her with elaborate formality. Since the defeat of his hopes, he had been almost brutal to the girl, and Lilla knew that Valerie wept often blaming herself for all that had happened,—which was quite just according to Gordon's own point of view. Finally one Sunday, Lilla packed them both off in the motor for a ride.

Gordon and Valerie returned rather sooner than she had expected. Gordon was glum and magisterial, and Valerie looked as if she had been crying.

What brutes men were!

That week Valerie Libowski left to visit the Reibens and soon Lilla's life took a new slant.

AFTER CHRISTMAS, Lilla went to California to be with her mother. Mrs. Vance had been ill, and Aunt Myra wrote that she missed her daughter and wanted to see her. "I don't believe you can realize how much she cares for you," Aunt Myra wrote with a note of gentle reproach. No, Lilla thought, she had never felt that her mother loved her.

When David's holidays were over with their small festivities, Lilla set forth on the long journey. The route crossed Wyoming not far from those uplands where her youth had been passed.

She spent six weeks at the little southern California hotel where the two elderly women had established themselves. After the first gush of warmth and color, in such vivid contrast to the drab city from which she came, Lilla did not care for the much-praised health resort.

One day her mother remarked unexpectedly, "Lambert Wells has been here, staying at the Excelsor with his family. They called on me. He asked after you, Lilla."

"Did he?" Lilla said indifferently. "How is he?"

"He's grown quite stout, wears a beard now. I believe he has been very successful with his father's mining property. There were two little girls, nice children."

Lilla let the gossip drop, but her mother resumed.

"I always felt that you might have cared for Lambert," she said.

Lilla reflected a while before replying, her memory going back to those summer

days at Pitcher's Landing, which had seemed to her so tragic.

"No," she said. "I don't think so!"

And yet this man Lambert Wells had shaken her life and given it a twist. Now he was a name, a figure, with his wife and two little girls. Mrs. Vance gave her daughter a curious look. As if there were some suppressed connection of thought she observed.

"I hope things are going better with you and Gordon."

"Just as usual," Lilla replied.

She could not tell her mother about Valerie Libowski. She would not understand. So there must be silence in this as in so many things between them to the end.

"It's just marriage."

Her mother moved uneasily. "I hoped as time went on it might get better—your marriage might mean more to you."

Lilla slowly shook her head.

It was as it had always been. They were at complete cross-purposes in their understanding of life. The "fault" which Gordon had committed with Valerie Libowski seemed to Lilla the most forgivable of his faults and to her mother the least forgivable. But she shut her lips tightly: her mother should die, without knowing how great the failure of her daughter's marriage had been, the marriage which her own ideal had created and approved.

"Whatever you do," the old woman resumed, as if she must free her mind finally, "don't think of divorce! That ruins so many lives these days."

"Does it?" Lilla objected. "I think it is one of the cleanest ways of settling muddles."

"It settles nothing!" Mrs. Vance exclaimed harshly. "Nothing—and it's bad on children."

"Let me get you a shawl," Lilla interrupted, hurrying into the hotel.

"Lilla," her mother said, "you aren't thinking of getting a divorce?"

"I have thought about it sometimes," Lilla admitted honestly. "But Gordon doesn't want one. He thinks it might hurt his career—though that can't matter so much now that he is out of politics."

"I didn't know it was so bad as that."

"It isn't so very bad," Lilla laughed. "You mustn't worry . . . It isn't worth while . . . I suppose four-fifths of married people consider divorce at one time or another, but they don't all do it!"

"There—there isn't anyone else?" her mother asked fearfully.

Lilla shook her head. "Not yet!"

AFTER HER mother's death, Lilla returned to Chicago. On the journey, she went over the talks she had had with her mother and especially this talk about divorce. Why not? Now that her mother was no longer to be considered—and Gordon was starting a new career, why would it not be a good plan to put an end to the mistake of her marriage, to begin over? The idea teased her mind all the way back to Chicago. She had decided nothing when she arrived. Perhaps, she reflected, that in itself was a decision.

Gordon and David met her at the station and accompanied her back home. Gordon was very attentive. A special dinner had been prepared and there were flowers in the house. It was cold and the

garden was covered deep in snow. Lilla, looking out over the white ground and down the street to the blue slab of open lake water, felt glad to be back. It was the familiar, the tried, and as much hers as anything had been. David's delight in getting her back warmed her heart. "Lee has been invalided home," Gordon told her.

"So he never got to France?"

"No . . . Pneumonia. It must have been serious. They wrote from a hospital in England to his firm—he'd given that address."

Lilla thought of his disappointment with a pang.

"Poor Lee! . . . We must find out where they are sending him."

AFTER DINNER, Gordon talked of his new business in a cheerful vein. He had made advantageous arrangements with the firm with which Lee Smith had been connected.

"After all," he said, "it looks as if my getting out of politics was the best thing that ever happened to me. There's much more opportunity in business, if the war ever ends—and we are doing pretty well as it is. It was time to make a change, and I am glad I did it."

Already Lilla saw he had created for himself a favorable version of his disaster and probably believed it sincerely. She listened equably to the details of his new business and its prospects which he expansively gave her.

"Where is Valerie?" she asked irrelevantly.

"She got a position in the Des Moines schools, I believe," Gordon said.

So that was over! Lilla made no comment. She gathered up some things and prepared to go to her room. Gordon followed her upstairs and for the first time in many months entered the room standing a little awkwardly, his hands clasped behind him.

"Lilla!" She felt the tremulousness in his voice and wondered what was coming. "Lilla," he began again, clearing his throat. "I've been thinking of many things since you have been in California!" She waited. "I've always loved you, Lilla. You know that! You're the only woman I ever really cared for. Don't you know that?" He came toward her uncertainly and tried to put an arm about her shoulders. Lilla laughed. He dropped his arm and went on more directly. "It isn't right, the way we have been living."

"What's the matter with it?"

"You know as well as I do! . . . If we had been living together, I should never have gotten into that—unfortunate relation."

Oh, what cowards men are, Lilla thought contemptuously.

"Did you tell Valerie that when you made love to her?"

"Valerie didn't mean anything to me, really. You know it. You were fine to her and me. I shall always honor and respect you more for the way you acted."

"Thanks!" She made a mock courtesy.

"But you are my wife! You are the mother of my son! We have been married almost fourteen years."

"Fifteen next June."

"I want this separation to end, now."

He came toward her more aggressively as if he would carry his point with impetuosity. She let him take her in his arms and kiss her. Then suddenly she brushed him aside, saying, "Gordon, sit down!"

She pointed to a chair. He sat down bewildered and confused.

"You have done most of the talking in our married life. I want you to listen to me now."

"All right."

"You want me—you want to live with me that way as before?"

He nodded.

"Then you've got to win me . . . and this isn't the best way to go about it."

"What do you mean?"

"You had your chance—years ago, a good one too, and you lost it. You didn't care enough about me to keep it!"

"I don't understand. . . . I've always loved you . . . more than any other woman. . . . You can always make me want you."

I SUPPOSE that is true . . . but you can't make me want you. . . . That is the point. . . . If you had been willing to give me all the children I wanted, I probably shouldn't have thought much about the rest—and let you have what you wanted. . . . But you wouldn't do that! We needn't go over what happened! You didn't want children, and now you will never have them from me, nor will any other man," she added with a touch of bitterness.

"Can't you forgive?"

"I suppose I have forgiven you, or I shouldn't be here now in the same room with you. . . . At least, I see how you couldn't help yourself, and I suppose that amounts to forgiveness."

Gordon crossed the room two or three times, trying to determine upon a course of action. "Of course, you know what this sort of thing leads to," he said at last warningly.

"Valeries? . . . I've never objected, have I? . . . Only if I were you, Gordon, I'd think sometimes a little bit about the Valeries. They are human too."

"That's my affair," he said sulkily.

"Very true! . . . And I want you to know in all honesty, that if ever a man did—make me want to love him, I might yield to the temptation."

Gordon's look of consternation made Lilla laugh. "And your marriage—and David!"

"Did you think of them with Valerie? Piffle, Gordon. Piffle!"

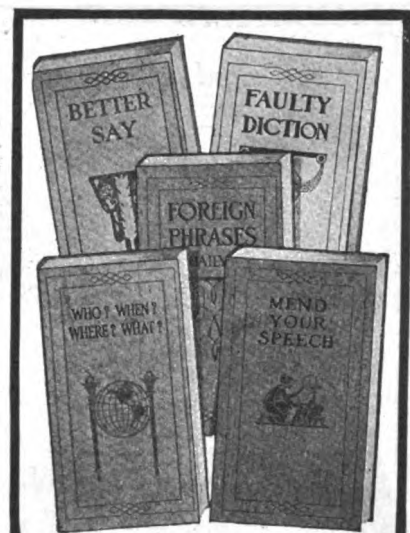
"I don't think you quite realize, Lilla, what you are saying," he said solemnly.

"Perhaps not. I think I do, but I am very tired and want to go to bed. Good night. Close the door, Gordon, please."

Lilla did not sleep. She lay awake long hours, crying softly to herself. She did not know why.

[To be Concluded]

Lilla, by the force of the spirit that has guided her life, is driven to break for freedom. In her new strife she meets hardships, but reaches at last a goal—and rest. See Hearst's International for January, ready December 20th.



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Paul H. De Kruif on Doctors and Drug-Mongers—From page 70

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## Vaccines for Broken Legs

carelessness of serious harm even to the lives of the public. By a persistent publicity campaign Sherman has forced the indiscriminate use of vaccines on many doctors, and in so doing has risen to wealth and importance. His advertising is copious and quite clever enough to fool those doctors who are not possessed of a critical faculty. *His first task is to assure them that his hand-me-down vaccines are just as good or even superior to the more scientific made-to-order ones.* His second is to convince them with a constant repetition of half-baked evidence that a countless variety of diseases is benefited or cured by the injection of his preparations. He cleverly avoids telling of cases where vaccines have failed to work, and reports hundreds of cases where people have got well after treatment with vaccines. Apparently he knows that *doctors will not remember the important fact that the patient might have got well anyway.* Here is an example of the way he tells doctors to convince themselves of the value of the Sherman vaccines. We quote from his advertising literature:

"A GOOD WAY FOR A DOCTOR TO CONVINCE HIMSELF OF THE CURATIVE VALUE OF THESE VACCINES IS TO USE THEM ON HIMSELF IN AN ACUTE INFECTION . . . COMMONLY KNOWN AS A BAD COLD."

No intelligent person would accept such evidence. *It is just about as valuable as the evidence of the man who believes he has broken his cold by a dose of Cascara Bromide Quinine and a hot toddy.*

IN LARGE and well conducted hospitals where treatment is carefully controlled, vaccines are seldom used to cure diseases. Sherman does not mention this, and his "clinical evidence" of the value of vaccines consists largely in case reports from obscure physicians in equally obscure small towns. He sends broadcast to doctors great lists of cases of people with infected thumbs or with jaundice, with epilepsy or toothache or a pain in the arm, who get better after a shot of vaccine of an appropriate number.

The advertisement by this man is a good example of the discrepancies between the statements of Sherman and the facts. According to this, Sherman's vaccines are dependable in destroying the disease germs in asthma, tuberculosis, mastoiditis, psoriasis, whooping cough, rheumatic fever and many other afflictions. Now the fact is that the causes of asthma, psoriasis and rheumatic fever are not known. The statement that his vaccine will destroy the germs in mastoid disease lacks proof. What is more it is a dangerous remark, because it may lead doctors to try to cure this serious disease with vaccine, when in reality only a surgical operation might save the patient's life.

Sherman displays genius, rather than industry in his so-called scientific writings

in periodicals like the "Illinois Medical Journal." The great majority of the journals of the state medical societies are very careful of the kind of advertising they accept. But this one, in addition to accepting Sherman's direct advertising, actually publishes "scientific" treatises by him. These articles do not hint that he is a vaccine vendor but appear to be disinterested reports of medical progress by a scientist of some standing. They are really veiled advertisements, and are devoted mainly to the laudation of the curative power of vaccines in general. A good example of this clever publicity method is furnished by an article signed by Sherman in the Illinois Medical Journal, 1920. The essay is called "Vaccines in Toxic Conditions."

It undertakes to convince doctors that they should not hesitate to inject vaccines even into patients who are very gravely ill, and who show every evidence of being already severely poisoned by the germs that are causing their affliction.

THIS fantastic and dangerous counsel has been admirably summed in an editorial in the Journal of the American Medical Association, denouncing such advice:

1. A germ that is poisonous in the patient's body becomes non-poisonous in some mysterious way when Dr. Sherman prepares a vaccine from it!

2. A germ which fails to produce immunity in the body of the patient it attacks will readily produce immunity when the doctor shoots it into him in the form of a vaccine!

3. When a patient's body is already overloaded with microbes and their poisons, the oftener and the more one injects of these same poisons, the better the result!

In a preceding paragraph we spoke of the Sherman list of different diseases. Each one is supposed to succumb to a vaccine of an appropriate number. Such an idiotic list can mean only one thing to many doctors. They are invited to substitute random guessing for careful attempts to find out the cause of the diseases they treat. They are asked to turn from the path of conservative diagnosis and careful treatment to the rose strewn highway of a foolish guessing game and an absurd juggling with numbers.

You will want to know how the doctor in small towns or the country can avoid being fooled by such misleading advertisements. In reality he is not helpless before this avalanche of buncombe. *The American Medical Association, to which nearly all good doctors belong, publishes accurate books which give physicians a reliable guide in their journeys through the jungles created by advertisers.* These books are compiled by the Association's Council on Pharmacy and Chemistry. This is a disinterested body of scientists and doctors, the very cream of American medicine. These men work unselfishly without pay to inform doctors in regard to the remedies that are wheat and those that are chaff. *Sherman's list mentions ninety-eight diseases in which*

vaccines are beneficial or curative. The books for the doctors' guidance mention, and then in a guarded manner, only five or six! So the practitioner really cannot plead ignorance. He has but to get these books and study them carefully, and he will be able to toss the vast majority of the advertisements into his waste basket.

Ten years ago, shortly after the "discovery" of phylacogen, Parke, Davis & Co. indulged in an unheard of advertising campaign. The very highest authorities, among them Professor Victor C. Vaughan, have repeatedly warned physicians against indiscriminate use of vaccines and phylacogens. Vaughan, speaking of the poisons contained in the bodies of bacteria and their products, says: "This poison is present in all the so-called vaccines now so largely used and it is not strange that death occasionally follows the use of phylacogen or similar preparations."

While distinguished scientists like Vaughan would themselves hesitate to use the phylacogens, believing or rather knowing them to be dangerous, Parke, Davis & Co. go out of their way to assure doctors that they are not harmful. This in spite of the fact that alarming and profound effects follow the injection of them.

In 1913, Dr. Franklin C. McLean, then a good, now a really distinguished physician, reported the death of a man who had been given phylacogen. The man was a husky laborer who had been troubled with rheumatism. He was getting better under ordinary treatment, but he was in a hurry to get out of the hospital. The doctors asked him if he was willing to take a chance on some disagreeable effects that might follow if they were to give him phylacogen. He told them to go ahead, that he would take the chance. The doctors, who were skilful and careful, made a thorough examination of the man, and found his heart and other organs to be in excellent condition. Then they injected the phylacogen into his veins. In an hour he suffered a severe chill. His pulse became shallow. His heart beat very rapid. He soon became delirious, and never recovered consciousness. In eight days he was dead.

THAT WAS nine years ago. This year Dr. Isidor Kross, a scientist writing in the Journal of Medical Research, tells of a death which he says can only be attributed to phylacogen. And adds, "In an oral communication from Dr. F. C. Wood, the writer was informed of two other fatalities, one in a case of pneumonia, and the other in a case of typhoid fever. In both instances, death followed shortly after the intravenous injection of the phylacogen and the autopsy revealed nothing to account for the outcome except the shock caused by the treatment."

Parke, Davis & Co. do not boom phylacogens as they used to. But they still sell them. In 1919, when everyone feared illness and death from the influenza, doctors were clutching at every straw in their efforts to combat this dreaded affliction. They tried all kinds of vaccines sold to them by many different vendors. Despite great claims careful analysis by competent

men has failed to show that they did any good. At this time Parke, Davis & Co. circularized doctors stating that "Pneumonia phylacogen has been found to be a dependable means of preventing and treating pneumonia complications of influenza." As the Journal of the American Medical Association says:

"There is no scientific evidence to show that they (phylacogens) possess any specific prophylactic virtue. To recommend their use in patients with influenza. . . is unwarranted, and the physician who acts on the advice of the manufacturer must assume the responsibility for the results. In case of mishap he cannot fall back on the manufacturer; he will find no scientific evidence to support him."

RECENTLY a new kind of treatment of infectious diseases has arisen with a great hue and cry. It is called "non-specific protein therapy." We shall try to explain what this means in a later article. The rise of this fad has given a new lease of life to phylacogens, and they will probably again be used very widely. It is for doctors to beware, and handle this dangerous "remedy" carefully.

Are Parke, Davis & Co. to be held responsible for these deaths, and for others that possibly may have occurred?

We believe not. They were surely careless in advocating such a widespread use of their product without enough trial of its possible evil effects. But they doubtless sincerely believed in its merits. What they can be criticized for is their persistence in selling the product after it was known to be dangerous. And for saying nothing about the evil effects. And for not withdrawing their first wild intimations that it was a cure-all.

As the highest authorities like to insist, it is really the doctor who is responsible. The American Medical Association has widely published the danger of the ignorant use of vaccines and phylacogens. If doctors in general would read these publications and seek for expert advice before listening to one-sided advertisements, the sale of such things would amount to nothing. Consequently the mongers would be forced to drop their production because of lack of profits. But many doctors refuse to listen to the warnings and advice of men who are in a position to know, and who really have the welfare of both the public and the doctors at heart. If the profession does not wash its own dirty linen, the disagreeable duty will have to be done by others. That is the principal purpose of this series. If doctors insist on being fooled, some power will have to arise that will make it harder for them to be fooled. If they continue to follow the siren voices of drug-mongers, and use nostrums that may actually endanger lives, some method must be devised to keep such tools out of their hands. The many doctors who shoot their patients indiscriminately with their products do so out of ignorance and commercialism. After all, the only value they know to exist for the injection is the five dollars a dose that they will get on the first of the following month.

A man out in San Francisco is winning a lot of notoriety today because he says he can tell what ails you by a drop of your blood. See what Paul H. De Kruij has to say about "Albert Abrams, the Wonder of the West," next month.



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*Leroy Scott's Romance of New York Society Life—Continued from page 14*

## Cordelia, the Magnificent

Miss Marlowe. That is the big thing!"

"Sure, I understand. But, Lord, man, offering her thirty thousand. That's quite a piece of change, you know."

"It's just as I told her: she will be worth that or nothing to us."

"I suppose so. But how are you going to get that money back?"

"You let me worry about that. It's going to be easy. The tips she'll hand me, without ever knowing what she's done, about the things that are happening among her rich friends—why, there'll be a fortune in them if we follow them up and use them right."

"But you can't expect to keep a girl like Miss Marlowe in ignorance forever of what she's actually doing. Lord, no. When she takes a tumble to the real game, how are you going to handle her?"

"By that time I figure she won't need any handling. But if she refuses, she will find herself so involved that she will not dare do anything except go ahead."

Kedmore raised a hand. "Say no more. Never tell me what you're up to."

"All right. You needn't worry. And, man, think of the other side: how much we'll make when I've made her what I want her to be!"

ON MONDAY afternoon of the following week, Cordelia, at the wheel of her spirited maroon roadster, a large black suit-case strapped upon its after deck (her trunks had been sent in advance by express) was skimming easily over a Long Island road.

Behind her she had left business affairs settled upon much the basis Mr. Franklin had first outlined to her. There had been many interviews with him in his office. Mrs. Marlowe had been prevailed upon to come to his office and leave with Mr. Franklin her unfortunate securities. She had been greatly impressed by Mr. Franklin on her first visit; and her respect had grown a hundred-fold when three days later he announced to her that she had been the victim of fraudulent practices, and that he had succeeded in getting a settlement out of her brokers and the companies in which she held stock, under the terms of which settlement she was to receive twenty-five hundred dollars monthly.

Cordelia had promptly sent off the ordered note to Jackie Thorndike telling that her mother had been premature in her fears of financial reverses.

Presently the maroon roadster turned through the gateway of Rolling Meadows. Cordelia had a consciousness of long rose arbors in flamboyant bloom, of a sunken garden at one side, of a thick pine wood as background to the entire picture, with the Sound on one side glistening in the distance. Then she halted her car at the steps from which Gladys had been eagerly waving to her.

"I'm so glad you were able to come after all!" Gladys cried; and after Cordelia had lightly sprung from the car, Gladys threw her arms around Cordelia.

A man in evening clothes came rapidly

and noiselessly down the broad steps of the terrace and crossed to the car and began with quick practiced hands to unstrap Cordelia's bag.

Bag in hand, the butler turned to Gladys. "What time shall I serve dinner, Miss Norworth?"

"You can be ready in half an hour, Cordelia?" asked Gladys. Cordelia nodded. "Dinner at eight, Mitchell."

"I'll show you your room. Your trunks are already there. Wear anything you like; dinner's going to be very informal."

"Aren't you going to let me meet your step-sister now?"

"Esther is helping with François."

"François? Who is he?"

"Our child. Esther's and mine. The French war orphan we adopted."

"OH, YES—in the excitement of getting here I'd forgotten about your war orphan."

"He had a little indigestion this afternoon, and didn't want to go to sleep. Esther offered to help his governess quiet him, so I might be free to meet you."

By this time they had crossed a big hall, mounted a wide stairway, and had come to a door which Gladys opened. "These will be your rooms, Cordie. Annie here will take care of you."

At eight o'clock Cordelia entered the dining-room, and there met Gladys's step-sister, Esther Stevens. Cordelia tried to make swift appraisal of this new member of the household, as she had tried to appraise Mitchell. Esther Stevens was the direct antithesis of the colorfully handsome, imperious Gladys. She was twenty-eight or twenty-nine; pleasant of face and of manner, though no radiant beauty.

A little incident happened at the end of the dinner that gave Cordelia a glimpse of the flawless versatility of Mitchell. He had served the ice and they were in the midst of it, when a childish voice sounded from the main doorway:

"Mother Esther, can't I have some ice-cream?"

Cordelia turned. There in pajamas and bare feet stood a handsome, yellow-haired boy of four, sturdy and manly, blinking sleep-heavy but bright eyes at them. Esther and Gladys were out of their chairs the same moment, but Gladys chanced to have sat the closer to him, and she seized him sharply by the shoulder.

"You naughty boy, François! Why aren't you asleep?"

"Don't want you, Mother Gladys," declared the boy, trying to pull away from her. "Want Mother Esther."

Esther Stevens was now on her knees beside him, her arms about him.

"I left you asleep with Jeanne watching, François," she said gently. "How did you get down here?"

"I woke up, and I wanted you to tell me another story, Mother Esther."

"Wasn't Jeanne there to tell you another story?"

The boy shook his head. Then he sighted Cordelia and pointed at her.

"Who's that, Mother Esther?"

"You mustn't bother us, François," interrupted Gladys. "You must go right back to bed!"

"He'll go in just a minute, Gladys," said Esther. "Come on, François, and meet your new friend."

Gravely she led him pattering across to Cordelia and gravely went through with the introduction. Gravely the boy held out a hand to Cordelia.

"Are you going to be my mother too?" he demanded.

Cordelia felt a swift inward glow.

"I will if you will let me."

"Can you tell good stories?"

"Perhaps she'll try tomorrow, dear," said Esther, starting to draw him away. "Come upstairs, and Mother Esther will tell François a story now."

But at that instant the non-existent Mitchell materialized on the opposite side of François, holding his other hand.

"Pardon me, Miss Stevens," he said, "but won't you finish your dinner. I'm entirely through here. I'll take him up to the nursery." And to François: "Don't you want Mitchell to tell you a nice story? And let your mothers finish their dinner?"

"Yes—yes, Mitchell," the boy cried eagerly. "You tell the nicest stories."

"Then say good night, Master François."

"Good night, Mother Esther," and he put an arm around her neck and kissed her. "Good night, Mother Gladys; you haven't kissed me good night tonight and you didn't kiss me last night."

He held up his face to Gladys, and the flushed Gladys gave him a quick kiss, with, "Now hurry off to bed with Mitchell."

DINNER over, Esther Stevens went upstairs to see if all was going well with little François. Cordelia took advantage of her departure to say how pleasantly impressed she had been with Gladys's step-sister.

"Yes, Esther is a dear!" agreed Gladys. "A perfect dear!"

Cordelia already knew something of Esther, and the account she now heard was added to by bits of facts and deductions which she picked up during the following days. Gladys's father had died when she was ten. When Gladys was twelve her mother had taken as her second husband Mr. Stevens, a rich and daring western speculator, recently left a widower, who had just come confidently to the East to promote some large mining enterprises.

Four years of trying to outwit Wall Street had resulted in Wall Street collecting to itself every dollar Mr. Stevens had brought as a challenge from the West. A few months thereafter he had collapsed from a bad heart and had died within the hour. Esther had been in California, and there had been no time for her to come to his funeral. He had never touched a penny of the very large fortune of Gladys's mother—which included the fortune left by her father—and on her mother's death, when Gladys was seventeen in school at Harcourt Hall, the fortune had passed on intact to Gladys.



The death of her step-father and later of her mother had left Gladys without a single blood relative; and the three tired and busy trustees, bethinking themselves of the step-sister and desirous of avoiding every responsibility that could be evaded, had written Esther a pleading note presenting the care of Gladys as a charge which would have been Esther's father's had he lived. Time and her father's death had softened Esther's resentment, and out of a sense of duty to her father she had resigned the position as English teacher in a Los Angeles high school to become mother, aunt, older sister, chaperon, what-not, to the seventeen-year-old product of the socially ambitious mother.

IF ESTHER STEVENS had different ideas about a young girl's upbringing, she had entered Gladys's life at too late a period, and with too little authority, to have tried to put those ideas into practice without arousing the defiance of her charge. So she had accepted the situation as she had found it, trying to do her father's duty, and during the first months taking a lot of snubbing that tried her patience; and when, after graduating in 1916, Gladys became captivated with the idea of being a nurse in the very smart hospital of the very chic Countess de Crecy (then in America campaigning for funds and volunteers) Esther had also gone as a nurse and had remained in France with Gladys.

While there she had co-jointly with Gladys legally adopted the infant Francois, whom they had taken from one of the many Paris institutions that the war was constantly overcrowding with orphans.

Gladys had made her work as historian of her step-sister as brief as possible. She was eager to get to her own affairs.

Until almost midnight they discussed plans for the social revolution at Rolling Meadows. Long after she was in bed Cordelia lay thinking about this household which for its own good, so she believed, she had been set to study and to watch.

At length, wearied with self-questioning she fell asleep only to find herself after a time sitting up in bed, suddenly awake, with the sense that she had just heard the sharp cry of a woman. This was followed instantly by her definitely hearing the commanding voice of a man. The words she could not make out.

Obedient an impulse, she got quickly out of bed and into a dressing-gown and slippers. She crossed to the door and cautiously peered forth. The hall was lighted but empty. She stepped through the door, silently closed it, and remained in a moment's indecision as to which direction her search would take her. As she so stood, around a corner toward her came the noiseless Mitchell dressed in the formal clothes he had worn at dinner. Startled, she shrank back against the door, but he showed no surprise as he approached her.

"Is there something I can get for you, Miss Marlowe?" he asked in his even voice.

She had recovered enough to have ready a fib explaining her presence abroad.

Despite all Cordelia's trying to note every look, every inflection of tone, every act of these people, it was not until she had been at Rolling Meadows a week that she gained her first clue to the situation.

Toward eleven o'clock one night she caught a swift questioning look which



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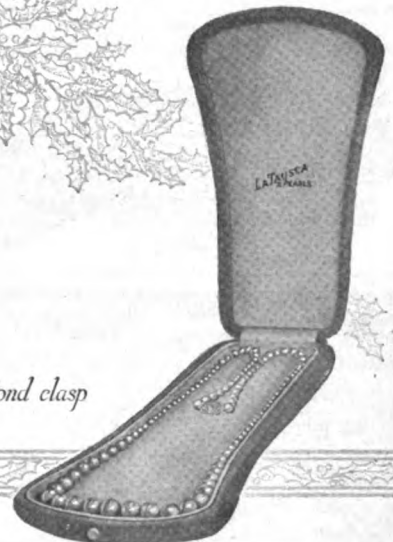
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Gladys gave Esther, and saw Esther's almost imperceptible nod. Instantly Cordelia's every sense was on the alert. She pretended a yawn, said she was going to get a book from the library with which to read herself to sleep. With the book she ascended the main stairway with the tired manner of one to whom a few pages will be an infallible sleeping potion. Inside her room she dropped the book, slipped outside again, locked her door, and carefully made her way down the hall toward a little-used stairway in the western wing. Fortune favored her, for she gained the porch unobserved.

STANDING in a corner of the porch in the black shadow of thick wisteria, not even feeling the chill that had come with night, Cordelia waited in rigid expectancy, peering in every direction into the gloom-flooded lawn. Minutes throbbed by; a half hour; an hour. Then from the shadows of the house there emerged a vague figure and hurried away to the right, avoiding the path and keeping to the silent lawn. It was a woman's figure; no doubt of it—Gladys.

Cordelia still waited. More minutes passed, then hurrying from the house through the gloom of the lawn Cordelia saw another vague figure. This also was a woman, and indubitably Esther Stevens.

With mounting tensely Cordelia waited for another shadowy figure to cross the lawn. Minutes passed. But no figure traversed the darkness. Then it came to her that the other person or persons might have been waiting over there in the unknown blackness before she had come out upon the veranda. She delayed no longer, but went swiftly down the steps and across the lawn in the direction taken by the other two.

Near the limit of the lawn, and sitting almost in the edge of the pine woods, there stood a playhouse built for Gladys when she was ten years old and used by her for two or three years when in the occasional mood for playing at keeping house. It was really as large as many a comfortable summer cottage.

Cordelia recognized, since she was headed straight for it, that the playhouse was the logical place of meeting. She moved carefully around to its farther side, for she remembered that the windows of the living-room faced toward a little clearing in the pines. There were no lights.

Cautiously, she crept further in and tried to make herself a part of the syringa bush's arching branches. Then a leaping thrill went through her like a current of electricity. She had guessed right!—and luck still was with her! A window was open and through it came lowered voices.

In her excitement she did not catch the first words; but the voice was Gladys's and it was angry, loud. The first words she really heard were in a man's voice.

"Soft pedal your talk a bit, Gladys," said the voice. "You're not using the best sense in the world in crying out like this—and the way you did the other night when you got Miss Marlowe out of bed. I don't mind it so much,

but it's not particularly safe for you."

Cordelia almost gasped aloud as she recognized this quiet voice. It had the quality of authority, of assured mastery over those it addressed. It was the voice of Mitchell, the self-effacing, ever-present, soft-toned Mitchell—that perfect butler.

"You don't expect me to take any such talk from you calmly!" exclaimed Gladys.

"You must acquire better control of your nerves, my dear," responded Mitchell in his even voice. "I must say that you have lost a lot in the matter of nerves in the last five years, my dear."

"Will you please stop 'my dearing' me?" cried Gladys in exasperation.

"Anything to please you, Gladys."

"And another thing," the exasperated Gladys went on. "I want you—and so does Esther—to stop making up to Francois."

"Do you, Esther?" Mitchell inquired. If Esther made any reply it did not come to Cordelia's ears.

"Anyhow—what is behind your always trying to make Francois so fond of you?" Gladys demanded.

"I like the boy, and I like to make him happy, as I have told you. Isn't that reason enough?"

"Not reason enough for you!"

"Well, of course there might be other considerations prompting my kindness." His tone was meditative, still pleasant; Cordelia could guess how provoking that pleasant quality was to Gladys. "Who knows, I may be thinking of the desirability of some day kidnapping Francois."

"I wouldn't put it beyond you to try."

AND if I should try, it would make the business very much easier, and less dangerous, now wouldn't it, my dear—beg pardon, Gladys; I forgot I wasn't to call you my dear—much less dangerous, if Francois came along of his own accord because he liked me so much? A neat plan. I rather fancy that plan."

Neither of the two made response.

"Or who knows, perhaps I am thinking of something else. For example, that I am getting ready to claim him as my son."

"You wouldn't dare!" burst from Gladys in a choked voice.

"Yes," said Mitchell, in his soft, meditative tone, "I think I like this plan best. I'll claim Francois as my son."

"See here, you listen to what——" Gladys began hotly, but was interrupted by the equable voice of her butler.

"My dear, if I've got to listen to much more I believe I'll first close the window."

The window came down with a soft thud and Cordelia heard no more.

She recognized that her own immediate problem was to get back to the house unobserved. But the trio within might finish any moment, and start for the house. The safe course for her, if she would avoid all danger of discovery, was to remain where she was until the three had departed. So she stood in the enfolding arms of the syringa bush, palpantly wondering, fearing to breathe waiting until the way was clear for her to make an effective escape.

[To be Continued]

*Cordelia, in the interest of her friend, has thus become a spy. Her motives are honest, but will she be able to save herself from the sinister forces at work around her? See Hearst's International for January, ready December 20th.*

# The Intimate Life of Henry Ford

Ⓒ Allan L. Benson's Biographic Study — From page 25

might pick up something new in a shop where marine engines were built.

That he thereby lost fifty cents a week meant nothing to him as, with the watch job, he could still earn \$4.50 a week, whereas his board and lodging cost but \$3.50. Henry Ford, with \$4.50 a week in his pocket with which to pay \$3.50 of expenses, felt in as comfortable circumstances as did Walt Whitman when, having received twenty dollars he wrote to a friend that he now had "plenty of money."

An incident of Henry Ford's boyhood days with the Dry Dock Engine Company was recalled during the World War. When the United States Government asked Mr. Ford to build eagle boats, he sent for Mr. Frank E. Kirby, still the head of the Dry Dock Engine Company, and, in the opinion of Mr. Ford, the greatest shipbuilder in the world.

"Mr. Kirby," said Mr. Ford, "I worked for you a short time when I was a boy. I recall now something that you told me then. You came along one day when I was wheeling a heavy load up a steep gang-plank into a ship. I was having a hard time of it to keep my feet, and you stopped long enough to say, 'Stick in your toe-nails, boy, and you will make it.' Well, I have been sticking in my toe-nails ever since."

Henry Ford worked for the Dry Dock Engine Company two years. Again the call came to him from within to move. The time had come when his lust for learning was not being satisfied, because he had absorbed all that the shops in which he was working had to give. He was only 19 years old, but he felt that he had mastered every part of the machinists' trade that was practiced in the Dry Dock Engine Company's works.

THE LATE Collis P. Huntington, one-time Pacific railway magnate, once said that nobody could track him through life by the quarters he had dropped. It would be quite easy to track Mr. Ford through life by the steam and gasoline engines around which he has worked. Having mastered the trade of making engines, Henry Ford's thirst for experience caused him to seek employment at installing, repairing and instructing others how to run steam engines.

In Detroit at that time was John Cheeney, state agent for the Westinghouse portable steam engines, built at Schenectady, N. Y. From Mr. Cheeney Ford obtained a job as "road expert." The company made little engines ranging from ten to twenty horsepower. Henry Ford's job was to install the engines for farm use, to set them going, and to teach farmers how to operate them. Part of his task was also to answer the calls of farmers whose engines were in need of repairs.

This sort of life exactly suited the stage of development that Henry Ford had then reached. His nature called for plenty of action and his duties gave it to him. He was up in the morning with the sun and away to work. With no thought of the passing time, he was still at work when the

sun went down. Henry Ford is fond of all machinery, but it seems as if there were some sort of a subtle bond between him and any kind of an engine—a bond that causes him to like an engine better than any other machine. It sometimes seems as if this bond enables engines to understand him and to cease "cutting capers" when he is around.

AS AN ILLUSTRATION of this uncanny connection between Henry Ford and engines, Mr. Frederick F. Ingram, a Detroit manufacturer, related to me the following incident. Mr. Ingram had installed in his factory a new engine. When the experts had finished their job the engine would not go. They fiddled and fussed, but the engine remained still.

Mr. Ingram was in a predicament. He had paid for power, but could not get it. Then a thought came to him. He had been for some years a member of the Detroit Public Lighting Commission, and during this term of service had come enough into touch with things electrical to know that the Edison company had a very resourceful engineer of whom Alexander Dow, the manager, sometimes boasted a little. Mr. Ingram called up Mr. Dow and asked him if he would send out his engineer to see if he could start the engine.

"In a little while," said Mr. Ingram, "a slim, wiry man came out to my place. He said his name was Ford. I shall never forget the occasion as long as I live. Ford stood around a minute or two while we told him of our troubles with the balky engine. He walked around it once or twice and maybe fussed with it a little. Then he walked up to the throttle, turned on the steam and away it went. I was astounded and asked him what he had done. He replied that he had done nothing. I paid him ten dollars and he went away. It seems funny now, doesn't it, to think that I once paid Henry Ford ten dollars for fixing an engine?"

Henry Ford's job as a "road expert" occupied his time only during the summer; for some reason, nobody bought or had engines installed in the winter. Ford held the job two years, but each winter he went back to his little machine shop on the farm and worked at white heat to invent and build a farm tractor.

NO FARMER had ever told Ford that he wanted a tractor. Gasoline engines were still unknown. But Ford's passion for utility and economy, strong even then, simply could not tolerate a team of horses as a power plant. Horses ate their heads off in winter in order that they might do a few days' work in summer, and were not much good for plowing, anyway.

Such were the views of Henry Ford at the age of twenty; and while nobody on earth encouraged him to go on, he persisted in his efforts to contrive a mechanism that would plow tremendously and eat nothing except when it was at work. Only he did not call the thing upon which he



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The R. L. Watkins Co., Cleveland, Ohio.

labored a "tractor"—it was to be a "farm locomotive."

Henry Ford's father had an old mowing machine that had outlived its usefulness, and the big cast-iron wheels of this machine were pressed into service. In his little country machine shop Ford managed to make a pattern and cast a cylinder for the steam engine that was to drive the "locomotive." Whoever knows nothing about pattern-making and casting will pass over this statement without much thought. But let any such reader try to make a pattern and cast a cylinder and he will understand more about the difficulties that Henry Ford surmounted when he was twenty years old.

The engine had but one cylinder. The bore was three inches and the stroke three and three-quarter inches. Steam was supplied by an upright, tubular boiler. The fuel was wood.

"I thought this engine would plow a whole farm in a short time," said Mr. Ford, smiling. "As a matter of fact, it ran the tractor about forty feet and stopped. It stopped because of lack of steam. I could not generate steam rapidly enough to keep the engine going when it was at work."

RIGHT HERE came a point in Mr. Ford's life that, if he had been a youth of weaker purpose might have wrecked him. His father gave him forty acres of land. It was a bait to get the young man back to the country. William Ford did not want his son to be a factory worker in a city. It seemed so foolish to the father, when the son might as well enjoy the free, independent life of the farmer.

Henry Ford returned to the country. It may have seemed to his father and to the neighbors that he had turned away from his first love—machinery—to follow in the footsteps of his ancestors. It did not, however, seem so to Henry. He returned to the land, but he did not take up agriculture. The land was mostly wooded. He spent the winters cutting the trees and converting them into lumber. He bought a circular saw-mill and rented a 12-horsepower engine to drive it. Maple, beech, basswood and oak fell before his ax. Lumber came from the mill and was sold. Spring put an end to lumbering. But with the coming of the first spring on the farm, farming did not begin. Instead, Ford obtained employment with the Buckeye Harvester Company, setting up and repairing farm engines.

Three years had passed in this way when Mr. Ford, in 1887, and in the twenty-fourth year of his age, was married to Miss Clara Bryant, who was born and reared in Greenfield township, near Dearborn. Ford sawed lumber and built a house 31 feet square and a story and a half high. Into this house the young couple moved. Mr. Ford at the same time moving his machine shop from his father's farm to his own.

Edsel Bryant Ford, only child of Mr. and Mrs. Ford, was born on November 6, 1893. He was named after one of Henry Ford's seatmates in the old country school.

One Sunday afternoon, in the summer of 1889, Henry Ford began to draw on a sheet of paper his idea of a "mechanical buggy." The piece of paper proved too small and Mrs. Ford brought him a sheet of music, the back of which was blank. On

the back of this sheet of music he sketched out the plan of a vehicle that was to propel itself and carry passengers. Twenty years later, Mrs. Ford said she would give almost any sum of money to recover this paper. But it is apparently lost forever.

In his little workshop, near the house that he built on his farm, Mr. Ford began to make his first automobile, though at that time the word "automobile" had not been coined. The age of gasoline had not yet come, so a single-cylinder steam engine was made, two-inch bore and a two-inch stroke. The engine was bolted to the bottom of an ordinary buggy and connected with the rear wheels by means of a belt from the engine to a shaft on which was a sprocket wheel, a chain from which drove the differential gear.

This was simple enough. A Frenchman named Cugnot had done as much in 1769. But what stuck the Frenchman and what was yet to stick Henry Ford was the problem of how to generate steam rapidly enough to keep the engine going. The steam pressure must be high—ranging from two hundred and fifty to four hundred pounds to the square inch—and the generation of steam must be continuous and fast. Mr. Ford tried every kind of a boiler but none would meet the requirements. He was eventually compelled to acknowledge defeat, and his first automobile was abandoned without ever having been started. He had been baffled by what, even in the light of present knowledge, is impossible, which is the generation of sufficient steam to run an automobile by the burning of wood or coal under a boiler.

Mr. Ford, having failed to make his first automobile go, now turned aside to do other things. He went to work for the Detroit Edison Illuminating Company as night fireman and engineer at the Willis Avenue sub-station, working twelve hours a night for thirty-five dollars a month.

THIS is but one of many instances that will be given of the manner in which instinct so often leads Mr. Ford, straight as an arrow travels, to a correct conclusion. If he had continued to wring his brain for ideas after it was dry he could not have made his "mechanical buggy" go and he might have broken his faith in himself and ceased trying to be an inventor.

Before beginning the writing of this book I went to see some of the men with whom Mr. Ford worked when he was an engineer for the Detroit Edison Company. The thing that most impresses one with the amazing suddenness with which Ford has risen to the world's pinnacle of wealth is to realize that the men are still in harness and in full vigor who worked with him when he was poor. Mr. Alexander Dow is still the manager of the Edison Company. After Mr. Dow had talked to me a while about the old days, I asked him if he had hired Mr. Ford and he replied that he had not. I expressed my disappointment and said I wished I might have seen the man who hired the future billionaire.

"Right there is the man who hired him," said Mr. Dow, pointing to a man beside him with whom I had also been talking.

"So you hired Ford," I said, turning to Mr. John R. Wilde, a man in his fifties, who now occupies Ford's old position as chief engineer of the Edison Company.

"Yes," he replied, "I hired Henry. He had been at me for a job for quite a while, but I had nothing to give him until the vacancy came at the Willis Avenue sub-station. I had known him since we both worked in Flower Brothers' Machine Shops. We did not work in the same shop, but we soon became acquainted and were friends. Henry was always a nice fellow. He was quiet and serious sometimes, yet always good-natured. I think the thing that I recall most distinctly about him was that he was always deeply interested in his work. He seemed to be anxious to learn all that he could."

"HENRY has changed less than almost any man I know," said Mr. Dow. "He is older, of course, and his hair is getting gray, but in the main he is much the same as he was when he came to work for us more than thirty years ago."

"Henry used to get 'set' when he was a young man just as he does now," continued Mr. Dow. "I mean he would get his mind running on something and think of it to the exclusion of everything else for a while. We soon realized, after he came with us, that he was a very unusual young man, and brought him down from the Willis Avenue sub-station to the main plant, where he later became chief engineer."

"I recall that in putting in some new boilers we ran into a great pocket of quicksand. The foundations of our engines began to give away. Henry kept those engines running on wedges for six weeks. As the foundations of the engines sank into the quicksand he would drive the wedge in a little more, day by day. He was very ingenious in everything. Long before he left we were paying him the maximum salary for his position, which, as I recall, was \$135 a month."

Among the many Ford stories going around Detroit, most of which are wholly untrue and the remainder only partly true, is one to the effect that Alexander Dow has an old diary containing this entry: "Told Henry Ford today that he would have to quit trying to invent a horseless carriage or I would discharge him."

Before I saw Mr. Dow I had asked Mr. Ford about the story and he said there was little to it except that Mr. Dow had asked him to work on an electric instead of a gasoline automobile. Mr. Dow, when questioned about the yarn said:

"ALL THERE is to that story is this: For years I have kept notes about company affairs. Occasionally, I go through them and destroy the older ones. About ten years ago I was sorting them over and came upon the one that is referred to in this story. It seemed funny then and I told some of my friends about it. But the memorandum did not say that I had threatened to discharge Henry. I never thought of such a thing. Henry was too valuable a man to discharge."

"The entry in my note-book merely said that I had had a talk with Henry that day as to what part he cared to play in some big plans that we were about to carry out."

We were planning some big extensions that would have meant a bigger job for Henry. On the other hand, I knew that he was giving a great deal of thought to the gasoline automobile that he was trying to make. Why, he made his first gasoline car right here in our shop on company time and I never objected to it.

"But I knew the extensions we were about to make would so increase his duties as to take all of his time. I simply wanted Henry to know what we were planning so that he could make his plans accordingly. But there was no threat to discharge him nor any time limit set, before which he must decide. The talk was friendly."

What had produced Mr. Dow's state of mind was this: When Ford went to work for the Edison Company, he moved from his Dearborn farm to 58 Bagley Street, Detroit, and brought his workshop tools with him. In a little brick barn back of the house he set up his new shop. Only a few months had passed when something happened that set Ford's mind to going on automobiles again, and thereafter most of his nights were spent in the little brick barn. This was in 1891.

The thing that set Ford's mind to running on automobiles again was the sight of a low-speed gasoline engine that he saw running in a bottling works. He had had his troubles with steam boilers on his farm locomotive and mechanical buggy, and his mind was in condition to receive the message that gasoline was the thing with which to run an automobile.

There was no rest for him after that. He had his work to do for the Edison Company, and did it, which left him none of his days. But far into every night he worked on his new car. Often it was three o'clock in the morning before he left the little brick barn.

MR. FORD'S capacity for work always has been and still is little less than marvelous. He seems never to become tired. He will ride all night and all day in his private railway car until everybody who is traveling with him is thoroughly tired out and then, arriving at Dearborn, a little after noon, jump into an automobile, rush to one of his plants, and put in four or five hours watching the removal of an engine, perhaps, or something else in which he is interested. The word "rush" in connection with Ford's automobile riding is used correctly. In the country he seldom drives under sixty miles an hour and often beats the fast trains. In the outskirts of Detroit, he drives forty miles an hour.

The building of Ford's first gasoline car was perhaps one of the most difficult tasks of his life. It was particularly hard because he had to make everything himself. High-speed gasoline engines were unknown. He had not only to invent but to manufacture as he went along. Whatever was required had to be made with his own hands in his workshop.

As Ford entered upon the second year of his work, the neighbors, all of whom knew he was working every night on a "horseless carriage," began to call him crazy.

[To be continued]

This biography of Henry Ford is now on the eve of the most spectacular and romantic epoch in the life of the great manufacturer. The account of his success reads like the most imaginative fiction. See Hearst's International for January, ready December 20th.

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IF YOU are a mother you know what it means when suddenly there creeps into your heart the fear that your child is growing away from you. How terrifying to feel that this chubby little being is reaching out beyond our love! Day by day I felt my child grow away from me. I saw little signs I felt would lead to things I dreaded in other children—disobedience, wilfulness, selfishness, disrespect, ill-temper and jealousy. But then a happy moment brought the secret that won back my child's heart. I heard from a friend whose children were admired about the Parents Ass'n, an organization of 30,000 parents. My friend said:

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This system, put into an Illustrated Course for busy parents has meant much to me and is producing such remarkable results for thousands of parents all over the world, that I want you to send for the Free Book of the Parents Association, "New Methods in Child Training." It describes this new system and the work of this organization. A letter or a postcard will bring this book to you. Why don't you send for it, without obligation, at once? PARENTS ASSOCIATION, Dept. 3012, Pleasant Hill, Ohio

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ARTHUR MURRAY, Studio 466, 100 5th Ave., N. Y.

*John Galsworthy Writes the Play of the Month—Continued from page 87*

## Loyalties

this money who did not know you had it.

DE LEVIS—How do you know that he didn't?

CANYNGE—Do you know that he did?

DE LEVIS—I haven't a doubt of it.

CANYNGE—That's enough. Now look here, I have some knowledge of the world. Once an accusation like this passes beyond these walls, no one can foresee the consequences. Captain Dancy is a gallant fellow, with a fine record as a soldier; and only just married. If he's as innocent as—Christ—mud will stick to him unless the real thief is found. In the old days of swords either you or he would not have gone out of this room alive. If you persist in this absurd accusation you will both of you go out of this room dead in the eyes of society: you for bringing it, he for being the object of it.

DE LEVIS—Society! Do you think that I don't know I'm only tolerated for my money? Society can't add insult to injury and have my money as well. That's all. If the notes are restored, I shall keep my mouth shut; if they are not, I shan't. I'm certain I'm right. I ask nothing better than to be confronted with Dancy; but if you prefer it, deal with him in your own way—for the sake of your esprit de corps.

THE MONEY is not discovered nor is the thief brought to justice. The bookmaker had the numbers of two of the notes and these were duly advertised and in time bring results. Meanwhile, De Levis is unable to control his tongue, particularly after the horse which he sold for the stolen notes wins the Cambridgeshire. It was just at that time that, at the London Club, he publicly denounced Captain Dancy. This charge, of course, could not be ignored by the club directors, of whom Lord St. Erth was chairman, and General Canynge, a member. De Levis was summoned into their presence.

DE LEVIS—Well, General Canynge! It's a little too strong, all this.

CANYNGE—It is obvious, Mr. De Levis, that you and Captain Dancy can't both remain members of this Club. We ask for an explanation before requesting one resignation or the other.

ST. ERTH (dryly)—You seem a venomous young man.

DE LEVIS—I'll tell you what seems to me venomous, my lord—chasing a man like a pack of hounds because he isn't your breed.

CANYNGE—You appear to have your breed on the brain, sir. Nobody else does, so far as I know.

DE LEVIS—Suppose I had robbed Dancy, would you chase him out for complaining?

CANYNGE (nodding towards the billiard-room)—Are those fellows still in there, Colford?

COLFORD (a friend of Dancy's)—Yes.

CANYNGE—Then bring Dancy up, will you? But don't say anything to him.

COLFORD (to De Levis)—You may think yourself damned lucky if he doesn't break your neck. (He goes out.)

DE LEVIS—I have a memory, and a sting too. Yes, my lord—since you are good enough to call me venomous. I quite understand—I'm marked for Coventry now, whatever happens. Well, I'll take Dancy with me.

ST. ERTH (Dancy has just entered)—Captain Dancy, a serious accusation has been made against you by this gentleman in the presence of members of the club.

DANCY—What is it?

ST. ERTH—That you robbed him of that money at Winsor's.

DANCY—Indeed! On what grounds is he good enough to say that?

DE LEVIS—You gave me that filly to save yourself her keep; and you've been mad about it ever since; you knew from Google that I had sold her to Kentman and been paid in cash, yet I heard you myself deny that you knew it. You had the next room to me, and you can jump like a cat, as we saw that evening; I found some creepers crushed by a weight on the balcony on that side. When I went to the bath your door was open and when I came back it was shut.

CANYNGE—That's the first we've heard about the door.

DE LEVIS—I remembered it afterwards.

ST. ERTH—Well, Dancy?

DANCY—I'll settle this matter with any weapons when and where he likes.

ST. ERTH—It can't be settled that way—you know very well. You must take it to the courts unless he retracts.

THUS THE matter was put directly to Captain Dancy. There was no opportunity for him to dodge the issue. His friends and his wife joined in urging him to bring action and action was brought. For a time things looked well for him but then one of the numbered notes turned up and it was easily traced to Captain Dancy. The giving of the note was in itself a scandal as it had been turned over to the father of a girl whom Dancy had wronged and wished to quiet with money. Twisden and Graviter were handling Captain Dancy's case, but when the matter of the notes was brought to their attention, the senior member, Mr. Twisden, decided that they could not conscientiously continue the prosecution of De Levis. He left word that Dancy was to see him at his office before the opening of court and at this meeting Twisden broke the news.

DANCY—Winsor came to me yesterday about General Canynge's evidence. Is that what you wanted to speak about?

TWISDEN—No. It isn't that.

DANCY—No?

TWISDEN—I have very serious news for you.

DANCY (wincing and collecting himself)—Oh!

TWISDEN—These two notes. (He uncovers the notes.) After the Court rose yesterday we had a man called Ricardos here. (A pause.) Is there any need for me to say more?

DANCY (unflinchingly)—No. What now?

TWISDEN—Our duty was plain; we could not go on with the case. I have consulted Sir Frederic. He felt—he felt that he must throw up his brief, and he will do that the moment the Court sits. Now I want to talk to you about what you're going to do.

DANCY—That's very good of you.

TWISDEN—We can't tell what the result of this collapse will be. The police have the theft in hand. They may issue a warrant. The money could be refunded, and the costs paid—somehow that can all be managed. But it may not help. In any case, what end is served by your staying in the country. You can't save your honor—that's gone. You can't save your wife's peace of mind. If she sticks to you—do you think she will?

DANCY—Not if she's wise.

TWISDEN—Better go. There's a war in Morocco.

DANCY—Good old Morocco.

TWISDEN—Will you go then at once?

DANCY—I don't know yet.

TWISDEN—You must decide quickly to catch a boat train. Many a man has made good. You're a fine soldier.

DANCY—There are alternatives.

TWISDEN—Now go straight from this office. You've a passport I suppose? You won't need a visé for France and from there you can find means to slip over. We will see what we can do to stop or delay proceedings.

DANCY—It's all damned kind of you, but I must think of my wife. Give me a few minutes.

IN THE end he decides that he cannot leave the country without telling his wife and that is likely to have complications, because one learns that a warrant for his arrest has already been issued, although De Levis flatly says he had nothing to do with the move. It is difficult for Dancy to tell his wife the truth because it involves not only admitting himself a thief, but also revealing his relations with the girl whom he had bought off. However, his wife, Mabel, takes it bravely.

MABEL (putting her hand on Dancy's head which is bowed in her lap)—Yes; oh, yes! I think I've known a long time, really. Only—why? What made you?

DANCY—It was a crazy thing to do; but, damn it, I was only looting a looter. The money was as much mine as his. A decent chap would have offered me half. You didn't see the brute look at me that night at dinner as much as to say: "You blasted fool!" It made me mad. That wasn't a bad jump—twice over. Nothing in the war took quite such nerve. I rather enjoyed that evening.

MABEL—But—money! To keep it!

DANCY—Yes, but I had a debt to pay.

MABEL—To a woman?

DANCY—A debt of honor—it wouldn't wait.



MABEL—It was—it was to a woman. Ronny, don't lie any more.

DANCY (grimly)—Well! I wanted to save your knowing.

MABEL—What has happened, exactly?

DANCY—Sir Frederic chucked up the case. I've seen Twisden; they want me to run for it to Morocco.

MABEL—To the war there?

DANCY—Yes. There's to be a warrant.

MABEL—A prosecution? Prison? Oh, go! Don't wait a minute! Go!

DANCY—This'll be good-by, then!

MABEL (after a moment's struggle)—Oh! No! No! No, no! I'll follow—I'll come out to you there.

DANCY—You mean you will stick to me?

MABEL—Of course I'll stick to you. (The bell rings.) Who's that? (Dancy starts toward the door.) No. Let me. (She looks through the slit in the letter-box. Returns to Dancy.) Through the letter-box I can see— It's police! Oh God!—Ronny! I can't bear it.

DANCY—Heads up, Mab, don't show the brutes.

MABEL—Whatever happens, I'll go on loving you. If it's prison—I'll wait. Do you understand? I don't care what you did—I don't care. I'm just the same. I will be just the same when you come back.

DANCY—That's not in human nature.

MABEL—It is. It's in me.

DANCY—I have crooked up your life.

MABEL—No, no! Kiss me.

DANCY—They'll break the door in. It's no good, we must open. Hold them in check a little. I want a minute or two.

MABEL admits the officers and attempts first to convince them that Dancy is not home. Failing in this, she seeks to cajole the policeman from doing his duty, pleading her love and unhappiness if Dancy is arrested. In the midst of this, Dancy's voice is heard from the bedroom saying, "All right, you can come in now." This is followed immediately by a shot. Then Colcord, his friend and Margaret Orme, who have only just entered, rush into the bedroom, preceded by Mabel. There they find Dancy dead. Mabel faints and is carried onto the stage by Colcord.

COLCORD (holding a note in his hand)—It is addressed to me. (He reads.) "Dear Colcord—This is the only decent thing I can do. It's too damned unfair to her. It's only another jump. A pistol keeps faith. Look after her. Colcord—my love to her and you."

INSPECTOR (reëntering from bedroom)—This is a very serious business, sir.

COLCORD—Yes, Inspector; you've done for my best friend.

INSPECTOR—I, sir? He shot himself.

COLCORD (he points with the letter to Mabel, who is unconscious)—For her sake and his own.

INSPECTOR—I want that letter, sir.

COLCORD—You shall have it read at the inquest. Till then it's addressed to me and I stick to it.

MARGARET (wildly)—Keeps faith! We've all done that. It's not enough.

COLCORD (looking down at Mabel)—All right, old boy!

[Curtain]

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# What's Wrong in This Picture?

It's so easy to make embarrassing mistakes in public—so easy to commit blunders that make people misjudge you. Can you find the mistake or mistakes that are being made in this picture? Can you point out what is wrong? If you are not sure, read the interesting article below, and perhaps you will be able to find out.



IT IS a mark of extreme good breeding and culture to be able to do at all times exactly what is correct. This is especially true in public where strangers judge us by what we do and say. The existence of fixed rules of etiquette makes it easy for people to know whether we are making mistakes or whether we are doing the thing that is absolutely correct and cultured. They are quick to judge—and quick to condemn. It depends entirely upon our knowledge of the important little rules of etiquette whether they respect and admire us, or receive an entirely wrong and prejudiced impression.

In public, many little questions of good conduct arise. By public, we mean at the theater, in the street, on the train, in the restaurant and hotel—wherever men and women who are strangers mingle together and judge one another by action and speech. It is not enough to *know* that one is well-bred. One must see that the strangers one meets every day get no impression to the contrary.

Do you know the little rules of good conduct that divide the cultured from the uncultured, that serve as a barrier to keep the ill-bred out of the circles where they would be awkward and embarrassed? Do you know the important rules of etiquette that men of good society must observe, that women of good society are expected to follow rigidly? Perhaps the following questions will help you find out just how much you know about etiquette.

## Etiquette at the Theater

When a man and woman walk down the theater aisle together, should the man precede the woman? May they walk arm-in-arm? When the usher indicates their places, should the woman enter first or the man?

Many puzzling questions of conduct confront the members of a theater party who occupy a box. Which seats should the women take and which the men? Should the women remove their hats—or don't they wear any? What should women wear to the theater in the evening? What should men wear? Is it correct for a man to leave a woman alone during intermission?

At the theater, evidences of good conduct can be more strikingly portrayed than perhaps anywhere else. Here, with people surrounding us on all sides, we are admired as being cultured, well-poised and attractive, or we are looked upon as coarse and ill-bred. It depends entirely upon how well one knows and follows the rules of etiquette.

## At the Dance

How should the man ask a woman to dance? What should he say to her when the music ceases and he must return to his original partner? Do you know the correct dancing positions?

Very often introductions must be made in the ball-room. Should a man be introduced to a woman, or a woman to a man? Is it correct to say, *Miss Brown, may I present Mr. Smith, or Mr. Smith, may I present Miss Brown?* Which of these two forms is correct: *Bobby, this is Mrs. Smith, or Mrs. Smith, this is Bobby?* When introducing a married woman and a single woman should you say, *Mrs. Brown, allow me to present Miss Smith, or Miss Smith, allow me to present Mrs. Brown?*

When leaving the ball-room, is the guest expected to thank the hostess? What should the woman guest say when she leaves? What should the gentleman guest say? It is only by knowing exactly what is correct, that one can avoid the embarrassment and humiliation of social blunders, and win the respect and admiration of those with whom one comes in contact.

## In the Street

There are countless tests of good manners that distinguish the well-bred in public. For instance, the man must know exactly what is correct when he is walking with a young woman. According to etiquette, is it ever permissible for a man to take a woman's arm? May a woman take a gentleman's arm? When walking with two women, should a man take his place between them or on the outside?

When is it permissible for a man to pay a woman's fare on the street-car or railroad? Who enters the car first, the woman or the man? Who

leaves the car first? If a man and woman who have met only once before encounter each other in the street, who should make the first sign of recognition? Is the woman expected to smile and nod before the gentleman raises his hat? On what occasions should the hat be raised?

People of culture can be recognized at once. They know exactly what to do and say on every occasion, and because they know that they are doing absolutely what is correct, they are calm, well-poised, dignified. They are able to mingle with the most highly cultivated people, in the highest social circles, and yet be entirely at ease.

## The Book of Etiquette

There have probably been times when you suffered embarrassment because you did not know exactly what to do or say. There have probably been times when you wished you had some definite information regarding certain problems of conduct, when you wondered how you could have avoided a certain blunder.

The Book of Etiquette is recognized as one of the most dependable and reliable authorities on the conduct of good society. It has solved the problems of thousands of men and women. It has shown them how to be well-poised and at ease even among the most brilliant celebrities. It has shown them how to meet embarrassing moments with a calm dignity. It has made it possible for them to do and say and write and wear at all times only what is entirely correct.

In the Book of Etiquette, now published in two large volumes, you will find chapters on dinner etiquette and dance etiquette, chapters on the etiquette of engagements and weddings, chapters on teas and parties and entertainments of all kinds. You will find authoritative information regarding the wording of invitations, visiting cards and all social correspondence. The subject of introductions is covered exhaustively, and the etiquette of travel devolves into an interesting discussion of correct form in France, England and other foreign countries. From cover to cover, each book is filled with interesting and extremely valuable information.

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Let us send you the famous Book on Etiquette free so that you can read and examine it in your own home. You are not obligated to buy if you do not want to. Just examine the books carefully, read a page here and there, glance at the illustrations, let it solve some of the puzzling questions of conduct that you have been wondering about. Within the 5 days, decide for yourself whether or not you want to return it.

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## The Secret Explained

Scientists have always realized that there was some natural law on which the whole system of weight control was based. But to discover this "vital law of food" had always baffled them. It remained for Eugene Christian, the world-famous food specialist, to discover the one safe, certain and easily followed method of regaining normal, healthful weight. He discovered that certain foods when eaten together take off weight instead of adding to it. Certain combination cause fat, others consume fat. For instance, if you eat certain foods

at the same meal they are converted into excess fat. But eat these same foods at different times and they will be converted into blood and muscle. Then the excess fat you already have is used up. There is nothing complicated and nothing hard to understand. It is simply a matter of learning how to combine your food properly and this is easily done.

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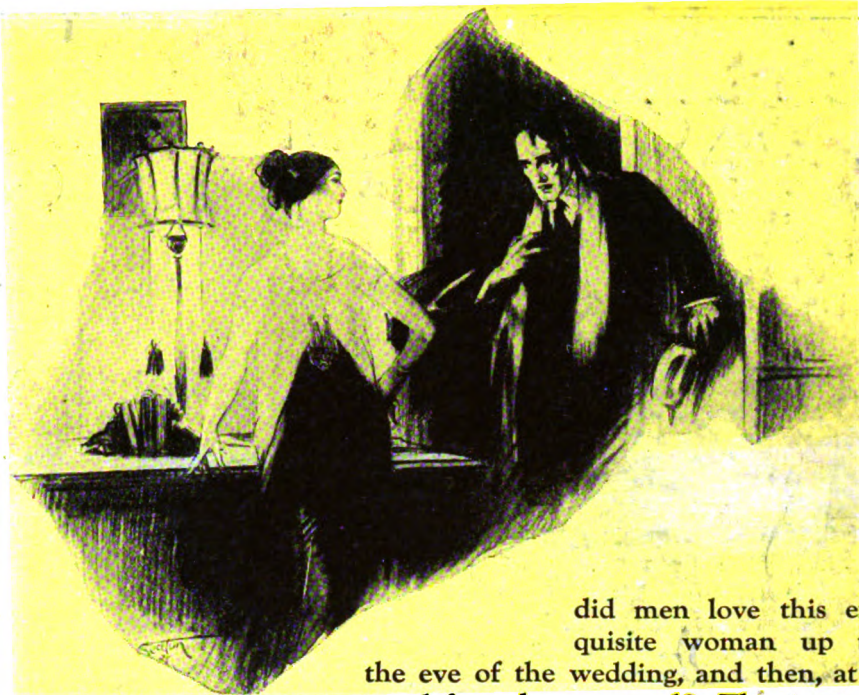
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